

Champion (feat. Nas & Drake & Young Jeezy)

Nicki Minaj

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

This a celebration, this is levitation
Look at how you winning now? This took dedication
This is meditation, higher education
This the official competitor elimination
I-I-I-I was taking trips with Web to move weight
Came back to Queens to hit up a new state
Bitches don't know the half, like they flunk they math
Bitches ain't half cut up crack up in the stash
50 Cent Italian, icy flow
This is that Run-and-Get-a-Dollar-for-The-Ice-Cream-Cone
Cause they killed my little cousin Nicholas
But my memories only happy images
This is for the hood, this is for the kids
This is for the single mothers, niggas doing bids
This one is for Tee-Tee, Tweety, Voila, Sharika
Candace, Thembi, Lauren, IeshaIt's a celebration
For the ghetto, oh
It's time, times like these (Ooh ooh)
They know who we are by now
They know who we are
Champion, the champion (champion, champion)Yeah, okay, we made it to America
I remember when I used to stay with Erica
Label transferred 20 million to Comerica
It's fucking terrible, it's got me acting out of character
Young T.O. nigga, either riding range
Or Ferrari top down, screaming, "Money ain't a thang!"
Tell me when I change, girl, but only when I change
Cause I live this shit for real, niggas know me in the game, they know!
Making hits in three acre cribs
Cooking up tryna eat niggas, steak and ribs
I made a couple stars outta basic chicks
Nowadays blow the candles out, don't even make a wish

Having good times, making good money
Lot of bad bitches, but they good to me
I make them do the splits for a rap
Wish you niggas good luck, tryna get where I'm at
Straight like thatIt's a celebration
For the ghetto, oh
It's time, times like these (Ooh ooh)
They know who we are by now
They know who we are
Champion, the champion (champion, champion)Straight balling in this bitch, Jeremy Lin; 'Melo
Tell me one thing you won't do: settle
Give me one word for your chain: yellow
Pocket full of money, black cars; ghetto
Critics say I ain't in the game, A.I
Jeezy, how you deal with the fame? Stay high
Stay putting on for the town, may I?
What you call a crib in the sky? Play-high
Over a mil in three weeks, yeah I did it like a champ
Momma taught me pride, yeah she did it with the stamps
Wait a minute, everybody pause for the photo
Somebody tell these local hating niggas, I'm global
Tell me what I gotta do to get this champagne going
What I gotta do to get this coconut flowing?
Don't let me hear Shawn Carter, I'm the ballest of the ace
Let me hit up Sean Combs, money cases in my place, let's celebrateIt's a celebration
Put it up for the ghetto
It's times like these
They know who we are by now
They know who we are
Champion, a championWhat up Nicki? it's nasty yeah yeah yeah
I saw my first two million dollars, I was 23
I'm barely a man, yet, I had some killers under me
This ain't rated PG, this rated PJ
Cause that's where a nigga from; murder on replay
My 24th b-day, I'm sailing to Bermy,
you can see me on a yacht Blasting Pac, little not, I ain't greedy
I'm back to thugging, bitches, back to making them kiss other bitches
My man sister like me, I don't fuck my brother sister
I just aspire your desire to be different
My ten year old plan is just one year to finish
My list looks like this, first thing that you'll discover
The difference in pussy: white, black, Latin and other
Here's a man who clearly isn't basic
Waiting list, just to hear me or witness the greatness
Loud laughter while writin' my next chapter

Fast cash life, happily ever after
ChampionsIt's a celebration
For the ghetto, oh
It's time, times like these (Ooh ooh)
They know who we are by now
They know who we are
Champion, the champion (champion, champion)

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