

Champion (feat. Nas, Drake, Young Jeezy)

Nicki Minaj

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)

Songwriters

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