

Champion Requiem

Mos Def

Bismillah Ir Rhman Ir Raheem
Peace, peace whats up y'all this is Mos Def
And this is a message to the people
If you see or hear goodness from me
Then that goodness is from The Creator
You should be thankful to The Creator for all of that
'Cause I'm not the architect of that I'm only the, the recipient
If you see weakness or shortcoming in me
It's from my own weakness or shortcoming
And I ask The Creator and the people to forgive me for that
Thank you Brooklyn, Thank you World
Yeah, yeah there it is
Turn my voice up in the top a little bit
Feel good to be back
What's up Ochenta?
Yeah, yeah, ha
It's the Black Dante in your headphones
Speaker box
Freaky radio
Everywhere on the dial
Tell you a little bit about me
For my hometown, break down a little history for you
Myrtle and Broadway, Roosevelt projects, Mossie projects
Listen
I stepped on the field from no league just home team
I Jumped out the stands and I snatched the rock
With the final seconds dwindling on the clock
Mos post up to throw up the tie-breakin' shot
I put it through the net and let the world's jaw drop
Then fled the arena before they called cops
Tell the players and the coach I wasn't tryin' to blow spot
But the way they was ballin' made it difficult to watch
I was taught when there's somethin' you can change around
Keep quiet, you got nothin' to complain about
You got work to do, I don't know if that work for you
But that's how Mos work it through
And my work is personal, I'm a workin' person
I put in work, I work with purpose
I get it there on the water, air, the surface

You feel the impact niggaz yeah it's workin'
Listen God did not make me a fearful person
The only fear I have is my failure to adhere His path
I would love it just to hear this back
On the ghetto streets where y'all at
On the ave's where the Jeep's go past
In the coupes where the seats go back
In the parties where it be so packed
And the atmosphere be so black

And them black things be so phat
If I could I would be so glad
But if not I won't be so mad
I'm still being a man, still feeding my fam
And even if you don't see it my fam
I believe that I am, truly gifted, truly blessed
I'm yours truly, Brooklyn's own, Mos Def
I'm rockin' the hard right, ground zero, to far left
I'm, well balanced with immense talents
Burn the script then flip it to keep myself challenged
And that's the mark of a true champ-ine
That's whether I'm in or outside the ring
No fights, no title, no crown or reign
Feel my presence even when I'm up out this thing
Just trust, that's what I'm about to be
But until then settle in and rock with me
Ha, that's what it's about to be
Ghetto people look alive with me
And say, we 'gon, stop by
Then we just keep movin' on
Ghetto people, look alive and
Feel free, we just keep movin' on
For Alliah, Left Eye, Jam Master Jay
All the great hero's who have passed away
Scott LaRaue, Big and Pac, Feaky Tai, Big L
All the soldiers locked down in the cell
Lock up the flesh, but the spirit will prevail
To our loved ones, and deceased
Dyin' in the street, or quiet in their sleep

(B.I.G.)

Rest in peace, your livin' in the mansions of our memory

(Sans Marie)

Rest in peace, your livin' in the mansions of our memory

That's real

'Cause everythin' in life gon' come to an end

Because it must and when it does
I hope that y'all remember me
With true respect and ghetto love
Now raise it up 'cause everythin' in life gon' come to an end
Because it must, and when it does, I hope that y'all remember me
Black Dante, from Myrtle and Broadway, yeah, yeah y'all
Let me hear it back
Freaky radio
Ha
Freaky radio
Everywhere on the dial

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