

# champions

## Kanye West

Yeah

DJ Clue

Desert Storm

The Roc

This shit right here

The Roc Army

Dame Dash Presents

The Dream Team niggas

WordTime after time

I've done my sentence

But committed no crime

I've done my sentence

But committed no crime

I've done my sentence

But committed no crime, crime, crime

And we mean to go on and on and on and onSup y'all? Yo, this is Dame Dash the C-E-O

Here to welcome y'all to the Dream Team

What y'all niggas thought I was gonna rap? Never

I'm just a little mad at niggaz comin at my neck

Like my Team ain't the best in the world... y'knahmsayin?

Like we ain't got Beans, Cam, Jay, Bleek, Freeway[Chorus:]

We are the champions, my friend

And we'll keep on fighting, to the end

We are the champions, we are the champions

No time for losers

Cause we are the champions, of the worldGot damn Kanye!

I bet niggas didn't know you could rap huh? (They didn't)

That's my motherfuckin producer

This the producer on the Roc, he rap better than most rappers!Well Dame if these niggas thought about they self  
for a change

Then maybe they can finally figure out how to get they self some change

I done seen jealousy make niggas do t-terrible things

How the song go, I do a hoe, oh yea shit'll never change

That so, worry though, we are the cham-p-ions

Spend a lot of time in Hampt-I-ons, do a lot of beats you can't be on

Damn all these fans can't be wrong, damn B.I.G. you can't be gone

Make those beats thugs want to rock, make a nigga feel just like 'Pac

Make it street but it just might pop, make it straight to the mountain top

Had the Chi' on lock, when they finally heard our sound with Roc

Came in the game, changed it again, changed everything, yeah  
If you feelin this here, throw your fuckin hands in the air[Chorus]Its the Roc-a-Fella label baby fuck them other  
labels baby  
And we been duckin' shots from all them haters lately  
We gettin' paper baby, them others tryin to keep up  
We on top, so I guess we they saviors - NOPE!  
We labeled as the Roc-A-Fellas, Jacob, watch's colors  
Everywhere hell yea, test us and the gauges BLOW!  
Fuck they hatin fo'? Don't make me pop a fella  
Roc-A-Fella, stop a fella, could get hot for fellas, sig!What? Don't make me chop up fellas, have to call the cops  
on fellas  
Order helicopter fellas, nig-ga! I'm a Roc-A-Fella  
What nigga for Roc-A-Fella shit I will rock a fella  
Dame! (God damn Beans I got this let me talk my shit one time)  
No we the illest niggas realest, I will kill these niggas!Now that's what the fuck I'm talkin bout!  
And you wonder why I'm proud of my family?  
And you wonder why I ain't gotta rap?  
I got niggaz that will assassinate you B, lyrically!  
Really shut you the fuck down!! Don't get your career ended  
Leave us the fuck alone, let us roc!  
We are Roc-Heusen, we're the R., O., C. holla!I'm here Dame, I'm here, Killa  
This is just fate, how I would sit on a crate  
Listen to tapes everyday a frisk was at stake  
Chicks cuffs risk gettin raped my mission was straight thug  
Visit them states near them great Michigan lakes  
And fuck a bathroom, I pissed on the gate  
Flipped a bird outta flip a bird switch up my plates  
I got plans that was better than jail  
Now look we like Bird, Parish, Kevin McHale  
Scott, Worthy, Jabbar, and Magic  
Oh my god it's Magic, Isiah, Dumars, I will carve your casket  
Feel Scotty and Mike, feel Shaq and Kobe  
My gats will de-tatch you homie  
And I'm friends with thugs, I sell endless drugs  
For the Roc Fam dog I extend my love  
Jay, Bleek, beef I'll be crossin the bridge  
Tossin they wigs make corpse of they kids  
Free, O, Sparks and Mack Mittens  
I'm 95 south, no doubt, mac clip in  
I stack chips and, I'm Sacs Fifth-in  
Louis Vuitton loughers, hat drippin  
I go retrieve a duck, tell her proceed and suck  
I don't just beat my cases, I beat 'em up  
My lawyer eat 'em up put bars behind me  
I'm glad they didn't stop that car behind me

Shit, it had three felons, gun shooters no  
50 cal. A.C.P. Bazooka Joe  
Don't be stupid though, I get scrilla man  
I'm for'rilla man, yeah it's killa Cam  
Uh dick suck bitch! [Chorus] What y'all thought I was finished?  
I'm not! I just recruited somebody new!  
I'm like the George Steinbrenner of this shit  
I mean I'm rich like him, HOLLA! Everybody's swarmin' oh my god  
It's the newest power forward of the squad  
A legacy like Jordan with the mob  
That be known for breakin' motherfuckers hard  
Put Roc-A-Fella on my pinky ring  
Fuck a battle nigga I'm a get them thangs  
Rollin with them Lords and them folks up out the Chi  
Twista gone make em spit the game  
I represent the mob to the fullest  
You don't want it with that boy who's known to pull it  
With Kanye on the track of the Dream Team  
I'm fin' to be the shit no matter which way you put it  
They blessed a nigga in, now I'm fin' to go into a zone  
Takin it to some motherfuckers domes  
Cause it's on, I will rock until I'm gone  
Fillin my body with lead, clutchin' chrome  
Take it to your gut, take it to your chest  
I be more provokin' when I'm smokin' sess  
And we gettin' stronger hope you got a vest  
Already got them macs, already got them techs  
Served a few dimes, Beans got pearls  
Legendary we on top of the world  
How could you haters think we can be done  
Hold it down because we got champions!! [Chorus] Dame dash, presents the dream team, part one!

Songwriters

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