

# The Champ

Ghostface Killah

This guy is a bulldozer with a wrecking ball attached  
He'll leave a ring around your eye and tread marks on your back  
He's an animal  
He's hungry  
You ain't been hungry, since "Supreme Clientele"  
Remember what you first told me when I took ya in  
You wanted to be a fighter (Yeah!)  
You wanted to be a killer (New York Stand Up)  
You wanted to be the Champ! (Got your boy in the booth nigga)  
You ain't hungry  
Matter of fact I don't want you in my gym  
Get out of my ring, you disgust me

Godzilla bankroll  
Stones from Stillion  
Yo I ain't got it all, that means I barely home  
Trailblazer stay ballin  
Revenge is my arts is crafty darts  
While y'all stuck on Laffy Taffy  
Wonderin' how y'all niggaz get past me  
I been doin this before Nas dropped the Nasty  
My wallos I did 'em up  
Them bricks I send 'em up  
My raps y'all bit 'em up  
For that now stick 'em up  
Ten Four good buddy Tone got is money up  
Worth millions still back your bitch lookin bummy what  
Ya'll staring at the angel of death  
Liar liar pants on fire You burning up like David Koresh  
This is architect music  
Verbal street opera pop a 'tec man fully got the projects booming indeed  
I ran through the tunnel  
Terrorize speed  
That's when I was still in the jungle slangin that D

Get out my face! No you ain't got no mo?'.  
Don't need no has been messin' up my corner  
And you better get that mad look off your face for I knock it off  
Hey fool you ready for another beating  
You should have never came back  
Look here man after I crucify him, you next!  
And you better have a good doctor to rearrange your face  
I'm the Champ!

Who want to battle the Don?  
I'm James Bond in the Octagon with two razors  
Bet cha'all didn't know I had a fake arm  
I lost it, wild and raw before rap, I was gettin' it on  
Took a fat nigga out in like 40secs  
My gun get hard wit a 45 still erects and eagle on  
Kangol hat slanted coconut bounce to Morocco  
Guerilla medallions like Flavor Flav clock yo  
Niggaz want me dead but they scared to step to me  
Rip they guts out like a hysterectomy  
When beef collide look on the flip by the penitentiary kite  
Or get you bumped off from the inside  
Jaws is hanging

Frauds is leftin they draws on the floor complaining  
Bird ass nigga resemble Keenon Ivory Waynes  
Stay in your place dirt born rappers get Shadow box for training ?  
Ya'll still eatin bacon  
[Spoken over the beat]  
Think nobody can; don't give this nigga no statue give him death  
I told y'all I wasn't going away  
You had your shot no give me mine  
Now why don't you tell these folks why you been ducking me, politics man  
You think you going to keep me down  
They don't want me to have the title  
Because I'm not a puppet like that fool up there  
Ask his woman she get more pipe from the plumber than in bed  
I'm the Champ!

I like the deuce of diamonds cutting spades on a glass table  
Half a mil on my left ankle  
Terry cloth Guess shorts robes is comfortable  
Bring me a nice bitch that means I'll fuck with you  
My swagger is Mick Jaeger stones is rolling  
Prestige is cut to it tis ? spark when weed went up  
The Cocoa leaf is slightly damp  
Sprouting in the backyard next to Gran duke tomato plants  
And jets get charted marquee shit with the cars on it  
They head and they earl to the toilet and vomit  
Back East summer MC king since Cuban  
Pretty Tone Iron Man and Bulletproof and Supreme  
Proof and you double deuce in the jeans  
My man ? was on the floor with the mother load both of them green  
IBF WBC Cruiserweight title shots and Rap belts belong to D.C.

Listen I am bad, I said I am bad  
I'm a bad man  
I'm so bad sometimes I's scare myself  
Sometimes I look in the mirror and want to kiss myself I'm so pretty  
Now who am I (The Man!)  
Now who am I (The Man!)  
Who (The Man!)  
That's right and don't y'all forget it  
Ladies and gentlemen!  
The winner by consecutive knockout and still champion of the worl1111111ld!