

# 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  
It feel good to be back  
Whats up ochenta?  
Yeah, yeah, ha..  
It's the Black Dante in your headphones  
Speakerbox (freaky radio) 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, Roosvelt projects, Mossie projects  
Listen..

[Verse 1: Mos Def]

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 +one to land+ 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 thats 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 adhear 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 thats the mark of a true champ-ine  
Thats whether I'm in or outside the ring  
No fights, no tilte, no crown or reign  
Feel my presence even when I'm up out this thing  
Just trust, thats what I'm about to be  
But until then settle in and rock with me  
[Outro: Mos Def]  
Ha, thats what its 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 Laraque, Big & 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  
And thats 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(echo)  
Freaky radio (freaky radio) ha..  
Freaky radio (freaky radio) everywhere on the dial