

Champions

Onyx

We the champions, we the champions, we the champions
Doin what they said can't be done, doin what they said can't be
done

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We bringin it home, playin like Shaq and Kob'
Cash to blow, trees lit, glass of mo
Various styles, crossin like Darius Miles
Lockin it down, the game got me leery to smile
Movin too slow, gettin tired, pick up the flow
Passin go, two bricks to get in the goal
Pushin that weight, front line like Michigan State
Jail board, punk players gettin bumps on their face
The strong survive, shorty wanna jump in the ride
Lovin my life, that's why I gotta spit it through mics
Halftime, smoke break, I need somethin to light
Game over, niggaz goin home losers tonight

Call me the first draft pick of this rap shit
Runnin the block like a runnin back duckin from d's
Get knocked on the fifty yard line with hard time
Side lines flooded with drops, cops is the ref
New York is like a contact sport, we play to the death
Money to floss, hos play off a nigga cost
Only rollin with the winners, not the team that lost
The game is wild, I'm like Ray Louis on trial
Flagrant fouls, hit with techs in the fort down
Connects get intercept for their coke in the first round
Be the game most rival thug, rhyme on thug
Blowin ya amps, Onyx is the Eastcoast champs

It's Sticky Fingaz, holla, let me know you heard me
My team dirty, scuffed up timbs and black jerseys
Bulletproof pads, face masks and no mercy
Cooler full of henny and sprite for when I'm thirsty
I'm a sore lo