

Young Chris "Champions"

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[DJ Clue *echoes*]Yeah... DJ Clue... Desert Storm... The Roc...
This shit right here... The Roc Army...
Dame Dash Presents... The Dream Team niggaz...
Word...

[samples from "We Are the Champions" used by
Dream

Team w/ permission of Queen]Time 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 on

[Dame Dash: speaking over Queen samples]Sup y'all?
Yo, this is Dame Dash the CEO
Here to welcome y'all to the Dream Team
What y'all niggaz 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: exactly mirrors chorus of Queen's "We Are
the Champions"]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 world

[Dame Dash]Got damn Kanye!
I bet niggaz 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!

[Kanye West]Well Dame if these niggaz 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 niggaz 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
feal 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, yeahhhhh
If you feelin this here, throw your fuckin hands in the
air

[Chorus]

[Young Chris - over 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 labelled 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!!!

[Beanie Sigel]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 niggaz; realest, I will kill these niggaz!!

[Dame Dash]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!

[Cam'Ron]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
Uhhh... DIPSET BITCH!

[Chorus] - overlaps the end of Cam's verse

[Dame Dash]What y'all thought I was finished?
I'm not! I just recuited somebody new!
I'm like the George Steinbrenner of this shit
I mean I'm rich like him, HOLLA!

[Twista]Everybodys 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'ma 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]

[DJ Clue] Dame Dash, presents the Dream Team - Part
One!

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