

Champ M.C. "Here I Come"

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[Champ M.C.] I kick the funky shit that make your
grandma wanna rap I got the energy like a soul battery
I keep going and going and keep flowing Who knows
when I'll strike the next ho, kid Yes I got this synth to
catch a wreck with the ??? peers in front my face I got
the taste and the flava to put a nigga in his place So
back the fuck up before I punch you in the face I got an
award for all the damage that I did So stop beating me
in the head with that bullshit kid I got it going on, word
is bond, Champ is still the master Grab the microphone
and blast a nigga if I have to Step in front the foot to
test and his ??? game You took me for a joke, I leave
the scene and leave smoke Quit fast, a nigga won't last
a fucking second It's a shame how I got these
muthafuckers ho sweating [Interlude: Champ M.C.]
Yeah you know what time it is kid [Chorus 2X: Champ
M.C.] Be on the look out, cus here I come (say what?)
Be on the look out, cus here I come (bring the
mutherfucking noise) [Champ M.C.] Oh shit, here I go,
putting on a fucking show With my hat to my back,
ready to flow, so bust a move at a show And pull my
skills out, I can get down, get down Yeah, yo why the
mic ?inside my mind is bugged? keep going Get your
hip to this cus I'm ripping shit Yo I keep bitches on the
run Put it plain and simple, yeah kid they get the job
done I'm putting niggas to shame Trying to act shiesty,
now you know my mothafucking name I got
connections, so what's next? Protect your neck Because
your'e dealing with a roughneck, so wha the heck Time
is money and money is time I put the pen to the pad
and came up with some phat rhymes Once my mind
starts to motivate and catch a break Some are alright
and some are ill shit [Chorus 2X] [Champ M.C.] Champ
is here, see I get the job done I might take a little wing,
give some Bitches like "You fucking right", catch a
swift one So don't sleep on me kid, you bitch ass nigga
Popping all tha shit, I just might pull the trigger On a
187, leaving bodies to discover Your hat was all swole,
but now the game is all over My tongue is swept up,
lash an MC with the quickness Kid can I get a witness
So who watch this jam with my lyrical voice Will do your

?Howards choice? I don't think so If you're fat, you
pass, if you're slow, you blow So yo, pass the essence
so I can get listed I got skills, so you know I must be
gifted Fuck that I got the magical tongue that kick
those styles that I have hidden in my closet Time ti let
the bones put, oh yeah Before you sneak too hard then
I have to pull your fucking card [Chorus 3X]

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