

Brother Ali "Champion"

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(Ali, the baddest muthafucka ever...)

[VERSE 1:]

I'm chokin players like I'm Bob Knight,
choke the coaches like I'm Spreewell
They bowin to the 'Sayers till they knees swell
I shake the game up worse than Single White Females
Walkin to they car alone flashin three bills
These little kids are talkin 'bout how little I know
Boy, I grab a mic and rock you like your Triple 5 Soul
With a civilized flow, but if you say my name I'm like
Beetlejuice
Dice you up and slap you till your teeth are loose
I've seen the noose and will not get lynched by the
industry
Nor will I have an A and R pimpin' me stickin his thing in
me
I'll sing for free for some years if it's clear to me
That if I'm there for my team they're there for me
For real, I'll be diligently killin the soliloquies
Of these millipedes that try to pass themselves off as ill
MC's
I weave a web of words so intricately
That the English dictionary lacks an adjective to fit me
If he want my album tell him not to fuck with ATAK
He was hatin and Slug told the bitch to send my tapes
back
And if I lose my voice then instead of sayin raps
I start paintin facts on the wall with hot crayola crayon
wax

[CHORUS] (2X)

You're now rockin with the champion
You know you're in a war that can't be won

You need to stop and understand me, son
Cause I got a pocket full and I can hand you some

[VERSE 2]

I wasn't lyin 'bout them muthafuckin hairy hands
Well how you think I tear a man till he can barely stand?
I share the land with heads that holler my chorus back

I'll do anything for the cats that show support like that
When I battle they hold my back, y'all most be smokin
crack
Eyes are screamin, "I ain't supposed to rap," come on,
you know you're wack
These Minnesota cats touch down in places where it's
dormant at
Bring they muthafuckin trophies back
I'm like big up my man Optimus Prime
I'm like what the fuck do rappers got in they mind?
I might jump on the stage and start hollerin rhymes
Maybe bend your back around and make you swallow
your spine
Cause it's clear you ain't seen no one this tight in years
When I sing I can bring Brian McKnight to tears
I have to consume, Ali capture a room
And before my son was born I made him dance in the
womb
MC's put up your titles, I be grabbin em soon
Them faggots are doomed, worse than breathing
hazardous fumes
Like (* heavy breathing *) (There it is)
Yes, now let the magic resume
Biatch

[CHORUS] (2X)

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