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## Cam'ron "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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