

Ghostface Killah "The Champ Remix"

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"The Champ"

[Dialogue borrowed from a "Rocky" movie]

This guy is a bulldozer with a wrecking ball attached
He'll leave a ring around your eye and tread marks on
your back
He's an animal
He's hungry
You ain't been hungry, since "Supreme Clientele"
Remember what you first told me when I took ya in
You wanted to be a fighter (Yeah!)
You wanted to be a killer (New York Stand Up)
You wanted to be the Champ! (Got your boy in the
booth nigga)
You ain't hungry
Matter of fact I don't want you in my gym
Get out of my ring, you disgust me

[Ghostface Killah]

Godzilla bankroll
Stones from Stilion
Yo I ain't got it all, that means I barely home
Trailblazer stay ballin
Revenge is my arts is crafty darts
While y'all stuck on Laffy Taffy
Wonderin' how y'all niggaz get past me
I been doin this before Nas dropped the Nasty
My wallos I did 'em up
Them bricks I send 'em up
My raps y'all bit 'em up
For that now stick 'em up
Ten Four good buddy Tone got is money up
Worth millions still back your bitch lookin bummy what
Ya'll staring at the angel of death
Liar liar pants on fire You burning up like David Koresh
This is architect music
Verbal street opera pop a 'tec man fully got the
projects booming indeed
I ran through the tunnel
Terrorize speed
That's when I was still in the jungle slangin that D

[Spoken over the beat]

Get out my face! No you ain't got no mo?'.
Don't need no has been messin' up my corner
And you better get that mad look off your face for I
knock it off
Hey fool you ready for another beating
You should have never came back
Look here man after I crucify him, you next!
And you better have a good doctor to rearrange your
face
I'm the Champ!

[Ghostface Killah]

Who want to battle the Don?
I'm James Bond in the Octagon with two razors
Bet cha'all didn't know I had a fake arm
I lost it, wild and raw before rap, I was gettin' it on
Took a fat nigga out in like 40secs
My gun get hard wit a 45 still erects and eagle on
Kangol hat slanted coconut bounce to Morocco
Guerilla medallions like Flavor Flav clock yo
Niggaz want me dead but they scared to step to me
Rip they guts out like a hysterectomy
When beef collide look on the flip by the penitentiary
kite
Or get you bumped off from the inside
Jaws is hanging
Frauds is leftin they draws on the floor complaining
Bird ass nigga resemble Keenon Ivory Waynes
Stay in your place dirt born rappers get Shadow box for
training ?
Ya'll still eatin bacon

[Spoken over the beat]

Think nobody can; don't give this nigga no statue give
him death
I told y'all I wasn't going away
You had your shot no give me mine
Now why don't you tell these folks why you been
ducking me, politics man
You think you going to keep me down
They don't want me to have the title
Because I'm not a puppet like that fool up there
Ask his woman she get more pipe from the plumber
than in bed
I'm the Champ!

[Ghostface Killah]

I like the deuce of diamonds cutting spades on a glass
table
Half a mil on my left ankle

