

Rythem

"Who's The Champion"

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Intro: RZA and Ghostface, Raekwon () and somebody []

Word. Man fuck that nigga
Fuck that crab, ass, bitch [Who the live niggaz
youknowhatl'msayin?]
[You niggaz know how to shoot joints] (Put down the
gun son)
[Elmira, Riker's Island, coming from Brownsville] (Put
down the gun son)
Niggaz tried to front on my little sister (Put down the
gun)
[Youknowhatl'msayin we represent
youknowhatl'msayin?]
[Youknowhatl'msayin? Big Tony Rhome, peace to my
man Tony Rhome]
They tried to, tried to front on this (Put down the gun
son)
[RZA respect youknowhatl'msayin? We keep it real]
Yeah, check it out y'all (put down the, put down the gun
son)
[Put your guns down, throw your hands up]
It's on like that y'all word up, Iron Man comes back
[Represent, you niggaz gotta shoot joints]
Yo check it

Verse One: RZA

Put away your heaters, throw up your dick beaters
Accurate blows to his nose shut his eyes closed to a
centimeter
Bitches on the fences wonderin what the fuck the
suspense is
I land heavy uppercuts in the corner of the park fences
Knocked his mouthpiece front teeth got locked inside
my knuckle
He grabbed the belt buckle, attempt to catch me with a
couple
Of low blows to the nuts, on ringside was as a giant du-
els
Send your Barb for this fuckin jew On a Wire
He couldn't chessbox that's when he reached for his

ahhs

Brother chopped me on the top of my knot, but he got stopped

When a twelve ounce bottle of Bartyle and James had him startled

A bitch threw it caught him in his head, at full throttle
He fell, the glass crashed, he wasn't saved by the bell
That was his ass black

So when it comes to physical combat

We can take it hand to hand or go beyond that

Do you want my gat to make the contact?

Retirin cats who lack the heart to fire back?

[We take all crabs overboard]

Chorus: Raekwon

Put down the gun son, son matter of fact, shoot the one on one

Hold it down, make sure the head, sure nuff don't hit the ground

Lampin on the handball courts, or the square, we can take it there

Settle it son, who the champion?

[It's like that, niggaz want to front, one more time?

I'ma show you like this. One on each side

This is it word up. We gonna lay you back

We gonna rest your back, you won't know how to act

When it come to bigger, showin and provin

Niggaz styles is wack] Who the champion? Settle it son.

Verse Two: Ghostface Killer

Yo!

I had to run up on this King at Devine, for his shines
He saw the stash and caught my mailbox for eighty dimes

He saw me stashin, like a pipe-link for mega fiends
I held it down like the finger fly miraculous King
Peep through the heavy small get the camouflouge
Starks master in charge, pushin through ery buildin,
sippin egg nog

Niggaz know my status God body carry big batters
Fiends know me for my blue bags, besides smackin crabs

And earnin mine, this bitch Sha cat, gotta get his back bent

What the hell just made him fuck with my intelligent?

Back to Polly and I heard some noise we pack a two twelve

There go Lord Shamel, faggot made a sale

He's sellin my shit, I should slap fire out his ass
Snap his bones in half and watch the stock market
crash
I walked up on him, he had the nerve to say Peace God
Ain't nuttin Peace God, you stole it now we out in the
streets
Take your shit off, nigga you soft, back up off
Youse a shady nigga, I'm a sever fig you with a gloss
I snuffed him, threw a crazy left and I cuffed him
Allah don't like ugly so I held back from bustin him
I passed the burn off, he caught me from the blind side
Tapped a nigga jaw, I shot my fifty-two style, and crazy
raw
I had my ice on, tapped a few times, he started leakin
De King with the deadarm, Shamel fell to his knees and
He started wheezin, losin his breath from smokin trees
and
I'm still breathin, bleedin because it's frontin season
Now I got that project belt, international/national
Worldwide, I let Shamel slide

Chorus

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