Mos Def "Champion Requiem"

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[Mos Def]

Bismillah ir Rhman ir Raheem
Peace, peace whats up y'all this is Mos Def
And this is a message to the people
If you see or hear goodness from me
Then that goodness is from The Creator
You should be thankful to The Creator for all of that
'Cause I'm not the architect of that
I'm only the...the recipient

If you see weakness or shortcoming in me It's from my own weakness or shortcoming

And I ask The Creator and the people to forgive me for that

Thank you Brooklyn, Thank you World Yeah, yeah there it is Turn my voice up in the top a little bit It feel good to be back Whats up ochenta?

Yeah, yeah, ha..

It's the Black Dante in your headphones
Speakerbox (freaky radio) freaky radio
(Everywhere on the dial) tell you a little bit about me
For my hometown, break down a little history for you
Myrtle and Broadway, Roosvelt projects, Mossie
projects

Listen..

[Verse 1: Mos Def]

I stepped on the field from no league just home team
I Jumped out the stands and I snatched the rock
With the final seconds +one to land+ on the clock
Mos post up to throw up the tie-breakin shot
I put it through the net and let the world's jaw drop
Then fled the arena before they called cops
Tell the players and the coach I wasn't tryin to blow spot
But the way they was ballin' made it difficult to watch
I was taught when there's somethin' you can change
around

Keep quiet, you got nothin' to complain about You got work to do, I don't know if that work for you But thats how Mos work it through And my work is personal, I'm a workin person I put in work, I work with purpose
I get it there, on the water, air, the surface
You feel the impact? Niggaz yeah it's workin
Listen God did not make me a fearful person
The only fear I have, Is my failure to adhear his path
I would love it just to hear this back
On the ghetto streets where y'all at
On the ave's where the Jeep's go past

In the coupes where the seats go back In the parties where it be so packed And the atmosphere be so black And them black things be so phat If I could I would be so glad But if not I won't be so mad I'm still being a man, still feeding my fam' And even if you don't see it my fam I believe that I am, truly gifted, truly blessed I'm yours truly, Brooklyn's own, Mos Def I'm rockin the hard right, ground zero, to far left I'm, well balanced, with immense talents Burn the script, then flip it to keep myself challanged And thats the mark of a true champ-ine Thats whether I'm in or outside the ring No fights, no tilte, no crown or reign Feel my presence even when I'm up out this thing Just trust, thats what I'm about to be But until then settle in and rock with me

[Outro: Mos Def] Ha, thats what its about to be Ghetto people look alive with me And say, We 'gon, stop by Then we just keep movin on Ghetto people, look alive and Feel free, we just keep movin on For Alliah, Left Eye, Jam Master Jay All the great hero's who have passed away Scott Laraque, Big & Pac, Feaky Tai, Big L All the soldiers locked down in the cell Lock up the flesh, but the spirit will prevail To our loved ones, and deceased Dyin in the street, or quiet in their sleep (B.I.G.) Rest in peace, your livin in the mansions of our memory(+Sans Marie+) Rest in peace, your livin in the mansions of our memory And thats real 'Cause everythin in life 'gon come to an end Because it must, and when it does I hope that y'all remember me With true respect

And ghetto love
Now raise it up
'Cause everythin in life 'gon come to an end
Because it must, and when it does
I hope that y'all remember me
Black Dante, from Myrtle and Broadway
Yeah, yeah y'all
Let me hear it back(echo)
Freaky radio (freaky radio) ha..
Freaky radio (freaky radio) everywhere on the dial

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