

## J Lethal "Champion"

Visit "[Champion](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

She say she wanna do me, I tell her do what you wanna do

This girl right here is special, I don't think she's gonna meet the crew

Just me and you, just me and you, I tell the truth, I tell the truth, when I'm up in that pussy man I swear I feel aloof

Baby girl fuck with me because I am a champion, we fucking in the Maybach and then lamping in the Hamptons then

Don't like how I'm living, too bad, kick rocks, hit you dead on the money and watch your head drop

What's a peasant to a King, what's a King to a God, no need for the disguises, I'm seeing straight through your facade

All hail J Lethal for the return of this real shit, I'm shitting on your whole life, how that make you feel bitch  
My presence is a present, bitch enjoy, got money coming every hour in a convoy

And that's real shit nigga, I ain't telling tail fairies, I'ma keep on stacking paper 'til my wallet looking like a dictionary

And everybody on your team 'til you start to do bad, but then when you succeed that's when they start to kiss ass

But I was bred a real nigga, born and raised, repping Detroit murder mitten until I see the grave

Now where that pussy at, I'm trying to rent it out, and we so 'bout it 'bout it, now what are you about?

Gucci belt, white hat, with a pair of black pants, open fire on your block, make you do the shooting dance

Smoking so much chronic, every song you hear I'm on it

My style is hard to replicate, my swag you cannot duplicate

I swear I go retarded but you niggas still be stupid fake, pockets on Precious so I guess they gaining super weight

You say I'm not the best, then tell me who is, not these bubblegum rappers making music for these kids  
And no that's not a diss, we don't play that over here, choppa hit your neck, leave your head hanging like a

chandelier  
Still Hulk flexing riding with the Smith & Wesson  
And them bullets speaking, got a secret, what I sow,  
I'ma reap it  
Running, running shit, just like a running back, and I'm  
running into pussy just like I'm running track  
If I talk it I live it, I'm the hottest in the city, got bout fifty  
racks down in my denim, I'ma spend it  
What's pleasure with no pain, what's pain without  
pleasure  
I'm chasing my dreams, I won't stop until i catch her  
I'm that nigga, I'm that guy, Promethazine cup, that's  
how I get by  
Pockets feeling strong, yeah my stacks on Olympian  
And I don't need a pool 'cause your girl is what I'm  
swimming in  
I said I go retarded but my flow is just autistic, keep on  
fucking with J Lethal I'ma make you a statistic  
My whole life revolve around money, weed, and hoes  
They told 'em choose wisely, that's why I was chose  
What more do I have to do, to prove that I'm a Legend  
Choppa hold fifty rounds, it's going to divide you by  
seven  
I'm the illest my nigga, ain't a thing you can do about it  
I'm standing at the top 'cause the bottom too crowded

Visit [J Lethal](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.