

Jon Connor "Champion of Life"

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Yeah season 2,
Look, all I know is when I say Blue City Club! (You know)
Nine times out of ten the response immediately
following that is (oh shit).
They say they love it when I'm lyrical. So here we go,
when I spit it niggas get spiritual Connor be spitting'
miracle hymns.
I give them gems more valuable than their limbs. I be
giving them hell like its repercussion for sins.
Dog I'm killing the game go home and study the film.
Niggas can't fade me; they can't even give me a trim.
I'm coming up, haters try to spoil cuz I got hot shit like I
took the water from the toilet and boiled it.
See they so mad, my vocab, leave toe tags, on your
tracks, you know that,
I'm sharp, I feel like they hoe ass got they throats
slashed, look.
Friday the 13th massacre, hope I ain't scare ya but I
see the terror got your face running mascara.
The era I'm tryna usher in, go bring the barbera and
ushers in, got tougher skin that's why niggas can't fuck
with him.
Humble incase I stumble, don't expect me to fall,
You niggas don't cut it; allow me to sharpen my claws.
Homie I am the future and the now of the game, Been
through so much don't even say OW from the pain.
Trying not to judge but I'm Simon Cowell in my brain, as
to how, some niggas got allowed in the game, but,
That ain't for me to decide, I'm tryin to carry on a
legacy for which niggas have died.
And Ima make it happen with the people by my side,
they say it's lonely at the top, but I'm ready for the
climb cuz,
Outro:
See I was staring out the window, watching the days
pass by.
Wondering exactly how long it'll take me, now they
saying it's my time.
I used to play the background music; it never hurt to be
quiet.
And now you got your wins little buddy, jump off the
ledge lets fly.

(Connor):

Yo, I've been on my grind every minute every second.
They say my time is coming now the minutes turn to
seconds.

I'm ready for war suited up and grab my weapon.
Cuz my vocal cords hit them like a smith and Wesson.
I came too far so there ain't no going back.

And all the while I was putting my city on the map.
The pressure steady building but they know I ain't
gonna crack.

Cuz I'm the chosen one and they know that for a fact.
Bringin' that real shit back put your hands up, high. (put
'em high, put 'em high, put 'em high).

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