

## Onyx "Champions"

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[Chorus]

We the champions, we the champions, we the  
champions  
Doin what they said can't be done, doin what they said  
can't be done  
We the champions, we the champions, we the  
champions  
Doin what they said can't be done, doin what they said  
can't be done

(X1)

We bringin it home, playin like Shaq and Kob'  
Cash to blow, trees lit, glass of mo  
Various styles, crossin like Darius Miles  
Lockin it down, the game got me leery to smile  
Movin too slow, gettin tired, pick up the flow  
Passin go, two bricks to get in the goal  
Pushin that weight, front line like Michigan State  
Jail board, punk players gettin bumps on their face  
The strong survive, shorty wanna jump in the ride  
Lovin my life, that's why I gotta spit it through mics  
Halftime, smoke break, I need somethin to light  
Game over, niggaz goin home losers tonight

[Chorus]

(Fredro Starr)

Call me the first draft pick of this rap shit  
Runnin the block like a runnin back duckin from d's  
Get knocked on the fifty yard line with hard time  
Side lines flooded with drops, cops is the ref  
New York is like a contact sport, we play to the death  
Money to floss, hos play off a nigga cost  
Only rollin with the winners, not the team that lost  
The game is wild, I'm like Ray Louis on trial  
Flagrant fouls, hit with techs in the fort down  
Connects get intercept for their coke in the first round  
Be the game most rival thug, rhyme on thug  
Blowin ya amps, Onyx is the Eastcoast champs

[Chorus]

(Sticky Fingaz)

It's Sticky Fingaz, holla, let me know you heard me  
My team dirty, scuffed up timbs and black jerseys  
Bulletproof pads, face masks and no mercy  
Cooler full of henny and sprite for when I'm thirsty  
I'm a sore lo

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