

# Ghostface Killah, The Champ

[Dialogue borrowed from a "Rocky" movie]

This guy is a bulldozer with a wrecking ball attached  
He'll leave a ring around your eye and tread marks on your back  
He's an animal  
He's hungry  
You ain't been hungry, since "Supreme Clientele"  
Remember what you first told me when I took ya in  
You wanted to be a fighter (Yeah!)  
You wanted to be a killer (New York Stand Up)  
You wanted to be the Champ! (Got your boy in the booth nigga)  
You ain't hungry  
Matter of fact I don't want you in my gym  
Get out of my ring, you disgust me

[Ghostface Killah]

Godzilla bankroll  
Stones from Stillion  
Yo I ain't got it all, that means I barely home  
Trailblazer stay ballin  
Revenge is my arts is crafty darts  
While y'all stuck on Laffy Taffy  
Wonderin' how y'all niggaz get past me  
I been doin this before Nas dropped the Nasty  
My wallos I did 'em up  
Them bricks I send 'em up  
My raps y'all bit 'em up  
For that now stick 'em up  
Ten Four good buddy Tone got is money up  
Worth millions still back your bitch lookin bummy what  
Ya'll staring at the angel of death  
Liar liar pants on fire You burning up like David Koresh  
This is architect music  
Verbal street opera pop a 'tec man fully got the projects booming indeed  
I ran through the tunnel  
Terrorize speed  
That's when I was still in the jungle slangin that D

[Spoken over the beat]

Get out my face! No you ain't got no mo?'.  
Don't need no has been messin' up my corner  
And you better get that mad look off your face for I knock it off  
Hey fool you ready for another beating  
You should have never came back  
Look here man after I crucify him, you next!  
And you better have a good doctor to rearrange your face  
I'm the Champ!

[Ghostface Killah]

Who want to battle the Don?  
I'm James Bond in the Octagon with two razors  
Bet cha'all didn't know I had a fake arm  
I lost it, wild and raw before rap, I was gettin' it on  
Took a fat nigga out in like 40secs  
My gun get hard wit a 45 still erects and eagle on  
Kangol hat slanted coconut bounce to Morocco  
Guerilla medallions like Flavor Flav clock yo  
Niggaz want me dead but they scared to step to me  
Rip they guts out like a hysterectomy  
When beef collide look on the flip by the penitentiary kite  
Or get you bumped off from the inside  
Jaws is hanging  
Frauds is leftin they draws on the floor complaining  
Bird ass nigga resemble Keenon Ivory Waynes  
Stay in your place dirt born rappers get Shadow box for training ?

