

# Ghostface Killah, Who's The Champion

(feat. Rza)

Word. Man fuck that nigga  
Fuck that crab, ass, bitch {Who the live niggaz youknowhatl'msayin?}  
{You niggaz know how to shoot joints} (Put down the gun son)  
{Elmira, Riker's Island, coming from Brownsville} (Put down the gun son)  
Niggaz tried to front on my little sister (Put down the gun)  
{Youknowhatl'msayin we represent youknowhatl'msayin?}  
{Youknowhatl'msayin? Big Tony Rhome, peace to my man Tony Rhome}  
They tried to, tried to front on this (Put down the gun son)  
{RZA respect youknowhatl'msayin? We keep it real}  
Yeah, check it out y'all (put down the, put down the gun son)  
{Put your guns down, throw your hands up}  
It's on like that y'all word up, Iron Man comes back  
{Represent, you niggaz gotta shoot joints}  
Yo check it

[Verse One: RZA]

Put away your heaters, throw up your dick beaters  
Accurate blows to his nose shut his eyes closed to a centimeter  
Bitches on the fences wonderin what the fuck the suspense is  
I land heavy uppercuts in the corner of the park fences  
Knocked his mouthpiece front teeth got locked inside my knuckle  
He grabbed the belt buckle, attempt to catch me with a couple  
of low blows to the nuts, on ringside was as a giant du-els  
Send your Barb for this fuckin jew On a Wire  
He couldn't chessbox that's when he reached for his ahhs  
Brother chopped me on the top of my knot, but he got stopped  
When a twelve ounce bottle of Bartyle and James had him startled  
A bitch threw it caught him in his head, at full throttle  
He fell, the glass crashed, he wasn't saved by the bell  
That was his ass black  
So when it comes to physical combat  
We can take it hand to hand or go beyond that  
Do you want my gat to make the contact?  
Retirin cats who lack the heart to fire back?  
(We take all crabs overboard)

[Chorus: Raekwon]

Put down the gun son, son matter of fact, shoot the one on one  
Hold it down, make sure the head, sure nuff don't hit the ground  
Lampin on the handball courts, or the square, we can take it there  
Settle it son, who the champion?

(It's like that, niggaz want to front, one more time?  
I'ma show you like this. One on each side  
This is it word up. We gonna lay you back  
We gonna rest your back, you won't know how to act  
When it come to bigger, showin and provin  
Niggaz styles is wack) Who the champion? Settle it son.

[Verse Two: Ghostface Killer]

Yo!  
I had to run up on this King at Devine, for his shines  
He saw the stash and caught my mailbox for eighty dimes  
He saw me stashin, like a pipe-link for mega fiends  
I held it down like the finger fly miraculous King  
Peep through the heavy small get the camoflounge  
Starks master in charge, pushin through ery buildin, sippin egg nog  
Niggaz know my status God body carry big batters  
Fiends know me for my blue bags, besides smackin crabs

and earnin mine, this bitch Sha cat, gotta get his back bent  
What the hell just made him fuck with my intelligent?  
Back to Polly and I heard some noise we pack a two twelve  
There go Lord Shamel, faggot made a sale  
He's sellin my shit, I should slap fire out his ass  
Snap his bones in half and watch the stock market crash  
I walked up on him, he had the nerve to say Peace God  
Ain't nuttin Peace God, you stole it now we out in the streets  
Take your shit off, nigga you soft, back up off  
Youse a shady nigga, I'm a sever fig you with a gloss  
I snuffed him, threw a crazy left and I cuffed him  
Allah don't like ugly so I held back from bustin him  
I passed the burn off, he caught me from the blind side  
Tapped a nigga jaw, I shot my fifty-two style, and crazy raw  
I had my ice on, tapped a few times, he started leakin  
De King with the deadarm, Shamel fell to his knees and  
He started wheezin, losin his breath from smokin trees and  
I'm still breathin, bleedin because it's frontin season  
Now I got that project belt, international/national  
Worldwide, I let Shamel slide

[Chorus]