

Chris Rock, Champagne

(feat. Freedom Williams)

[Chris Rock]

Yo man, R&B sucks!

I mean there's a couple of people that can flow
but for the most part, the genre sucks

Just a bunch of people singin over rap beats

Get a old rap record? Sing over it!

Now everybody talk about their label, label this, label that, hey

Smokey Robinson wasn't singin about Motown!

Listen, the Isley Brothers wasn't goin, 'Teaneck in the motherfuckin house!'

The Jacksons wasn't singin about Epic

because nobody gave a fuck!

Hey, it's time for a record! Here goes!

[music fades in]

Ladies and gentlemen, I am the Bluff Daddy

And this is a Black Boy exclusive

Black Boy make you jump for joy, Black Boy make you jump for joy

Sing!

I, like champagne (feels good to my brain baby)

Black

I, like champagne

What you drinkin?

(drink it in the rain)

I, love champagne

Say it

(say it once again)

I, like champagne

Yo baby you got any money?

[singer takes over]

Nigga I'm broke, and feelin kinda thirsty (too blad)

Just smoked a blunt, and, I, feel, the worst way (Black Boy)

My baby's father, brought me a case of St. Ide's (did you like it?)

I said, 'I don't drink that shit nigga, you better recognize!' (Cristal)

[Rock] Would you let the lady finish the song????!!! (big hats)

[singer takes over]

Now I'm a broke hoe with expensive tastes (you my hoe)

I got six ankle chains around my waist (who bought them for you baby)

Gotta get my sip on (get your sip on) cause that's my missi-on (you gotta get)

Gotta get my champagne on, or I'm gonna get my bitch on (that's right)

I, like champagne (feels good to my brain baby)

I, like champagne

Cristal!

(drink it in the rai-ai-in)

I, love champagne

Say it again

(say it once again)

I, like champagne (once again)

Ladies and gentlemen, Freedom Williams

[Freedom Williams]

Enter the Dom/e of Perignon, I never been crept upon

I'm on the mike and my word is bond (hoo hoo!)

I'm the top the pinnacle, the echelon

I'm never fallin (c'mon) and beat MC's with a baton

The conniseur, I'm gonna do her over dinner

(Black Boy make you jump for joy, Black Boy make you jump for joy)
I said fine cigars, fresh fish, Alize toast
(Black Boy make you jump for joy, Black Boy make you jump for joy)
My lifestyle's ghost, when you see true enlightened men
To MC's I incite and mend

[needle pulls across record and is cut off]
[Chris Rock] What? Motherfucker what the fuck?
[fight breaks out]
[sample of Run-D.M.C. saying "I'm the kiiiiing" keeps repeating]
[Chris Rock] Fuck who the hell are you? "I'm the kiiiiing"
I'm only gonna ask one last time
Who the fuck are you? "I'm the kiiiiing"
Stop hitting me! Stop!
[machine gun fire]
Who da bumba claat?
"Ohhh shit"

For someone who is a Shaolin Monk
your Kung-Fu's really lousy!
[explosion, crackling glass]

Boy, I'm three generations deep, in gangsterdom
Three generations