

# Mos Def, Champion Requiem

[Mos Def]

Bismillah ir Rhman ir Raheem

Peace, peace whats up y'all this is Mos Def

And this is a message to the people

If you see or hear goodness from me

Then that goodness is from The Creator

You should be thankful to The Creator for all of that

'Cause I'm not the architect of that

I'm only the...the recipient

If you see weakness or shortcoming in me

It's from my own weakness or shortcoming

And I ask The Creator and the people to forgive me for that

Thank you Brooklyn, Thank you World

Yeah, yeah there it is

Turn my voice up in the top a little bit

It feel good to be back

Whats up ochenta?

Yeah, yeah, ha..

It's the Black Dante in your headphones

Speakerbox (freaky radio) freaky radio

(Everywhere on the dial) tell you a little bit about me

For my hometown, break down a little history for you

Myrtle and Broadway, Roosvelt projects, Mossie projects

Listen..

[Verse 1: Mos Def]

I stepped on the field from no league just home team

I Jumped out the stands and I snatched the rock

With the final seconds +one to land+ on the clock

Mos post up to throw up the tie-breakin shot

I put it through the net and let the world's jaw drop

Then fled the arena before they called cops

Tell the players and the coach I wasn't tryin to blow spot

But the way they was ballin' made it difficult to watch

I was taught when there's somethin' you can change around

Keep quiet, you got nothin' to complain about

You got work to do, I don't know if that work for you

But thats how Mos work it through

And my work is personal, I'm a workin person

I put in work, I work with purpose

I get it there, on the water, air, the surface

You feel the impact? Niggaz yeah it's workin

Listen God did not make me a fearful person

The only fear I have, Is my failure to adhear his path

I would love it just to hear this back

On the ghetto streets where y'all at

On the ave's where the Jeep's go past

In the coupes where the seats go back

In the parties where it be so packed

And the atmosphere be so black

And them black things be so phat

If I could I would be so glad

But if not I won't be so mad

I'm still being a man, still feeding my fam'

And even if you don't see it my fam

I believe that I am, truly gifted, truly blessed

I'm yours truly, Brooklyn's own, Mos Def

I'm rockin the hard right, ground zero, to far left

I'm, well balanced, with immense talents

Burn the script, then flip it to keep myself challanged

And thats the mark of a true champ-ine

Thats whether I'm in or outside the ring

No fights, no tilte, no crown or reign

Feel my presence even when I'm up out this thing

Just trust, that's what I'm about to be  
But until then settle in and rock with me

[Outro: Mos Def]

Ha, that's what it's about to be  
Ghetto people look alive with me  
And say, We 'gon, stop by  
Then we just keep movin on  
Ghetto people, look alive and  
Feel free, we just keep movin on  
For Alliah, Left Eye, Jam Master Jay  
All the great hero's who have passed away  
Scott LaRue, Big & Pac, Feaky Tai, Big L  
All the soldiers locked down in the cell  
Lock up the flesh, but the spirit will prevail  
To our loved ones, and deceased  
Dyin in the street, or quiet in their sleep (B.I.G.)  
Rest in peace, your livin in the mansions of our memory(+Sans Marie+)  
Rest in peace, your livin in the mansions of our memory  
And that's real  
'Cause everythin in life 'gon come to an end  
Because it must, and when it does  
I hope that y'all remember me  
With true respect  
And ghetto love  
Now raise it up  
'Cause everythin in life 'gon come to an end  
Because it must, and when it does  
I hope that y'all remember me  
Black Dante, from Myrtle and Broadway  
Yeah, yeah y'all  
Let me hear it back(echo)  
Freaky radio (freaky radio) ha..  
Freaky radio (freaky radio) everywhere on the dial