

You're A Champion

2 Skinnee J's

Majestic, you guessed it
A natural born winner like Bruce Jenner
You can stretch it but the Skinnee J is thinner
Tim cues up the tape, but here's a tip
Try Latham not Latham
We box 'em and we wrap em so
Bring these beats with trash can snares
Reverse high hats, studio demolition may day
It's a J day when we say hey hey
Stumpy Johnson sets the pace and we still roll the place
Well you just heard the serve, but here's my volley
We double up your pleasure, like Bhoutros Bhoutros Gahli
So forget about your first and second guesses
And if you want to join the circle, just order breakfast
Pass the baton to the next and run along
Try a mile in my shoes and get used to the phenomenon
On and on like a triathlon
Step to podium, who's the real champion
You're a champion

Here I goes, I flows like a nose in January
Fuck it drop the bomb like the bucket at the prom in Carrie
Swing like a chimp, slam like champ
When I grow fat and old they're gonna put me on a postage stamp

I take chances, I never take shorts
I grab the microphone just for the sport like soccer
Dribble up the middle and I rock ya
From Cape Town to uptown I'm burning like Vodka on your tongue
When I brung poetry like Suess
When Horton heard me, they agreed to turn him loose
My cup runeth over with the versus til they spilling
I like to rhyme like Michael loves children
I kick the rhymes like Pele
From the outside I'm a striker
Stronger than caffeine I make the hyped get hyper
My pythons are vipers, my optics fibers
I'll throw you to the mat like I'm Rowdy Roddy Piper
Spell check in effect, my rhymes comes corrected
So bring your champion out, run your race stake your claim and
collect it
Like Greg Lougainous, gay and famous
He gets the gold, like Amays amazes