

Champions

Kanye West, Gucci Mane, Big Sean, 2 Chainz, Travis Scott, Yo Gotti, Quavo & Desiigner

(Quavo!)

Lifestyle on camera

Hundred thousand dollar chandelier

They tried to turn me to an animal

But white people think I'm radical

Supermodels think I'm handsome

You might think I'm too aggressive

But really I think I'm too passive

'Til I pull out the chopper, start blastin'

1500, all in singles (straight up!)

Throw it up, watch it fall and drop

'Round and 'round they go

'Round and 'round they go

Pray for me

I'm about to hit the Ye button

I don't wanna say nothin' wrong

But it'd be wrong if I ain't say nothin'

Imagine if I ain't say somethin'

Wouldn't none these niggas say nothin'

I done lost and made money

Now I'm makin' somethin' they can't take from me

And I'm fresh out of debt in this mothafucka!

And they still ain't ready yet for a mothafucka!

Yeezy might have to go and put his Louis on

I'm 'bout to go Gucci in the Gucci storeIt's Gucci!

Fresh out the feds in this mothafucka

And they still ain't ready yet for a mothafucka

Gucci Mane and I'm 'bout to put my Yeezys on

Now that Gucci home, it's over for you Gucci clones

1500, all in singles (straight up!)

Throw it up, watch it fall and drop

'Round and 'round they go

'Round and 'round they go

Champions, we run the city

Number one, they fallin' from the top

'Round and 'round they go

'Round and 'round they go (straight up)Look, I say a prayer for my enemies

They cannot slow down what's meant for me

Funny how they come around like I can't see through they secret identities

Lately it's all about Zen in me

Subtractin' the negative energy

Fuck with the family, turn your ass to a memory
My niggas keep it a century
I blow the check up, nigga, detonation
Kill 'em one by one, Final Destination
Time my destination
I got guardian angels all around a nigga, that's deflectin' Satan
I'm a mothafuckin' champion
This right here the fuckin' anthem
I can't dap you without hand san'
I don't know where your dirty ass hands been
I wake up to like a hundred texts
Championship team, but we can't cut the net
She all off in my jersey lookin' underdressed
I'm finna buy this bitch a Honda CRX
With...
1500, all in singles (straight up!)
Throw it up, watch it fall and drop
'Round and 'round they go
'Round and 'round it go, 'round and 'round it go
'Round and 'round they go
I'd rather be strapped and ride with a pole
Than to get down in a hole
I took a nap in the pulpit
I never like how a suit fit
I got a pocket full of money
It got me walkin' all slew-foot
I'm on my wave like a cruise ship
In that hoe mouth like a toothpick
Anyone get in my way
Nothin' to say, I tote 'em choppas like pool sticks
I wear pajamas to Ruth's Chris
Couldn't walk a mile in my new kicks
I'm comin' from the apartments
We never had our damn pool fixed
Walk in the mall with my new bitch
Tell her to get the whole rack
My new bitch gon' pull me a new bitch
Then pull me a new bitch
See that is a snowball effect
I got gold on my neck
Lookin' like a Super Bowl on my neck
I got a mansion full of marble floors
It look like I could go bowl in this bitch
Versace logos on bowls in this bitch
Like I'm a serial killer
I put the real in gorilla
I did this shit for my niggas
1500, all in singles (straight up!)
Throw it up, watch it fall and drop

'Round and 'round they go
 'Round and 'round it go, 'round and 'round it go
 'Round and 'round they go
 I'd rather be strapped and ride with a pole
 Than to get down in a hole
 Champions, we run the city
 Number one, they fallin' from the top
 'Round and 'round they go
 'Round and 'round it go, 'round and 'round it go
 'Round and 'round they go
 I'd rather be strapped and ride with a pole
 Than to get down in a hole I'm Yo Gotti!
 Reach for my chain is suicide
 The car I drive fit two inside
 They mad at Ye 'cause he all in the neighborhood
 But he let them goons inside
 Let's fuck up the neighborhood
 Let's fuck up the neighborhood
 Buy every house in this bitch
 You know that the money good
 My wrist in the kitchen go 'round and 'round
 Play with the kid, I'ma gun you down
 The roof on that Wraith in the lost and found
 Official trap shit let me slow it down
 Way more shit than a Pamper
 All we rock is bandanas
 Whips so nasty, no manners
 I just got head in a Phantom She say she don't want a chump, baby want a champ
 She say money make her cum, Gucci make her damp
 1017's the Squad, Gucci Mane's the stamp
 And he don't never sleep, he's a fuckin' vamp
 I heard your bitch ride on the bus, you don't give a damn
 My bitch drive a Lamb', you should call her ma'am
 I love my Auntie Jane, but fuck Uncle Sam
 I'm a walkin' money machine, check my Instagram
 Niggas never test the kid so I don't have to cram
 My city treat me like a king, I should wear a crown
 And I don't really fuck around
 I gave my bitch two mil' 'cause she stuck around
 1500, all in singles (straight up!)
 Throw it up, watch it fall and drop
 'Round and 'round they go
 'Round and 'round it go, 'round and 'round it go
 'Round and 'round they go
 I'd rather be strapped and ride with a pole
 Than to get down in a hole
 Champions, we run the city
 Number one, they fallin' from the top
 'Round and 'round they go

'Round and 'round it go
'Round and 'round they go
I'd rather be strapped and ride with a pole
Than to get down in a hole

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>