

## Butane (Champion's Anthem)

Killer Mike

Looking for the truth, yeah it's me  
Everything Polo to the floor though, even at the  
grocery store though  
Picture perfect, take a photo  
And take the pic you biting bitch and go and stitch a  
logo (Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah)  
Hit you with the quatro, but my girl Mercedes  
With the Audi say that Quatro was a two door so a typo  
You can put on Killer Kill, Fat Boy, or just Michael  
Call me what you want but still never call me rival  
They will call you dead and I will call you gone  
The loss with Jesus we be will be we'll be calling you  
ass home  
An underground rap, what I'm meant to be  
Then I will be the shit and you ain't shit to me

We won, we the winners with the champagne  
Champagne at the end of our campaign  
Spit fire, naked truth like the blue flame, like the  
blue flame  
Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah  
Let me see your hands up if you  
Caught the plug and we bolt like Usain  
More money, more power, more butane  
Burn the motherfucker down, down

Life's a bitch so I mack on her immaculate  
I don't wear no monkey watches  
Rolex is too accurate  
My rhymes are actually accurate  
Meaning I don't fiction in my diction to the masses  
Perfection is performed through many practices  
I prostitute the mattresses  
This shit just come naturally  
Easy as Osama's bombers takin many casualties  
Like Columbine I'm down for mine I'm here to kill the  
faculty  
Killin them or killin me  
This is my soliloquy  
Iller than the illest beat  
I will spit the illest shit from right here to infinity  
Till I reach the dirt  
I will search the earth endlessly looking for the  
Hennessy?  
Ain't nobody lyrically as ill as me, that's Eazy-E  
Come back from A.I.D...S yes  
Get a beat from E-L-P, ghostwritten for my partner  
T.I.P  
Cube and me Every time, travel back to 95, jumping in a  
63 Impala, playing Cuban Linx

Yo, I'm a Grinch with a grin, I will shit on your kids  
Get a light, get a grip, get a hold on my dick, bitch  
Make a wish  
I'm a knife, I'm nothing that's nicer than getting  
sliced up  
The switch, the machete, the fatty Yeti, the shite

Getting closer to Christ yah  
Might just find your design of your life an angel head  
short of divine love  
I stink, I just stunk up a trunk to sell bricks  
I'm a Sphinx, so much that my nose just broke off...  
think  
I'm alone again clutching a loaded Glock soaked in  
chromium  
Hoping that the thought police just don't bust in my  
home again  
Life is tough, you get snuffed in What the fuck, this is not what my mother  
said I'll  
become  
Star-spangled wranglers got my hopes on the run  
Getting closer now  
Maybe our society supposed to drown  
Middle finger up on the Titanic as it's going down