(1 - 2 - 3 - 4)You in the ring with a thing, not a man And what I bring is shots to the body That'll make a fool sing, soprano Fall setter, ain't nuttin better Massive concussion, career over, no discussion Both eyes closed, broke nose, cheeks swole You can't see, vision like a peep ho This ain't no slug-fest or exhibition It's a disaster, cold, beat-down, tragic massacre Call in the doctor He's been rocked and socked-up Call the police, the champ's insane and oughta be locked up Pay-per-viewers have to try to not to light the whole block up He's hurt and he's wobbling and he can't keep his things up He's gettin banged up Uppercuts, overhead right, short left jab

Right into a change up
Big thing, he's down and canvas smell like dirt, don't it?
El Cool Magnifico crush all weak opponents

(The Replacements)
These combinations are taking me places
Knockin my opponents outa they shoes
With tight laces

Makin faces as they body hit the canvas in pain

The championship belt is what I taste and claim Survivin the game Pound for pound you got the best man standing right here Round for round I got the cowards runnin in fear Town for town, fight fans stand and cheer Your Knockout King is up in the ring

1 - 2 - 3, killer!
4 - 5 - 6, spitter!
7 - 8 - 9 - 10
4 to the body and 2 to the chin!
1 - 2 - 3, killer!
4 - 5 - 6, spitter!
7 - 8 - 9 - 10
ding *ding* now it's on again!

Uh, round for round and pound for pound
It's the king of the ring with a hundred knockouts
Uppercuts to the chin, knock your mouthpiece out
Got your corner-man yellin