

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