

Capone the roccwieller thinks he's a Boxer, thinks he's the best in the land.  
He thinks he could be Champ of the world, and I'm thinking maybe he can.  
He was ready to take on all comers, there's none he's was worried about.  
They brought them all in, one at a time, and he would knock them all out.

One after another he fought them; and he put them all to shame.  
Some he left laying there on the mat, others went out of the ring.  
Then they told him there's only one left, if you can beat him you're king.  
Then Checo Chawawa came under the rope, and entered into the ring.

Capone just laughed and said with a grunt, how can you fight one such as I?  
Now if you don't go, this you must know, I'll smash you like you were a fly.  
Checo looked up and said to capone, you'll not hear the bell when it rings.  
I came here tonight to win this fight, and tomorrow I will be King.

Capone's right paw came crashing down, to the spot where Checo had been.  
But he wasn't there and He hit only air, for Checo was fast as the wind.  
Time after time Capone would swing; time after time he would miss.  
Sooner or later I'll get him; he can't keep going like this.

Checo Chewawa jumped high in the air, and landed on Capone's nose.  
Capone said that's it, I've got you now, as the crowd in silence they froze.  
With all of his strength of a mighty right paw, he swung and there was no doubt.  
For Checo was gone, but the punch landed home, pour Capone, had knocked him self out

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