

Battle Cry

Joell Ortiz

How many times I gotta tell ya'll I'm second to none?
No magazine's top ten cause I'm negative one.
So I don't pay attention to them dumb folk
Cause I'ma always be in first like the clutch broke
I'm from where the cut-throats cut coke
Cause school ain't cut it, they cut out the puff smoke
And guess what?

That's who I hang with, so when you speak INDUSTRY -- I don't know the language

But play the beat and I'll show you why I'm head honcho
Ya'll gettin' away with murder like the white bronco

Bunch of trash inbetween hooks
Bars too cute to be gettin' all these mean looks
Put the hottest rappers all on one stage together
See who'll hold their arm up like Che Guevera

I rhyme hotter and I say it better

I'm a winter cold war

I'm a product of the Regan Era
Day thinkin till the page inkin'

My 16 free ya'll I'm hip-hop's Abe Lincoln.

Fam I don't know what they thinkin

These niggas got me fucked up like I spent all day drinkin

I'm a boss not a loss yet

You're little lemons in a race with a souped up corvette

I'm so hot I could stand still and pour sweat in the North Pole fully naked with my balls wet

I'm a monster, these other niggas small pets

Claim they sick but they get cured by your dog's vet

I'm thorough from my Yank' to my gourtex

You're bluffin, I play Poker I'm callin all bets

Local boy, when's the last time you all left?

I don't even know where the FUCK I'm goin' on tour next

Last month Canada, before that? Europe

I had Waffles out in Belguim, you ain't had Syrup

Every time I write it's another flight

Another whore with my kids on her underbite

Another "YAOWA!" chant when I touch the Mic

Another Magazine spread, yeah you fuckin right

I'm on my grind like a pair of in-line skates

Get on tracks and go banana's like a Primate

Baboon, Gorilla, Chimpanzee, I'm Wild Ape

King Kong under your skin, I'm bout to Sky-Scrape
But the sky ain't the limit

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>