

# 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

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