

# Battle Song

## Eliwagar

Oh yeah! (Oh yeah)  
Here we go! (Here we go)  
A little rough! (A little rough)  
No sweat! (No sweat)  
I can do it! (I can do it)  
You can do it! (You can do it)  
Oorah! (Oorah)  
Left right...  
Tell 'em bring their guns out  
Send my city up in flames  
And yea though I walk through the valley of the dead  
But my hope still remains  
Whether dead or alive, this is do or die  
When Christ is the gain  
So raise your torches up high  
Tonight we fight for our King  
I was Taylored to snatch the mic Swiftly like Kanye did  
And lay it down for the king like a sleigh bed  
And they can kill us now, go get the yellow tape  
Hey put me 6 feet in the ground and watch a great escape  
I promise, ain't a 6 shooter that can keep me down  
My God's so official, that's a technical foul  
Was engineered in my mother's womb for Gods' glory  
Plenty faith in the persecution is inventory  
I been spit in the face, still exhibiting grace  
Kicked out many a place, just for sharing my faith  
My belt tight, shoes laced, plus a breast plate  
My war helmet on now I got my head straight  
The battle's on but the war is over when Jesus reigns  
And fo' His name I withstand the pressure and take the pain  
And if they drop us, this promise, we'll take it to the grave  
That tonight we may die, but to die is our gain!  
Tell 'em bring their guns out  
Send my city up in flames  
And yea though I walk through the valley of the dead  
But my hope still remains  
Whether dead or alive, this is do or die  
When Christ is the gain  
So raise your torches up high

Tonight we fight for our King

Bout to be a riot, guns and fire, Somebody's dyin'  
But it won't be us, covered in His blood, spillin' our guts  
But even if it was, let our dust blow in the wind, we win when it's done  
Christ puttin' out thunder-raps with the nuns  
So I am taking no prisoners, not-a-one  
None, and no I'm not The One  
I just run solar in the power of The Son  
My God's a m-m-monsta  
Treads on Black mambas defeats and conquers  
Tell 'em bring their guns out  
Send my city up in flames  
And yea though I walk through the valley of the dead  
But my hope still remains  
Whether dead or alive, this is do or die  
When Christ is the gain  
So raise your torches up high  
Tonight we fight for our King  
Yeah, ready to die, notorious for our martyrs man  
We die daily and wake up and do it all again  
Either we certain or we certainly insane  
Bullets riddlin' our frame, still we don't deny the Name  
Maybe we lost it, we vuelvo loco  
'Cause Heaven is my home homie I ain't local  
I'm so vocal  
Chords of a chorus say we tied to the Lord like Chords  
Of course  
Hey what a course, if I get to goin' in  
I'm going off like "kill me" I'm still goin' in  
God, by all means possible  
Give me the faith to live and die for the gospel  
Tell 'em bring their guns out  
Send my city up in flames  
And yea though I walk through the valley of the death  
But my hope still remains  
Whether dead or alive, this is do or die  
When Christ is the gain  
So raise your torches up high  
Tonight we fight for our King  
Our king, our king, tonight we fight for our King  
Our king, our king, tonight we fight for our King

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