

# Battle Cry

## DotExe

Yeah, yeah yeah yeah  
Battle cry  
I've been shot by my critics  
Took the bout by the cynics  
Feel like my life's on display  
Like the museum exhibits  
Puts my life on the line  
Invested years in these rhymes  
(?) street's thirst and they need it  
Now hear my battle cry  
O-Trice, back, at it  
They don't wanna see him platinum  
They just wanna see him prattled  
They just wanna see him tec something  
(?)  
Get next to him  
So they can be the first to rat it  
Savage, put him in a cascket  
Categorize him, say Cheers was a classic  
That's it, as if  
He ain't bring the city to the masses  
Minus Mathers, but my name is astrous  
Like the (?) ain't shown them where the cash at  
(?)  
O has fucked(?), as you should  
Never mind a player hater, as long as you could  
Never change, gutter  
So you can downplay my name, O still the same  
Come on  
Keep going, keep going on  
Keep going, keep going on  
This my battle cry, battle cry  
Keep going, keep going on  
Keep going, keep going on  
This my battle cry, battle cry  
Waiting with patience  
In the dark like a vagrant  
Determining this circus

(?) want entertainment  
My wings have been clipped, but now I'm ready to fly  
    In the heavens with angels  
    While devils wished I died  
        O-Trice, back, at it  
        I ain't never came whack  
        All I ever gave's crack  
        All I ever gave's back  
Ain't a human being on this earth saying opposite that  
    You can misconstrue what he do  
    Cuz he cruise in an automobile  
        (?)  
        I know how to double-up  
        Then double platinum  
No matter the circus stands, see I emerge from that  
    Used to serve the bundles, now the verse intact  
    Used to worship onions, now I service rap  
        The certain cat's uncertain with that  
        They'd rather see him service, dirtnap  
        Like I deserve them curses  
        Like I don't speak in cursive  
        Like I ain't got a purpose  
        Beast of the streets  
Dope stay on O-Trice's person  
    Keep going, keep going on  
    Keep going, keep going on  
    This my battle cry, battle cry  
    Keep going, keep going on  
    Keep going, keep going on  
    This my battle cry, battle cry  
    Keep going, keep going on  
    Keep going, keep going on  
    This my battle cry, battle cry  
BME, Obie Trice, 2011, Bottoms Up  
    You know  
Some days you the dog, some days you the hydrant  
    Gotta keep moving

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