Battle Cry

Eyedentity

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 pratted
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 cascet
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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