

Battle Song

Plan Three

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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