

Battle Cry

Joell Ortiz

How many times I gotta tell y'all 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'm a 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
I could teleport through my mind any minute
Take you to a place where the Lions go "ribbit"
All the frogs "roar" and the fire is frigid
I'm outta this world - don't belong here
What heir'ing the thrown if I taught you from a small chair?
Family, you niggas got it twisted
Flow out of the box, yours chicken and a biscuit
Gave me chicken pox when I listen, I be itchin' to cripple your career like
a ligament is missin
Dawg I'm on a mission like an intimate position
When I swing it's Knock Out's I ain't gettin' a decision
From here on it's locked ya'll a prisoner to spittin
Can't escape my bars no visitor's permitted
Welcome to Hell where Joell holds a pitch-fork

And you burn in eternal flames for your bitch talk
Dick in my hand I'm pissed off
But I ain't bucklin', 'Everyday I'm Hustlin' - Rick Ross
One day the whole globe will know I'm Clark Kent
Underneath the shades on a Project park bench
Superman when I grip the Mic
The only way I'm slowin down is if I blow a pound of Kryptonite
From now on I'm a bully I'm a pick the fight
Let them pick you up off the ground when I check ya bite
You'll become a little memory, gigabyte
Me and these beats got married, I'm Mr. Right
Little man you spit aight, I'm on fire
You gotta little buzz - Miller Lite
Man there's so many words runnin' round my brain
If I don't put them on a track I would go insane
Maybe that's why everything I say is crazy
And everyday I wake up, with a naked lady
With a V.I.P. band on my right wrist
Pants on the flow, J.D. with a slight sip
Left in the bottle tele-key on the night stand
I go to the bathroom to pee and then I scam
I live the life of a rock-star
They ain't wanna let me through so I became a Cop Car
Put the Sirens on every time I touch a pen
Everybody move like dope - that's a fuckin '10'
My peers know I'm gonna win.
This music's like my first crush, for years I wanted in
I'm here. Oh boy will you taste the wrath
I'm a make it ugly like what's underneath Jason's mask
I listen to alot of mixtapes and laugh
All Ya'll nigga do is whine like Jamaican ass
Every night I celebrate, we take a glass of Champagne to the brain
Sometimes we take a bath
Victory feels far better
Than Defeat, you niggas weak, Solar's Letter
I'm harder than a fonz-lebber
My worst rhyme's 30 times rougher than your hottest bars ever
I could front like a car fender
Cause everything I'm on DJ's pull up like the bar tenders
New York I'm the answer to your prayers
Head Nod music, leave the dancin over there
Project Shit, ain't no Mansion over here
Just Murder on the strings, Charles Manson on the Snare
I'm hungry the game's like a Food Court
I just gave ya'll a loose hundred, Newports.

Chea

Joell Ortiz

Who feel they...

Who feel they better?