

# 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 langua  
ge  
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?