

Battle Cry (Tomorrow)

Mac

Dedicated to all the soldiers we lost in the struggle
Probably losin' the World War three niggas

Rest In Peace

[Chorus-Mac & singer]

See I'm beneath the sun, right?

(Tomorrow)

Anticipatin' just waitin' quotin' my battle cry

(How can we live? If we're born to die tomorrow?)

Don't want to die but if I gotta, I'm ready 'cause

Just hope the Lord is forgiving as Mama said He was, nigga what?

[1st Verse]

I struggled and strived long as I been alive

Witnessed my first murder back in 1985

I walk with the wicked and kick it with the thugs

In fact, saw the police and smoked some bud

But never no love, I witnessed the sickness of unprotected lust

So many children born just because the rubbers bust

I sympathize with they mothers but fuck the men

'cause a man ain't shit, if he's no papa to his children

My woman's a thug girl, but I love her dearly

My patnas are thieves and I know that, but I keep em near me

It's gettin' kinda hard for me,

In the city where the drama just be callin' me

WHOA!

I live among the roaches and the rats

And the killers and the crack

And the policemen that slang that smack

I lay me down to sleep, clutchin' my heat

With my sneakers on my feet,

Just in case my window locks on me, I be...

[Chorus]

[Bridge One]

And that's some real shit right there, ya heard me?

y'all niggas ain't even understandin' the game nigga

Niggas is dyin', it's a muthafuckin' World War three on the streets

Nigga, y'all feel it

[Verse Two]

And as the blood of my niggas flood the streets,

I refuse to speak, the cracks and concrete

Can disguise ya feet

And tears fall at the site of these white sheets

The street like heat

The cold secrets, that midnight keeps

And we was raised by it, it's common as a cold

Eyes are closed, body is froze

Blood leakin' out they nose

I never chose I was given

Survival of the fit livin'

Driven insane by it's rhythm, but fuck

I never gave, see his mind's in the grave

And most of you niggas praise the ways we was raised

It must be that weed smoke,

When most of my niggas need coke, to cope

With these different strokes

It's murder we wrote, into the project

I'm wonderin' if my niggas'll see the site of my death

Before it happen, my life is on the edge of my pen

I'm waitin' to explode countin' to ten,
Forgive me for all the sin nigga
[Chorus] (3x)
[Bridge Two-Singer]
Why do we live if we're born to die?
Why do we live if we're born to die?
Why do we live if we're born to die?
Why do we live if we're born to die?
[Chorus]
y'all niggas sing that shit nigga!
Oh, oh, you too cute to sing that shit, ha? Bitch ass nigga.
World War
Peace