

# Battle Cry

Mac

Dedicated to all the soldiers we lost in the struggle  
Probably losin' the world war three niggas  
Rest in peace

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?

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 f\*\*k 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...

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 muthaf\*\*kin' world war three on the streets  
Nigga, y'all feel it

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 f\*\*k  
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

(3x)

Why do we live if we're born to die?

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Why do we live if we're born to die?

Y'all niggas sing that shit nigga!

Oh, oh, you too cute to sing that shit, ha? bitch ass nigga.

World war

Peace