

# Battle Cry

Obie Trice

Yeah, yeah yeah yeah  
Battle cry

I've been shot by my critics  
Took the bout by the cynics  
Feel like my life's on display  
Like the museum exhibits

Puts my life on the line  
Invested years in these rhymes  
street's thirst and they need it  
Now hear my battle cry

O-Trice, back, at it  
They don't wanna see him platinum  
They just wanna see him pratted  
They just wanna see him tec something

Get next to him  
So they can be the first to rat it  
Savage, put him in a casket  
Categorize him, say Cheers was a classic  
That's it, as if  
He ain't bring the city to the masses  
Minus Mathers, but my name is astrous  
Like the ain't shown them where the cash at

O has fucked, as you should  
Never mind a player hater, as long as you could  
Never change, gutter  
So you can downplay my name, O still the same  
Come on

Keep going, keep going on  
Keep going, keep going on  
This my battle cry, battle cry  
(2x)

Waiting with patience  
In the dark like a vagrant  
Determining this circus  
want entertainment  
My wings have been clipped, but now I'm ready to fly  
In the heavens with angels  
While devils wished I died

O-Trice, back, at it  
I ain't never came whack  
All I ever gave's crack  
All I ever gave's back  
Ain't a human being on this earth saying opposite that  
You can misconstrue what he do  
Cuz he cruise in an automobile

I know how to double-up  
Then double platinum  
No matter the circus stands, see I emerge from that

Used to serve the bundles, now the verse intact  
Used to worship onions, now I service rap  
The certain cat's uncertain with that  
They'd rather see him service, dirtnap  
Like I deserve them curses  
Like I don't speak in cursive  
Like I ain't got a purpose  
Beast of the streets  
Dope stay on O-Trice's person

Keep going, keep going on  
Keep going, keep going on  
This my battle cry, battle cry  
(3x)

BME, Obie Trice, 2011, Bottoms Up  
You know  
Some days you the dog, some days you the hydrant  
Gotta keep moving