

Battle Cry (feat. Just Blaze)

Joell Ortiz

How many times I gotta tell ya'll 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'mma 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 in between 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 Belgium, 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 heiring 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'ma 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'ma 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?

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