

Mac "Battle Cry"

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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

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