

C-Rayz Walz

"Battle Me"

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[C-Rayz Walz]

Where there's a will there's a way, no? Where there's
Will there's Jada
I catch then PISS in the face of a hater
Congratulate us at afterparties in heaven
Thank God my intro was peace to the 7's, let's go!

[Chorus: singers]

Battle me, so you can see
How I blast flows, so easily
Battle me, so you can see
How I blast flows, so easily

[C-Rayz Walz]

I'm the foul author of styles out of order
I got skills, I could drown you with a cup of water
So don't waste my time with stupid questions like,
"Aiiyo you rhyme?"
You don't need to hear my verse, you got enough on
your mind
You work for WHO, so?! I don't wanna get signed
My shadow's chasin me, basically, I'm ahead of my
time
Tryin to get this green out the heat like spinach rolls
So don't make me put 6 in your Kevin Cole
Yo Walz they hollerin at you - in a minute yo!
Tryin to score points with the right hooks like Riddick
Bowe
Battle me - don't challenge me with them simple styles
I'll have your crew sayin WHO like some Temple Owls
I'm like John Stockton, I don't even have to score
I just make the game better, by bein out there on the
floor
So when you ice grill me, instead of breakin your jaw
I think FIREBALLS in your face like a young Drew
Barrymore, c'mon!

[Chorus]

[C-Rayz Walz]

Verses like these be bullets that speed and rush

While you the type to audition, for "Eden's Crush"
I have a group but they was like - he's enough
Okay, I see the truth, y'all don't believe in us?
I'll be the proof, real MC's succeed and plus
I'm comin through ya hood bumpin goods in the Jesus
truck
You squeezin bucks? Well you probably poppin a buck
I hope you catch +Bucks+ like Milwaukee, what?
Too much players in the game, make it hard to believe
When I got the ball yo follow me like a 3-man weave
Might go out to Tahoe, the regime was green
And I cut the iron off, y'all thought I lost some steam
You SOFT! I'm not the type to force my dream
Of course I floss V.I.P. without no cream
Yo I got more lines than double dutch tournaments in
Harlem
And if I ain't on your roster, your label got problems -
battle me!

[Chorus]

[C-Rayz Walz]

Never been to Me-xi-co, but got ki's from medico
Deep sea flow, peep my notes with periscopes
Police think I pump perrico, that's for petty folks
Who don't know the science of the walk with the blade
in his throat
Still strugglin but I'm bubblin to make it clearer
I ain't seein myself - in a house of mirrors
Times is good, but your moms is still in the hood
Stay on my tip and get splinters in ya lip from bitin the
wood
I'm not Santa's helper, I'm not rappin for free
Next time you step to C, I'm clappin ya feet
Psycho visions, I hear voices, listen (STOP CALLING ME)
I feel like the Geico Lizard
Aiyyo I'm spittin for real, gotta love that kid
"AIYYO C-RAYZ WALZ, MAN I LOVE THAT KID"
If you're fly the sky flyin, for real
I'm one of those things you could die tryin, BUCK, if you
battle me

[Chorus]

[singers]

So easy for me
So easy for me
It's so easy, for me
People always tryin to step, sayin they are the best
But watch me break them down, that they must confess
It's so easy for me, oh ohh ohh

So easy for me, oh ohh ohh ohh

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