

Thomas Gilyard**"Call Of Duty"**

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Left, came back in, on another note
Had to get a lil something on the back and
War casualties,
Niggas gradually forgot the calls
But I won't stop for falls
Left, came back in, on another note
Had to get a lil something on the back and
War casualties,
Niggas gradually forgot the calls
But I won't stop for falls

A lot of shots being fired at one another
What the fuck am I to do, run for cover?
It's modern warfare, so before I go to battle
I say the lord's prayer
Huh, no force field, nothing but a sword and shield
So it's kill or be killed
Haven't seen few over the medical
But if I go just make sure I receive the proper burial

[Hook]
Open your mind and see
Realize that we're surrounded
Behind enemy lines, do you hear the battlecry?
It's all about survival, like running from the 50
Bravo, if you make it out alive bro
I don't know, we almost out of time so
It's motivation, I give them something to die for
I give them something to die for
It's motivation
I give them something to die for

Brave-heart, baley made it through basic training
It breaks the pain, just looking up to me so I take the
blame
Still don't matter how you put it, thangs ain't the same
Nothing left to your name but a dogtag
After that I went wrong, gone mad
Now I'm stressed, post dramatic I guess
Too much pride for me to die this
Got a nigga wondering if I'ma die next

A little something from the side effects
No letters, nah never read those
But I hear that shit's the way it goes, salute

[Hook]

Open your mind and see
Realize that we're surrounded
Behind enemy lines, do you hear the battlecry?
It's all about survival, like running from the 5o
Bravo, if you make it out alive bro
I don't know, we almost out of time so
It's motivation, I give them something to die for
I give them something to die for
It's motivation
I give them something to die for

Now I got a plan back in with society
Hand full of pills tryina deal with anxiety
Mama don't cry for me, long live the memory
Drinking too heavy, suicidal tendencies
Waking up in cold sweats, thinking it's a hole in my chest
Feeling like my soul is possessed
Paranoid by my own shadow, Rambo ammo, laced up in camo
Only the strong survive, never take me alive
All alone on the nights I cry
Very little faith restored, I hope they bury me with it
I live and die by the sword, yayo!

[Hook]

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Behind enemy lines, do you hear the battlecry?
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