

World War Four

"Basic Thugonomics-John Cena"

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"So... you think you're untouchable?"

[Chorus: John Cena - scratched by DJ Chaos]

Word life! This is basic thugonomics

This is ba-basic thugomoics

Word life! {*scratching*}

"I'm untouchable, but I'm forcin you to feel me" -

Esoteric

Word life! This is bas-{*scratch*}

Basic thugo-{*scratch*}-thugo-{*scratch*}-

thugonomics

Word life! {*scratching*}

"I'm untouchable, but I'm forcin you to feel me" -

Esoteric

[Verse One: John Cena]

Whether fightin, or spittin, my discipline is unforgiven

Got you backin up, in a defensive position

An ass-kickin anthem, heavyweight or bantam

Holdin camps for ransom, the microphone phantom

Teams hit the floor, this the new fight joint

Like a broken needle kid, you missin the point!

We dominate your conference with offense that's no
nonsense

My theme song hits, get your reinforcements!

We strike quick with hard kicks, duckin ice picks

Bare-knuckle men through fight pits, beat you lifeless

Never survive this! Get forget like Alzheimer's

Two-face rappers, walk away with four shiners

The raw rhymer, turnin legends to old-timers

My incisor's like a viper, bitin through your one-liners!

New Deadman Inc. - and we about to make you famous

Takin over Earth and still kickin in Uranus!

[Chorus]

[Verse Two: uncredited guest]

You ain't advanced enough to process potential

phonetical concepts

The +Objects+ are +Foreign+, like blot tests

Sponsored sex, a complex, regardless of your finesse

or your fitness, it's the condition of business
Your lame vision of a underground, physical image
You're underneath to undermine your whole, typical
image
With the precision of percentages, and the collision of
sedatives
Poetry, beats, and mics - we untouchable
like righteous sluts with no crevices
Streets unite, we rock right over dumber beats
Yo' cats couldn't come this hot {?} in the summer heat
Forget two takes, kill y'all birds the first time
Yo' best {shit} ain't, worthy of my filler or worst rhymes
I'm better than nice, check the veteran stripes
Leave you beside yourself with fear, I kill you, and bury
you twice
Despite the cover of night, trackin your flight
Like guerilla warfare, where the grass is dense
Approachin me is a quick way to get referred to in the
past tense
Dead that! When the light to mic is on
The crowd is dead like the intermission when you on
the Titantron

[Chorus]

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