

Wrestling

"John Cena - Untouchables (John Cena)"

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[John Cena]

The untouchable cat whose style is right
I can be mistaken for the smooth and silent type
My violence bites tight like it was vampire's teeth
I'm hammerin chief, opponents with beef, you're put to sleep
My radical brain, will run your terrain, I'm comin again
It's simple and plain, you're hurtin, there's no numbin
the pain
Warpin your frame to convex with ill techs
Still flex, kill specs on cassette decks
Mic checks, and tight reps, collect all live bets
We'll see how bright the lights get
The illest attack, I fight with artillery Jack
And physically smack them verbally humble
You stumble and fumble, so I gain possession
Music moves in cycles, natural progression
Thugonomics lesson is taught when records are
bought
Analyzed for lies and fillers, nowadays
Gorillas make scrilla if the market's correct
All you need is a hook, and a hand to collect
Lack cred but respect MC's before me
Don't blast the back heat but the streets, can't ignore
me
Hands nice, I rock your wigpiece, leave your hard rep
soft
Just like when Miami left the Big East..

[Chorus *scratched*]

Bust that

Y'all know my steez, yo we raisin the bar
Assassinate the mainstream
Y'all know my steez, Trademark and John Cena
Assassinate the mainstream
Y'all know my steez, yo we raisin the bar
Assassinate the mainstream
Y'all know my steez, Trademark and John Cena
Assassinate the mainstream

[Trademark]

I calculate between the hi-hat, the bassline

The slideback, the scene decides that, Trademark
designed raps through divine contact
The synpase to climb a syntax error/era, define clever
We find Trademark's photo ID below the letters
Your rhymes are general played, minimal blank
Your eyes was blinded by the signs of federal banks
You lost your focus of function
'Member back when MC's used to spit and say (shit)
that meant somethin
The mainstream remained clean
Then the corporate industry became the same dream
And I leaned back below the scene
Mappin out the future warfare schemes
To sweep through the streets lethal, to meet you
Delete too, editorial restrictions
Cause labels need candy-ass rappers so the populars
can listen
Not the caste system
The last talented cats that lost they status
Real raps end up gratis tracks on mixtapes that never
sell
Cause executives and marketing schemes
Designed rims, hoes and music, and bed in jail
I know the veterans can tell, I see through the image
Mainstream acts is timid
I want hard beats, basslines, and lyrics that's vivid
A voice within it, tellin me real rap is comin back and
boy it's livid
I want it, I breathe it, I live it
I cornered the scene and I bring destruction
You ain't worth your weight, never mind the cost of
post-production
Introduction of Trademark, the poet laureate
Through the duction of reason
Rhyme forever, but born out the 7 iller proud to beat in

[Chorus] - repeat to fade

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