

WWF

"John Cena Theme"

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So... you think your untouchable?

(Chorus)

Word life,

This is basic thuganomics

Word life,

I'm untouchable but I'm forcing you to feel me

Word life,

This is basic thuganomics

Word life,

I'm untouchable but I'm forcing you to feel me

(Verse 1)

When fighting or spitting,

My discipline is unforgiving,

Got you backing up in the defensive position,

An ass kicking anthem,

Heavyweight or bantam holding camps for ransom,

The microphone phantom.

Teams hit the floor the this new fight joint

Like a broken needle kid you missing 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 ducking nightsticks

Bare knuckle myths who fight pits,

Beat you lifeless never survive this

You forgot like Old timers

Two faced rappers walk away with four shiners,

The raw rhymer, turning legends to old timers

My incisors is like a viper biting through you one liners

New "Dead man Inc." and we about to make you
famous

Taking over earth and still kick it in your Anus

(Chorus)

(Verse 2)

You're not advanced enough to process, potential,
phoenetical concepts,

All objects are foreign, like block test, parts to text,

You're complex, regardless of your finesse,

It's your business; it's a condition of business,
Your lame vision of an underground, physical image,
Your underneath, you'll undermine your old typical
image,
With your precision of percentages,
In a collision of sentences,
Poetry beat your mics,
We untouchable like biker sluts with no crevices,
Streets unite; we rock brighter with dumber beats,
Your cats couldn't come this hot jerking off in the
summer heat,
But guess who changed,
We'd kill your birds the first time you better sh*t aint
worthy of my filler,
Or worst rhymes, I'm better than nice, check the
veteran stripes,
You're beside your self with fear, I'll kill you,
And bury you twice, despite the cover of night, tracking
your flight,
Like gorilla warfare, where the grass is dense,
Approaching me is a quick way to get referred to in the
past tense,
Dead that when the light and mic is off
The crowd is dead like the intermission when you on
the Titantron

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