

John Cena f/ Tha Trademarc "Make it Loud"

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[John Cena at a live show]

It's the joint baby, GOTTA MAKE IT LOUD {*crowd
cheers*}

SO LET ME HEAR SOME NOISE FROM THE CROWD
{*more cheering*}

[Tazz] That's noise!

[Chorus 2X: John Cena]

It's the joint baby, gotta make it loud
Get the point yo you gotat make it loud
Everybody in the club make it loud
SO LET ME HEAR SOME NOISE FROM THE CROWD

[John Cena]

Yeah, yeah

We came to kick the door down, it's time to hit the floor
now

Yo... we got some shit in store now

So; clap your hands while we let the sax blow

Not quite crispy green, but we came to stack dough

We ain't maxed yo, we just try and get this money right

Bills made of Spandex, I still keep my money tight

Never stoppin, all I see is the money like

the kid on the mic is too +Raw+ for your Monday night

If you got in free, or your fuckin cover's paid

Bounce to this motherfucker like you was some

Rubbermaid

This ain't that Cristal sippin type shit

It's that bottle breakin, startin riot type shit

So jump up and down 'til ya break the floor

Yo we keep it underground like a basement tour

East coast reppin, stretchin out to L.A.

Not double oh seven but we +Die Another Day+, what

[Chorus]

[Tha Trademarc]

I tear up any track, front to back

Like Roy Jones takin on fifty year-old cats

makin comebacks, where you at, cats spit soft shit

like whispers and gloves, I'm not hearin that
It's all love maybe if you wanna rub baby
Anything but that, step back lady
Trademarc, John Cena, clubbin it up
We got Chaos on the one and two, cuttin it up
I'm all about laid back, don't jock, I hate that
I see through haters games, don't mistake that
I still got love if you buyin our shit
If you claim you hatin us, but you ridin our dicks
Everybody hear the name, Marc Predka
It's gonna ring like an echo for years, I never left ya
All y'all raise your glass to this shit
Cause Trademarc's the head of the class of misfits

[Chorus]

[John Cena]

We steal your top spot, and you not gettin your number
back
Chop down competition like I was a lumberjack
Clear out the club floor, we keep 'em comin back
Tough to bring down like an overweight runningback
Yeah - and we blaze 'em baby
Trademarc, John Cena, we amazin baby
Yo we tear up any crew, leave a motherfucker worn
Y'all are just soft like some Cinemax porn

[Tha Trademarc]

I move a crowd like a bomb scare
Grab the mic when we hittin it right, if you want fear
Some say Trademarc, he ain't all there
We old school like when Sonny, was on Cher
Take it back like a Richard Pryor 8-track
And grab a chunk of your change like a state tax
Man please, we want platinum plaques
I want cream, green, cheddar cheese, to grab in stacks

[Chorus]

[scratching Trademarc to fade]

"Chaos on the one and two, cuttin it up"
"That's that shit!"

{*crowd chanting "Ce-na, Ce-na, Ce-na" at the end*}

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