

John Cena f/ Esoteric, Tha Trademarc "Beantown"

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"Big up Boston!"

[John Cena]

Yeah whassup baby? We gon' do some things right now
Show you how we do 'em in the Bean, y'knahmsayin?
N.Y. representin, Dirty South representin
Chi-Town, L.A., they all doin their thing
We got a lil' somethin bubblin in Beanpot over here
y'know?
I got my crew right back gon' show you how it's done
Straight up, hittin one two like Manny Ortiz ya heard?

It's John Cena baby, and we heatin up the Beanpot
Big up Boston, you know the whole team hot
Yo we fresh, y'all a little bit stale
And we 'bout to make it ugly just like Kevin McHale
Cena takin over - I'm 'bout to make the scene mine
I got a tea party, baby meet me on the Green Line
Ain't too many kids that flow better than me
Roll thick like Yassir sideburns in seventy-three
Like Tom Brady and the Pats, we rollin kids
Cross me and pay a toll like the Tobin Bridge
From the home of the curse, y'all know what I mean
We like the left field wall, we stackin +Monster Green+
Knock you out of the park, you land on Yawkey Way
My shit be butter, but around here we say
Parkay/parquet
I rent my own team, we takin over the industry
Like the big dick, baby nobody can finish me

[Chorus: scratched 4X]

"Big up Boston!" "No one shows pity"

[Tha Trademarc]

Yeah, it's Trademarc baby, biggin up Boston, yeah
6-1-7, 9-7-8, 7-8-1, 5-0-8, and 4-1-3
And I don't mean to brag, but it's in the bag
And we alone on top like we goin stag
It's a dynasty, that's how I see things
In four years we countin three rings
I'm the MVP, baby gimme that key ring

And me, Brady and Branch'll own our sweet thing
Yeah, and we ain't gon' stop
We at the Eagle {?}, cook 'em all as they flop
And T.O. takin on the B roll and that's the past
Beatin everybody and the salary cap
What now? You say titan's your rep
That's like Peyton winning big games out on Gillette
We don't forget y'all, we're keepin it grimy
Had the Steel Curtain lookin like venetian blinds
Yeah baby, that's how it go
That's why next year it's lookin like 3 in a row

[Chorus]

[Esoteric]

Yeah, uhh
It's Esoteric, tunin in
Puttin it down, for Boston Mass
Yo, I rep the Bean, y'all see the way it be
Home of Source magazine, the Pats and Edo. G
Steadily poetically I'm Bill Russell in command
Peace to Dorchester, Roxbury, Mattapan
Pack a man down quick like neanderthals
Standin tall after brawlin up in Fanueil Hall
As a young buck moms said I disobey
All she heard was no-ma/Nomar like fans in Fenway
But they sent him to the dugs, I'm like Manny when he
shrugs
And {?} bug to the {?} women wearin {?} in the club
A deadly combination like venom hit your blood
Jason Varitek with the glove, it's all love
I'm like Schindler with the red sock, when I get hot
My aim is dangerous, like the Larry Bird set shot
It's clear now, you livin in fear now
Big up Boston, the champ is here now

[Chorus]

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