

John Cena

"Basic thug-a-nomics"

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So, you think your untouchable???
Word life, this is basic thuganomics!
this is basic, basic thuganomics,
Word life!
Im untouchable but im forcin' you to feel me
Word life, this is basic...Basic
Thuga...thuga...Thuganomics
Word life, im untouchable but im forcin' you to feel me!

Wheather fighting or spitting, my dicipline is unforgiving.
Got you backing up in the defensive position.
An ass-kicking anthem, heavyweight or bantem,
holding camps for ransom, the microphone phantom.
Teams hit the floor, its the new fight joint,
Like a broken needle kid your missing the point.
We dominate your conference with offense, thats no nonsense.
My theme song hits, get your reinforcements.
we strike quick with hard kicks,
ducking ice picks, bare-nuckle men through fight pits,
beat you lifeless, you'll never survive this.
you forgot like all timers,
two faced rappers walk away with four shiners.
The war rhymer, turning legeonds to old timers,
my incisors like a vipers biting through your one-liners.
New dead man inc. and we about to make you famous,
taking over Earth and still kicking in Uranus.

Word life, this is basic thuganomics!
This is basic...Basic thuganomics
Word life!
I'm untouchable, but im forcing you to feel me.
Word life, this is basic..Basic
thuga...Thuga...Thuganomics.
Word life!
I'm untouchable, but i'm forcing you to feel me!

you ain't advanced enough to process,
potential for medical concepts,
some objects are foreigh like blot tests,

arts and sex are complex,
regardless of your finesse or your fitness,
its the condition of business,
your lame vision of an underground physical image
you're underneath to undermine your whole typical
image with the precision of percentages and the
collision of sentences.
poetry beats your mic's were untouchable like
righteous sluts with no crevaces.
streets unite,
we rock righter with dumber beats.
you cats couldnt come this hot in the summer heat.
but get two takes,
kill your birds the first time,
you better stay worthy of my filler or worse rhymes,
im better than nice,
check the veterans twice,
while your beside yourself with fear,
ill kill you and bury you twice.
despite the cover of night,
tracking your flight like guerrilla warfare,
where the grass is dense,
approaching me is a quick way to get refered to in the
past tense.
Dead-da,
when the lights the mic is on,
the crowd is dead like intermission
when your on the titan-tron.

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