

John Cena

"Keep Forntin' Feat. Bumpy Knuckles"

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[Chorus]

I should have been out, I'm d-d-deadly when I p-p-pull
the pin out. keep frontin,
I'm a try -try-try your shit out, I knock a lot-lot-lot-lot-lot-
lot of men out keep frontin,
I'm a try-try-try your shit out. I knock a lot-lot, I knock a
lot-lot-lot of men out.
Keep frontin, Keep frontin, keep frontin, keep frontin

(Bumpy Knuckles)

Yall know what time it is,
When everybody's game is everybody else's hustle
and everybody's shame.
And somebody else is blamed, Whenever I became,
I did it with hot rhymes and a lung full of flames.
I never refrain from loading up and taking aim.
Like chick's flows are different I never come the same.
My mic would be the dame, written or off the brain,
I show up with my chest pumping hard like Notre Dame.
I loosed and I regain, Hustle is in the vein,
I'm drinking protein shakes to muscle up the brain.
In a black Chevy Suburban sipping champagne, with
Champagne,
Dick out doing the dam thang.
Moving in the fast lane, with the blast thangs, On the
way to da Bronx,
Do the ski-mask thang.
I don't know what's so funny, cuz I ain't laughing.
Da pot is for a dead body, Guess who's casting.

[Chorus]

(John Cena)

Cena spittin for the bump, bump, bump for the knucks,
Ya whole crew is getting dump, dump, dump wit the
chumps,
Ya rollin like Donald Trump, Trump, Trump wit da
bucks,
Yo bitch ass is gettin jump, jump, jump cuz you suck,
follow me.
You stick around, round, round when it's hot,
You claimin you down, down, down but you not,

You try to offer me a pound, pound, pound you get got,
I can't wait to here the sound, sound, sound of you
shot, you hearin me.
It's time to show, show, show I got plans,
That's all you want, You betta go, go, go get your
mans.
Illegal hustle, ain't no, no, no fuckin with grands.
Stash da heat cuz I can throw, throw, throw wit my
hands, I'm tellin you.
On screen, screen, screen wit these flicks,
Catch me on the scene, scene, scene wit three chicks,
I fuck like a fiend, fiend, fiend wit three dicks,
Fuck a sixteen, teen, teen I'm just sick.

[Chorus]

(Tha Tradmarc)
My camo colors dog, they be badge and brown.
That shit was all love till you cowards came around.
With da same old sound, that's why your payroll's
down,
That's how da games goes now, that's why you ain't
gain ground,
Cuz you stuck on then dog, you ain't on now,
And that's how it's been baby cuz you don't know how.
You move your pen lazy maybe or your beats don't
pound,
I move quicker than the words on the street go round.
I write down every lesson that my peeps hold down,
You let yo heat go blao, if you ain't speak profound.
I write sixteens down, till I hit green now.
Making up slang, ain't no da shit me now.
Tradmarc, mark records, yall write da real name down.
You can catch on every marquee in town.
Saying Tradmarc ain't nobody like you now,
Probably sweating this track dog, I'll wipe your brow.

[Chorus 2x]

(Bumpy Knuckles)
You see. That's all it takes.
Is for a man to make an effort. To be Effective.
And if your not affective, then your defective.

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