

# John Cena "Make It Loud"

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It's the joint, baby, gotta make it loud  
So let me hear some noise from the crowd  
That's noise

It's the joint, baby, gotta make it loud  
Get the point, yo, you gotta make it loud  
Everybody in the club make it loud  
And let me hear some noise from the crowd

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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 rubber  
made  
This ain't that Cristal sippin' type shit  
It's that bottle breakin', startin' riot type shit

So jump up and down till ya break the floor  
Yo, we keep it underground like a basement tour  
East coast reppin', stretchin' out to L.A.  
Not 007 but we 'Die Another Day', what

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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  
Anythin' 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

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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 runnin' back

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

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 eight-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

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That's that shit  
That's that shit

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