

John Cena

"The Untouchables"

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[John Cena]

The untouchable cat,
Whose style is right,
I can be mistaken for the smooth and silent type,
My violent bites tight like it was vampire's teeth,
I'm hammering chief,
Opponents got beef?
Get put to sleep,
My radical brain will run your terrain,
I'm coming again,
It's simple and plain,
You're hurting,
There's no numbing the pain,
Whooping your frame,
They're convex,
With ill-techs,
I'm still flex,
Kill specs on cassette decks,
Mic checks and tight reps,
Collect all live bets,
We'll see how bright the lights get,
The illest attack,
I'll fight with artillery Jack,
And physically smack them,
Verbally humble,
You stumble and fumble,
So I gain possession,
Music moves and cycles,
Natural progression,
Thuganomics lesson is taught,
And records are bought,
Analyse for lies and fillers, now-a-days..
Gorillas make squiller if the market's correct,
All you need is a hook,
And a hand to collect,
Lack cred but respect Mc's before me,
Don't blast the back heat,
But the streets can't ignore me,
Hair's nice,
I'll rock your wig-piece,
Leave your hard rep soft,

Just like when Miami left the Big East,
Big East-Big East-Big East-Big East-Big East...

Bu-bu-bu-bu-bu-bu-bu-bust dat!

Ya know my stea,
Yo we raisin da bar,
Assassinate da mai - main, main street,
Ya know my stea,
Trademarc and John Cena,
Assassinate da main, main street,
Ya know my stea,
Yo we raisin da bar,
Assassinate da mai - main, main street,
Ya know my stea,
Trademarc and John Cena,
Assassinate da main, main street,

[Trademarc]

I calculate between the high hat,
The base line I slide back,
The scene decides that Trademarc,
Design raps through divine contact,
The synapse to climb the syntax error,
Define clever,
You find Trademarcs photo ID below the letters,
Your rhymes are general, plain, minimal blank,
You eyes is blind by the sign of federal banks,
You lost your focus of function,
Remember back when MC's used to spit and say shit
that meant something,
The main stream remained clean,
Then the corporate industry became the same dream,
And I leaned back below the seem,
Mapping out the future war fare scheme,
I sweep through the streets lethal to meet you,
To lead to in the cherial restrictions,
Because labels need candy ass rappers so the
populars can listen,
Enough the Caste System the last talented cats have
lost their status,
Real raps end up gratis tracks on mix tapes that never
sell,
Because executives and marketive schemes design
rims, hoes and music and better gel,
I know the veterans can tell I see through the image,
Main stream acts is timid,
I want hard beats, base lines and lyrics that's vivid a
voice within it,
Telling me real rappers coming back and boy it's livid,
I want it, I breathe it, I live it,

I corner the scene and I bet destruction,
You ain't worth a wait never mind the cost of post-
production,
Introduction to Trademarc,
The poealorian through deduction of reason,
Run forever,
Before and after Seven El a prompt to beating,

Bu-bu-bu-bu-bu-bu-bu-bust dat!

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Trademarc and John Cena,
Assassinate da main, main street,
[Fade to Finish]

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