

## John Cena "Untouchables"

Visit "[Untouchables](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

The untouchable cat whose style is right  
I can be mistaken for the smooth and silent type  
My violence bites tight like it was vampire's teeth  
I'm hammerin' chief, opponents with beef, you're put to sleep

My radical brain, will run your terrain, I'm comin' again  
It's simple and plain, you're hurtin', there's no numbin'  
the pain  
Warpin' your frame to convex with ill techs  
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 fight with artillery jacket  
Physically smacked then verbally humbled

You stumble and fumble, so I gain possession  
Music moves in cycles, natural progression  
Thuganomics lesson is taught when records are  
bought  
Analyzed for lies and fillers, nowadays

Gorillas make scrilla 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

Hands nice, I rock your wigpiece  
Leave your hard rep soft  
Just like when Miami left the big east

Bust that  
Y'all know my steez, yo we raisin' the bar  
Assassinate the mainstream  
Y'all know my steez, Trademarc and John Cena  
Assassinate the mainstream

Y'all know my steez, yo we raisin' the bar  
Assassinate the mainstream  
Y'all know my steez, Trademarc and John Cena

Assassinate the mainstream

I calculate between the hi-hat, the bassline

The slideback, the scene decides that, Trademarc  
Designed raps through divine contact  
The synapse to climb a syntax [unverified], define  
clever  
We find Trademarc's photo id below the letters

Your rhymes are general played, minimal blank  
Your eyes was blinded by the signs of federal banks  
You lost your focus of function  
'Member back when MC's used to spit and say that  
meant somethin'  
(Shit)

The mainstream remained clean  
Then the corporate industry became the same dream  
And I leaned back below the scene  
Mappin' out the future warfare schemes

To sweep through the streets lethal, to meet you  
Delete too, editorial restrictions  
Cause labels need candy ass rappers so the populars  
can listen  
Not the caste system

The last talented cats that lost they status  
Real raps end up gratis tracks on mixtapes that never  
sell  
'Cause executives and marketing schemes  
Designed rims, hoes and music, and bed in jail

I know the veterans can tell, I see through the image  
Mainstream acts is timid  
I want hard beats, basslines, and lyrics that's vivid  
A voice within it, tellin' me real rap is comin' back and  
boy it's livid

I want it, I breathe it, I live it  
I cornered the scene and I bring destruction  
You ain't worth your weight, never mind the cost of post  
production  
Introduction of Trademarc, the poet laureate

Through the diction of reason  
Rhyme forever, but born out the 7 iller [unverified] to  
beat in

Bust that

Y'all know my steez, yo we raisin' the bar  
Assassinate the mainstream  
Y'all know my steez, Trademarc and John Cena  
Assassinate the mainstream

Y'all know my steez, yo we raisin' the bar  
Assassinate the mainstream  
Y'all know my steez, Trademarc and John Cena  
Assassinate the mainstream

Bust that  
Y'all know my steez, yo we raisin' the bar  
Assassinate the mainstream  
Y'all know my steez, Trademarc and John Cena  
Assassinate the mainstream

Y'all know my steer, yo we raisin' the bar  
Assassinate the mainstream  
Y'all know my steez, Trademarc and John Cena  
Assassinate the mainstream

Bust that  
Y'all know my steez, yo we raisin' the bar  
Assassinate the mainstream  
Y'all know my steez, Trademarc and John Cena  
Assassinate the mainstream

Y'all know my steez, yo we raisin' the bar  
Assassinate the mainstream  
Y'all know my steez, Trademarc and John Cena  
Assassinate the mainstream

...

Visit [John Cena](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.