

John Cena & Tha Trademarc "Flow Easy"

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(feat. Bumpy Knuckles (Freddie Foxxx))

[Bumpy Knuckles a.k.a. Freddie Foxxx]

First and foremost...

Flow easy, yo

Yo, yo, for the hood (for the hood)

Everybody flow easy, ha ha, so easy

Yo, listen

For the corrupt mob, John Cena, Trademarc, listen

I embarrass MC's who touch the mic with me

That's why they never holla when it's showtime - gimme

I spit poison like a black snake bit me

Guns up in the E-Class, D's can't get me

My foot is a 13, 12's don't fit me

My heart is cold and hard like Jack Frost bit me

So many new flows old flows start to panic

It's time they got built by the mic mechanic

Y'all heard, I stay in hood streets like curbs

And never forget, where I come from, word

I ain't goin broke, fuck you, I'll cop me a brick

And take it straight to the block, forget rap quick

Don't trip, Bump got a speed zone sign

For suckers who move too fast against mine

I'm pressed, pushin it full speed ahead

You left, bullet in chest, meet the dead, so

[Chorus]

Flow easy, turn up the mic it's time

to flow easy, whenever I spit my rhyme

I flow easy, the underground pound and grime

Flow easy, but yours don't sound like mine

I flow easy, turn up the mic it's time

I flow easy, whenever I spit my rhyme

I flow easy, the underground pound and grime

Flow easy, so yours don't sound like mine I flow easy

[Tha Trademarc]

Philosopher first, rapper second

Manifest the message, lessons involved

It all but hits you, aviate your crew and lift you

So what's the issue? Trademarc has got it locked
before he meet you
Greet your mind before we even greet you
Won't mislead you, I ain't trustin people, cause I defeat
you
Take it down a notch, slow your roll
Cause we crush spirits, like we stole your soul
I set styles off dog, y'all are fuckin mimics
Man I talk more shit than pro-lifers in abortion clinics
Run my mouth off like high school rumors
Man and grab microphones like pedophiles gropin late
bloomers
Flow easy like your first day with white sneakers
You just a face in the crowd like packed bleachers
Huh, you better rock a sleeveless
Freddie Foxxx, Trademarc, John Cena breeze through
Y'all are fuckin divas

[Chorus]

[John Cena]

First and foremost I sure post potential like Carmelo
Turn a hard MC to jello
Make their skin yellow with fear while stayin mellow and
clear
Man, we in for one hell of a year, yeah
Curse a fool like the Red Sox, we tighter than headlocks
I'm flowin easy with Freddie Foxxx
Known to hang it low like dreadlocks and y'all are too
slow
Like wearing a weight vest and lead socks
I'm a fat kid, you feed me? I'm still hungry
Never let a bitch take a bill from me
Like Jordan in the 4th quarter, I'm still money
Best believe the flow water, we still runny
Make your stomach feel funny, I'm so sick
With 16 bars twice the value of gold brick
Make it known quick that I'm greedy, we got the rats
and the cheese B
So believe me

[Chorus]

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