

## **John Cena & Tha Trademarc "If It All Ended Tomorrow"**

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What would you do if it all ended tomorrow?  
Time runnin' out, ain't no more you can borrow  
So many paths, which one you gonna follow?  
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What would you do, what would you do?

This is how it go down  
I have the black pound silence so it don't make sound  
I pile a 150 outta town, ain't nobody around  
I'm in the back seat, breakin' it down

My love has been a past week, dawg  
Lately I found our press made us turn the radio down  
But God bless, now they talkin' 'bout layin' me down  
Now they on about shovels in the weight of the ground

What now? Preachin' on the way that they handle thing  
Waitin' patiently to do the 6 foot same thing  
Now, so I take a second look at my life  
I made too many mistakes that I just couldn't make  
right

Should've been more focused than I take things light  
When I'm gone, this is what y'all will say I was like  
American fool, no, not that baddest or cool  
Just a big fish caught up in the shallowish pool

Not a big name, playa, in fact it's true  
Never wanted this shit without the kats he knew  
He got lucky, rode the co-tails of everyones fame  
In two weeks, ain't nobody gon' remember his name

Fuck it, I'm ready to go, I done made records  
Made monetary often to flow  
More importantly though, I proved everyone wrong  
It's all over regardless what you say when I'm gone  
What now?

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I want y'all to feel the wound, it's the truth in my words  
I been quiet for too long, the truth should be heard  
It was a while back, 10:20 in the morn'  
Kat should up on my lawn in the rugged uniform

Unexpected, there's a knock on my door  
I met this fool in the club, I don' see him before  
Open to greet him but the second he sees me  
His eyes buckle, his voice is uneasy

But it's cool, I didn't even catch it at first  
I check his shoulder, homie's rockin' a purse  
Now I know something's tricky but I'm already sittin'  
down  
Homie pipes up, you should hear what he's spittin' out

Says I've been sleepin' wit his wifey  
And he ain't the type of kat to take that shit lightly  
I made a move and he told me, "Homie wait"  
Reached in his purse, pulled a chrome 38

He asked me if I'm ready to die?  
Said, he was gonna pull my brains all over the sky  
Said he was leavin' the country and he was straight  
with the passports  
Cocked the hammer, I'm thinkin' my last thoughts

I'm in a bad way, nothin' could save this  
I close my eyes hopin' it's painless  
Just waitin' for the sound, ready to swallow too  
But homie havin' trouble with his follow through

By a miracle, I avoid the chalk ground  
Homie's confused, he just wanna be talked down  
His wife is sleepin' through town and he knew it  
Picked me outta the crowd but couldn't do it

He squashed it as he's walkin' away  
I realize life is short so I'm markin' the day  
Now it's full speed ahead, I'll rest when I'm dead  
And I could give a fuck what the next man said

I live how I wanna live, buy what I wanna buy  
Do what I wanna do, try what I wanna try  
Fear nothin', take chances  
Not afraid to fail, always makin' advances

So when I ride on the Grim Reaper Highway  
No regrets, bitch, I did it my way, yeah

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