

## Soundtracks

# "John Cena - Basic Thugonomics"

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Artist: John Cena Lyrics

Song: Basic Thugonomics Lyrics

"So... you think you're untouchable?"

[Chorus: John Cena - scratched by DJ Chaos]

Word life! This is basic thugonomics

This is ba-basic thugomoics

Word life! {\*scratching\*}

"I'm untouchable, but I'm forcin you to feel me" -

Esoteric

Word life! This is bas-{\*scratch\*}

Basic thugo-{\*scratch\*}-thugo-{\*scratch\*}-

thugonomics

Word life! {\*scratching\*}

"I'm untouchable, but I'm forcin you to feel me" -

Esoteric

[Verse One: John Cena]

Whether fightin, or spittin, my discipline is unforgiven

Got you backin up, in a defensive position

An ass-kickin anthem, heavyweight or bantam

Holdin camps for ransom, the microphone phantom

Teams hit the floor, this the new fight joint

Like a broken needle kid, you missin the point!

We dominate your conference with offense that's no  
nonsense

My theme song hits, get your reinforcements!

We strike quick with hard kicks, duckin ice picks

Bare-knuckle men through fight pits, beat you lifeless

Never survive this! Get forget like Alzheimer's

Two-face rappers, walk away with four shiners

The raw rhymer, turnin legends to old-timers

My incisor's like a viper, bitin through your one-liners!

New Deadman Inc. - and we about to make you famous

Takin over Earth and still kickin in Uranus!

[Chorus]

[Verse Two: uncredited guest]

You ain't advanced enough to process potential  
phonetical concepts  
The +Objects+ are +Foreign+, like blot tests  
Sponsored sex, a complex, regardless of your finesse  
Or your fitness, it's the condition of business  
Your lame vision of a underground, physical image  
You're underneath to undermine your whole, typical  
image  
With the precision of percentages, and the collision of  
sedatives  
Poetry, beats, and mics - we untouchable  
Like righteous sluts with no crevices  
Streets unite, we rock right over dumber beats  
Yo' cats couldn't come this hot {?} in the summer heat  
Forget two takes, kill y'all birds the first time  
Yo' best {shit} ain't, worthy of my filler or worst rhymes  
I'm better than nice, check the veteran stripes  
Leave you beside yourself with fear, I kill you, and bury  
you twice  
Despite the cover of night, trackin your flight  
Like guerilla warfare, where the grass is dense  
Approachin me is a quick way to get referred to in the  
past tense  
Dead that! When the light to mic is on  
The crowd is dead like the intermission when you on  
the Titantron

[Chorus]

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