

## WWE John Cena & Trademarc "Beantown"

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Big up, Boston

Yeah, whassup, baby?

We gon' do some things right now

Show you how we do 'em in the Bean, y'knahmsayin'?

N.Y. representin', Dirty South representin'

Chi Town, L.A., they all doin' their thing

We got a lil' somethin' bubblin' in Beanpot over here,  
y'know?

I got my crew right back gon' show you how it's done

Straight up, hittin' one, two, like Manny Ortiz, ya heard?

It's John Cena, baby, an' we heatin' up the Beanpot

Big up, Boston, you know the whole team hot

Yo, we fresh, y'all a little bit stale

An' we 'bout to make it ugly, just like Kevin McHale

Cena takin' over, I'm 'bout to make the scene mine

I got a tea party, baby, meet me on the Green Line

Ain't too many kids that flow better than me

Roll thick like Yaz's sideburns in seventy-three

Like Tom Brady an' the Pats, we rollin' kids

Cross me an' pay a toll like the Tobin Bridge

From the home of the curse, y'all know what I mean

We like the left field wall, we stackin' 'Monster Green'

Knock you out of the park, you land on Yawkey Way

My shit be butter, but around here we say Parkay

I rent my own team, we takin' over the industry

Like the big dick, baby, nobody can finish me

Big up, Boston, no one shows pity

Big up, Boston, no one shows pity

Big up, Boston, no one shows pity

(Yeah, it's a trademark baby, biggin' up Boston, yeah,  
617)

Big up, Boston, no one shows pity

(978, 781, 508, 1234)

An' I don't mean to brag, but it's in the bag

An' we alone on top, like we goin' stag  
It's a dynasty, that's how I see things  
In four years we countin' three rings

I'm the M.V.P., baby, gimme that key ring  
An' me, Brady an' Branch'll own our sleek thing  
Yeah, an' we ain't gon' stop  
We at the Eagle flare, cook 'em all as they flop

An' T.O. takin' on the B roll an' that's the past  
Beatin' everybody an' the salary cap  
What now? You say Titan's your rep  
That's like Peyton winnin' big games out on Gillette

We don't forget y'all, we're keepin' it grimy  
Had the Steel Curtain lookin' like venetian blinds  
Yeah, baby, that's how it go  
That's why next year it's lookin' like 3 in a row

Big up, Boston, no one shows pity  
Big up, Boston, no one shows pity  
Big up, Boston, no one shows pity  
(Yeah, uhh)  
Big up, Boston, no one shows pity  
(It's Esoteric, tunin' in, puttin' it down for Boston, Mass)

Yo, I rep the Bean, y'all see the way it be  
Home of Source magazine, the Pats an' Edo. G  
Steadily poetically, I'm Bill Russell in command  
Peace to Dorchester, Roxbury, Mattapan

Pack a man down quick, like Neanderthals  
Standin' tall after brawlin', up in Faneuil Hall  
As a young buck, Mom said I disobey  
All she heard was, "No, ma," like fans in  
Fenway

But they sent him to the dugs, I'm like Manny when he  
shrugs  
An' they bug [Incomprehensible] women wearin'  
Sevens in the club  
A deadly combination, like venom hits your blood  
Jason Varitek with the glove, it's all love

I'm like Schindler with the red sock, when I get hot  
My aim is dangerous, like the Larry Bird set shot  
It's clear now, you livin' in fear now  
Big up Boston, the champ is here now

Big up, Boston, no one shows pity  
Big up, Boston, no one shows pity

Big up, Boston, no one shows pity  
Big up, Boston, no one shows pity

Big up, Boston  
Big up, Boston

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