

## **WWE John Cena & Trademarc "Don't Fuck With Us"**

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We keep it hoppin' like the cars with the shocks  
We spittin' heat on your block  
We new to the game, but runnin' the spot  
Numbin' your knot with baselines that'll make ya neck  
break

This rook'll take your queen and put ya king in  
checkmate  
Open your mind without makin' ya meditate  
We real champs, y'all just featherweight  
Time to get it straight, I push your wig back  
Crew loaded up with extra bread like a Big Mac

Beefin' with us? We're leavin' you face down  
Stompin' bitch rappers like I'm straight outta A-Town  
Runnin' the playground like it was a track meet  
Shoes on the whip that be bigger than Shaq's feet

We into big things, bank account's overgrown  
All types of cheese, swiss, cheddar, provolone  
Guaranteed to burn wax like candles  
Track hittin' hard to the head like shots of Jack Daniels

Y'all, bitch crews, don't wanna fuck with us  
Y'all bound to lose, another one bites the dust  
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Y'all bound to lose, another one bites the dust

It's Trademark the truth, laid back, aloof  
I'm God, as if you needed some proof  
You ain't hard I can see it on you, I need a roof  
Fuck a droptop, crop if I'm creepin' on you

Click-clack nickel back knickknacks if you got heaters  
on you  
Spittin' back live rounders, with five pounders  
If we meetin' on two, I put a beatin' on you  
Your sound's tired buddy, that's why I'm sleepin' on  
you

We lean back in the ride, with cream stackin' the  
rawhide

The sound of God slide with a raw vibe  
Straight military camel clothes ash brown boots  
So sick, I've been handlin' flows

Since enamel was gold tooth and branded by low  
You cold fuck like Eskimo hoes at 7 below  
You slow, you be the last to think  
My hands seen more fuckin' dirt than bathroom sinks

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I got punks, dumps and switches, dump chumpses  
bitches  
We feed you to the sharks, you can sleep with the  
fishes  
Clean you like dishes but I ain't no busboy  
You ain't family, you ain't earnin' my trust boy

Seen too many bitches that'll double cross ya  
We bring more drama than the Laker roster  
Get the click pissed, ain't nobody can save ya  
Throw heat without lookin' like Fernando Valenzuela

Marc Predka's the name, the rest of you lame  
I'm ego drivin', seen with different women, every size  
and frame  
I refine my game by fuckin' famous bitches  
But it's all the same, it's just ex to the next

For sex or brain, misses or Mrs  
Married or not, my game don't stop  
It's cars bars bonds and stocks you ain't see my flow  
Y'all are small-time suckers like a knee-high hoe

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