

WWE John Cena & Trademarc "Flow Easy"

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First and foremost
Flow easy, yo
(Flow easy)
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 show time, 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

Flow easy, turn up the mic it's time
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

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

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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

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