

WWE John Cena & Trademarc "Hell Yeah"

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{*sound of glass shattering*}

[Snoop]Yeah, ha ha, Snoop Dogg
[W.C.]Dub C.. heh, yeah
[Snoop]All up in here, bay-bay.. yeah
[W.C.]Uh-huh
[Snoop]Straight G thang, yeah

[W.C.]
Code of the night is droppin these thangs on your
dome
Hittin up my enemies, mad doggin em with a heart full
of stone
BLAM BLAM! Kickin yo' door down, throwdown, dirty
and low down
It's bout to go down, who ready for the showdown?
Which one of y'all wanna be the first to get tossed in
the tussle
Buckle, choked up by these muscles and, taste these
knuckles
Lost I'm runnin em all, haters I'm gunnin em all
Tricks I done done em all then I ain't go no love for
none of y'all
I'm comin through like a Brougham, givin it up with
both hands
Slaughterin your whole fam, rippin up the program
Total chaos, deadly as snake eyes, so cain't
None of you bustaz hurt me - fool I'm a G with no mercy

[Snoop Dogg]
When I say, "Hell" - you say, "Yeah"
(c'mon) Hell - yeah (c'mon) hell - YEAH
(c'mon) Hell - YEAH! (everybody c'mon) hell - YEAH!
(everybody-body) Hell - YEAH!
(c'mon, c'mon) Hell - yeah (ha ha)

Chorus: Snoop Dogg

If you down with these hits say HELL YEAH
If you came to get busy say HELL YEAH
If you like what you see say HELL YEAH

If you down with me, say HELL YEAH
If you like what you see say HELL YEAH
If you came to get busy say HELL YEAH
If you down with 'Stone Cold' say HELL YEAH
Party people in the house say HELL YEAH

[W.C.]

Gettin my bail on, swell on, far from a rookie
I SPIT in your face and look at ya dare ya to say
somethin to me
Temper tantrum, smash random, quick to put you in a
casket
The fool that run up is that fool to get his ass kicked
{???} you the ones, it's an open invitation
These ass-kickins I'm dishin they got no discrimination
Patience, long gone, I'ma, chalkin em off
Walkin up bombin on sight cause I'm through talkin to
y'all
Hands up loc I'm lit up, fed up, ready to bust, shakin
em up
Wettin em up, slangin these knuckles cameras I'm
gettin em up
Raised on the turf where we, slay for the turf
And I'm the realest rider to walk the, face of this Earth
Strapped you best to be, ain't no standin next to me
Checkin me, thought I warned you cowards about testin
me
Pressin me, see the game of pain, yo I'ma plug it
I'm so rugged -- shhhh, I'm cold blooded

Chorus

[W.C.]

Yeah, y'all know what time it is
Y'all know how it's goin down
No surrender no retreat no takedown
Beanie Mac cookin up the track
That's right, Snoop Dogg and Dub-C ridin in the back
Make sure y'all know what time it is
Huh huh, yeah, we gon' make this happen
For everybody out there, the heat bangers, and
headbangers
Check this out - what's crackin homey?

Chorus

[Snoop]

All up in this be-i-itch!

