

## WWE John Cena & Trademarc "Here Comes The Money Shane McMahon"

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Here Comes The Money  
Here We Go  
Money Talks  
Here Comes The Money

Chorus  
Money, Money, Money, Money, Money, Money, Money, Money, Money

Dolla, Dolla Dolla, Dolla

Ching Ching Bling Bling Cut The Chatter  
If You Ain't Talking Money Then Your Talking Don't  
Matter  
Ching Ching Bling Bling  
Patting Pockets  
We Take The Dolla Dolla Can't A Damn Stop It  
Shock It  
Here Comes The New Kid On The Block  
Hold all ya bets, here's where the buck stops

See First of all I'm steppin' out on my own  
'Bout time I elevated to claim my own throne  
Success in my blood, call it home grown  
Pores reakin' testosterone  
Power and money's got my crazy cocky  
No longer need you papi  
I Know You're Mad Because You Can't Stop Me  
And if you wonder how this playa done scopped ya  
honey  
I think she smelled my cologne, it's called brand new  
money  
Making a move ain't a damn thing funny  
Went from pimpin' hood rats to Playboy bunnies  
They See The....

(Chorus)

I'm A Global Dolla Dolla A Roll Without Fitting  
I Like To Go Out smelling Fresh And Looking Spiffy  
I Don't Like Clean Money I Want My Wrist To Be Filthy  
Pops, With Every Time It's Fun i Can't Touch Until I'm

Sixy

So what am I supposed to do, rollin' through  
And Their Patting The Pockets Until I'm Stuck Holding  
You  
Ching Ching Bling Bling Cashing Cash Lumps  
In A Four Whell Getting A Jacket I'm Selling 'Em Out My  
Trunk

Whatever Whenever It Takes A Shake Down a Dolla  
Dolla  
And Throw It In MY Direction Holla Holla  
All Want To Know Where They Go When They're  
Winning  
I Make The Marshel Money Smelling Juat Like A Mint

( Chorus)

If You Can't See The Money Get Your Eyes Cleaned With  
Visine  
I Need Fine Things I Shop At Seven Digits At A Time See  
Cheering Chilling The Best Never Worst  
We Never Got The Pebbles We Got The Rocks First

Make Bank Volts Locking Ching Ching  
We Mocking We Rocking  
My Families Christmas Stockings Are Shocking  
Find Women Any Weather Naughty Dinners Whatever  
Sun, I Get Better

I'm One Smart Cookie That Bets And Smacks Rookies  
My Stocks Are On Top  
Your Checks Bounce While Mine Boogy  
Wrists I Must Rock It Chicks Stop And I Knock It  
Cash It Looks Like I Got A Gang Of Fists In My Pocket  
(Chorus)

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