

WWE John Cena & Trademarc "However You Want It"

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HOOK:

However you want it, you don't want it, 'cause when you
get it it hurts
Your body carried out the church
Mom, she be cryin holdin on to her purse sayin... (oh my
baby!)
They shoulda took me first
However you want it, you don't want it, 'cause when you
get it it hurts
Your body carried out the church
Mom, she be cryin holdin on to her purse sayin... (oh...)

[Verse 1]

Aiyyo
What y'all thought I was too busy writin songs with
Whitney Houston
'cause *My Love's your Love* will be my slugs wit blood
For any thug that wanna bang and play orangutang
Find yourself in the river with the rest of them
Wake up, wake up, I'm in a nightmare dream
Where I found myself loadin magazines after
magazines
Ski mask on my face, gun on my waist
Fine pens shakin in my hand as I write this next line
You look strange, shootin victims at close range
And saw his vein burst from his neck, as I snatched his
chain
Is this a Bible, I used to read the Gospel
Until I got betrayed by one of my twelve disciples
Which one, look through the crowd son
You could spot the traitor wit a tatto on his arm
The symbol is a microphone, an intellectual
A wannabe Rakim, but too extraterrestrial
I heard he's lethal and I'm too rusty to battle him
Me being rusty is like Biggie not being *Born Again*
It never happen, watch who you call fam
On MTV, he painted himself as the tin man
Predicted platinum, way before it happened
So that's why when you ship gold, you only sold
aluminum

And now you wanna tell everybody I messed up your
record?
C'mon!

HOOK

[Verse 2]

You a thug? You aint a murderer, just an undercover
caligula

'cause when you saw the luger became silent like
Caesar

Enough of this rap stuff, Sedeck take his watch
If I wasn't rappin, I'd take that stash in your left socks
Don't make me raise my voice 'cause I'm masterin a
coo

So, and besides when they find you you'll be bones
Mom say watch my peers, hangin like chandeliers
Orderin Don P, you couldn't pay for one beer
Perpetratin, a fraud, oh god, you aint hard
Take thirty of y'all to murder one kid on the boulevard
You want Wyclef Jean, bring your same thug guys
Here's my advice, leave the ring with your bride
'cause you aint comin back no more

We gon send you to a vacation for two, with crabs on
the seashore

You freeze up, hold up I really thought you was
psychotic

Is that tears in your eyes? You cryin for your life
Kid you tellin me what you did, you didn't wanna do
Watch what you say on record 'cause it might come
true

HOOK

Outro:

Should I take them? Should I wait?

Should I take them? Should I wait?

Should I take them? Should I wait?

I say *No Woman, No Cry* like I should own a piece of
the estate

But at the tribute they didn't invite me

So I put in a call to Halis Alassi

He said be easy, aint no need to bust a shot (BLOW!
BLOW! BLOW! BLOW!)

Like Supercat said, yo the ghetto's red hot

Before bling, bling, bling it was BLING, BLING, BLING!

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