

## WWE John Cena & Trademarc "It Doesn't Matter"

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[The Rock]

Yo this is the Rock kicking it with the Refugee camp  
And you're bout to smell what the Rock is cooking

[Wyclef Jean](The Rock)

Yo this is strictly a club record  
Dedicated to everybody who used to stand outside in  
the cold  
When the LFEX was spinning at the Red Zone  
Putting it down  
And the tired bouncers would not let me in  
Know what I'm saying?

Yo, yo, yo, yo

I got fifty Bentley's in the West Indies  
(It doesn't matter)  
I got a pocket full of cheese and a garden full of trees  
(It doesn't matter)  
I just won the bingo bought a crib in Rio  
(It doesn't matter)  
Cause if you ain't sharing, people ain't caring  
Come up in the hood and take everything you're  
wearing

Back in the days it was all about the clubs  
And the so-called thugs used to dance the break for  
love  
The girls, they wouldn't say HEY!  
Unless you bought 'em champagne like it was their  
birthday  
Me I used to hustle my way in  
I'm on the guest list plus five!  
Who's performing tonight?  
He said Shabba  
Mister Lover that be needy and selective  
(Someone jump the Rock's up in here)  
Disrespect emcees and catch a smack in your left ear  
Light up like Vegas when it's time to gamble  
Girls scream for me like I was part of the Beatles  
But I'm not honey  
But I could be your Paul McCartney

An ebony or ivory into my Ja'causezi  
Foundation like Cool Herc as DJ Red Alert go bezerk  
The needle ain't skip the record jerked  
Cause y'all jumpin' too hard  
(Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!)

[Wyclef](The Rock)

I got fifty Bentley's in the West Indies  
(It doesn't matter)  
I got a pocket full of cheese and a garden full of trees  
(It doesn't matter)  
What? I just won the bingo bought a crib in Rio  
(It doesn't matter)  
Yo cause if you ain't sharing, people ain't caring  
Come up in the hood and take everything you're  
wearing  
Yo Rock I just bought a fresh Bentley  
(It doesn't matter you just bought a fresh Bentley)

[Wyclef](Melky Sedeck)

How many of y'all ever been to a barbecue  
And you always got an Uncle Juan that wanna show you  
How all the dances go  
And they start it off like this  
Electric side on the dance floor  
Freaky-deaky like Studio 54  
GIRLS!! Until the IRS raids it  
Drug money get converted into music  
The dope man becomes an entertainer  
Leave that crack alone!  
I told the customers  
I'm into bigger and better things Mr. Fiend  
You want a hit?  
Give me a guitar and a drum machine  
And the crowd will scream loud when the bass thump  
I can smell it in the air, the smell is funk  
Excuse me I gotta cough  
Girl you in so much ice you could freeze New York  
You're man must really love you  
What does he do for a living?  
(He works on Wall Street he's only home two nights a  
week)  
That's when she said a little too much conversation  
I think she want to indulge in lyrical masturbation  
So I proceeded with the compensation, I said  
Can I offer you a glass of Merrill Mrs. No Name?  
(Let's get it straight huh, my name's Veronica)  
She had the ass the size of South America  
She said ain't you that kid that sing Guantanamera  
Way before Ricky Martin started Livin' La Vida Loca  
What hood you come from?

I was raised in Brooklyn, but did my studies in  
Jerusalem  
The New Jerusalem yeah that's short for New Jersey  
Checked my watch it was a quarter to three  
Slid to her crib when we opened the door  
Her man was on the bottle waiting for her with the 44

[Wyclef](The Rock)  
Now what it look like, it ain't really that  
(It doesn't matter)  
So he cocked the gat at my top hat  
(It doesn't matter)  
Are you crazy? You was married!  
(It doesn't matter)  
Cause if you ain't sharing, people ain't caring  
Come up in your hood and take everything you're  
wearing

Yeah that's when shorty walked up to her man  
And she said I gotta go I can't be here no more  
And she said this

[Melky Sedeck]  
Take me home, to the place  
I belong at the Refugee Camp  
And the Booga basement  
That's where I live, oh

Come on  
Yo Rock I sold like seventeen million records  
(It doesn't matter how many records you've sold)  
Alright I'm with, yo check it out  
You wanna go get diamond rings  
(It doesn't matter if the Rock wants to go get diamond  
rings or not)  
Man listen, listen  
I just got two new Grammy's man  
(It doesn't matter about your Grammy's)

It doesn't matter

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