

# WWE John Cena & Trademarc "Just Another Day"

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This is just another day in the life  
Seven flight connectors  
Past due bill collectors  
This is just another day in the life  
Mo' money mo' problems  
I ain't got money to solve 'em

This is just another day in the life  
Gettin' mobbed by fans  
Man nobody even knows who I am  
This is just another day in the life  
This is just another day, in my life

Everybody askin' me, what you really like?  
Is this really life? Do you really fight?  
Do you fear the mic, when there's millions watchin'?  
Are you super rich now, how much grip you coppin'?

You the new kid, now you gettin' some shine  
When every vet sayin' that it's not yo' time  
My hustle is non-stop and it's not yo' grind  
Plus I hear very clear, I'm not so blind

Beef I don't sweat it, sleep I don't get it  
I remember your face it's just your name I forget it  
These days they melt together as one  
I got some plans to do, shit that ain't never been done

Take this game into battles that ain't never been won  
I ain't gon' walk through life, I think it's better to run  
And yeah I'm eatin' right if you askin'  
But the size of my wallet that's reflection of passion

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Just another face in the crowd, so to speak  
Huh, my electric was cut off last week  
No heat, no food, no money, no girls  
And if life's my oyster then I ain't found pearls

Makin' moves every day so the ends could meet  
No gas money, so I use my legs and feet  
Everybody I meet man, they likely saw  
That I be in the same clothes from the night before

Shoes so old you can call 'em retros  
Man I'm so damn broke, even my wallet echoes  
I got a dollar and change, man, I'm under the gun  
That buck's the only thing keepin' me from bein' a bum

That's why I'm writin' these words man, so I can get on  
So I can realize bein' poor was makin' me strong  
And the only reason I can't rub pennies together  
Is 'cause I carry big bills, in genuine leather

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Shakin' hands with some fans by the thousands  
My place so poor, looks like public housin'  
Gettin' the Porsche when I shoulda got the CL6  
My ride broke down, I'ma kinda between whips

Face on the X-Box, you played the game lately?  
Man I can't rent, I owe too much in late fees  
Do I, charter a jet, or fly first class?  
Do I take a cab? Bus seats hurt my ass

Pay my jeweler in cash, he don't take a check  
The chain I rock, leaves a green mark on my neck  
Do I get the filet steak or the shrimp and crab mix?  
Do I get a number 3 or a number 6?

Get in the club V.I.P. man they lettin' me slide  
Man they bust me for dress code, I'm still outside  
Everybody wanna be down, but I ain't got no friends  
Man nobody's around, I ain't got no friends

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