

## WWE John Cena & Trademarc "Pullin' Me In"

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Intro:

Y'all know y'all done messed up now right?

Mmmm mmmm, fo' real

[opera singing]

You know, you messed up, I'm not laughing

All y'all beats is soundin the same, y'all rhymin the same

Some of y'all even wearing the same jewelry

And y'all doin the same videos

Shut up, you know you messed up right?

That's why they brought me back in this game

To bring it right back to the essence, mmm hmmm

Oh yeah, and all this kill this, kill that, kill this

Lemme tell you somethin, [what, what]

The real killers, they're standin right over there

Waitin for you to act like a killer, so they can kill you

Yo Sedeck, do me a favor yo

Yo tell everybody on this side of the stage

To just move back a little 'cause it's about to get real rowdy

In the front yo, they comin yo

I could never forget the underground hip hop

I'ma dedicate this to everybody that knew me when I was broke

Workin at Burger King, hustlin dime bags on a twelve speed bicycle

All the projects man, youknowwhatimsayin?

Yo

HOOK:

Every time I keep pullin out, y'all keep pullin me in, sin

Kick a little somethin for the New Jerusalem

Let people know you aint forget where you came from, where you came from

Every time I keep pullin out, y'all keep pullin me in, sin

Kick a little somethin for the street DJs

Let people know you aint forget where you came from, where you came from

[Verse 1]

Yo, yo this probably the hardest verse that I ever recite

I'm in the studio with a gun in my neck it's all right  
Surrounded by gangsters, I don't know how they got  
here  
But I feel like the Haitian Frank Sinatra, in his young  
years  
New York, on my way to Kennedy airport  
L.A., I was told wear colors wherever you walk  
Dirt, dirty south, I heard they run up in your house  
Shakespeare, no time to jive blast your girl through the  
blouse  
What? MCs, y'all aint nothing but assassins  
Every two lines is killin, or incarceration  
Murderation, closed casket cremation  
Closest you got to prison was seein barson television  
But I'ma go long as this thug phenomenon  
Pass me a bandanna, two shots from my Mag-num  
All of that, to get your attention  
Here's a few things I been dyin to mention  
Anyone talk about guns, I'ma buy the cartel  
Any more beats soundin the same, I'ma put your MPC  
to cell  
Listen, reminiscing on Nas, \*It Aint Hard To Tell\*  
Still feel like somebody's watching me like Rockwell  
Talk about diamonds, I'ma kidnap Jacob  
Talk about the Fugees, I'ma break up the make up  
Put your stake up, I'm about to work my way back to the  
streets  
And y'all wanna bootleg 'cause y'all will get Jay-Z

HOOK [variations]

Kick a little something for the projects Clef  
Kick a little something for the hip hop fans

[Verse 2]

Hip hop fans, y'all like the woman in my house  
No matter how faithful I am, y'all still have your doubts  
Talkin bout, is he real in this relationship  
Or did he go pop, and on the side get a mistress  
My mistress is a guitar, classical like Mozart  
Paint murder on the wall just to show y'all some art  
And y'all wanna start, and lose body parts  
I suggest you start walkin, tell your man stop talking  
You know the scenario, the innocent is always the first  
to go  
And Dorothy sings somewhere over the rainbow  
Kum Ba Ya, got you trapped in barbed wire  
Dope delivery, but I'm the ghost writer  
Tall tribes of Juda, deeper than books  
Watch what you cook 'cause you might get hooked  
Man... I miss real MCs  
Like Kool G Rap, written in graffiti

Before the plane, I used to take the train  
Watch fiends puttin up they vein, moms raisin caine  
Able's on the roof, cook like a goose  
To calm my nerve, I drink Vodka 180 proof  
I'm back in the shack, lay flat on my back  
Two choices, sell rap or sell crack  
Chose sell rap, but watch my back like I'm sellin crack  
'cause the music industry is the same street format  
I sold y'all Nappy Heads, to The Score, to The Carnival  
But yet y'all still wanted more  
Since Sedeck went back, came off wit a break  
I blend so perfect, that you would want it for your  
mixtape

[beatbox]

HOOK [variations]

Kick a little something for the brothers up north

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