

Nathaniel Dawkins

"Bring It On"

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Verse 1:

I move weight like a freight truck, build the muscle
You can't escape your fate, we ain't scared to tussle
I put the pressure on your offense, you can't advance
I'm a pro, hit the bench, bro, you had your chance
Do that dance in the end zone and hone my skill
If I don't take it all the way, no one will
Get back, you outta line, you outta your mind
You outta time, keep searching brotha how do you find
Another man as efficient as this machine I am
I was born immortal, to be the king of the sport, a portal
Just follow me to the next dimension
You get lifted like these plates I'm benchin'
Go ahead, put your two cents in
Your worries are worthless
Takes a strong-like mind to understand my purpose
It's to shine more bright than sunlight
I'm the storm at night
Bring it on, if you ready to fight

Chorus:

Bring it on
Do you accept the challenge?
Bring it on
I'm-a test your balance
Bring it on
You can't stand the violence
So put your tail between your legs
And leave in silence
Bring it on
You can't handle the heat
Bring it on
This cannibal is hungry for meat
Bring it on
And I'm ready to eat
So if you're scared get outta here
Before you get beat
Bring it on

Verse 2:

Yeah, the heat is on
You better get your best to the plate or it be the gong
Calculate the magnitude of the situation you're facing
No time for pacin', there's no time for wastin'
What you thought, it would be a cake walk?
I won't make it easy for you to hate-talk
The trash is big
No, I couldn't let you do it no longer
So I built up mass and my passion is stronger
To the point that I need an extra me to hold it
So think that you could try but ain't no need to fold it
Or bend it any which way, nothing is happening
Just me groovin' here, I'm-a keep on rappin'
And then the competition has to retire, no other choice
Who can do it like I do it? No other voice
If you need some help, call the doctor, get some
medicine
I'll expire you, bring you back to life and make you
dead again

Chorus:
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Verse 3:

Show me the money, show me the glory
Gimme a second to demonstrate let me tell you the
story
Do me a favor, pretend my name wasn't in the street
If you my homie you won't have no problem holding
this heat
If you my enemy, then stay away you gets no love
Imagine your soul escaping, just floatin' above
Another day, another dollar, earned the paper real
slick

Ah, it doesn't matter if it's illegitimate
Either way we're gonna get what we want and get it
quick
If you in the way, you feel the contents of this clip
I'm not a gangsta, but I know gangstas belong in the
dump
I'm not a softie, come on, let me see you show you a
chump
Not a little boy talkin' big man talk, neither
I'm a cold brotha, never catch me without a heater
You want drama, I've got it for you like it was Broadway
Didn't wanna miss a night, you have to learn it the hard
way

Chorus (x2):
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