

Wrestling Lyrics

"John Cena - Untouchables"

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[John Cena]

The untouchable cat whose style is right

I can be mistaken for the smooth and silent type

My violence bites tight like it was vampire's teeth

I'm hammerin chief, opponents with beef, you're put to sleep

My radical brain, will run your terrain, I'm comin again

It's simple and plain, you're hurtin, there's no numbin the pain

Warpin your frame to convex with I'll techs

Still flex, kill specs on cassette decks

Mic checks, and tight reps, collect all live bets

We'll see how bright the lights get

The illest attack, I fight with artillery Jack

And physically smack them verbally humble

You stumble and fumble, so I gain possession

Music moves in cycles, natural progression

Thugonomics lesson is taught when records are bought

Analyzed for lies and fillers, nowadays

Gorillas make scrilla if the market's correct

All you need is a hook, and a hand to collect

Lack cred but respect MC's before me

Don't blast the back heat but the streets, can't ignore me

Hands nice, I rock your wig piece, leave your hard rep soft

Just like when Miami left the Big East...

[Chorus *scratched*]

Bust that

Y'all know my steez, yo we raisin the bar

Assassinate the mainstream

Y'all know my steez, Trademark and John Cena

Assassinate the mainstream

Y'all know my steez, yo we raisin the bar

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Y'all know my steez, Trademark and John Cena

Assassinate the mainstream

[Trademark]

I calculate between the hi-hat, the bassline

The slide back, the scene decides that, Trademark

Designed raps through divine contact

The synapse to climb a syntax error/era, define clever

We find Trademark's photo I'd below the letters

Your rhymes are general played, minimal blank

Your eyes was blinded by the signs of federal banks

You lost your focus of function

'Member back when MC's used to spit and say (shit)
that meant somethin

The mainstream remained clean
Then the corporate industry became the same dream
And I leaned back below the scene
Mappin out the future warfare schemes
To sweep through the streets lethal, to meet you
Delete too, editorial restrictions
Cause labels need candy-ass rappers so the populars
can listen
Not the caste system
The last talented cats that lost they status
Real raps end up gratis tracks on mixtapes that never
sell
Cause executives and marketing schemes
Designed rims, hoes and music, and bed in jail
I know the veterans can tell, I see through the image
Mainstream acts is timid
I want hard beats, basslines, and lyrics that's vivid
A voice within it, tellin me real rap is comin back and
boy it's livid
I want it, I breathe it, I live it
I cornered the scene and I bring destruction
You ain't worth your weight, never mind the cost of
post-production
Introduction of Trademark, the poet laureate
Through the duction of reason
Rhyme forever, but born out the 7 iller {?} to beat in
[Chorus] - repeat to fade

