

## **John Cena f/ Bumpy Knuckles , Tha Trademarc**

### **"Flow Easy"**

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[Bumpy Knuckles a.k.a. Freddie Foxxx]

First and foremost...

Flow easy, yo

Yo, yo, for the hood (for the hood)

Everybody flow easy, ha ha, so easy

Yo, listen

For the corrupt mob, John Cena, Trademarc, listen

I embarrass MC's who touch the mic with me

That's why they never holla when it's showtime - gimme

I spit poison like a black snake bit me

Guns up in the E-Class, D's can't get me

My foot is a 13, 12's don't fit me

My heart is cold and hard like Jack Frost bit me

So many new flows old flows start to panic

It's time they got built by the mic mechanic

Y'all heard, I stay in hood streets like curbs

And never forget, where I come from, word

I ain't goin broke, fuck you, I'll cop me a brick

And take it straight to the block, forget rap quick

Don't trip, Bump got a speed zone sign

For suckers who move too fast against mine

I'm pressed, pushin it full speed ahead

You left, bullet in chest, meet the dead, so

[Chorus]

Flow easy, turn up the mic it's time

to flow easy, whenever I spit my rhyme

I flow easy, the underground pound and grime

Flow easy, but yours don't sound like mine

I flow easy, turn up the mic it's time

I flow easy, whenever I spit my rhyme

I flow easy, the underground pound and grime

Flow easy, so yours don't sound like mine I flow easy

[Tha Trademarc]

Philosopher first, rapper second

Manifest the message, lessons involved

It all but hits you, aviate your crew and lift you

So what's the issue? Trademarc has got it locked

before he meet you

Greet your mind before we even greet you  
Won't mislead you, I ain't trustin people, cause I defeat  
you  
Take it down a notch, slow your roll  
Cause we crush spirits, like we stole your soul  
I set styles off dog, y'all are fuckin mimics  
Man I talk more shit than pro-lifers in abortion clinics  
Run my mouth off like high school rumors  
Man and grab microphones like pedophiles gropin late  
bloomers  
Flow easy like your first day with white sneakers  
You just a face in the crowd like packed bleachers  
Huh, you better rock a sleeveless  
Freddie Foxxx, Trademarc, John Cena breeze through  
Y'all are fuckin divas

[Chorus]

[John Cena]

First and foremost I sure post potential like Carmelo  
Turn a hard MC to jello  
Make their skin yellow with fear while stayin mellow and  
clear  
Man, we in for one hell of a year, yeah  
Curse a fool like the Red Sox, we tighter than headlocks  
I'm flowin easy with Freddie Foxxx  
Known to hang it low like dreadlocks and y'all are too  
slow  
Like wearing a weight vest and lead socks  
I'm a fat kid, you feed me? I'm still hungry  
Never let a bitch take a bill from me  
Like Jordan in the 4th quarter, I'm still money  
Best believe the flow water, we still runny  
Make your stomach feel funny, I'm so sick  
With 16 bars twice the value of gold brick  
Make it known quick that I'm greedy, we got the rats  
and the cheese B  
So believe me

[Chorus]

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