

## John Cena WWE

### "Bad Bad Man"

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Aww, you done did it now  
Chaos you shoulda put this one in the vault man!  
They not ready - they don't know what's comin man!  
Oh we gonna drop this on 'em right here  
Y'all ain't ready for this, Y'ALL AIN'T READY FOR NONE  
OF THIS!

Your boy's a bad man, and we invadin the streets  
Make unclever rappers scurred, they be droppin the  
heat  
Shocked the world, now I'm standin alone  
I flip fools like them clamshell cellular phones  
You can't help but nod your head to the track  
Fuck the watered down rap, we be takin it back  
Give it to me straight - ain't no chasin it  
Check yourself in the mirror - ain't no facin it  
Cause you, playin the role and you plannin to fold  
This the masterplan, we got the planet on hold  
We all over the streets like your favorite sneaker  
Breakin up your sound like a drive-through speaker  
Everything that I be spittin is strong  
After I rock, fast forward through the rest of the song  
We the monkeywrench, that's gonna ruin your plan  
And don't fuck with John Cena - I'm a BAD, BAD MAN

With the mic in my hands I'm a bad man  
Even in a fight with the hands I'm a bad man  
Livin in the streets all my life I'm a bad man  
I'm a bad man, I'm a bad man

We devils - rockin ambient levels  
We set loose among hot tunes to instrumentals  
And cats got one-liners, I drop several  
And I think it's funny you choose, losin progress  
or runnin in place; we makin moves, and y'all settle  
I rip rappers and take responsibility  
for makin future hall-of-famers look third rate  
Y'all are lost for words like conversation on your worst  
first date  
and ride beats, creep through side streets

Looseleaf notepads that's where rhymes leak  
Punchlines - man, don't even beg  
I got knee-slappin tracks, y'all brusin your leg  
You a rhyme writer - funny man, that's a joke  
You ain't worthy of bein my secretary man that's a  
quote  
I flood tracks like cracks in boats  
And pussy rappers choked up with they own lines in  
they throat

[Chorus]

TURN UP THE MICROPHONE and see me I'm a beast  
MC's and they beats is what I eat, 16 I'll leave you in the  
street  
My rhymes are sicker than gangrene in both feet  
It's spreadin up the leg, and headed for the head  
Your rhymes are whack your style is proof that the  
brain corrosion  
is fuckin with your chosen flows, I'm nice with mics  
My hands'll break your nose like Mikey Tyson  
Fightin in his prime, one rhyme  
And I shake up the room one time, BOOM! To the jaw  
Your face is a coat type raw  
And the blood and snot they mix, jelly on the floor  
My love is cop them bricks, belly on the floor  
I rob you, you soft and you really ain't a problem  
I solve you, 357 long nose revolve you  
Acid in your face, bad look, dissolve you  
I'm a bad, bad man

Yeah, check it out  
It's Bumpy Knuckles baby  
And I want you to say hello to the BAD, BAD, MAN -  
C'MON!

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