What Now

John Cena

I will get by
Touch the sky, time to fly 'til we die
For what it's worth I see the purpose of life
I see below the surface and the version that you know
And hold is not right, man, I oughta just laugh
The only darkness ahead of me's the shadow I cast in my path
(What's that?)
That's the weight of my craft
I breathe easy and let my chest slowly contract
And write rhymes to inform baby not to uplift
If you wanna make it all, you gotta persist
(Yo, put me on)
Yeah, all that talk's a waste
'Cuz I can read a man's thoughts by the way the lines cross his face
Hold five, everything live
And I vibe, ain't nobody thought this day would arrive
But I balance my talents with a hope and a drive
And ride beats dog, that's where my focus derive
And keep notepads and vocab, that's my guide
And if I got legit beef, I don't let it slide, what now
I will get by
Touch the sky, time to fly 'til we die
My brain is impossible to thinkin' philosophical
Hustle in my blood, that's the only thing that's logical
The only thing I gotta do to stay on or stay strong
I ain't stoppin' 'til I own the field that y'all play on
Desperado, eyes like a bird of prey
Cold soldier, crack snap your vertebrae
No heater, flow sweeter than Cohiba
Cinnamon dip, spice ride in the cinnamon whip

Quite wide on the Benjamin Clip
Might slide but we ain't gonna slip, no way
If the meek shall inherit the earth, guess what?
Y'all get the globe if they measure in lyrical worth
Trademarc flow first, make the mental work
Fuck a verse, I rearrange your dental work
And when it pop off, we not soft
We like the Bentleys, y'all just the Chrysler knockoffs

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Touch the sky, time to fly 'til we die
But that's life, yeah, you hearin' me right
It's like I had to find the black of night
Come back to life with master insight that shine bright
I'm always learnin'
My burden, to blow up gifts like this, I must endure the slow burnin'
It's sort of strange, my philosophy's changed
I take chances, jump before the water's in range
And never wait for safe answers so if all that remains
Is lookin' back at my life it never seems like I wasted glances
Man, it's all a big game, that's why it doesn't mean a thing
That I get money and fame, it's all the same
If you call me Trademarc or if you know my real name
Marc Predka ain't attached to ego
He's a hero for the average people, a blessing
Who transcends the essence of a poet with a street flow
It's not lip service, I don't speak to hear myself talk
And I don't wanna be a teacher; I'm grateful for all I've been taught
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