Make It Loud

John Cena & Tha Trademarc

It's the joint, baby, gotta make it loud
So let me hear some noise from the crowd
That's noise
It's the joint, baby, gotta make it loud
Get the point, yo, you gotta make it loud
Everybody in the club make it loud
And let me hear some noise from the crowd
It's the joint, baby, gotta make it loud
Get the point, yo, you gotta make it loud
Everybody in the club make it loud
And let me hear some noise from the crowd
Yeah, yeah, we came to kick the door down
It's time to hit the floor now, yo, we got some shit in store now
So clap your hands while we let the sax blow
Not quite crispy green but we came to stack dough
We ain't maxed yo, we just try and get this money right
Bills made of Spandex, I still keep my money tight
Never stoppin', all I see is the money like
The kid on the mic is too RAW for your Monday night
If you got in free or your fuckin' cover's paid
Bounce to this motherfucker like you was some rubber made
This ain't that Cristal sippin' type shit
It's that bottle breakin', startin' riot type shit
So jump up and down till ya break the floor
Yo, we keep it underground like a basement tour
East coast reppin', stretchin' out to L.A.
Not 007 but we 'Die Another Day', what
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And let me hear some noise from the crowd
I tear up any track, front to back
Like Roy Jones takin' on fifty year-old cats
Makin' comebacks, where you at, cats spit soft shit
Like whispers and gloves, I'm not hearin' that

It's all love maybe if you wanna rub, baby
Anythin' but that, step back, lady
Trademarc, John Cena, clubbin' it up
We got Chaos on the one and two, cuttin' it up
I'm all about laid back, don't jock, I hate that

I see through haters games, don't mistake that
I still got love if you buyin' our shit
If you claim you hatin' us but you ridin' our dicks
Everybody hear the name, Marc Predka
It's gonna ring like an echo for years, I never left ya
All y'all raise your glass to this shit
'Cause Trademarc's the head of the class of misfits
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We steal your top spot and you not gettin' your number back
Chop down competition like I was a lumberjack
Clear out the club floor, we keep 'em comin' back
Tough to bring down like an overweight runnin' back
Yeah and we blaze 'em, baby
Trademarc, John Cena, we amazin', baby
Yo, we tear up any crew, leave a motherfucker worn
Y'all are just soft like some Cinemax porn
I move a crowd like a bomb scare
Grab the mic when we hittin' it right, if you want fear
Some say Trademarc, he ain't all there
We old school like when Sonny was on Cher
Take it back like a Richard Pyror eight-track
And grab a chunk of your change like a state tax
Man please, we want platinum plaques
I want cream, green, cheddar cheese to grab in stacks
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Chaos on the one and two, cuttin' it up
Chaos on the one and two, cuttin' it up
That's that shit
That's that shit

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