

If It All Ended Tomorrow

John Cena

What would you do if it all ended tomorrow?
Time runnin' out, ain't no more you can borrow
So many paths, which one you gonna follow?
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What would you do, what would you do?
Uh, this is how it go down
I have the black-pound-silence so it don't make sound
I pile a 150 out of town, ain't nobody around
I'm in the back seat breakin' it down
My love has been a past week dawg lately I found
Our press made us turn the radio down
But God bless now they talkin' bout layin' me down
Now they on about shovels in the weight of the ground
What now?
Preachin' on the way that they handle thing
Waitin' patiently to do the 6-foot same thing
Now, so I take a second look at my life
I made too many mistakes that I just couldn't make right
Should have been more focused than I take things light
When I'm gone this is what y'all will say I was like
American fool, no not that baddest or cool
Just a big fish caught up in the shallowest pool
Not a big name playa, in fact it's true
Never wanted this shit without the kats he knew
He got lucky rode the co-tails of everyones fame
In two weeks ain't nobody gon' remember his name
Fuck it I'm ready to go, I done made records
Made monetary often that flow
More importantly though, I proved everyone wrong
It's all over regardless what you say when I'm gone
What now?
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I want y'all to feel the wound, it's the truth in my words
I been quiet for too long, the truth should be heard

It was a while back, 10:20 in the morn'
Kat should up on my lawn in the ruded uniform
Unexpected, theres a knock on my door
I met this fool in the club, I don' see him before
Open to great him, but the second he sees me
His eyes buckle, his voice is uneasy
But it's cool, I didn't even catch it at first
I check his shoulder, homie's rockin' a purse
Now I know somethings tricky, but I'm already sittin' down
Homie pipes up, you should hear what he's spittin' out
Says, "I've been sleepin' wit his wifey"
And he ain't the type of kat to take that shit lightly
I made a move and he told me homie wait
Reached in his purse pulled a chrome 38
He asked me, "If I'm ready to die"
Said, "He was gonna pull my brains all over the sky"
Said, "He was leavin' the country
And he was straight with the passports"
Cocked the hammer, I'm thinkin' my last thoughts
I'm in a bad way, nothin' could save this
I close my eyes hopin' it's painless
Just waitin' for the sound, ready to swallow too
But homie havin' trouble with his follow through
By a miracle, I avoid the chalk ground
Homie's confused, he just wanna be talked down
His wife is sleepin' through town and he knew it
Picked me out of the crowd but couldn't do it
Just lost it, and as he's walkin' away
I realize life is short so I'm markin' the day
Now it's full speed ahead, I'll rest when I'm dead
And I could give a fuck what the next man said
I live how I wanna live, buy what I wanna buy
Do what I wanna do, try what I wanna try
Fear nothin', take chances
Not afraid to fail, always makin' advances
So when I ride on the grim reaper highway
No regrets bitch, I did it my way, yeah
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