Keep Frontin' (feat. Bumpy Knuckles)

John Cena & Tha Trademarc

I shoulda been out, I'm de-de-deadly
when I pu-pu-pull the pin out, keep frontin
I'ma try-try-try ya chin out
I knocked a lot-lot-lot-lot out of men out
Keep frontin, I'ma try-try-try ya chin out
I knocked a lot-lot
I knocked a lot-lot-lot out of men out
Keep frontin, keep frontin, keep frontin, keep frontinYo
Right now
I wanna teach all you MC's out there
How to be
Effective
Let's ride
Do y'all know what time it is when everybody game
is everybody else's hustle and everybody's shame
is somebody else's blame, whatever I became
I did it with hot rhymes and a lung full of flame
I never refrain, from loadin up and takin aim
Like chicks flows are different, I never cum/come the same
My mic will be the dame, written or off the brain
I show up with my chest pumpin hard like Notre Dame
I lose then I regain, hustle is in the vein
I'm drinkin protein shakes to muscle up the brain
In the black Chevy Suburban sippin champagne
with champagne, dick out doin the damn thang
We movin in the fast lane, with them black thangs
On the way to the Bronx, to do the ski-mask thang
I don't know what's so funny cause I ain't laughing
The part is for a dead body, guess who's casting
Alright bro, I'm hearin you
I'ma see what I can do
See how I can rip it
And be, effective
Follow thisCena spittin with the Bump Bump Bump for the Knux
Your whole crew gettin dumped dumped dumped with the chumps
We rollin like Donald Trump Trump Trump with the bucks
Your bitch-ass gettin jump jump jumped cause you suck
Follow me, you stick around round round when it's hot
You claimin that you down down down but you not

You try to offer me a pound pound pound you get got
I can't wait to hear the sound sound sound of you shot
You hearin me, it's time to show show show I got plans
That's all you brought you bettter go go go get your mans
A legal hustle, ain't no no fuckin with grams
Stash the heat cause I can throw throw throw with my hands
I'm tellin you, on screen screen screen with these flicks
Catch me on the scene scene scene with three chicks
I fuck like a fiend fiend fiend with three dicks
Fuck a sixteen teen teen I'm just sickYeah, what's good fellas
I'm feelin y'all man
Most these cats
Can't engineer, they career
Yeah, Trademarc, bout to
Bout to show y'all
How to be, effectiveMy camou' colors dog they be beige and brown
That shit was all love 'til you cowards came around
With the same ol' sound that's why your payroll down
That's how the game go now that's why you ain't gain ground
Cause you stuck on then dog, you ain't on now
And that's how it's been baby cause you ain't know how
You move your pen lazy maybe or your beats don't pound
I move quicker than the word on the street go 'round
I write down every lesson that my peeps hold down
You let your heat go blaow if you ain't speak profound
I write sixteens down 'til I hit green now
Makin up slang, ain't know what shit mean now
Trademarc, Marc Predka, jot the real name down
You can catch it on every marquee in town
Sayin Trademarc, ain't nobody like you now
Probably sweatin this track dog, go wipe your browYou see, that's all it takes
Is for a man to make an effort to be, effective
And if you're not, effective... then you're defective
Hahahaha.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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