

# 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 frontin Yo  
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 this Cena 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 better 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 sick Yeah, 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, effective My 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 brow You 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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