Untouchables

John Cena

The untouchable cat whose style is right
I can be mistaken for the smooth and silent type
My violence bites tight like it was vampire's teeth
I'm hammerin' chief, opponents with beef, you're put to sleepMy radical brain, will run your terrain, I'm comin' again
It's simple and plain, you're hurtin', there's no numbin' the pain
Warpin' your frame to convex with ill techs
Still flex, kill specs on cassette decksMic checks, and tight reps, collect all live bets
We'll see how bright the lights get
The illest attack, I fight with artillery jacket
Physically smacked then verbally humbledYou stumble and fumble, so I gain posession
Music moves in cycles, natural progression
Thuganomics lesson is taught when records are bought
Analyzed for lies and fillers, nowadaysGorillas make scrilla if the market's correct
All you need is a hook, and a hand to collect
Lack cred but respect Mc's before me
Don't blast the back heat but the streets, can't ignore meHands nice, I rock your wigpiece
Leave your hard rep soft
Just like when Miami left the big eastBust that
Y'all know my steez, yo we raisin' the bar
Assassinate the mainstream
Y'all know my steez, Trademarc and John Cena
Assassinate the mainstreamY'all know my steez, yo we raisin' the bar
Assassinate the mainstream
Y'all know my steez, Trademarc and John Cena
Assassinate the mainstreamI calculate between the hi-hat, the basslineThe slideback, the scene decides that, Trademarc
Designed raps through divine contact
The synapse to climb a syntax [unverified], define clever
We find Trademarc's photo id below the lettersYour rhymes are general played, minimal blank
Your eyes was blinded by the signs of federal banks
You lost your focus of function
'Member back when MC's used to spit and say that meant somethin'
(Shit)The mainstream remained clean
Then the corporate industry became the same dream
And I leaned back below the scene
Mappin' out the future warfare schemesTo sweep through the streets lethal, to meet you
Delete too, editorial restrictions
Cause labels need candy ass rappers so the populars can listen

Not the caste systemThe last talented cats that lost they status
Real raps end up gratis tracks on mixtapes that never sell
'Cause executives and marketing schemes
Designed rims, hoes and music, and bed in jailI know the veterans can tell, I see through the image
Mainstream acts is timid
I want hard beats, basslines, and lyrics that's vivid
A voice within it, tellin' me real rap is comin' back and boy it's lividI want it, I breathe it, I live it
I cornered the scene and I bring destruction
You ain't worth your weight, never mind the cost of post production
Introduction of Trademarc, the poet laureateThrough the diction of reason
Rhyme forever, but born out the 7 iller [unverified] to beat inBust that
Y'all know my steez, yo we raisin' the bar
Assassinate the mainstream
Y'all know my steez, Trademarc and John Cena
Assassinate the mainstreamY'all know my steez, yo we raisin' the bar
Assassinate the mainstream
Y'all know my steez, Trademarc and John Cena
Assassinate the mainstreamBust that
Y'all know my steez, yo we raisin' the bar
Assassinate the mainstream
Y'all know my steez, Trademarc and John Cena
Assassinate the mainstreamY'all know my steer, yo we raisin' the bar
Assassinate the mainstream
Y'all know my steez, Trademarc and John Cena
Assassinate the mainstreamBust that
Y'all know my steez, yo we raisin' the bar
Assassinate the mainstream
Y'all know my steez, Trademarc and John Cena
Assassinate the mainstreamY'all know my steez, yo we raisin' the bar
Assassinate the mainstream
Y'all know my steez, Trademarc and John Cena
Assassinate the mainstream
...

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/