Don't Fuck With Us

John Cena

We keep it hoppin' like the cars with the shocks
We spittin' heat on your block
We new to the game, but runnin' the spot
Numbin' your knot with baselines that'll make ya neck break
This rook'll take your queen and put ya king in checkmate
Open your mind without makin' ya meditate
We real champs, y'all just featherweight
Time to get it straight, I push your wig back
Crew loaded up with extra bread like a Big Mac
Beefin' with us? We're leavin' you face down
Stompin' bitch rappers like I'm straight outta A-Town
Runnin' the playground like it was a track meet
Shoes on the whip that be bigger than Shaq's feet
We into big things, bank account's overgrown
All types of cheese, swiss, cheddar, provolone
Guaranteed to burn wax like candles
Track hittin' hard to the head like shots of Jack Daniels
Y'all, bitch crews, don't wanna fuck with us
Y'all bound to lose, another one bites the dust
Y'all, bitch crews, don't wanna fuck with us
Y'all bound to lose, another one bites the dust
It's Trademark the truth, laid back, aloof
I'm God, as if you needed some proof
You ain't hard I can see it on you, I need a roof
Fuck a droptop, crop if I'm creepin' on you
Click-clack nickel back knickknacks if you got heaters on you
Spittin' back live rounders, with five pounders
If we meetin' on two, I put a beatin' on you
Your sound's tired buddy, that's why I'm sleepin' on you
We lean back in the ride, with cream stackin' the rawhide
The sound of God slide with a raw vibe

Straight military camel clothes ash brown boots
So sick, I've been handlin' flows
Since enamel was gold tooth and branded by low
You cold fuck like Eskimo hoes at 7 below
You slow, you be the last to think
My hands seen more fuckin' dirt than bathroom sinks
Y'all, bitch crews, don't wanna fuck with us

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Y'all bound to lose, another one bites the dust
I got punks, dumps and switches, dump chumpses bitches
We feed you to the sharks, you can sleep with the fishes
Clean you like dishes but I ain't no busboy
You ain't family, you ain't earnin' my trust boy
Seen too many bitches that'll double cross ya
We bring more drama than the Laker roster
Get the click pissed, ain't nobody can save ya
Throw heat without lookin' like Fernando Valenzuela
Marc Predka's the name, the rest of you lame
I'm ego drivin', seen with different women, every size and frame
I refine my game by fuckin' famous bitches
But it's all the same, it's just ex to the next
For sex or brain, misses or Mrs
Married or not, my game don't stop
It's cars bars bonds and stocks you ain't see my flow
Y'all are small-time suckers like a knee-high hoe
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