Bad, Bad Man

Doppelgangers

john cena (bad bad man)

Aww, you done did it now
Chaos you shoulda put this one in the vault man!
They not ready - they don't know what's comin man!
Oh we gonna drop this on 'em right here
Y'all ain't ready for this, Y'ALL AIN'T READY FOR NONE OF THIS!
Your boy's a bad man, and we invadin the streets
Make unclever rappers scurred, they be droppin the heat
Shocked the world, now I'm standin alone
I flip fools like them clamshell cellular phones
You can't help but nod your head to the track
Fuck the watered down rap, we be takin it back
Give it to me straight - ain't no chasin it
Check yourself in the mirror - ain't no facin it
Cause you, playin the role and you plannin to fold
This the masterplan, we got the planet on hold
We all over the streets like your favorite sneaker
Breakin up your sound like a drive-through speaker
Everything that I be spittin is strong
After I rock, fast forward through the rest of the song
We the monkeywrench, that's gonna ruin your plan
And don't fuck with John Cena - I'm a BAD, BAD MAN
With the mic in my hands I'm a bad man
Even in a fight with the hands I'm a bad man
Livin in the streets all my life I'm a bad man
I'm a bad man, I'm a bad man
We devils - rockin ambient levels
We set loose among hot tunes to instrumentals
And cats got one-liners, I drop several
And I think it's funny you choose, losin progress
or runnin in place; we makin moves, and y'all settle

I rip rappers and take responsibility
for makin future hall-of-famers look third rate
Y'all are lost for words like conversation on your worst first date
and ride beats, creep through side streets
Looseleaf notepads that's where rhymes leak
Punchlines - man, don't even beg

I got knee-slappin tracks, y'all brusin your leg
You a rhyme writer - funny man, that's a joke
You ain't worthy of bein my secretary man that's a quote
I flood tracks like cracks in boats
And pussy rappers choked up with they own lines in they throat
[Chorus]TURN UP THE MICROPHONE and see me I'm a beast
MC's and they beats is what I eat, 16 I'll leave you in the street
My rhymes are sicker than gangrene in both feet
It's spreadin up the leg, and headed for the head
Your rhymes are whack your style is proof that the brain corrosion
is fuckin with your chosen flows, I'm nice with mics
My hands'll break your nose like Mikey Tyson
Fightin in his prime, one rhyme
And I shake up the room one time, BOOM! To the jaw
Your face is a coat type raw
And the blood and snot they mix, jelly on the floor
My love is cop them bricks, belly on the floor
I rob you, you soft and you really ain't a problem
I solve you, 357 long nose revolve you
Acid in your face, bad look, dissolve you
I'm a bad, bad man
Yeah, check it out
It's Bumpy Knuckles baby
And I want you to say hello to the BAD, BAD, MAN - C'MON!

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