

# Basic Thugonomics

John Cena

So, you think you're untouchable  
Word life, this is Basic Thugonomics  
This is B-Basic Thugonomics  
Word life, I'm untouchable  
But I'm forcin' you to feel me  
Word life, this is Basic-Basic  
Thug-Thug-Thugonomics  
Word life, I'm untouchable  
But I'm forcin' you to feel me  
Whether fightin' or spittin' my discipline is unforgiven  
Got you backin' up in the defensive position  
An ass-kcikin' anthem, heavyweight or bantam  
Holdin' camps for ransom, a microphone phantom  
Teams hit the floor this the new fight joint  
Like a broken needle kid you missin' the point  
We dominate your conference with offense, that's no nonsense  
My theme song hits, gets you reinforcements  
We strike quick with hard kicks, duckin' night sticks  
Bare-knuckled men through fight pits, beat you lifeless  
Never survive this, you forgot like all-timers  
Two-faced rappers walk away with four shiner  
It's a one-rhymer, turnin' legends to old-timers  
My incisors like a viper bitin' through your one-liners  
New DeadMan Inc., and we about to make you famous  
Takin' over Earth and still kickin' in Uranus  
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You ain't advanced enough to process, potential for medical concepts  
Some objects are foreign, like Loch Ness  
Arts and sex are complex regardless of your finesse  
Or fitness is the condition of business  
Your lame vision of a underground physical image  
You're underneath to undermine, your whole typical image  
With the precision of percentages and the collision of sentences  
Poetry beats your mics  
We untouchable like righteous sluts with no crevasses  
Streets unite, we rock righter with dumber beats  
You cats couldn't come this hot [Incomprehensible] in the summer heat  
Forget two takes, kill your birds the first time  
You better stay worthy of my filler of worse rhymes  
I'm better than nice, check the veterans twice  
You be beside your self with fear  
I'll kill you and bury you twice despite the cover of night  
Trackin' ya flight like guerrilla warfare, when the  
grass is dense  
Approaching me is a quick way to get referred to in the past tense

Dead-da, when the lights, the mic is on  
The crowd is dead like intermission and you on the Titan Tron  
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