

# Flow Easy

## John Cena

First and foremost, flow easy, yo easy  
Yo, yo, for the hood  
Everybody flow easy, so easy  
Yo, listen, for the corrupt mob  
John Cena, Trademarc, listen  
I embarrass MC's who touch the mic with me  
That's why they never holla when it's show time, gimme  
I spit poison like a black snake bit me  
Guns up in the E-Class, D's can't get me  
My foot is a 13, 12's don't fit me  
My heart is cold and hard like Jack Frost bit me  
So many new flows, old flows start to panic  
It's time they got built by the mic mechanic  
Y'all heard, I stay in hood streets like curbs  
And never forget where I come from, word  
I ain't goin' broke, fuck you, I'll cop me a brick  
And take it straight to the block, forget rap quick  
Don't trip, bump got a speed zone sign  
For suckers who move too fast against mine  
I'm pressed, pushin' it full speed ahead  
You left, bullet in chest, meet the dead, so  
Flow easy, turn up the mic, it's time  
Flow easy, whenever I spit my rhyme  
Flow easy, the underground pound and grime  
Flow easy, but yours don't sound like mine  
I flow easy, turn up the mic, it's time  
I flow easy, whenever I spit my rhyme  
I flow easy, the underground pound and grime  
Flow easy, so your's don't sound like mine  
I flow easy  
Philosopher first, rapper second  
Manifest the message, lessons involved  
It all but hits you, aviate your crew and lift you  
So what's the issue? Trademarc has got it locked before he meet you  
Greet your mind before we even greet you  
Won't mislead you, I ain't trustin' people 'cause I defeat you  
Take it down a notch, slow your roll  
'Cause we crush spirits, like we stole your soul  
I set styles off dog, y'all are fuckin' mimics

Man, I talk more shit than pro-lifers in abortion clinics  
Run my mouth off like high school rumors  
Man and grab microphones like pedophiles gropin' late bloomers

Flow easy like your first day with white sneakers  
You just a face in the crowd like packed bleachers  
Huh, you better rock a sleeveless  
Freddie Foxxx, Trademarc, John Cena breeze through  
Y'all are fuckin' divas

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First and foremost I sure post potential like Carmelo  
Turn a hard MC to jello

Make their skin yellow with fear while stayin' mellow and clear  
Man, we in for one hell of a year, yeah

Curse a fool like the Red Sox, we tighter than headlocks  
I'm flowin' easy with Freddie Foxxx

Known to hang it low like dreadlocks and y'all are too slow

Like wearing a weight vest and lead socks  
I'm a fat kid, you feed me? I'm still hungry  
Never let a bitch take a bill from me

Like Jordan in the 4th quarter, I'm still money

Best believe the flow water, we still runny

Make your stomach feel funny, I'm so sick

With 16 bars twice the value of gold brick

Make it known quick that I'm greedy

We got the rats and the cheese B

So believe me

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