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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