

# 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 basslines 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

It's Trademarc 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 nickelback 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

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