Word Life

John Cena

So, you think you're untouchable?

Word life - this is Basic 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 a defensive position An ass-kickin' anthem, heavyweight or bantam Holdin' camps for ransom, the 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, get 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 Alzhmiers Two-face rappers walk away with four shiners The raw rhymer, turnin' legends to old-timers My incisors like a vipor 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 ? 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 titatron