

John Cena, If all ended tomorrow

(Chorus)

What Would You Do If It All Ended Tomorrow?
Time Runnin Out, Ain't No more You Can Borrow
So Many Paths, which one you gonna follow?
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So Many Paths, which one you gonna follow?
What Would You Do, What Would You Do?

(Tha Trademark)

Uh, this is how it go down
I have the black-pound-silence so it don't make sound
I pile a 150 outta town, aint nobody around
Im in the back seat breakin it down
My love has been a past week dawg lately I found
Hard pressed made us turn the radio down
But God bless now they talkin bout layin me down
Now they on about shovels in the weight of the ground
What now?
Preaching on the way that they handle thing
Watin patiently to do the 6-foot Same Thing
Now, so I take a second look at my life
I made too many mistakes that I just couldnt make right
Shouldve been more focused than I take things light
When I'm gone this is what yall will say I was like a
arrogant fool, no not that baddest or cool
Just a big fish caught up in the shallowest pool
Not a big name playa, in fact its true
Never woulda been shit without the kats he knew
He got lucky rode the coat tails of everyones fame
In two weeks aint nobody gonna' remember his name
Fuck It

I'm ready to go, I done made records
Made monetary all for the flow
More importantly though, I proved everyone wrong
Its all love regardless what you say when Im gone
What now?

(Chorus)

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(John Cena)

I want y'all to feel the realness, the truth in my words
I been quiet for too long, the truth should be heard
It was a while back, 10:20 in the morn'
Kat showed up on my lawn in the rug-ed uniform
Unexpected, there's a knock on my door
I met this fool in the club, I don' see him before
Open to greet him, but the second he sees me
His eyes buckle, his voice is uneasy
But it's cool, I ain't even catch it at first
I check his shoulder, homie's rockin a purse
Now I know something's tricky, but I'm already sitting down
Homie pipes up, you should hear what he's spitting out
Says I've been sleepin wit his wife
And he ain't the type of Kat to take that shit lightly
I made a move and he told me homie wait
Reached in his purse pulled a chrome 38
He asked me if I'm ready to die

Said he was gonna blow my brains all over the sky
Said he was leaving the country, and he was straight with the passports
Cocked the hammer, I'm thinkin my last thoughts
I'm in a bad way, nothing could save this.
I close my eyes hoping it's painless
Just waiting for the sound, ready to swallow two
But homie having trouble with his follow through
By a miracle, I avoid the chalk ground
Homie's confused, he just wanna be talked down
His wife is sleeping through town and he knew it
Picked me outta the crowd but couldn't do it
we squashed it, and as he's walkin away
I realize life is short so I'm markin the day
Now it's full speed ahead, I'll rest when I'm dead
And I could give a Fuck what the next man said
I live how I wanna live
Buy what I wanna buy
Do what I wanna do
Try What I wanna try
Fear nothing, take chances
Not afraid to fail, always makin advances
So when I ride on the Grim Reaper Highway
No regrets bitch, I did it my way
Yeah (yeah, yeah, yeah)
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