

John Cena, Basic Thugonomics

"So... you think you're untouchable?"

[Chorus]

Word life! its the basic thugonomics

its the ba-basic thugomoics

Word life! {**scratching**}

"I'm untouchable, but I'm forcin you to feel me"

Word life! This is bas-*{*scratch*}*

Basic thugo-*{*scratch*}*-thugo-*{*scratch*}*-thugonomics

Word life! {**scratching**}

"I'm untouchable, but I'm forcin you to feel me" - Esoteric

[Verse One: John Cena]

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 your reinforcements!

We strike quick with hard kicks, duckin ice picks

Bare-knuckle men through fight pits, beat you lifeless

Never survive this! Get forget like Alzheimer's

Two-face rappers, walk away with four shiners

The raw rhymer, turnin legends to old-timers

My incisor's 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!

[Chorus]

[Verse Two: uncredited guest]

You ain't advanced enough to process potential phonetical concepts

The +Objects+ are +Foreign+, like blot tests

Sponsored sex, a complex, regardless of your finesse

or your fitness, it's 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 sedatives

Poetry, beats, and mics - we untouchable

like righteous sluts with no crevices

Streets unite, we rock right over dumber beats

Yo' cats couldn't come this hot {?} in the summer heat

Forget two takes, kill y'all birds the first time

Yo' best {shit} ain't, worthy of my filler or worst rhymes

I'm better than nice, check the veteran stripes

Leave you beside yourself with fear, I kill you, and bury you twice

Despite the cover of night, trackin your flight

Like guerilla warfare, where the grass is dense

Approachin me is a quick way to get referred to in the past tense

Dead that! When the light to mic is on

The crowd is dead like the intermission when you on the Titantron

[Chorus]