

John Cena, What Now

I... will get by

Touch the sky, time to fly, 'til we die

For what it's worth I see the purpose of life

I see below the surface and the version that you know and hold is not right

Hahaha, man I oughta just laugh

The only darkness ahead of me's the shadow I cast in my path

(What's that?) That's the weight of my craft

I breathe easy, and let my chest slowly contract

And write rhymes to inform baby not to uplift

If you wanna make it all, you gotta persist (yo put me on)

Yeah, all that talk's a waste

Cause I can read a man's thoughts by the way the lines cross his face

Hold five, everything live

And I vibe, ain't nobody thought this day would arrive

But I balance my talents with a hope and a drive

And ride beats dog, that's where my focus derive

And keep notepads and vocab, that's my guide

And if I got legit beef, I don't let it slide - what now

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My brain is impossible to thinkin philosophical

Hustle in my blood, that's the only thing that's logical

The only thing I gotta do to stay on or stay strong

I ain't stoppin 'til I own the field that y'all play on

Desperado - eyes like a bird of prey

Cold soldier - crack snap your vertebrae

No heater - flow sweeter than Cohiba

Cinnamon dip, spice ride in the cinnamon whip

Quite wide on the benjamin clip

Might slide but we ain't gonna slip - no way

If the meek shall inherit the earth, guess what?

Y'all get the globe if they measure in, lyrical worth

Trademarc flow first, make the mental work

Fuck a verse - I rearrange your dental work

And when it pop off, we not soft

We like the Bentleys; y'all just the Chrysler knockoffs

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But that's life, yeah you hearin me right

It's like I had to find the black of night

come back to life with master insight that shine bright - I'm always learnin

My burden, to blow up gifts like this, I must endure the slow burnin

It's sort of strange, my philosophy's changed

I take chances, jump before the water's in range

And never wait for safe answers so if all that remains

is lookin back at my life it never seems like I wasted glances

Man it's all a big game, that's why it doesn't mean a thing

That I get money and fame, it's all the same

if you call me Trademarc or if you know my real name

Marc Predka ain't attached to ego

He's a hero for the average people, a blessing

Who transcends the essence of a poet with a street flow

It's not lip service I don't speak to hear myself talk

And I don't wanna be a teacher; I'm grateful for all I've been taught

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