

# Beantown

John Cena

"Big up Boston!"

Yeah what's up baby? We're gonna do some things right now  
Show you how we do 'em in the Bean, you know what I'm saying?  
N.Y. representing, Dirty South representing  
Chi-Town, L.A., they're all doing their thing  
We got a little something bubbling in Beanpot over here you know?  
I got my crew right back gonna show you how it's done  
Straight up, hitting one two like Manny Ortiz you heard?

It's John Cena baby, and we're heating up the Beanpot  
Big up Boston, you know the whole team hot  
Yo we're fresh, you're all a little bit stale  
And we're 'bout to make it ugly just like Kevin McHale  
Cena taking over - I'm 'bout to make the scene mine  
I got a tea party, baby meet me on the Green Line  
Ain't too many kids that flow better than me  
Roll thick like Yaz's sideburns in seventy-three  
Like Tom Brady and the Pats, we're rolling kids  
Cross me and pay a toll like the Tobin Bridge  
From the home of the curse, you all know what I mean  
We like the left field wall, we stacking Monster Green  
Knock you out of the park, you land on Yawkey Way  
My shit be butter, but around here we say Parkay/parquet  
I rent my own team, we're taking over the industry  
Like the Big Dig, baby nobody can finish me

"Big up Boston!"

"No one shows pity"

Yeah, it's Trademarc baby, biggin up Boston, yeah  
6-1-7, 9-7-8, 7-8-1, 5-0-8, and 4-1-3  
And I don't mean to brag, but it's in the bag  
And we're alone on top like we're going stag  
It's a dynasty, that's how I see things  
In four years we're counting three rings  
I'm the MVP, baby gimme that key ring  
And me, Brady and Branch'll own our sweet thing  
Yeah, and we ain't gonna stop  
We had the Eagle Flap looking more like a flop  
And T.O. taking on the B roll and that's the past  
Beating everybody and the salary cap  
What now? You say titan's your rep  
That's like Peyton winning big games out on Gillette  
We don't forget you all, we're keeping it grimy  
Had the Steel Curtain looking like venetian blinds  
Yeah baby, that's how it go  
That's why next year it's looking like 3 in a row

Yeah, uh

It's Esoteric, tuning in  
Putting it down for Boston Mass  
Yo, I rep the Bean, you all see the way it be  
Home of Source magazine, the Pats and Edo. G  
Steadily poetically I'm Bill Russell in command  
Peace to Dorchester, Roxbury, Mattapan  
Pack a man down quick like Neanderthals

Standing tall after brawling up in Fanueil Hall  
As a young buck moms said I disobey  
All she heard was no-ma/Nomar like fans in Fenway  
But they sent him to the dugs, I'm like Manny when he shrugs  
And it bug to the sinning women wearing 7 in the club  
A deadly combination like venom hit your blood  
Jason Varitek with the glove, it's all love  
I'm like Schilling with the red sock, when I get hot  
My aim is dangerous, like the Larry Bird set shot  
It's clear now, you living in fear now  
Big up Boston, the champ is here now

[Chorus]