

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]