

Flow Easy

John Cena

First and foremost...

Flow easy, yo easy

Yo, yo, for the hood (for the hood)

Everybody flow easy, ha ha, so easy

Yo, listen

For the corrupt mob, John Cena, Trademarc, listen

I embarrass MC's who touch the mic with me

That's why they never holla when it's showtime - get me

I spit poison like a black snake bit me

Guns up in the E-Class, D's can't get me

My foot is a 13, 12's don't fit me

My heart is cold and hard like Jack Frost bit me

So many new flows old flows start to panic

It's time they got built by the mic mechanic

Y'all heard, I stay in hood streets like curbs

And never forget, where I come from, word

I ain't going broke, fuck you, I'll cop me a brick

And take it straight to the block, forget rap quick

Don't trip, Bump got a speed zone sign

For suckers who move too fast against mine

I'm pressed, pushing it full speed ahead

You left, bullet in chest, meet the dead, so

Flow easy, turn up the mic it's time

to flow easy, whenever I spit my rhyme

I flow easy, the underground pound and grime

Flow easy, but yours don't sound like mine

I flow easy, turn up the mic it's time

I flow easy, whenever I spit my rhyme

I flow easy, the underground pound and grime

Flow easy, so yours don't sound like mine I flow easy

Philosopher first, rapper second

Manifest the message, lessons involved

It all but hits you, aviate your crew and lift you

So what's the issue? Trademarc has got it locked before he meet you

Greet your mind before we even greet you

Won't mislead you, I ain't trusting people, cause I defeat you

Take it down a notch, slow your roll

Cause we crush spirits, like we stole your soul

I set styles off dog, y'all are fucking mimics

Man I talk more shit than pro-lifers in abortion clinics

Run my mouth off like high school rumors

Man and grab microphones like pedophiles groping late bloomers

Flow easy like your first day with white sneakers

You just a face in the crowd like packed bleachers

Huh, you better rock a sleeveless

Freddie Foxxx, Trademarc, John Cena breeze through

Y'all are fucking divas

First and foremost I sure post potential like Carmelo

Turn a hard MC to jello

Make their skin yellow with fear while staying mellow and clear

Man, we in for one hell of a year, yeah

Curse a fool like the Red Sox, we tighter than headlocks

I'm flowing easy with Freddie Foxxx

Known to hang it low like dreadlocks and y'all are too slow
Like wearing a weight vest and lead socks
I'm a fat kid, you feed me? I'm still hungry
Never let a bitch take a bill from me
Like Jordan in the 4th quarter, I'm still money
Best believe the flow water, we still runny
Make your stomach feel funny, I'm so sick
With 16 bars twice the value of gold brick
Make it known quick that I'm greedy, we got the rats and the cheese B
So believe me

[Chorus]