

# What Now

John Cena

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

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

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

[Chorus]