

Make It Loud

John Cena

It's the joint baby, GOTTA MAKE IT LOUD SO LET ME HEAR SOME NOISE FROM THE CROWD

That's noise!

It's the joint baby, gotta make it loud
Get the point yo you gotta make it loud
Everybody in the club make it loud
SO LET ME HEAR SOME NOISE FROM THE CROWD

Yeah, yeah

We came to kick the door down, it's time to hit the floor now
Yo... we got some shit in store now
So; clap your hands while we let the sax blow
Not quite Krispy Kreme, but we came to stack dough
We ain't maxed yo, we just try and get this money right
Bills made of Spandex, I still keep my money tight
Never stoppin, all I see is the money like
the kid on the mic is too +Raw+ for your Monday night
If you got in free, or your fuckin cover's paid
Bounce to this motherfucker like you was some Rubbermaid
This ain't that Cristal sippin type shit
It's that bottle breakin, startin riot type shit
So jump up and down 'til ya break the floor
Yo we keep it underground like a basement tour
East coast reppin, stretchin out to L.A.
Not double oh seven but we +Die Another Day+, what

I tear up any track, front to back
Like Roy Jones takin on fifty year-old cats
makin comebacks, where you at, cats spit soft shit
like whispers and gloves, I'm not hearin that
It's all love maybe if you wanna rub baby
Anything but that, step back lady
Trademarc, John Cena, clubbin it up
We got Chaos on the one and two, cuttin it up
I'm all about laid back, don't jock, I hate that
I see through haters games, don't mistake that
I still got love if you buyin our shit
If you claim you hatin us, but you ridin our dicks
Everybody hear the name, Marc Predka
It's gonna ring like an echo for years, I never left ya
All y'all raise your glass to this shit
Cause Trademarc's the head of the class of misfits

We steal your top spot, and you not gettin your number back
Chop down competition like I was a lumberjack
Clear out the club floor, we keep 'em comin back
Tough to bring down like an overweight runningback
Yeah - and we blaze 'em baby
Trademarc, John Cena, we amazin baby
Yo we tear up any crew, leave a motherfucker worn
Y'all are just soft like some Cinemax porn

I move a crowd like a bomb scare
Grab the mic when we hittin it right, if you want fear
Some say Trademarc, he ain't all there
We old school like when Sonny, was on Cher

Take it back like a Richard Pryor 8-track
And grab a chunk of your change like a state tax
Man please, we want platinum plaques
I want cream, green, cheddar cheese, to grab in stacks

"Chaos on the one and two, cuttin it up"
"That's that shit!"

"Ce-na, Ce-na, Ce-na" [at the end]