

ICIBILLET

## Paroles de chanson

04/05/2026

# Don't Fuck With Us

Par John Cena

*Album : You Can't See Me*

We keep it hoppin' like the cars with the shocks

We spittin' heat on your block

We new to the game but runnin' the spot

Numbin' your knot with bass lines that'll make ya neck break

This rook'll take your queen

And put ya king in checkmate

Open your mind without makin' ya meditate

We real champs, y'all just featherweight

Time to get it straight, I push your wig back

Crew loaded up with extra bread like a Big Mac

Beefin' with us? We're leavin you face down

Stompin' bitch rappers like I'm straight outta A-Town

Runnin' the playground like it was a track meet

Shoes on the whip that be bigger than Shaq's feet

We into big things, bank account's overgrown

All types of cheese, swiss, cheddar, provolone

Guaranteed to burn wax like candles

Track hittin' hard to the head like shots of Jack Daniels

**Y'all bitch crews, don't wanna fuck with us**

**Y'all bound to lose, another one bites the dust**

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It's Trademark the truth, laid back, aloof

I'm God, as if you needed some proof

You ain't hard, I can see it on you, I need a roof

Fuck a droptop, crop if I'm creepin' on you

Click-clack, nickel back, knickknacks if you got heaters on you

Spittin' back live rounders, with five pounders

If we meetin' on two, I put a beatin' on you

Your sound's tired, buddy, that's why I'm sleepin' on you

We lean back in the ride with cream stackin' the rawhide

The sound of God slide with a raw vibe

Straight military camel clothes, ash brown boots

So sick, I've been handlin' flows

Since enamel was gold tooth and branded by low

You cold fuck like Eskimo hoes at seven below

You slow, you be the last to think

My hands seen more fuckin' dirt than bathroom sinks

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I got punks, dumps and switches, dump chumpses bitches

We feed you to the sharks, you can sleep with the fishes

Clean you like dishes but I ain't no busboy

You ain't family, you ain't earnin' my trust, boy

Seen too many bitches that'll double cross ya

We bring more drama than the Laker roster

Get the click pissed, ain't nobody can save ya

Throw heat without lookin' like Fernando Valenzuela

Marc Predka's the name, the rest of you lame

I'm ego drivin', seen with different women, every size and frame

I refine my game by fuckin' famous bitches

But it's all the same, it's just ex to the next

For sex or brain, misses or Mrs.

Married or not, my game don't stop

It's cars bars bonds and stocks you ain't see my flow

Y'all are small-time suckers like a knee-high hoe

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