If It All Ended Tomorrow

John Cena & Tha Trademarc

What would you do if it all ended tomorrow?

Time runnin' out, ain't no more you can borrow

So many paths, which one you gonna follow?

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What would you do, what would you do? This is how it go down

I have the black pound silence so it don't make sound

I pile a 150 outta town, ain't nobody around

I'm in the back seat, breakin' it downMy love has been a past week, dawg

Lately I found our press made us turn the radio down

But God bless, now they talkin' 'bout layin' me down

Now they on about shovels in the weight of the ground

What now? Preachin' on the way that they handle thing

Waitin' patiently to do the 6 foot same thing

Now, so I take a second look at my life

I made too many mistakes that I just couldn't make rightShould've been more focused than I take things light

When I'm gone, this is what y'all will say I was like

American fool, no, not that baddest or cool

Just a big fish caught up in the shallowish poolNot a big name, playa, in fact it's true

Never wanted this shit without the kats he knew

He got lucky, rode the co-tails of everyones fame

In two weeks, ain't nobody gon' remember his nameFuck it, I'm ready to go, I done made records

Made monetary often to flow

More importantly though, I proved everyone wrong

It's all over regardless what you say when I'm gone

What now?

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What would you do, what would you do?I want y'all to feel the wound, it's the truth in my words

I been quiet for too long, the truth should be heard

It was a while back, 10: 20 in the morn'

Kat should up on my lawn in the rugged uniformUnexpected, there's a knock on my door

I met this fool in the club, I don' see him before

Open to greet him but the second he sees me

His eyes buckle, his voice is uneasyBut it's cool, I didn't even catch it at first I check his shoulder, homie's rockin' a purse

Now I know something's tricky but I'm already sittin' down

Homie pipes up, you should hear what he's spittin' outSays I've been sleepin' wit his wifey

And he ain't the type of kat to take that shit lightly

I made a move and he told me, "Homie wait"

Reached in his purse, pulled a chrome 38He asked me if I'm ready to die?

Said, he was gonna pull my brains all over the sky

Said he was leavin' the country and he was straight with the passports

Cocked the hammer, I'm thinkin' my last thoughtsI'm in a bad way, nothin' could save this

I close my eyes hopin' it's painless

Just waitin' for the sound, ready to swallow too

But homie havin' trouble with his follow throughBy a miracle, I avoid the chalk ground

Homie's confused, he just wanna be talked down

His wife is sleepin' through town and he knew it

Picked me outta the crowd but couldn't do itHe squashed it as he's walkin' away

I realize life is short so I'm markin' the day

Now it's full speed ahead, I'll rest when I'm dead

And I could give a fuck what the next man saidI live how I wanna live, buy what I wanna buy

Do what I wanna do, try what I wanna try

Fear nothin', take chances

Not afraid to fail, always makin' advancesSo when I ride on the Grim Reaper Highway

No regrets, bitch, I did it my way, yeahWhat would you do if it all ended tomorrow?

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What would you do, what would you do?

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