

Cannon

Asher Roth

Yo, Cannon!

What would this mixtape be, if I didn't get on the one beat
That everybody gets on? (DRAMATIC!)
You know I had to, dog...

You know the world's gone mad
When blacks wear plaid
And Mariah has married Nick Can-non
Or when a boy from the burbs
Has the nerves to converge
On a mixtape with DJ Cannon? (The CANNON!)

You know the world's gone mad
When blacks wear plaid
And Mariah has married Nick Can-non
Or when a boy from the burbs
Has the nerves to converge
On a mixtape with DJ Cannon?

Alright... Now if you really feel like that, Keep going!
I don't know what else to tell you, Go in!

Yo, Cannon!

What would this mixtape be, if I didn't get on the one beat
That everybody gets on? (I don't know, homie!)
You know I had to, dog... (STEPS BACK!)

You know the world's gone mad
When blacks wear plaid
And Mariah has married Nick Can-non (GET EM!)
Or when a boy from the burbs
Has the nerves to converge
On a mixtape with DJ Cannon? (CANNON!)

Aww, God Damn-it,
That's the last straw, can't stand it
You all must be reprimanded
Spank that fan-ny, Man-ny
So uncanny, Ginobli flow left-handed

Yes, I am a fan of Da-kota Fanning,
And I Am Sam, out-standing!
My Sean Penn-manship is fan-cy,
Yeah, my rhe-to-ric is dan-dy
I circumvent my words (TRENDSETTER!)
And vent for the burbs,
I have emerged Ad Ven-ti,
Dos anos, vamos, pronto, let's go,
Her lip gloss tastes like can-dy

Got more jazz than Jerry Sloan,
Pizzazz and swagg alone,
I have a bigger head than that of Barry Bonds;
Y'all eat scraps, I eat (SALMON!)
With fresh fruit, covered in (DANNON!)
If Da Boy had a boy with Brad Pitt in Troy,
Then out from the loins, I'd be born;

If Jason Bourne was to record and join forces with Zack Morris,
They'd form my performance

Beats and rhymes fornicate, form greatness,
Like, "Let's face it... He's so amazing! "
Yeah, with Lasiks, he still can't ace my eye exam,
Naw, man, let's try again;
I've got lungs like Iron Man,
I hit the bong, while you must extend your dia-phragm
But, let's get higher, man;
I gotta a brand new strand that I got out in Ire-land
From a wild, frantic Irish-man,
Who said his name was (SHANNON!)

Higgins, Killians, and a pint of Guinness,
And I ain't gon stop 'till I'm finished;
'Till I learn Yiddish, or find a little kid who likes spinach
Can't nobody beat me in Quidditch
Not any widditch, spidditch, wits, I'm sick with' it,
Riddi-dick, my spit game is vicious

This is
Never did shit for my I'm-age;
College kid is where I found my niche, SNITCH!
Tell the whole world I'm the shit, Un-
Tell the whole world on my dick, then
Hell yeah, word, I'll be rich, and
I'll buy the whole world Sega Genesis
Spittin' lint to come,
Hell yeah, I got a (CANNON!)
See me on the streets, take a pick with yo' cannon
Then get it lami-nated, frame it, save it,
Cause in a couple days, I'll be famous

Then you can say, Holy Shit, there he is! That's the kid!
I forget what his name is... starts with an 'A', ends with a 'Sher'.
Bringing hip-hop into the burbs