

Cannon

DJ Drama

Listen, my nigga Drama man this something
I need you to do something else for them man, just to warm em up, and then I
say it on me.

Get ya pipe.

Yea, Gangsta Grillz, Dedication 2, Drama.

Howdy do mother fuckaz it's Weezy Baby,
Niggaz bitchin and I gotta tuck the cannon.
Listen close I got duct tape and rope,
I'll leave you missin like the fuckin obanons.
One hand on my money, on hand on my buddy,
That's the AK47 made his neighborhood love me.
Bullets like birds you can hear them bitches hummin,
Don't let that bird shit, he got a weak stomach.
Niggaz know I'm sick I don't spit I vomit,
Got it?
One egg short of the omelet.
Simon says, shoot a nigga in his thigh and leg,
Then tell him catch up like mayonnaise, um.
I'm the sickest nigga doin it,
Bet that baby.
These other niggaz know I'm wet crack baby, yes.
Get back get back boy it's a set back,
Clumsy ass niggaz slip and fall into a death trap.
Them boys pussy, born without a backbone,
And if you strapped we can trade like the Dow Jones.
Wet him up, I hope he got his towel on,
I aim at your moon, and get my howl on.
Some niggaz cry wolf, I'm on that dry Cush,
And when it comes to that paper I stack books.
You heard what I said,
I can put you on your feet or put some money on your head.
Life ain't cheap,
You're better off dead.
If you can't pay the fee,
Shout out my nigga fee.
See every mother fucker at the door don't get a key,
You outside lookin in, so tell me what you see.
It's about money it's bigger than me
I told my homies don't kill him bring the nigga to me, yea.
Don't miss, you fuckin with the hit man,
Kidnap a nigga make him feel like a kid again.

Straight up, I ain't got no conversation for ya,
Nigga talk to the cannon.
Have a few words with the cannon.
Tell it to my mother fuckin cannon.

From Philly to where I'm landin I'm a cannon.
And I'm on that Philly fire shit,
Then I come fully equipped.
You try me get bodied keep you and the shotee in the whip.
If a nigga try to stick me I'm a blam him.
Single on them ti-ti-tired of them free got the butters got the gravy got th
e tan Got the whole enchilada.
Homie know I'm inside of your house,
Tie up your brother.

Make the prick call up your mother she might know where to find you.
I am on top of my job
The heavyweight champ of the flow
It's flow like the ocean; open water you drownin
I will fore drown them and sink them heat them and leave them stinkin.
Sharks surround them and eat them nice then know that I will.
Roll over ya squad like I'm a one punch card.
You chumps, you best guard your waters.
I will, take control of your soldiers.
You won't listen till I toss them in the wok like chicken.

Ayo

I make it hard for rap niggaz I'm peer pressure,
Matter fact I'm motivation to rap better.
I show niggaz how to act how to dress better,
I stay fresh more fitted caps than bat catchers.
I'm the crack the smack the gun the rule the gat the strap the gun the tool
the Mother fuckin (cannon).
Other words I'm the real for real
We can go check for check or bill for bill,
We can go chick for chick or skill for skill,
The deal is sealed.
Niggaz ain't real as will cause I'm a (cannon).
And I handle well pedal like cannon dale.
And I got the 50 cal mag it's a handheld.
I'm tellin you niggaz I pop put a shell in you niggaz,
My nice watch'll Helen Keller you niggaz.
I got whores in the cannon camcorder bendin over
Blowin game by the quarter weed over in the rover nigga

Yea, yea Detroit red gettin change like them white folks,
Dumpin out the window of the range with the rifle.
Pain like a bitch the first day of her cycle,
You better scurry when I pull the (cannon).
Straps burn the streets like a truck through the gas,
I love head and caressin a voluptuous ass.
I ask your baby momma is she up to the task,
She like damn red it's bigger than a (cannon).
My attire makes the ladies say your man is too fly,
Imported orders from Iran and Dubai.
Get caught slippin with ya mans and you die,
Where I'm from niggaz be quick to squeeze the (cannon).
Detroit red always got some shit for ya ear.
Show me love but keep it movin man cause if you get near.
I'll say get off my dick and tell ya bitch to come here.
Cause you sweatin me and my dj like (cannon).

Legs spread far out, you know how I'm standin,
Yea I'm posted with the big homie (cannon).
I got niggaz who don't like rap lovin our shit,
We got niggaz who was stuck on Pac bumpin our shit.
These niggaz can't see me like I ain't been around lately,
A good battle when they at the mound it's gravy.
Niggaz salty, I'm pepper,
No spinderella, just a cigarilla, filled with Tropicana.
Yea, Vick found that nic and we ain't smokin no more regular,
Keep ya mid grade I don't think you know no better.
They loving the trunk now they wanna hear more shit,
I play it modest like nigga that's some of our old shit.
Got niggaz I ain't never met wantin to fight me,
Got hoes that's in love askin why you don't like me,
Bitch I'm married to the game and I love my wifey,
Steppin over competition man I love these Nikes.

I'm hot, they fanning,
Niggaz tryna copy my style like the (cannon).
Don't try to compare I'm in a league of my own,
If I ain't listed at the top nigga the stats is wrong.
All ya data is off, ya info ain't valid
Artist of the century the competition ain't balanced
True like master p and his two brothers,
Don't call it incest but Juice the mother fucker.