

Cannon Fire

Kool G Rap

Heyyo check it
This goes out for all of the ones that's walkin' around here
Out in the streets blindfolded
Not knowin' what's really goin' on
Nawimsayin?
These streets is a habitat baby
Word up
Pito

In the garden of snakes, ain't no breaks, no mistakes
Just games that's played at high stakes, the next guys wake
Try ta fly strait, not violate if you wanna die late
The tri-state, crime at a high rate, where peoples dilate
Gun shots that make the block vibrate, it shook niggas migrate
Some die by fate, yo niggas cry hate
A fly facer get they thighs scraped
And little PUS that's why raped
A kid inside his gate get murdered by jake
A young nigga try ta fly capes, and get caught on the FBI tape
In verse of the State
Lost the case and gotta fry date
Ninety ninety eight, day of July eighth
Some cats get ta stack the hot papes
Live in the skyscrapes
Go ta airline, buy flyin' states
Where they can hibernate and operate
Impregnate, so ???
Other niggas will lay the power race, wit tre 8's
Try to apply weight, and ready ta die staced off and dehydrate

Cannon fire light up the town
I stand my ground and hold the fort down wit the forty pound
You bust a round, I bust a round and lay your shorty down
On enemy territory grounds ta fall me down
Son how that sound?
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It's like a time bomb you hit Vietnam ta Saigon
Keep your mind calm, your nine on, me hard ta find harm
Peep the crime dons rollin' wit ex-cons holdin' they out rons
And teflons ta be streets flooded wit red ponds
Like it was red dawn, bodies get found around without the heads on
Judges set bonds that figures they know niggas is dead on
What's left of death penalty facilities where niggas step on
Wit those that blew trough, go get they body filled wit electrons
The tec draws, the ones that live foul, they're leavin' wet moms
Wit lead charms, put her ta bed wit her head drawn
Killas wit red palms leavin' bodies cool as the dead fawns
Caught in the dead wrong, found they way, ran into the feds arms
Yo

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For steady cash flows, niggas'll blast you past the Astros
Blow you like afros, the little fast hoes that last all the fast dough
They splash foes, red as Tabasco, they lay your asshole where the grass grow
Runnin' wit armies like they Castro
Them Donny Brasco's get Johnny Doj around they last holes
Keepin' em half froze, put in shiny boxes rockin' they last clothes
The cash close inside your top pocket of stashed roast
Body got found down on the back roads where all the trash blows
And broken glass globes, the dip chicks slicker than gastro
Who bag a slash blow and spot some top of the block hot as a gas stove
That's Mastro's cats in the Astros
Who ain't afraid ta let they gats go
The paper dash bros lovin' the flash though
And pass mo'
Stash rolls, count em like math pros
And crash low soda, PoPo's don't step all up in they path yo
Them cats go, that's smack on the back burner, but keepin' the gas low
When task rolls they snatch his ass mows, movin' too ass slow