

Kool G Rap, Cannon Fire

[Intro]

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

[Verse 1]

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 papas

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

[Chorus]

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?

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?

[Verse 2]

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

[Chorus]

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Son how that sound?

[Verse 3]

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