

# Go Off

CANON

Go on and shoot me down  
But God don't judge me now  
I know it's really that bad  
But we know their hearts are broke  
So use me now  
In their pain of consuming  
Cause I'm made for these moments

1989 man I popped out with a microphone and heart for tune that I heard on the  
Cd's and the radio kicking up any tune making trunks get to burning up  
Man I starting writing lyrics at 11 with a dream I'm a find my purpose, huh?  
Tryna come up with a feeling and lyrical rhythm like, "they ain't never heard of 'em"  
Christ popped out I got introduced for the first time it got personal  
For the first time in my lil comic book mind I was living and serving em  
I was so passionate, with the word of god but a fool in my clique  
You better be gracious given that word out, I'll be cool with that kid  
Brotha, canon had a mind like 9 millimeter going off given truth to the masses  
But he burned off relationships having no grace or no love he was passionate  
But I changed up, same brother that got trained up  
Coming from the bottom like I came up, my liberty's given no chains bro  
I'm sitting inside of my room letting my pen jot, when the ink drops  
I'm begging the lyric  
I inject, get em drugged like I'm making their skin pop, I've given up so many  
Intimate pieces of i, you better forget not, the journey of who I'm  
Becoming and hoping to travel, development can't stop, but canon's becoming a  
Problem, think he can not be solve and he's twitching and itching my ears  
My arms and legs are turning up often our lyrical pollen, so what do we  
Call em, let's take a note of his DNA, better be cautious  
Canon's a canon that's coming with no regard for targets I sense he's on the way...  
Now come along with me no matter the weight or the cost, I follow him, follow him with me  
Besides me winning there's nothing I worry to lose when knowing it's god within me  
Be cautious, loose canon's got more rounds than AK coming straight out of Compton waiting to come with that hit, I'm doc Dre  
My target ain't to be gaudy, the heart of the haughty gets humble I'm warning em, follow the  
Lucifer dawn of the morning or following the king and the shepherd th

e calling been talking and  
Hoping they're guarding and walking in confidence feeling the spirit,  
he's out with us  
Knowing the power can conquer the battle between the real enemy and w  
ho would follow him lord  
Jesus, I can't question no no can I pen no I can't touch this  
Sent his own died for sinners, had two sticks on him, count this bles  
sing  
What he got nailed upon with two sticks, like the number 11 he's cros  
sing  
Over, like my music, his word is more than a testament  
Yet in the essence, he died yes they beat him down in aggression  
So I stepped in the studio session with my bible, with this weapon  
With these lines with these segments, tell yo mamma yo aunt reverend  
We gon' kick this up this second no this gift must come unpleasant he  
drank the cup