

Cannon

Lil' Wayne

Howdy do motherfuckas, it's Weezy Baby
Niggaz bitchin' and I gotta tote the (Cannon)
Listen close, I got duct tape and rope
I leave you missing like the fucking O'bannons
One hand on my money, one hand on my buddy
That's the AK-47, make his neighborhood love me
Bullets like birds, you can hear them bitches humming
Don't make 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
And tell him catch up/ketchup like mayonnaise
Um, I'm the sickest nigga doing it, bet that baby
These other niggas dope, I'm wet crack baby
Yes, get back, get back boy, this a set back
Clumsy ass niggas slip and fall in to a death trap
Them boys pussy, born without a backbone
And if you strapped we can trade like the Dow Jones
Wet em up, I hope he got his towel on
I aim at the moon and get my howl on
Some niggaz cry wolf, I'm on that dry kush
And when it come to that paper I stack books
You heard what I said
I can put you on your feet or put some money on ya head
Life ain't cheap, you better off dead if you can't pay the fee
Shout out my nigga Fee
See every motherfucka at the door don't get a key
Ya outside lookin' in, so tell me what you see
It's about money, it's bigger than me
I tell my homies don't kill him, bring the nigga to me
Yeah, don't miss, you fucking with the hitman
Kidnap a nigga, make him feel like a kid again

Straight up, I ain't got no conversation for you
Nigga talk to the (Cannon)
Yeah, have a few words with the (Cannon)
Yeah, tell it to my motherfucking (Cannon)
Yeah, straight up, I ain't got no conversation for you
Nigga talk to the (Cannon)
Yeah, have a few words with the (Cannon)
Nigga tell it to my motherfucking (Cannon)

From Philly to where I'm landing I'm a (Cannon)
And I'm on that Philly fighting shit
And I come fully equipped
You trolley, get bodied, keep nina and shotty in the whip
If a nigga try to stick me I'ma blam him
Sing along now, di-di-dadi, I'm Free
Got the butters, got the green, he got the tan
Got the whole enchilada
Owe me dough, I'm inside of ya house
Tie up ya brother, make the prick call up ya mother
She might know where to find you
I am... on top of my job
The heavyweight champ of the flowas

Flow like the ocean, open water, ya drowning
I will... four-pound him, and sink him
Heat him then leave him stinking
Sharks surround him and eat him, nice to know him
I will... roll over your squad like I'm "One Punch" Carr
You chumps, you best call General Motors
I will... take control of your soldiers
You won't miss 'em 'til I toss em in the wok like chicken
General Tso/toast em, uh-oh!

I make it hard for rap niggaz, I'm peer pressure
Matter fact I'm motivation to rap better
I showed niggaz how to act, how to dress better
I stay fresh, more fitted caps than back catchers
I'm the crack, the smack, the gun, the rule
The gat, the strap, the gun, the tool
The motherfucking (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 Cannondale
And I got the 50-cal mag, its a handheld (Cannon)
I'm telling you niggaz, I pop, put a shell in you niggaz
My nice watch'll Helen Keller you niggaz
I got whores in the Canon camcorder bendar' over
Blowing 'ghan by the quarter
Weed odor in the Rover, nigga

Detriot Red gettin' change like them white folks
Dump it out the window of the Range with the rifle
Pain like a bitch like the first day of a cycle
You better scurry when I pull the (Cannon)
Tracks burn the streets like a truck do the gas
I love head and caressing a voluptuous ass
I ask ya baby mama is she up to the task
She like "Damn Red, it's bigger than (Cannon)"
My attire makes the ladies say ya man is too fly
Imported oils from Iran and Dubois
Get caught slipping 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 moving man, 'cause you if you get near
I'll say "get off my dick" and tell ya bitch to "come here"
'Cause you sweating me and my DJ Don (Cannon)

Legs spread far out, you know how I'm standing
Yeah 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 batter when they at the mound its gravy
Niggaz salty, I'm pepper, no Spinderella
Just a cigarillo, filled with Tropicana
Yeah, Vic found that lick now we not smoking no more regular
Keep ya mid-grade, I don't think you know no better
They love "In Da Trunk", now they wanna hear more shit
I play it modest like "nigga that's some of our old shit"
Got niggaz I aint never met wanting to fight me

Got hoes that's in love asking "why you dont like me?"
Bitch I'm married to the game and I love my wifey
Steppin' over competition, man I love these Nikes
Yeah, I'm hot, they fannin'
Niggaz try to 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 the data is off, ya info ain't valid
Artist of the century the competition ain't balanced
True/Tru like Master P and his two brothers
Don't call it incest but Juice the motherfucker
Like... ch'yea