

Cassidy Feat. Styles P "Pop That Cannon"

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Banger, let's go, man, Styles P, Cassidy
Full Surface, listen it's a rap for y'all

Look holmes, behave or get cut with ya own blade
The chrome raise, put ya guts on ya own leg
Nigga, I'm sicker then full blown AIDS
And my block got more rocks than the Stone Age

You been afraid, you sweet like homemade
Lemonade, if it's beef then the chrome blaze
You could make the newspaper, get ya own page
And make the news too, you know how my dudes do

We wear masks so you can't tell who's who
And for the cash we'll blast at you dudes too
With the lead pipe, so get ya head right
I'm in the Benz, rims spin at the red light

I'm comin' for cash, gun in the dash
And I'm on 21 and a half's for real cannon
I got my gat, I ain't walkin' without it
And I cock and clap, you just talkin' about it, nigga

Pop that cannon, pop that cannon
Pop that cannon, pop that cannon
It's whatever motherfuckers, I ain't scared
It's whatever motherfuckers, I ain't scared

So a, pop that cannon, pop that cannon
Pop that cannon, pop that cannon
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Niggaz is fly no and everybody livin' a lie now
But shit feel different with a gun in ya eyebrow
No fuckin' with the Holiday Styles kid
Blow with a ton of guns and he got a hell of a outbid

Like Cosby in the hood, I knock the gelatin out shit
Organs on the floor of the van 'cause you gotta show
These fagot motherfuckers that you more of a man
Y'all wanna fly like Mike, motherfuckers

So they won't find you or your Jordans again
Take a boss to be ordered the men, give them a call
If you don't have my money in 24 hours
Then the cocksucker won't see his daughter again

It's like the movie that you seen, I'm the star of the
screen
I got a roll for you to play, stand here
And take six to the face, I dug a hole for you today
Holiday Styles, killin' 20 soldiers in a day, what

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Aiyyo, I use to pitch nicks, now I spit rhymes
I'ma get mine, legit or the quick grind
Shit my whole clique, commit crimes
Did time, been on the strip and grip nines

But I swear to you motherfuckers
I got my gun right here, I ain't scared of you
motherfuckers
I'm a hustler, plus a check cutter
I stretch butter in got X, now that's gutter

I came for war, you know what them thangs is for
Slug make ya blood stain the floor
It ain't a game no more, niggaz gon' respect me
I grip gats that kick back like Jet Li

So don't test me or the boy S.P
'Cause I ain't tryin' to get no fuckin' blood on my fresh
tee
You don't impress me, stop that cannon
'Cause you could get rocked when I pop that cannon

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