

## **Kool G Rap "Cannon Fire"**

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[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 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

[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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[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

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