

Kool G. Rap And Dj Polo "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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