

Lil Wayne "Cannon"

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Howdy Do mutha fuckas it's weezy baby
Niggas bitchin and i gotta take the cannon
Listen close i got duct tape and rope
Ill leave you missin like tha fuckin ol balance
One hand on ma money, on hand on ma buddy
Thas tha AK47 made his neighborhood love me
Bullets like birds you can hear them bitches hummin
Don't let that bird shit, he got a weak stomach
Niggas kno im sick i don't spit i vomit
Got it?
One egg short of the omelette
Simon says, shoot a nigga in his thigh and leg
Then tell him catch up like mayonaisse
Im the sickest nigga doin it
Bet that baby
These other niggas kno im wet crack baby, yes
Get back get back boy it's a set back
Clumsy ass niggas slip and fall into a death trap
Them boys pussy, born without a back bone
And if you strapped we can trade like the dow jones
Wet him up, i hope he got his towel on
I aim at the moon, and get ma howl on
Some niggas cry wolf, im on that dry cush
And when it comes to that paper i stack books
You heard what i said
I can put you on your feet or put some money on your
head
Life aint cheap
You're better off dead if you can't pay the fee
Shoutout ma nigga fee
See every muthafucka at the door don't get a key
You outside lookin in, so tell me wut u see
Its about money it's bigger than me
I told ma homiess don't kill him bring tha nigga to me,
yes
Don't miss, you fuckin wit the hitmen
Kidnap a nigga make him feel like a kid again
[[[straight up, i aint got no conversation for ya
Nigga talk to the cannon
Have a few words wit tha cannon
Tell it to ma muthafuckin cannon]]]

From Philly to where im landin ima cannon
And im on that Philly fiya shit
Then i come fully equipped
You try me get ____ and shotti in the whip
If a nigga try to stick me ima blam him
Single on them _____ them ____ the butters got the
greedy got the ____ got the whole enchilada
Homie kno im inside of your house
Tie up your brother
Make the prick call up your mother she might kno
where to find you
I am on top of ma job
The heavyweight champ of the flow
Its flow like the ocean; open water you drownin
I will ____ drown em and sink em heat em and leave em
stinkin
Sharks surround em and eat em nice ____
Roll over ya squad like im a punch card
You chumps you best guard your ____
I will take control of your soldiers
You wont listen til i toss em in the wok like chicken
A yo
I make it hard for rap niggas im peer pressure
Matter fact im motivation to rap better
I show niggas how to act how to dress better
I stay fresh more fitted caps than bat catchers
Im the crack the smack the gun the rule the gat the
strap the gun the tool tha muthafuckin
Other words im 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
Niggas aint real as will cuz ima cannon
And i handle well pedal like ____
And i got the 50 cal mag it's a handheld
Im tellin you niggas i pop put a shell in you niggas
Ma nice watch'll helen keller you niggas
I got whores in the cannon camcorder bendin ova
Blowin gam by the quarter weed ____ nigga
Yea yea detroit red gettin change like them white folks
Dump it out the window of the range wit the right folk
Pain like a bitch the first day of her cycle
You betta scurry when i pull the cannon
Straps burn the streets like a truck through the gas
I love head and caressin a voluptuous ass
I ask your baby momma is she up to the task
She like damn red it's bigger than a cannon
Ma attire makes tha ladies say your man is too fly
Imported oils from iran and ____
Get caught slippin wit ya mans and you die
Where im from niggas be quick to squeeze the cannon

Detroit red always got some shit for ya ear
Show me love but keep it movin man cuz if you get near
Ill say get off ma dick and tell ya bitch to come here
Cuz you sweatin me and ma dj like
Legs spread far out, you kno how im standin
Yea im posted wit tha big homie cannon
I got niggas who don't like rap lovin our shit
We got niggas who was stuck on pac bumpin our shit
These niggas can't see me like i aint been around
lately
A good battle when they at the mound it's gravy
Niggas healthy im betta
No spinderella, just a cigerella, filled wit tropicana
Yea vic found that nigga and we aint smokin no more
regular
Keep ya midgrain i don't think you kno no betta
They lovin the trunk now they wanna hear mo shit
I play it modest like nigga thas summa our old shit
Got niggas i aint neva met wantin to fight me
Got hoes thas in love askin why you don't like me
Bitch im married to the game and i love ma wifey
Steppin ova competition man i love these nikes
Im hot, they fannin
Niggas tryna copy ma style like the
Don't try to compare im in a league of ma own
If i aint listed at tha top nigga tha stats is wrong
All ya data is off, ya info aint valid
Artist of the century the competition aint balanced
True like master p and his two brothers
Don't call it _____

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