

D-12

"Canon"

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[Verse 1: Swift]

A loose canon,
when they see the strap, they scatter
I got bitches busting out of their clothes like Bruce
Banner
I roll thick as Britannicas
, niggas push the panic button
Breathing harder than Darth Vader,
when I confront em
Stunting in front of your people? I treat that ass like
Evel Knievel
Crush every bone in your cerebral,
I drink liters when I see you
Don't give a fuck about who you is
I split on your people, you're loony,
gonna get Uzi-fed
You Can't touch this,
they pray that I will stop
My Glock have these hoes shaking like Michael J Fox
before we pop
, we smack heads
For that dope I find me a pipe to crack heads
Leave 'em bleedin' in the streets
And you can see me leaving the scene with bloody
cleats
You can follow these feet and meet me in the alley
There's no hiding
and I'mma creep you from behind like Bishop
And I ain't yelling Riverside
A lotta police died
I fucked up they stinging operation
By swarm in their ass like a beehive
I cause havoc, you can't stop it
I cock it,
and walk with caution tape in my back pocket
High off oxycotin vodka, And I'mma talk more shit
Than Andy Milanokis and knock me out a bouncer
I slam my counselor, can't talk me out of this massacre
And I be shootin' up his office with a Calico
[Verse 2: Fuzz Scoota]
Beef when I shucking and driving

They tucking the guns, we tucking the knives
And Bizarre snatchin' the keys like "Fuck it I'm Driving"
Jump on the sidewalk park on your kids
On Bizzy's nuts cause he's driving
Kuniva waving an empty 5k niggas ducking and hiding
Swift fucking that gay-ass 23 sounds so fucking
surprising
Wentworth, my niggas having discussions of diving
Party City, spend a couple of bucks on disguises
I'm so far away, to niggas I'm on the horizon,
network of shooters behind me like I fuck up Verizon
You bitches looking soft with your flyers and your
softer tires
Have your fingernails ripped off with pliers
Well off with tires, leave my initial exhaust with fires
Doing donuts on your block, nothing but the cost of
tires
Boss with fires, like I've been tossed in fire
For what will never be a task cause I shut shit down
On your block with the hammers like talk that fuck shit
now!
Got a kush habit, person who I fuck with pounds
Gun fetish, I fucks with rounds,
every bitch I fucks with's down
And for one hand, she suck dick now
She on some smut shit now, or met a boy with a nut
drip down
Ever since I was a young buck I kept money under the
matress
This Dr. Dre, is gonna to be another fucking stabber
This is what happens, this is a fucking chain reaction
(All Aboard!)
Bitch, you looking at the captain!
Come get this ass-kicking, Bizarre party high and join
the ass licking
I'm past trippin, never went to high school I was class
skippin'
G.O.A.T. slinger, new head-banger,
Wu-Tang member, 39th chamber
Sunni Muslim, out here living real foul
Pray 5 times a day, then eat a pig and a cow, WOW
Robber with no mask, broken arm with no cast
Oak Park High School, EP and Thad
Cold as ice, matter of fact, I'm too cool
Strangle you with an inner tube (uh.)
Check a nigga's oil like I work for Jiffy Lube (Stab a
nigga!)
Fuck a gun, bitch, I hit yo ass with a dart
And how much you owing, you ain't gonna have no
fucking heart (bitch!)
Drink water, be smart; Fuck Superman, be Clark!

The wild-ass animals, they coming after dark (hahaha!)
Return of the Dozen, motherfucker, part 2
2 middle fingers, and I'm sayin' "FUCK YOU!"
Gangbanging, we always down for a fight
And we throw them letters up quicker than fuckin'
Vanna White
Hennessy on Sprite, me and Tina no ice
(Bite a nigga's ear off) Bitch don't forget about Mike!
Yo, I'm down for my niggas
So die for me, no fakin' (un-uh)
And when it's on, the only question is whose car we
taking? (Let's go!)
That's called brotherhood, live from the east side
A murder fest is taking place, we ride when the G's ride
So off with your head, I leave you coughing up red fluid
I'll do it, police interfere then it's officer dead
I swear, let me hear you talk to the feds
And I'mma get your brother shanked for a carton of
squares
Break you down like the kilo
On your wedding day climb out from under the gazebo
Pull you out of your tuxedo
Drunk at the casino with some clean hoes and clean
clothes
With a pack of goons and every picture is the mean
pose (Yes ma'am)
Return of the Dozen, for thinking shit sweet
I'll put one in your muffin, right in front of your cousin
(oh shit!)
Tell your mom to stop wantin' my lovin'
Put a shot into a pregnant chick's stomach, put one in
her oven
I'll milk carton your little niece, yeah the bitch missin'
I'm dead wrong but you just dead, big difference!
Chunky rings on the finger leave a bunch of imprints
Body in the trunk stinkin', lightin' a bunch of incense
(ewww)
I see dead people like The Sixth Sense
They walk around alive and they don't even know
they're dead until the 5th hit (fuck!)
Nigga where them bitches at, pimp shit and bring the
bread
Meet me in the back room and tell your girl I need
some head (right now!)
You don't want a problem, street sweeper hit your
dingy ass
With the four fifths or greet him at the door with your
friendly ass
Now rockin' with a crazed nigga, stocking cap over the
face
Made nigga, K splitter, grave digger

Y'all a bunch of coochy-actin' bitches
Now the checks flyin'
The old G's will tell you, wet pussy is the best kind

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