

The Audition "Canon Groove"

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[Chorus:]

What's the size of them rims on that car nigga huh?
Can they see that chain from a far nigga huh?
Whatcha game be like?
Whatcha change be like?
So whatcha name be like?
Ma, it don't get more ghetto than this

Tell dem!!! Connect di dot yo
Dem mi friend dem ready fi hit di block yo
Those who try fi test yuh better mek since yuh better
know how
If not yo, then dem gonna lose all dem spot yo
Hail my friend and start collect di top doe
Now, with ease, takin over all territories
Please, don't come inna mi way when mi a squeeze
Mi shot can be heard from the West Indies
Smell di gun powder inna Jamaican breeze
Trees, smoke di pound by di keys
Ladies, nuff nuff like rice and peas
Top notch we top notch so tell dem nuh better stop
watch
Di way how we be clockin it makin these g's
Grindin it, yo, pickin up di pace double timin it
Yo, up inna your face definin it
Hey, better get your mind in it or else yuh ago get left
behind in it

[Chorus]

Yo, grindin it, yo, pickin up di pace double timin it
Hey, up inna your face definin it
Hey, better get your mind in it or else yuh ago get left
behind in it

Yo! Ah! Ah! People sell dem soul a for a slice of bread
Don't watch how man business may get eye turn red
Pay attention to like how easy man dead
It's ready been written man it's ready been said
Mi travel a thousand miles just to lick a guy head
Yuh might pick up teflon mixed with led
Don't get mi angry mon or neither fled

Nuff snitches a work for CIA and feds
We beat 'em badly and mek di whole a dem dead
And this di original di badily boom skegereg
Freestyle fanatic, stayin quietly in da attic
Spittin like a **** automatic

[Chorus X2]

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