

Dr. Dre F/ Group Therapy (B-Real, KRS-One, Nas, RB "Pop That Cannon"

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[Intro - Swizz Beatz]

Aooow! banger, let's go

(Swizz, man) Styles P

(Oh, y'all ain't know) Cassidy

Full Surface, listen it's a rap for y'all, whooo!

Whoo, whoo, whoo, whoo, whoo, whoo, whoo

Whoo, whoo, whoo, whoo, whoo, whoo, whoo, aoww!

[Verse 1 - Cassidy]

Look, homes behave, or get cut wit ya own blade

The chrome raise, put ya guts on ya own leg

Nigga I'm sicker then full-blown AIDS

And my block got more rocks, then the Stone Age

You been afraid, you sweet like homemade

Lemonade, if it's beef, then the chrome blaze

You could make the newspaper, get ya own page

And make the news too, you know how my dudes do

We wear masks so you can't tell, who's who

And for the cash, we'll blast at you dudes too

Wit the lead pipe, so get ya head right

I'm in the Benz, rims, spin at the red light

I'm comin for cash, gun in the dash

And I'm on 21 and a half's (for real cannon)

I got my gat, I ain't walkin without it

And I cock and clap, you just talkin about it, nigga

[Chorus - Cassidy] + (Swizz Beatz)

POP that cannon, POP that cannon

POP that cannon, POP that cannon

(It's whatever motherfuckas, I ain't scared)

(It's whatever motherfuckas, I ain't scared)

So a - POP that cannon, POP that cannon

POP that cannon, POP that cannon

(It's whatever motherfuckas, I ain't scared)

(It's whatever motherfuckas, I ain't scared)

[Verse 2 - Styles P.]

Niggaz is fly now, and everybody livin a lie now

But shit feel different wit a gun in ya eyebrow

No fuckin wit the Holiday Styles kid

Blow wit a ton of guns, and he got a hell of an outbid

Like Cosby in the hood, I knock the jellatin out shit
Organs on the floor of the van
Cause you gotta show these faggot motherfuckas, that
you more of a man
Y'all wanna fly like Mike... motherfuckas
So they won't find you, or your Jordans again
Take a boss to be ordered the men, give them a call
If you don't have my money, in 24 hours
Then the cocksucka won't see his daughter again
It's like the movie that you seen, I'm the star of the
screen
I got a roll for you to play... stand here
And take six to the face, I dug a hole for you today
Holiday Styles, killin 20 soldiers in a day, what

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Cassidy]

Ayo I use to pitch nicks, now I spit rhymes
I'ma get mine, legit, or the quick grind
Shit my whole clique commit crimes
Did time, been on the strip and grip nines
But I swear to you motherfuckas
I got my gun right here, I ain't scared of you
motherfuckas
I'm a hustler, plus a check cutter
I stretch butter, in {???} X, now that's gutter
I came for war, you know what them thangs is for
Slug make ya blood stain the floor
It ain't a game no more, niggaz gon' respect me
I grip gats, that kick back like Jet Li
So don't test me, or the boy S.P
Cause I ain't tryna get no fuckin blood, on my fresh tee
You don't impress me, STOP that cannon
Cause you could get ROCKED, when I POP that cannon

[Chorus]

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