

## Lil Wayne f/ Detroit Red, Freeway, Juice, Lupe Fiasco "Cannon"

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[Lil Wayne]

Howdy do motherfuckers it's Weezy baby  
Niggaz bitchin and I gotta toke the "Cannon"  
Listen close I got duct tape and rope  
I'll leave you missin like the fuckin O' Banas  
One hand on my money, one hand on my buddy  
That's that AK-47 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  
niggaz kno I'm 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 "ketch up" like mayonaisse

umm

I'm the sickest nigga doin it  
bet that baby  
These other niggaz dope I'm wet crack baby, yes  
get back get back boy its a set back  
clumsy ass niggaz 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 cha moon, and get my howl on  
Some niggaz cry wolf, I'm on that dry kush  
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 ain't cheap  
you're better off dead if you can't pay the fee  
Shoutout my nigga fee  
See every motherfucker at the door don't get a key  
you outside lookin in, so tell me what you see  
its about money its bigger than me  
I told my homies don't kill him bring the nigga to me,  
yea  
Don't miss, you fuckin wit the hitmen  
kidnap a nigga make him feel like a kid again

(Bridge) x2

Straight up, I ain't got no conversation for ya  
Nigga talk to the "Cannon"  
Have a few words wit the "Cannon"  
Tell it to my motherfuckin "Cannon"

[Freeway]

From Philly to where I'm landin ima "Cannon"  
And I'm on that Philly fightin shit  
Then I come fully equipped  
you try me get body and shotti in the whip  
if a nigga try to stick me ima blam him  
Single on them da da them and free got the butters

got the greedy got the chan got the whole enchilada  
Homie kno I'm 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 my job  
The heavyweight champ of the flow  
its flow like the ocean; open water you drownin  
I will four pound 'em

And sink 'em heat 'em and leave 'em stinkin  
Sharks surround 'em and eat 'em nice to know 'em  
I will

roll over ya squad like I'm a punch card  
you chumps you best call general motors  
I will take control of your soldiers  
you won't listen til I toss 'em in the wok like chicken

[Lupe Fiasco]

A yo

A yo  
I make it hard for rap niggaz I'm peer pressure  
matter fact I'm motivation to rap better  
I show niggaz how to act how to dress better  
I stay fresh more fitted caps than bat catchers  
I'm the crack

The smack

The gun the rule

The gat the strap

The gun the tool

Tha motherfuckin "Cannon"  
Other words I'm 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  
niggaz ain't real as will

cuz ima "Cannon"  
And I handle well pedal like cannon dell  
And I got the 50 cal mag its a handheld "Cannon"  
I'm tellin you niggaz

I pop put a shell in you niggaz  
ma nice watch'll helen keller you niggaz  
I got whores in the cannon camcorder bendin ova  
blowin gam by the quarter weed ova in the rover nigga  
(ha ha ha ha)

[Detroit Red]  
yea yea

Detroit red gettin change like them white folks  
Dump it out the window of the range wit the rifle  
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 its bigger than a "Cannon"  
ma attire makes the ladies say your man is too fly  
imported oils from Iran and Dubai  
get caught slippin wit ya mans and you die  
where I'm from niggaz be quick to squeeze the  
"Cannon"  
Detroit red always got some shit for ya ear  
Show me love but keep it movin man cause if you get  
near  
I'll say get off my dick and tell ya bitch to come here  
cuz you sweatin me and my DJ Todd "Cannon"

[Juice]  
legs spread far out, you kno how I'm standin  
yea I'm posted wit the big homie "Cannon"  
I got niggaz who don't like rap lovin our shit  
we got niggaz who was stuck on Pac bumpin our shit  
These niggaz can't see me like I ain't been around  
lately  
A good battle when they at the mound its gravy  
niggaz salty I'm Peppa

no spinderella, just a cigerella  
Filled wit tropicana  
yea Vic found that nigga and we ain't smokin no more  
regular  
keep ya midgrade I don't think you kno no betta  
They lovin the trunk now they wanna hear mo shit  
I play it modest like nigga thats some of our old shit  
got niggaz I ain't neva met wantin to fight me  
got hoes thats in love askin why you don't like me  
bitch I'm married to the game and I love my wifey  
Steppin ova competition man I love these Nikes  
I'm hot, they fannin  
niggaz tryna copy my style like the "Cannon"  
Don't try to compare I'm in a league of my own  
if I ain't listed at the top nigga the stats is wrong  
All ya data is off, ya info ain't valid  
Artist of the century the competition ain't balanced  
TRU like Master P and his two brothers  
Don't call it incest but "Juice" the motherfucker  
like...yea

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