

# Cannon Fire

Kool G Rap

Heyyo check it  
This goes out for all of the ones that's walkin' around here  
Out in the streets blindfolded  
Not knowin' what's really goin' on  
Nawimsayin?  
These streets is a habitat baby  
Word up  
Pito

In the garden of snakes, ain't no breaks, no mistakes  
Just games that's played at high stakes, the next guys wake  
Try ta fly strait, not violate if you wanna die late  
The tri-state, crime at a high rate, where peoples dilate  
Gun shots that make the block vibrate, it shook niggas migrate  
Some die by fate, yo niggas cry hate  
A fly facer get they thighs scraped  
And little PUS that's why raped  
A kid inside his gate get murdered by jake  
A young nigga try ta fly capes, and get caught on the FBI tape  
In verse of the State  
Lost the case and gotta fry date  
Ninety ninety eight, day of July eighth  
Some cats get ta stack the hot papes  
Live in the skyscrapes  
Go ta airline, buy flyin' states  
Where they can hibernate and operate  
Impregnate, so ???  
Other niggas will lay the power race, wit tre 8's  
Try to apply weight, and ready ta die staced off and dehydrate

Cannon fire light up the town  
I stand my ground and hold the fort down wit the forty pound  
You bust a round, I bust a round and lay your shorty down  
On enemy territory grounds ta fall me down  
Son how that sound?  
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It's like a time bomb you hit Vietnam ta Saigon  
Keep your mind calm, your nine on, me hard ta find harm  
Peep the crime dons rollin' wit ex-cons holdin' they out rons  
And teflons ta be streets flooded wit red ponds  
Like it was red dawn, bodies get found around without the heads on  
Judges set bonds that figures they know niggas is dead on  
What's left of death penalty facilities where niggas step on  
Wit those that blew trough, go get they body filled wit electrons  
The tec draws, the ones that live foul, they're leavin' wet moms  
Wit lead charms, put her ta bed wit her head drawn  
Killas wit red palms leavin' bodies cool as the dead fawns  
Caught in the dead wrong, found they way, ran into the feds arms  
Yo

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For steady cash flows, niggas'll blast you past the Astros  
Blow you like afros, the little fast hoes that last all the fast dough  
They splash foes, red as Tabasco, they lay your asshole where the grass grow  
Runnin' wit armies like they Castro  
Them Donny Brasco's get Johnny Doj around they last holes  
Keepin' em half froze, put in shiny boxes rockin' they last clothes  
The cash close inside your top pocket of stashed roast  
Body got found down on the back roads where all the trash blows  
And broken glass globes, the dip chicks slicker than gastro  
Who bag a slash blow and spot some top of the block hot as a gas stove  
That's Mastro's cats in the Astros  
Who ain't afraid ta let they gats go  
The paper dash bros lovin' the flash though  
And pass mo'  
Stash rolls, count em like math pros  
And crash low soda, PoPo's don't step all up in they path yo  
Them cats go, that's smack on the back burner, but keepin' the gas low  
When task rolls they snatch his ass mows, movin' too ass slow