

Pop That Cannon

Cassidy

Banger, let's go
Styles P, Cassidy
Full surface, listen
It's a rap for y'all
Look, homes behave, or get cut wit ya own blade
The chrome raise, put ya guts on ya own leg
Nigga I'm sick o' them full-blown AIDS
And my block got more rocks, than the stone age
You been afraid, you sweet like home made
Lemonade, if it's beef, then the chrome blaze
You could make the newspaper, with your 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
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
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 gelatin 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, 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
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Ayo I use to pitch niks, now I spit rhymes
I'm a 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, and got EX, 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
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It's whatever motherfuckas, I ain't scared
So a pop that Cannon, pop that Cannon
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