

# Loose Cannon

## Mike Chlasciak

(Intro): Please listen, as if you were sober and intelligent  
And not a drink-sodden, sex-addled wreckI got medical surgeons testin' my urine  
'Cause my shock value got me pissin' electrical currents and it's burnin'  
My pen is workin' overtime, so you go rewind, till you finally know the rhyme, run home and quote the line  
    'Bolic terrifies ciphers like al-Qaeda  
        And fire rockets like I'm inside the cockpit of a stealth fighter  
I compel writers to excel despite the fact my deal at Viper was like a cell at Riker's  
    My mic line through midian defines oblivion  
        Ahead of the time I'm livin' in, like the Prime Meridian  
            So why sign and get me in a worthless game where  
                Abel's gonna murder Cain for his personal gain  
                    When I can brainstorm a hurricane of purple rain  
                        Till it floods the Earth's terrain and bursts in flames  
                            The same person remains, but my purpose changed  
And it's worth the pain of hearin y'all curse my name (Fuck you)We let them hands go, we put our feet down  
    We give a damn, no, we give out beatdowns  
        So let yo fam go, you wanna blam, go  
'Cause we can land those, don't even stand closeI'm sittin on the edge I'm lethal  
    I'm afraid i might flex on people  
        Might box, might put you in a box  
If you want it, we can make it pop quick like "blaow"I got half a million rappers catchin' feelings  
    'Cause I'm mass appealin' like the Sistine Chapel ceiling, and the  
        Whole time y'all prayed Jesus comes  
            I was hearin' demons speak in tongues  
                Sayin' "Rob the preacher's son"  
            Too much Puerto Rican rum keeps me tipsy  
            I'm tryin' to keep my equilibrium like eatin' lithium, so  
                (What?) take the final edit I can inspire  
            Skeptics to get the fuck up like Simon said it, I got a  
                Street sign accepted line of credit  
            With more props for spittin' fire than pyrotechnics, and I  
Don't gotta drive a 6'5" Alexis for my CD to drop on more blocks than when you die in Tetris  
    Just as I expected, I'll get my poetic justice  
        When the cats who run the game are leavin' on a set of crutches  
            When they lay screamin' (Help me!) in the general public  
'Cause the metal rusted on their gun and backfired when it bustedWe let them hands go, we put our feet down  
    We give a damn, no, we give out beatdowns  
        So let yo fam go, you wanna blam, go  
'Cause we can land those, don't even stand closeI'm sittin on the edge I'm lethal

I'm afraid i might flex on people

Might box, might put you in a box

If you want it, we can make it pop quick like "blaow" I never claimed to be a gangsta, but I don't fire blanks

I'm just known for sayin' crazier shit than Tyra Banks, but

Celebrity stars leave us mentally scarred

So I came to save the game like a memory card, 'cause

Enemy squads just pretend to be hard,

Like their mic booths are surrounded by penitentiary bars, and

Whenever they rhyme, they get federally charged

They're the Mafia and thieves chill wherever they are

I don't believe them, it simply isn't feasible to heat yo pool

Can cease a wolf from turnin' you little sheep to wool, I'm a

Loose cannon with Duran's hands of stone

I leave swagger foreman right in the heart to stand alone

It's like cancer-prone DNA strands were cloned

And gene spliced with victims from Ground Zero's landin' zone

But I'm no hero, I'm a bastard like my parents boned,

Had a one-night stand and Pops wouldn't answer the phone

I'll fight till I'm jammin' bones with my knuckles breakin'

So fuck yo mother, I'll punch yo motherfuckin' face in

I'll punch yo face in to make a motherfuckin' statement

That I love the underground, I grew up in my mother's basement We let them hands go, we put our feet down

We give a damn, no, we give out beatdowns

So let yo fam go, you wanna blam, go

'Cause we can land those, don't even stand close I'm sittin on the edge I'm lethal

I'm afraid i might flex on people

Might box, might put you in a box

If you want it, we can make it pop quick like "blaow"

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