

# Cannon

Asher Roth

DJ CANNON:

Holla At Me!ASHER ROTH:

Yo, Cannon!

What would this mixtape be, if I didn't get on the one beat

That everybody gets on? (DRAMATIC!)

You know I had to, dog...You know the world's gone mad

When blacks wear plaid

And Mariah has married Nick Can-non

Or when a boy from the burbs

Has the nerves to converge

On a mixtape with DJ Cannon? (The CANNON!)You know the world's gone mad

When blacks wear plaid

And Mariah has married Nick Can-non

Or when a boy from the burbs

Has the nerves to converge

On a mixtape with DJ Cannon?DJ CANNON:

Alright... Now if you really feel like that, Keep going!

I don't know what else to tell you, Go in!ASHER ROTH:

Yo, Cannon!

What would this mixtape be, if I didn't get on the one beat

That everybody gets on? (I don't know, homie!)

You know I had to, dog... (STEPS BACK!)You know the world's gone mad

When blacks wear plaid

And Mariah has married Nick Can-non (GET EM!)

Or when a boy from the burbs

Has the nerves to converge

On a mixtape with DJ Cannon? (CANNON!)Aww, God Damn-it,

That's the last straw, can't stand it

You all must be reprimanded

Spank that fan-ny, Man-ny

So uncanny, Ginobli flow left-handedYes, I am a fan of Da-kota Fanning,

and I Am Sam, out-standing!

My Sean Penn-manship is fan-cy,

yeah, my rhe-to-ric is dan-dy

I circumvent my words (TRENDSETTER!)

And vent for the burbs,

I have emerged Ad Ven-ti,

Dos aos, vamos, pronto, let's go,

Her lip gloss tastes like can-dyGot more jazz than Jerry Sloan,

Pizzazz and swagg alone,  
I have a bigger head than that of Barry Bonds;  
Y'all eat scraps, I eat (SALMON!)  
With fresh fruit, covered in (DANNON!)  
If Da Boy had a boy with Brad Pitt in Troy,  
Then out from the loins, I'd be born;  
If Jason Bourne was to record and join forces with Zack Morris,  
They'd form my performance Beats and rhymes fornicate, form greatness,  
Like, "Let's face it...He's so amazing!"  
Yeah, with Lasiks, he still can't ace my eye exam,  
Naw, man, let's try again;  
I've got lungs like Iron Man,  
I hit the bong, while you must extend your dia-phragm  
But, let's get higher, man;  
I gotta a brand new strand that I got out in Ire-land  
from a wild, frantic Irish-man,  
Who said his name was (SHANNON!) Higgins, Killians, and a pint of Guinness,  
and I ain't gon stop 'till I'm finished;  
'Till I learn Yiddish, or find a little kid who likes spinach  
Can't nobody beat me in Quidditch  
Not any widditch, spidditch, wits, I'm sick wit' it,  
Riddi-dick, my spit game is vicious This is  
Never did shit for my im-age;  
College kid is where I found my niche, SNITCH!  
Tell the whole world I'm the shit, Un-  
Tell the whole world on my dick, then  
Hell yeah, word, I'll be rich, and  
I'll buy the whole world Sega Genesis  
Spittin' lint to come,  
Hell yeah, I got a (CANNON!)  
See me on the streets, take a pick with yo' cannon  
Then get it lami-nated, frame it, save it,  
cuz in a couple days, I'll be famous Then you can say, Holy Shit, there he is! That's the kid!  
I forget what his name is...starts with an 'A', ends with a 'Sher'.  
Bringing hip-hop into the burbs

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