Fire And Brimstone

Link Wray

I don't give a fuck about you, you, her
That bitch, that nigga, ya'll, them
Pussy clot laws dripping out ya'll trim
'Bout to fill ya cup up to the rim with brimstone
Fuck yo Grammy
Stick the bell part up ya ass call ya mammy
I don't need ya love muthafucka god damn he
Critics wanna slam me
Put me in a jam till I come back with the jammy
Blaow, knock your whole car window out till ya eyes white out bitch lights out
Got you dead on arrival at your service on Saturday your whole family carry bibles
Got the whole building nervous, they turn around see me walk up in the service
I wrote your eulogy on toilet paper, right out in the rain
Niggas got nerve, well I'm your novacane
This is fire and brimstone
Kill you with fire and brimstone, uh
This is fire and brimstone, uh
I'm a Mercedes man, a late 80's man
I guess you could call me the perennial ladies man
Got some really rich friends and they all really like me cause I really pitch trims
Sometimes when I'm bored I kick it with dumb folk
They all really hate me like rottening egg yolks
I love to rub it in because I'm not a proper fit for your world of bullshit
You miserable mutt minds flawed by design

You'll never have the temperament to experiment with the benevolent
You're irrelevant, it should be your job to shovel shit
You need to cultivate and develop it
Get in the manure business and
sell a bit
I'm a precious stone, wrapped in parchment paper
shootin' meister jager
A dignitary, you're a lowly begger
Why don't you pull your plug you stupid nigga
If you're steering wheel is not wrapped in wood then you don't have the touch
So you will never feel it cause you denigrate too much
Who are you to judge, who are you to critique, who are you to falsify my presence
I am unique so you can keep your $20 you ain't gotta buy my CD
muthafucka not a problem

That's why I'm a recluse, not the one you set loose
Muthafuckas in this game use my name to get juice
Say it, David Blake, a maven, amazing
B-b-brighter than the forest when it's blazing
Asteroid, past the void, keep it pushing, that a boy
Gotta get it hotter than oven cooking, that's a joy
For these last four bars I take it easy
But you still a muthafucka and your cheesy
Don't trust your memory
Write down what you feel about me
If yo head ain't rocking back and and forth then doubt me

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