

Fire And Brimstone

DJ Quik

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 rotting 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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