

# 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

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>