

# Fire & Brimstone

K.A.A.N.

7:30 in the morning  
Light from the dawn hits the cracks of his eyes  
Who will rise in a world that he hates and despise  
To reside in the side of a town where the colors  
That you wear might get a nigga lynched boy  
Fill that motherfucking bench boy  
That's the pain of the game  
And the bullet that came from the frame of the weapon that was built for the  
automatic kill  
The trickling blood spilt  
To load it up to the top  
And captivate till it pop  
Seen your prey drop in the center of the street  
Nigga died for the motherfucking shoes on his feet  
All stemmed from the beef that occurred last week  
An altercation with niggas he had never even seen  
Didn't see the bullet coming so he never had a chance  
A head on collision that ended a young life  
He seen him in the morning  
Nigga never got involved with the guns or the drugs  
Or the bitches or the cars  
He was living with a cost  
But paid the ultimate cost  
A feeling he had lost  
But praying over the body  
But the soul been gone  
Just another victim of the Willie Lynch syndrome  
Let me put you on game  
Take a minute to explain  
I'ma take you to the British West Indies  
Slave trade when a man with a speech came in with a thought that confused al  
l blacks  
That's a motherfucking fact  
With a page full of hate  
Ideas they could take to control all slaves  
Even to this fucking day  
And that should leave you amazed  
The fact we influenced by a motherfucking man from the 1700's  
I'ma try to be exact with the stats I relate  
Please pay attention to the words that a nigga say  
Before a Jim Crow law  
Willie Lynch had evolved  
The diabolical scheme  
That he had seen in a dream  
The friction between race  
The pigmentation of faith  
Light-skinned, dark-skinned, the old against young  
That's enough to make ya nauseous  
Dividing and they conquer  
Killin' the subconscious  
A manifesto  
Full of nothing but some nonsense  
Same thought pattern that I'm seeing on the constant  
America's to blame for this young black conflict  
Take away they confidence and turn 'em into convicts  
Hm... Huh  
We're livin' in disparity

And all I pray for is clarity  
To find peace of mind yeah that's a rarity  
And I'm dropping knowledge but that's sparingly  
And that thought of death does not scaring me  
I said like a G you better bury me  
I said like a G you better bury me  
And when I'm dead and gone will you remember me  
And when I'm dead and gone will you remember me  
And on my grave pour a little bit of Hennessy  
I said I give a picture for this men to see  
And I'm suicidal don't envy me  
And I'm suicidal don't envy me  
And I'm suicidal don't envy me  
Crazy how his life came to a halt  
From the bullet he had caught  
His younger brother had saw  
He had died in his arms  
They're ringin' him no alarm  
For causin' a nigga harm  
Conversation with his mom  
She would try and keep him calm  
And tell him "remain strong"  
But his brain gone off on a whole 'nother tangent  
Causin' a nigga pain for he has manifested  
The hatred he held inside has now festered  
Bubbled and boiled over  
Turnin' that kid colder  
Lookin' for the motherfucker that took his older brother  
Got a pistol in the drawer  
With the automatic pump  
To blast on him and dump  
When he saw the nigga run  
He would pull the trigger more  
The body hittin' the floor  
The gun let off a roar  
Like a Vietnam tour  
It's the same old sound, from the same old war  
Two black men dead, and what was it all for?  
That's the same bullshit your favorite rapper would endorse  
The hatred of one another and I'm givin' you the source  
The genocide of a people that treat it like it's a sport  
And since they're currently on they're hardly keepin' afford  
I know I'm goin' to Hell, for the way I'm livin' is wrong  
Mind, body and soul, Fire and Brimstone  
Mind, body and soul, Fire and Brimstone  
Mind. body and soul, Fire and Brimstone