

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
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