

# Brimstone (feat. Big K.R.I.T.)

## Rick Ross

Hey dog, we always been self made men you feel me?  
So you know what I'm sayin', Ross could stand on his own you feel me?  
So just keep goin' dog hit that billionaire status.  
And you know when I get there dog, you know what I'm sayin', we're gonna sit back and eat  
fish dinners.  
No crab meat, you know what I mean? I say lord, lord lord lord lord  
I pray I don't be here  
When it all goes down, when it all goes down  
I say lord, lord lord lord lord  
I pray I don't be here  
When it all goes down, when it all goes down  
There'll be hard times, and then song  
Fire, and brimstones  
Devil world from which you came  
I pray that God will know my name  
There'll be hard times, and then songs  
Fire, and brimstones  
Devil world from which you came  
I pray that God will know my name  
I say lord, lord lord lord lord  
Lord lord lord lord  
I remember hard times always found a way to smile  
It was quiet, Christmas time, no pretty lights around the house  
They told me I was loud, didn't fit into they crowd  
Mama need a spouse, Daddy always in and out  
Age 15 so the caged bird sings  
One year later seen a straight bird clean  
All glitters ain't gold  
These evil niggas prayin' for your soul  
Walkin' through the fire, Hell on God's green Earth  
Take a seat, close your eyes, bow your head, say chuch Lord, lord lord lord lord  
I pray I don't be here  
When it all goes down, when it all goes down  
There'll be hard times, and then songs  
Fire, and brimstones  
Devil world from which you came  
I pray that God will know my name  
I say lord, lord lord lord lord  
Lord lord lord lord  
I'm sittin' in the trap and now done did it with the best  
Pull a double shift its time to get your boy some rest  
Money on my mind, alcohol on my breath

On the road to riches as I stumble every step  
 Gold on my arm, gold on my neck  
 But whats in my heart I will cherish till the death  
 Same rainy days, but things never change  
 Prayin' to my maker just to take away this pain  
 Walkin' through the fire, Hell on God's green Earth  
 Take a seat, close your eyes, bow your head, say chuchI say lord, lord lord lord lord  
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I say lord, lord lord lord lordAnd I'd love to see that movie man, I know your only gonna get bigger. You know so, when y'all see me in the pictures on the yacht though, when I'm lookin' at the pictures on the yacht and I'm seein' my homies on yachts that they own you know what I mean? Its like okay, this what the movies been about from day one. You know a lot of times people misinterpret it, as far as the Carol City Cartel, the [?] and think it was just violence. It wasn't never about violence, it was all about survival and gettin' that position. So now, you know this the platform we had to use - this call is from a federal prison - now dudes get in position and we love that position because we love to win. And we gonna continue to win, as long as we breathin'. You know what I'm sayin'? And our kids gon' win, and they kids gon' win because this what its bout'. You know what I mean? So you already know fam, the big homie, its just, you know what I'm sayin', a product of his environment who used his environment to get in position and if a person don't like that then they don't like success dog. Because, you know, we ain't gon' never stop. You know, and thats what I like about Rick Ross and all his music - beep beep - picture with words. Tell everybody I send my love man, and Carol City [?] for live dog. Carol City Cartel too, you hear me?

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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