Rest In Peace

Big Daddy Kane

[preacher]
Dearly beloved, we are gathered here today
For this somber occasion
Please join us in the mourning of this u-47
It was a great microphone in it's day
Until it met it's fate
One evening while it was in the studio
It was struck by the lyrical force of the big daddy kane
So ashes to ashes, and dust to dust
May this microphone, rest, in peace..[big daddy kane]
Knock knock, guess who? yes, ooh
The bigger the b, the iggah the i,
The jigga the g is comin through
Yes I'm the one with clout, they're all talkin bout
To be frank, I have the flavor like sauerkraut
The microphone assassinator and furthermore
I murdered plenty rappers and believe that I'll murder more
So if you ask to give the kane a go
You better treat me like drugs, and just say no
Because I utilize my skills to brutilize
And in a battle, man you should see what I do to guys
Whenever the mic's mine, I'll rock a hype rhyme
And come off, like dirty panties at nighttime
Cause any mic that I caress, I finesse
With zest, and just bless, best yet to progress
King asiatic, no other rapper stands this
You couldn't be a king if you played hockey in los angeles
I gets pi-daid, top gri-dade, gotta admit ey
Point blank, the kid's stri-daight
Cause when it comes to r-a-p-p-i-n, huh
I got it locked up like a bullpen"may you rest in peace" -> 3x
"if this meaning doesn't manifest, put it to rest!" -> krs-one[big daddy kane]
Rappers I get em and hit em and slit em and split em and rid em
Acquit em, when I get wit em, you can tell that I did em
I take em and shake em and bake em and ache em and break em
And rake em, you can't awake em from the comatose way I make em
Cause when you're messin with me -- you know what?
You can swallow a live grenade and you still won't blow up!
Pickin up the microphone you shouldn't dare

It's like bein on a stairmaster, climbin and goin nowhere
You're perpetratin like you're ready and able
But couldn't rock a show, if the stage was a cradle
Your rhymes are old as an artifact, and you don't want no part of that
So don't even start it black
Anyone riffin I show them how I'm livin
And give them some of that treatment like my man michael bivins
I smack em up, flip em and then shove em down
Huh, oh i-ah-ah-i-ah-i-ah-i don't be fuckin around
To rip this microphone like this today
Since eighty-seven I came a long, long way
To headlinin, all the way from supportin..
.. and I know you've been watchin me norton!
Through my whole rap career, a lot of young, huh,
Rappers sat there, and listened, a lot of young, huh,
Rappers sat there, and wishin.. but..
You couldn't see the kane with x-ray vision
And just because you didn't see my crew for a few
A lot of people thought the wolfpack was through
But if you think the kane and scoob and scrap'll breakup
I tell you like marvin gaye, "wake up.. wake up.. wake up.."
Put it to rest, it's best to 'fess
Because the kane is breakin rappers like the irs
And consider this microphone the deceased
Now may it rest in peace

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