

# Rest in Peace

## SWAGmusic

Rest in peace to the innocent children who were shot in the back  
Running from the military, Junta hot on their tracks  
For the love that why their uncle packs a bomb in their bags  
What the fuck, you'd do the same with no options in hand  
So stop with the wack raps you illiterate stale  
Horse shit, you just a piss in the gale force winds  
Battling me like I have to start busting for you  
I'm like a suspect package, I got nothing to prove  
Fuck it, I'll serve you straight from the kitchen  
And kill your fly shit like Norman Bates with a pigeon  
Listen. I'm deaf and blind to your fallacy war  
Like a land mine child victim all bandaged and sore  
Damage and break you down until your spirit is vanquished  
Like traditional ownership does to indigenous factions  
It's more than just black and white, like racism  
Cause the face of hate appears when you face the mirror  
This more than people starving to eat  
Cause food for thought is running short in this marketed scene  
It's hard to believe when you feel like smashing the mirror  
But Charlie Chimp will pick you up like an angry gorilla

Yeah I'm back in that pattern  
I sit up late with a spliff and wait for the magic to happen  
Just for rapping wack you're catchin a slappin  
I'll put you under pressure like a pilot with cracks in his cabin  
Have another shot, see if you can take this spot  
I'm a play strategically and take everything you got  
Ciecmate! Game over, now you know the deal  
Here with my bro's and we're pro's in our chosen fields  
Standing tall like a wall to wall, public letter blockbuster  
Got a lust for life, plus a lot of love for those I trust with my life  
I'm a live my life like I like on any given night and anything else isn't right  
Time's ticking by, time's making changes, time's turning friends into strangers  
I'm trying to find what the aim is, but time's limited  
I've gotta make payments and for everyone, everyday it's the same shit  
Big brother wants us all to put it in a statement  
But it's built on lies like the Bush administration  
The media be feeding ya and we just believe it huh?  
Behind the curtain men are getting greedier

We need to peel the curtain back and hurt em bad  
And then spread the wealth around to all those who've been getting held down  
Can I get some help now? Or can I get a hell yeah?  
I'm saying this for everybody's welfare

"Now, may these MC's rest in peace"  
"Rest in peace"  
[Big Daddy Kane:] "may these MC's rest in peace  
Because when I come to town, the population decrease"

Rest in peace, two thousand and six shit changes quickly  
Def to all man so I'm trained in lip read  
Pick me like a gypsy picking a pocket  
Depict me like David Hicks holding that rocket  
A mix breed of Scottish and a modern day Australia's  
Home but Mundine treats us like an alien, no  
Man fuck that  
Singing Waltzing Matilda with my rucksack  
Cut back on the ego, leave rap to the albino  
Rip you quicker than teeth wrapped around a T-bone  
See know evil speech insightful  
Solid gold heat like Hussein's rifle  
I'm spiteful, only loyal if it's like that  
Starve man's best friend, he's gonna bite back  
What, it's just the way that it is  
Dig your grave like letting Michael J. play with your kids  
I can't live in this world full of rock heads  
Finding a good one like finding the Loch Ness  
Monster, and not Kody Scott  
But down for my team and known what I got  
When it's my shot, take it never look back  
Or ever make it, dedicated to my fate a known gladiator  
Yeah your favourite, I run with wind  
Pauly Poltergeist and the Brothers Grimm, yeah you know me

Rest in peace bottom feeders, the scourge of the earth  
Proof God doesn't need us, from fetus to birth  
First. my mums didn't plan me, so meet plan b  
The worker bee, Ron Burgundy where the pants be  
Quite a big deal, 90 something kilo  
Aim for the best but got Shaq at the free throw  
Overweight. Shit I can't hold a job but I can hold a steak  
Wash it down with a bunch of brown bottles  
Plutonic made it for snake charmers  
The bass bang harder than face planting in chain armour

Heavy metal, hammers banging the hang over  
In my headspace, until it's dead weight  
Until the next day, return of the Jedi  
Sun up to sun down, return of the red eye  
Dr Jekyl, Mr Trials  
Mean me on on the beat be the recipe for rest in peace

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