Rest In Peace

Jim Johnston

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 Burgendy 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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