

## Rest In Peace

Big Daddy Kane

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

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 asassinator 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 brutalize  
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-daïd, top gri-dade, gotta admit ey  
Point blank, the kid's stri-daïght  
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  
If this meaning doesn't manifest, put it to rest!

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 stair master, 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

May you rest in peace  
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