

## **The National Anthem of Holland**

### **"Rest In Piss"**

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Sabes que Conejo, none of these motherfuckers can  
fuck with us homey  
All the camaradas gotta bang homey  
I ain't tripping carnal  
I'm have to start making examples out of these vatos

I set sail on your bitch ass with my armada  
A pack of barracudas that'll settle for nada  
Cataclysm, you get cardiac arrest  
Cuz I exploit your righteous till the bitch give head  
Antidote, for the anxiety I build  
The capacity of pain, the genocide surreal  
Day break brings another atrocity  
Bullets knock you off your feet from the fucking  
velocity  
Finger-printed, gateway to the system  
I see holograms of my mother at distance  
Too many cadavers, I said I gaze in gloom  
I get a glimpse of the past to hesitate your doom  
High fidelity through my ghetto plaster  
I shove a bayonet through your back you bastard  
Your screams loco echo my dreams  
Deadlocked in my brain for the world to see

[Chorus]

Vatos claim that they're hard but they ain't hard as me  
Cuz if I get to spitting there will be no peace  
Just murders, all across the land  
Flying bullets never miss, you can rest in piss  
Vatos claiming that they feel much pain like me  
But they ain't never been to jail or met the streets like  
me  
Just murders, and today you'll hang  
Rest In Peace motherfucker, cuz you're less of a man

Sub-machine guns, I put my foot on the throttle  
Thunder bold rhymes, take a swig of the bottle  
Rigamortis, I said I desimate them all  
Just a vato from the ghetto with a dream to ball  
I'm a rider and I serenade the streets  
Let the rotweillers loose on the pin of the beat

From childbirth I was consumed with game  
I was trained for combat, initiated with gangs  
Barbaric, ese I ain't submissive  
Anybody wanna cross me it's a head-on collision  
Conspire, I'll make your ass retire  
Bitch ass raps get caught in the crossfire  
Pay the ransom, homey don't make a move  
Cuz I recruited motherfuckers that got nothing to lose  
Keep them coming and I'll tax that ass  
You wanna brawl with some gangsters, we're gonna  
clip that ass

[Chorus]

I'm in the back of the shack where the cobwebs deep  
Where if I commit a crime I can rest in sleep  
I drop a neutron bomb on your nursery rhymes  
Crimson be the color of my dripping blood  
It's an epic tale, obsolete be the coke  
I officiate the omen that you weaklings want  
Yes I'm jagged, I crack a case of Coronas  
And ese gets to banging, puts you vatos in comas  
Now we read every page of my journal  
My optum on the plot makes the onslide eternal  
Octagon, eight sides to my fury  
I'm a fallen angel and my face is dirty  
Clock work, I be combining components  
I'm erratic to the point that the feds be knowing  
Overnight I had them hooked on crack  
These bitches got no edicate, they lay on their backs  
In my juke-box I play them cemetery tunes  
Obliterate your son, leave you dope fiends in blues  
I raise the octave to increase the pain  
I'll put a bone crushing shank through your jugular vein

[Chorus]

You get a hunder CC's of this china white pure  
I got a bad, bad temper  
Trucha para la jura homey  
Let's get the fuck out of here

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