

Big Tymers, Juvenile, Lil' Wayne, B.G.

"Island I'm From Part II"

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CHORUS [D-Shade]

The island I'm from is on my mind forever more
But yo we make it sure to shake the Earth's floor
And we be flying through your aerospace like meteors
Land deep within the core of the 514
The island I'm from is on my mind forever more
But yo we make it sure to shake the Earth's floor
And we be flying through your aerospace like meteors
Land deep within the core of the 514

(Where do I begin)

[D-Shade]

Constantly I'm marching with the light infantry
To bless the 514 with this hip-hop ministry
Watch me unfold these scrolls and scriptures I
compose
Powerful spells and flows, I'm making demons
decompose
It's case closed, we making moves to escalate
'Cause if we stagnate, that's when the snakes
contaminate
Disciples ??? defeating shape shifting vipers
By moving through time and space like them cats from
Sliders
Montreal islander residing in the N.D.G. camp
Keeps knocking out the opponents like the champ Otis
Grant
As well as sprinting on tracks like Bruny Surin
You'll be in a whole heap of trouble when my wheels
start turning
I got to reach my goals, that's why I'm kind of restless
And why cowboys are armed with Krylon cans in Texas
We got some doors open, now it's time for some action
'Cause cats on the island be going platinum from
rapping
Ain't nothing happening if there ain't no interaction
Gotta see the whole picture, instead of just a fraction
Mr. Len Sosa and the universal soldier
I know I bless all city districts when my mic's out of the
holster

CHORUS

[Revolution]

Floating on the island like Bally
We twisting up your mics from Greenland to Cali
We dope with the flows and dope with the prose
If you F with D-Shade, he bent your mic like broken
nose
Now you're in the undertow and rip tides
To pull you aside, jacking to feel the beat ride
Similak is on the track, watch you back black
Them suckers who fronted, why do you always have to
act wack
The remix is harder than Scare Dem
When Storm drops the needle rewind like rob again
It's Sunday in the park, Giroaurd, I'm fricken hard
You should never bite this without the use of polyguard
>From Prud'homme to Walkley, don't even talk to me
And if you ain't down with D.G. I'll wipe you like
squeegee
Crush your whole intellect, down for the count
I live past Vendome, don't even try to call this
Westmount
I don't really want to dis nobody
But how you gonna test an N.D.G. block party
I got a microphone aimed at a hood rat
It ain't about where you're from, it's where ya at

"don't step up if you want to get hurt" (scratched
several times)

"bring it on if you think you can hang" (scratched)

"don't step up if you want to get hurt" (scratched)

CHORUS

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