

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

"The Island I'm From"

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[D-Shade]

Every Mont Real area, in sterea
Uh ha, uh ha, for every Mont Real area
Every area, universal on the globe ya know

Constantly I'm making moves with my committee
Y'all know the vocal infantry that's marching through
your intercity
To crush down every reptile that aren't so agile
They're more like fragile
Living the fradulent lifestyle
The domicile, NDG, base of operation
Complete steps of creation with Choice and hit
locations
Far and wide to make our status universal
Drop the grammar like a hammer
This kid's nice with the verbal
>From bouroughs internal, to international circles
This army's cornal (sp) keeping it heated like thermal
We official to the gristle
Forget the artificial
We hitting tracks with the impact of a scud missile
I'm often travelling from Sutton Square to Madison
To catch my feet through acts and talking about plans
of actions
I stay lean off of Caribbean cuisine
>From Rainbow, two doors down from the land of
green
Dem cowbys from Texas bring their forces to the east
side
Hook up on Saturday, we took it on the real ride
That's how we come together on some common
ground
I'm sending love to Burgundy
Uptown and all around

{Chorus:D-Shade}

Keep all the real heads close
And all suckers on the run
Illuminate like the sun from the island I'm from
Keep all the real heads close

And all the suckers on the run
Illuminate liek the sun from the island I'm from

[Revolution]

Welcome to the Island, or sector
We're sweeter than nectar
Large like a million hectre
The location is North West hemisphere
Where the parties in the 80s had them swinging off
chandilers
It's NDG, far from Fantasy Island
After Big Break '92 (what happened?)
A lot of crews fell silent
When troops used to sport click suits and Bally boots
I had black Nike socks and air shocks inside my travel
foxes
For soccer games and the pool at Giraurd Park
Or tossing horseshoes with the dreads until it got dark
>From Prud'Homme to Grand, back to Elmherst
All those suckers who fronted
It must have hurt to have your realm burst
The whole world is closing in like tunnel vision
The numbers of MCs keeps steadily dimishing
Run through crews like ink through silk screen
The bomb is like napalm
Go get some burn cream
Stay calm, no need to pull your gun out
The SOC will bring the funks out to run about
So when you're done with that like attitude
Go back to the island you're from, show some
gratitude.

{Chorus X3}

[D-Shade] (Revolution)

Mad shout-out to all the crews that are supporting that
hip-hop out there
Wreck Hard Crew (what up, what up), Tactical Crew
(yeah)
Obscure Disorder (yeah), all the mad DJs out there
(bulding with the ?)
No doubt, hip-hop universal forever more

{Scratching til fad}

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