

Shades Apart

"Shine"

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Featuring Mr. Len

[INTRO: Mr. Len (in a reggae/dance hall style)]
Eh Eh. What you teaching? Professional speaking
What dem leaking?
Em boy de dis?????? you know say es sosa
I'm Bots Dynasty running C.M. Family
Digi digi you don't say digi what what
Watch dis

CHORUS: Mr. Len
Me tell dem long time
Where done and you go rise
Ooooooh now tink about dat
Me tell ya long time
Where done and you go rise
Shades of Culture brethren
Come y'all fee shine

[D-Shade]
Yo, my action's action packed like the Shaolin versus
the Lama
I'm droppin on your fake persona like a bomber
Who keeping focus. I'm being highly explosive
And folks should know this before they test what I
composes
When we bring it live, I'm sure the peeps will see the
light
And some would swear I came outta mom-dukes
holding a mic
Professional, rub you out with the script in freestyle
To build a strong foundation, before I'm old and senile
Don't touch that dial, you need to lock onto these
frequencies
React like killer bees when in the face of enemies
Keep playing the fool, after school you're like the
Sensai
With 1200 technics like my DJ
Embark on missions with the verbal ammunition
I'm closing in on your position to blow up your sound
system

Darker Shade, Revolu, DJ Storm and Mr. Len
Make dem weak, sour cheeks so they never come
again
'Cause y'all know how we do when we pick up these
mics and broadcast it
Hit the hip-hop mass with the vocal blast
Now bless this mother's child to never have to pack a
nine
And with these rhyme designs, I'm about to light it up
like daytime

CHORUS

[Revolution]
When I get my mic on, you know it's time to party
Throwing suckers in the crowd with their necks bent up
oddy
I hardly ever leave the set breaking a sweat
I'm leaving crews with blues from lyrics I haven't even
used yet
Bet. Strictly laid back on the playback
Vocals sound crisp running through the Pat Sajak (?)
Paybacks, fifty times harder when I carter(?)
Rise and nerve endings, you're rap career's ending
This day and age exposed to all types of cancer
Like the Renaissance you're still searching for the
answers
Like a preying mantis, MCs whose only plan is...
Find the Shades Of Culture, but we hidden like Atlantis
Handle this, I'm like a candle to you mandibles
The mic melts down and the drips burn your finger tips
Now your rapper's in charge when we bomb hard
Air waves and wave caps, you lose pluck a new card
Boom bap, beats like Kris Parker
Produced by DJ Choice and my partner be the Darker
I mark up subways with the marker or a pen
Storm is flipping records, bring the chorus Mr. Len

CHORUS

[Revolution]
Yo, what up kid?
I heard you're back from your jail bid
Spent time in for rhymin' on a beat that Choice did
Now I see you and I see you committed purgery, no
time for home surgery
You called the rhythmn, your own and got indited
Extradited, you couldn't find time to write it
So why claim fame, find your own name
Get a phat producer and you can join the rap game
[D-Shade]

You best to realize vocally we exercise
With the verbal calisthenics aimed directly at your third
eye
Initialize contact with beats that break your back
Some get hooked on this, fools get hooked on crack
Me not like that, that's why I strike back like the Empire
On the mics we generating heat like forest fires
To clearly understand, you need to dig deep like you
was mining
No blitz or eclipse will ever keep this son from shining.

CHORUS

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