

## **Kahn**

### **"Shine"**

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[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 its 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 (?)

Playbacks, 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 rhyming 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 calithetics 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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