

The Island

Dope D.O.D.

Jay : Im on a higher level / nigga come and test the
double barrel / Heavy metal / heading
for your chest / I even shoot the shadow /Put the pedal
to the floor / carcrash / make
you rattle / Put a rapper on my Island / Nah, he will
never settle / Im gettin' sentementle
/ see I'm just a tiny fellow / trying to make a living
off of niggaz that you cant handle
/ I got the power plus the energy to manhandle /
Controlpanels that I operate with bad
bengals / Hit a nigga on his bad ankels / cause I be
livin'on the hillside / my skill is too
mad / trangle / twist bones I be Kurt Angle / Cause I
got Saxons and Anglos waiting to
dismantle!

Jay Chorus : So who is curious / Who wanna see us bust
light like luminous / The crew of
the dualists / 1, 2, 3, now check how Im screwing it.

Jay: Im aggravated cut a nigga up and marinade m /
everybody livin'on the Island I just
gotta hate m / Hell, Im the son of Satan livin'like an
ancient pagan / The way I break
m the way I shake m / more than breathtakin' / My head
achin'when niggaz here start
collaborating / Gotta make a statement with the wrench
and start renovating / Elevatin' /
penetratin' / Governments like Secret agents / Sarah
Palin / Ima shoot the first prick that
start hatin' / Start sprayin'like on Columbine I got no
patience / nor appreciation for the
ones who think they're innovatin' / legislating / see
I'm trouble like illegal Haitiens / Dope
D.o.D. here for maintenance!

Skits: I feel the sun without shades and lotion / livin
on a rock in the middle of the ocean /
dancing with my ancient brethren / protectors of the
sacred treasure / On the attack quick,
leaping through branches / after the pack chews pieces
of cactus / for the enhancement,
increasing our senses / rocking a necklace with teeth
of a dragons / I'm chief of the tribe
that frightens the cowards / running the Island from my
ivory towers / Mana powers, I
swim with the sharks / Tats of headhunts, where my skin
has been marked / Venomous
darts, deployed to our units / we dip em in frogs with
poisonous fluids / skin a man's
scalp, toying with humans / I heard they from "far" Im
ignoring the rumors....

Skits Chorus: So who wanna die tonight? Who's gonna
escape without using a guiding
light / the duo of dynamite, 1,2,3, feel the wrath of
the silent type...

Skits: No where to run...every dart we shoot is fatal /
some get kept alive, to get thrown
into vulcano's / hear the lava bubble as we pull ya
through the jungle / diseases enter

open wounds during heavy struggle / I drag ya to the
middle of the village with a cleaver
clutched / makin wifey watch as I chop her partners
penis off / the place where ferox
meets cannibal holocaust / the terrible stuff Cannibal
Ox would bust / A cross of such,
seems propostarous / but trust the gods, D.O.D. Got
that touch... / (Indigenous lyricists)
on the rocks... / The Island belongs to us....