

Strong Island

Rakim

One two..

Yeah.. uhh.. yeah..

''Rough enough to break New York from Long Island'' -> My Melody

Yeah it's the God baby..

Long Island's own..

barbarian of the microphone..

''Rough enough to break New York from Long Island'' -> My Melody

It's for y'all niggaz

And the streets just a couple of miles East of Mecca

Where peeps touch nuttin but style heat and cheddar

Compete witcha livelihood to eat better

And ain't nuttin sweet but the ladies who speak wetta

With a torn smile, tryin to get my song on file

It's on now, the whole town done gone wild

Kick rhymes off my heartbeat as a unborn child

Then developed a strong style on Long Isle

Won't be long now, I started rhymin young

I designed for fun, knowin my time would come

I started, payin dues DJin with crews

Learnin the inner city rules, conveyin the news

Soon as the jam start the man's art'll jam parks

Slam so hard it remains a landmark

The rhyme that I'm stylin, smooth as a violin

but ''Rough enough to break New York from Long Island'' -> My Melody

Like any G.O.D., loose on a spree for new degrees

Things to do and see until nuttin is new to me

A true MC usually be into a breeze

And I can still see New York City through the trees

My advance slams put you outside lookin in

or the other way around, that depends, look again

Took a pen so you could zero in on my book of gems

It extends from the Hamptons to Brook-lyn

Through every hoodie in town, to learn the Boogie Down

til every DJ around, wanted to put me down

Rhymes got rougher til I was ready to blast off

and harass all from Suffolk County to Nassau

where we keep the money pilin, keep the honies smilin

Keep the heater just in case kids start whylin

The rhyme that I'm stylin, smooth as a violin

''Rough enough to break New York from Long Island'' -> My Melody

{*DJ cuts and scratches ''Rough enough to break New York from Long Island''*}

}

{*DJ cuts and scratches ''Rough enough to break New York from Long Island''*}

}

Grew up in Wyndanch, formerly known as Crime-Danch

Me and my mans we travel lands to find jams

where violence usually ends in sirens

By all means, we all fiend for finance

We make cash on the street called straight path

We take class, build with the Gods with great math

Everyday true to the street, and never fronted

Along the way, learned from the best that ever done it

Bein exposed to life's highs and lows
Got my flows ready for shows, I'm ready for the pros
I put it on a tape and then the city I tested
Then on the radio the R's requested
Now the whole world's whylin, all the girls smilin
You know, it's on, soon as they let the crowd in
The rhyme that I'm stylin, smooth as a violin
'Rough enough to break New York from Long Island' -> My Melody

Word up.. I wanna give a big up to Long Island.. stompin grounds.. f'real
{*DJ cuts and scratches ''Rough enough to break New York from Long Island''*}
}
Crime-Danch.. one love baby.. word up..
{*DJ cuts and scratches ''Rough enough to break New York from Long Island''*}
}
I wanna give a crazy shout out to all the DJ's back in the day
who used to let me smoke they microphones, yaknahmean?
Big up to DJ Maniac, DJ Teddy Tuff, and DJ Cool Breeze