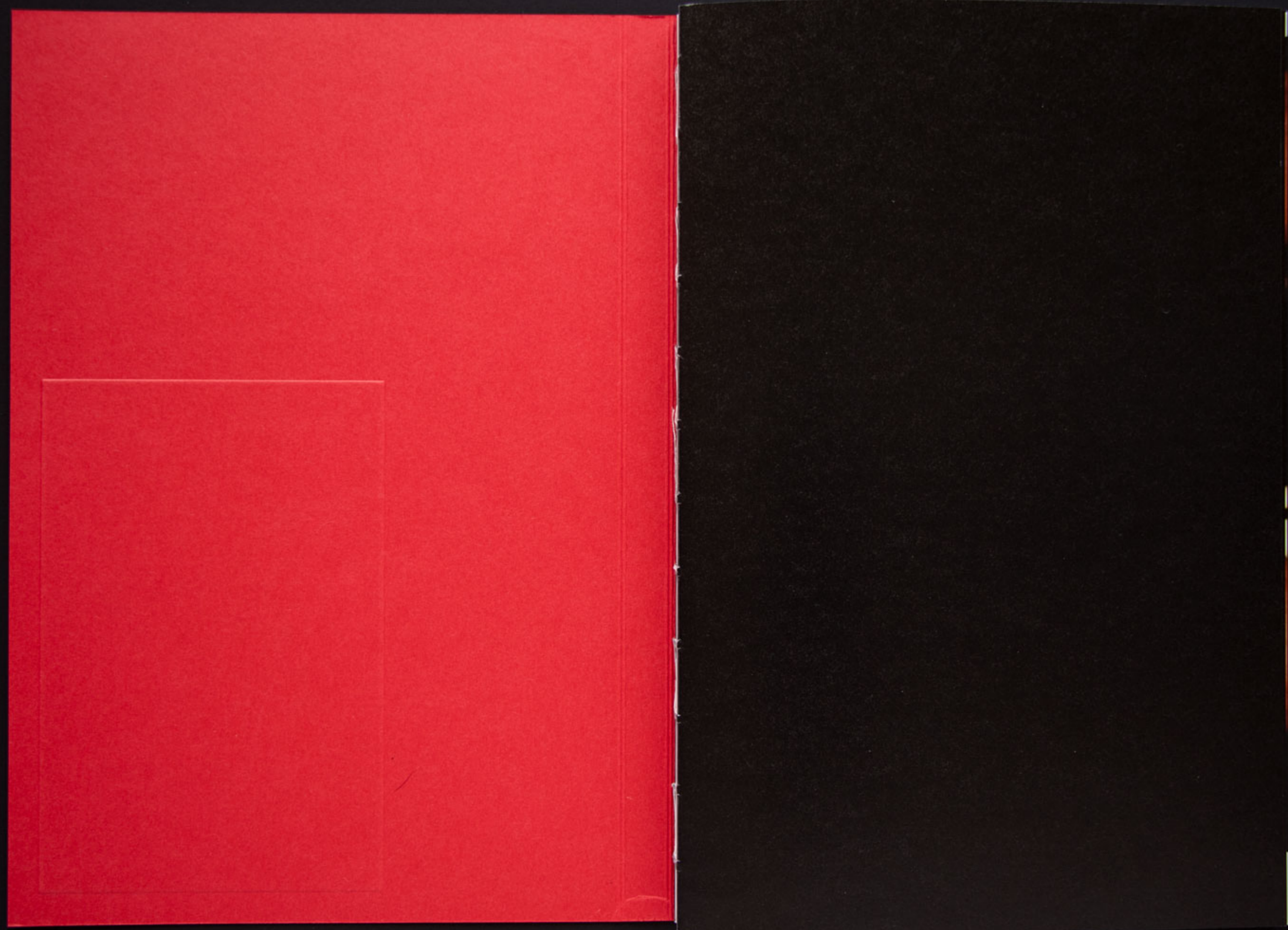


Get Nuff Nuff Data

Vol.1 GERMAN
IRAKI





Get Nuff Nuff Data

Vol. 1

German Iraki

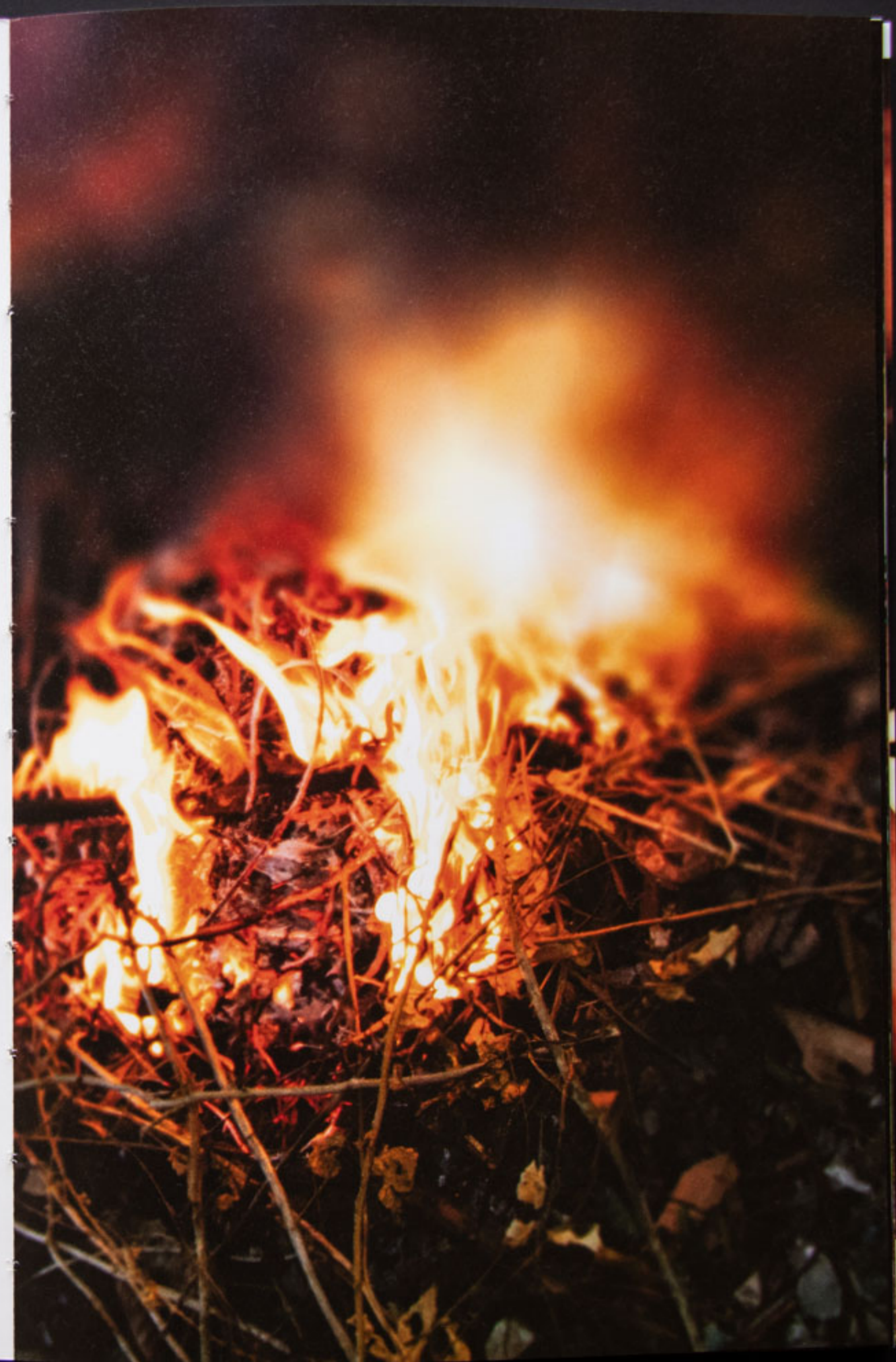


Introduction

What does the German Iraki have to do with Jamaica?
'Get Nuff Nuff Data' is named after a IGB internet plan sold by a Caribbean cellular company. The name resonated with me, as it articulates a trust in the intuitive work of assembly. The collection of footage as a method of processing the many experiences of a journey.

One question that kept emerging throughout the work on this book was: *What does the German Iraki have to do with Jamaica?* I have chosen a name that is a tribute to my bloodline, yet I am dedicated to the investigation of a land that seems so far from my own heritage. What is the significance and the insignificance of our cultural roots?

The journey to Jamaica emphasized the necessity for positive movements, towards a human connection based on the simplicity of our being. The cultural differences remind me of how similar we are. This book is dedicated to the simple lines that connect us, each individual story is a universal one.





This symbol
signifies that there
is an unprintable
side to the story.

Follow the numbers
alongside the
symbol to see/
hear/download
the matching
unprintable
segments.
Welcome to Get
Nuff Nuff Data.



getnuffnuffdata.com/unpd001
pass: Growstrong







Story of Arrival

Little shiny undefined pieces, scattered in the ocean waters around the Island, reflecting sharp sun rays into our little round windows. We are on a perfect level, seeing everything from above and identifying ourselves with the land that lies under us. As long as I am at that altitude, I can't be a stranger, I see it all in broad detail. But what are those shiny pieces floating in the sea?

Out on the street, a dense, humid heatwave presses down. I am faced with the challenge of finding the only Jamaican in Jamaica that I know. I am happy to be lost for that moment, dependent on a link formed by mutual interest, manifested on Instagram.

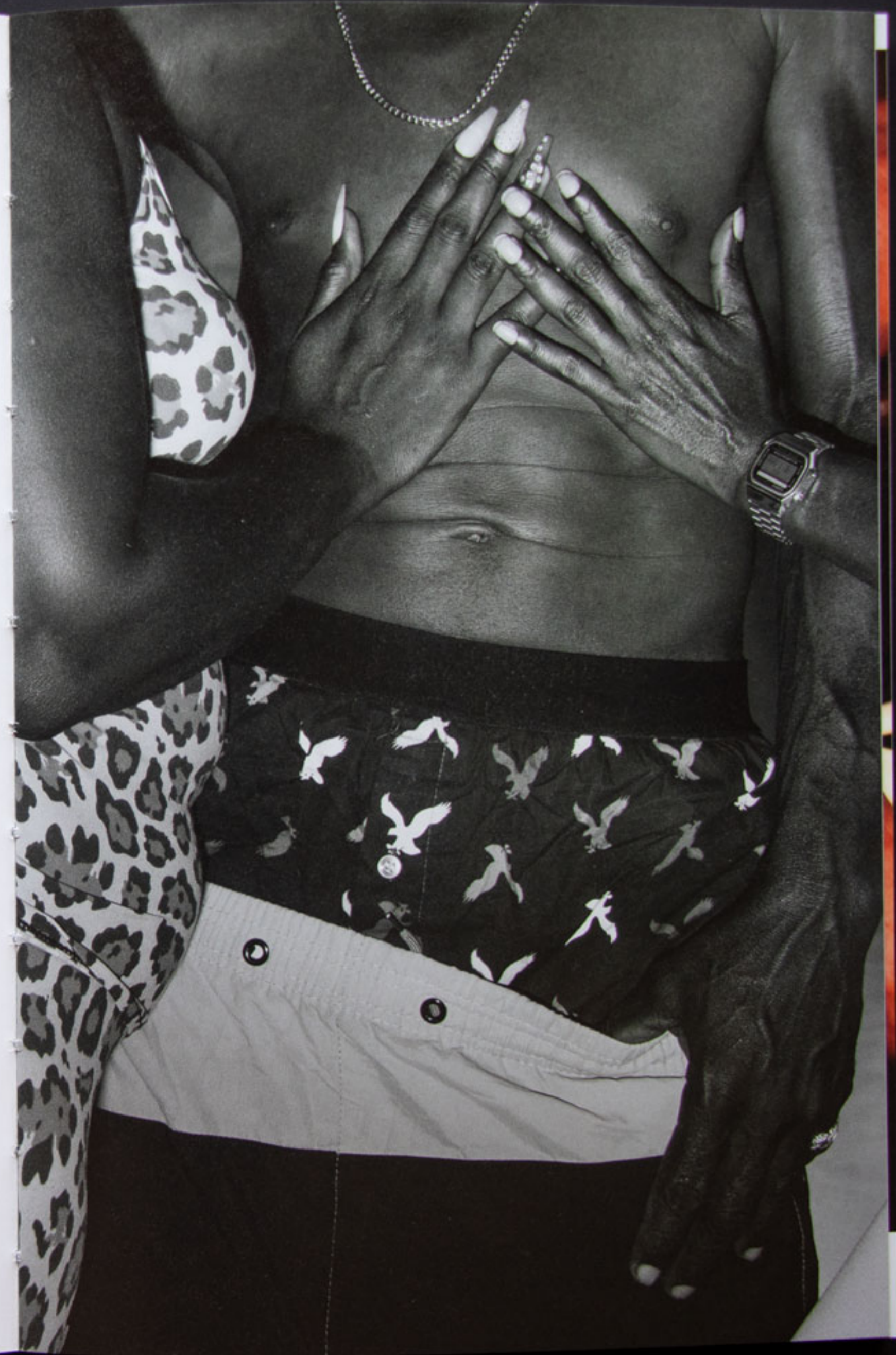
A few minutes go by till I catch a busty white car parked on the street side. A big dark-skinned man is leaning against the car, looking at me. White Tee, short jeans, and flip-flops, red roses in blue night sky ornate socks, thin elegant dreads are tied up neatly to the back of his head. The man recognises me and calls me over. A woman with red and black dreadlock extensions, and a short summer outfit comes out of the car. We greet each other with big smiles, load up the luggage, and drive out.

Warm winds. I'm sitting in the back with the windows rolled down, smoking a cigarette. I Jahbar is driving, Darkchild is sitting next to him, mixing weed and tobacco in the palm of her hand. The radio is hissing out distorted reggae sounds, often cut by the voice of a radio host. The sun has crossed the mountains, leaving a bluish light, spreading out on all things. The rugged car takes us up the highway near the sea line, some factories stand up high on the shores. We are headed into the green mountains, so it seems. I feel protected riding in the back between those two.

German Iraki









A Little Prayer

transcribed



'J~A~H~H~H~H RASTAFARI!'

The air flowers fast and cool through the hole in the mountain.

Vocals bounce off the stone walls, filling up the tunnel with our presence.

'Bless ancestors!

Gone but not forgotten,

Your hand, that you use and your chisel will never go in vain

We are here to do a little of the mission

So allow us, and give us blessings from the most high'

He turns to me and says:

'This place was built by our ancestors.

They carve this path where the train comes through with
their bare hands.

So, when I see stuff like this, there must be a warmth
coming to my heart.

They are gone but not forgotten,

our African ancestors,

and other nations ancestors.

It don't matter where you're from,

for we were all enslaved

by the greedy and wicked man.

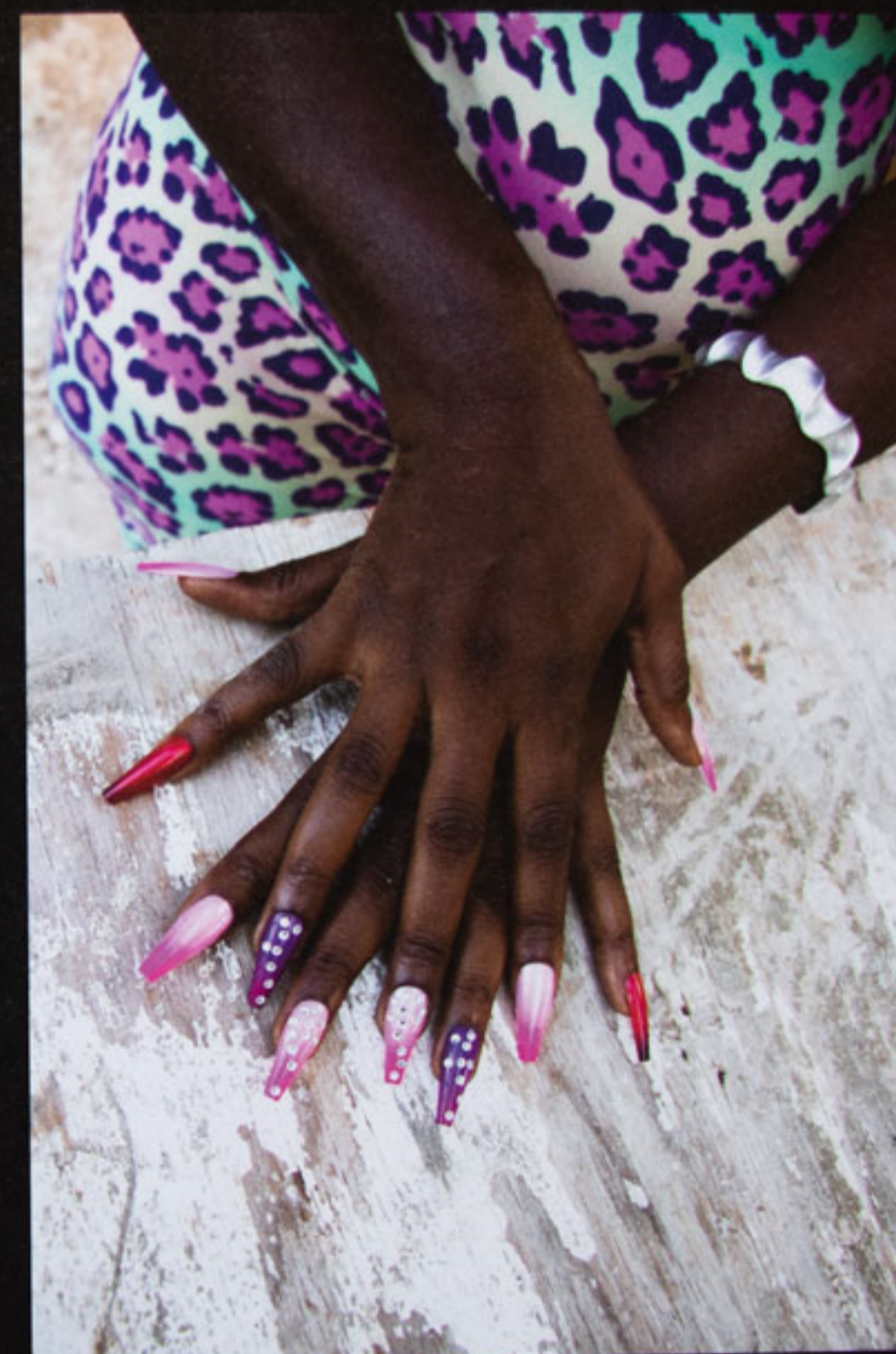
MISTA TEK N NAH WA GIVE BAK.

Meaning, he that takes everything and gives back nothing.

So, I like this place, It's like being at home.'

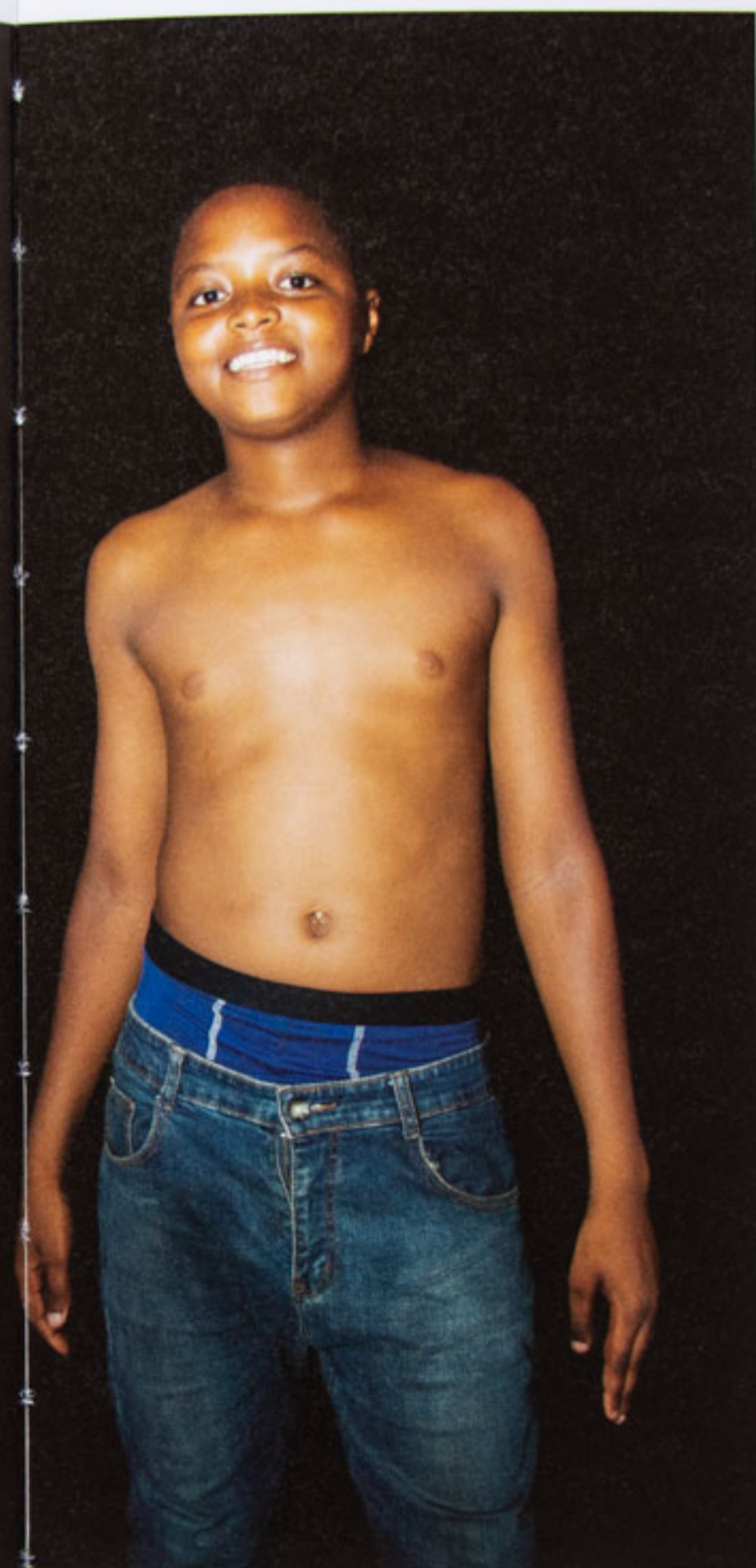
















He Gave Me a Song

transcribed

"When I was 8 years old, there was a little community thing where some people from Kingston came down to my district, Westmoreland and have a deejay competition named "HOT VIBZ". In that competition, there were mostly big men, like, bigger men than me at that time. That was the first competition I won with my deejay skills.

That day... I never have no song that day. I know you guys know about Bounty Killa, there was something wrong with his foot that time. Next door to where I lived, there was a man, a doctor or physician worker you would call him in Jamaica. So, I was always coming out of my yard and I see this person [Bounty] sitting under the Ackee tree next door. He used to always come out with a walking stick and sit down under that tree. He was there with that Physician, trying to get better in the herbal way, you know? Many people wouldn't think it's him if I say so, but I know now that it was him.

Each time I come out of my house, I see him sitting under that Ackee tree, and he's always asking me, "go buy a Pepsi for me", cuz him love Pepsi. So that night, at like 02:00 in the morning I saw him in the yard under the tree. I approached him, and I tell him that I was going to a Clash, and he said, if I keep buying Pepsi for him, he will give me a song. And he write a song for me that night. I can't figure out that song, that song never come out of my brain. It goes something like:

I Jahbar

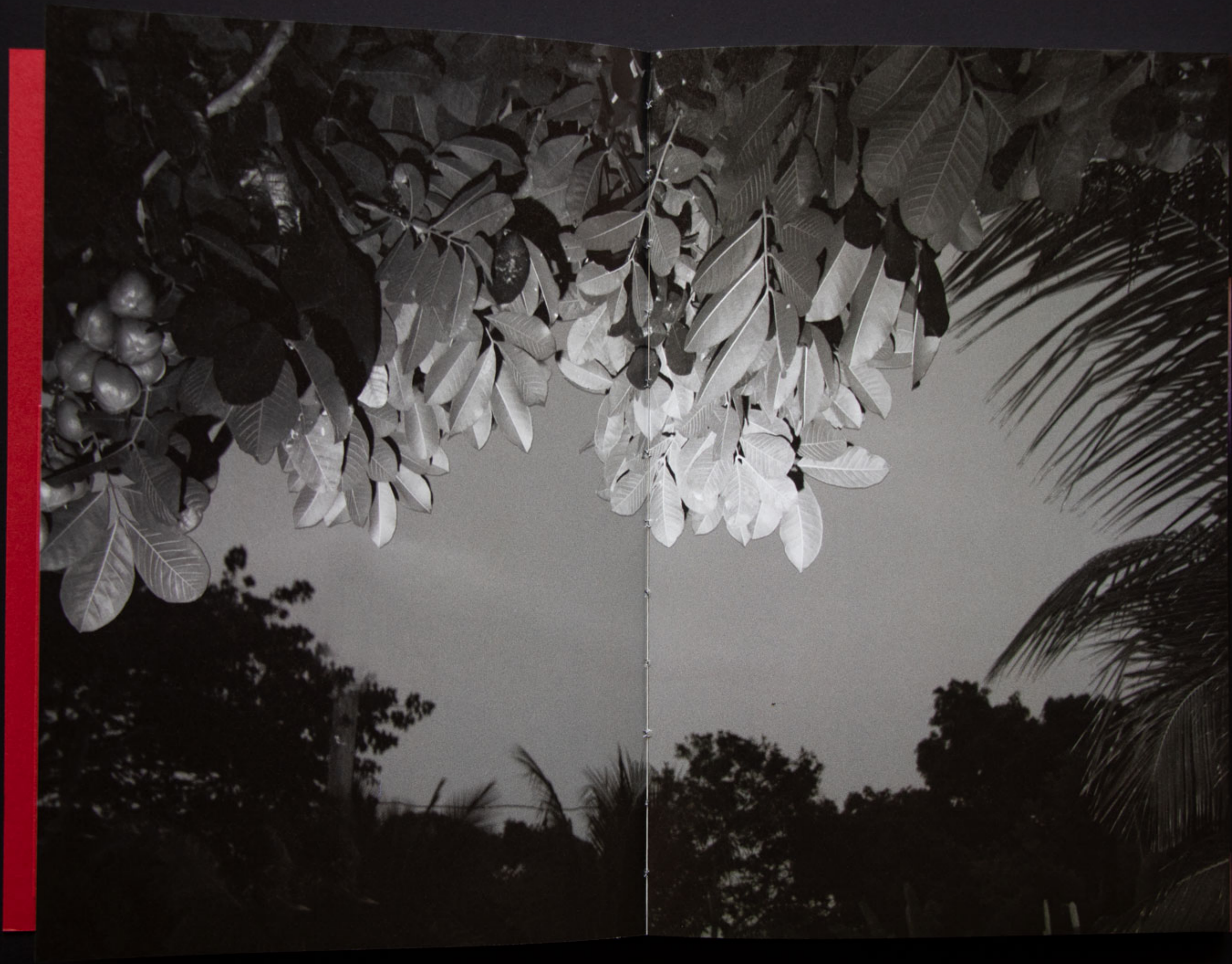
“Action pop man
no lips service
them have some little fool
a flip a pan flip
you diss I Jah...

Aaa no, that time I wasn't called I Jahbar, it was Jack Skunks, so we say:

You diss Jack Skunks
you diss the wrong deejay
yah boy life
it gone pan display
It's not a hundred meters
either relay
ever see mi gun
them call judgment day
Kill an informa...”

You know? That is the song I study, that he give me that night. And I study it right through. All night. You nah mean? Many persons wouldn't think it was him, but I know what I saw. So he write that song for me and I go out there and I win that competition. There was a box of beer, as a trophy, but they say I was too small to get it. I bring home the beer but I didn't get none of it, you know what I mean? It was a nice song, I use it and mash up the whole place at 8 years old.'









Ancient Entertainment

Alexander West was looking as sharp as ever, rocking a fully militant beige suit, Rasta coloured strings hanging from his shoulders, his hands adorned with big gold rings. That older Rasta kept impressing me with the freshness of his style. He greeted me, and I could feel some excitement in his voice. We were at his home, standing on a beautiful hillside, right by the forest. That was the location for Alexander's very first music video shoot, which I was there to produce alongside I Jahbar.

A little curious boy in a green shirt with the writing 'Jamaica' on it was sitting at the entrance of Alexander's little hut, watching us closely. The boy was gonna play the role of 'Tony' in the video. Acting out Alexander's lyrics, Tony was gonna sneak into his grandmother's kitchen, eat up the fish, and break her most beloved souvenir dish. The important role of the granny was yet to be cast and Alexander left to go around the village, looking for volunteers. The day was hot and I Jah [I Jahbar] sent the little Tony boy to get us some water from the shop down the hill. The boy returned quite fast, carrying a bunch of little plastic water bags with the word 'WATA' printed on them. Two new guys came along, and sat down on a rock nearby, joking, smoking, and sipping rum. Me and I Jah were on a mission, ready to work, but held back by the lack of a granny. Soon enough Alexander came back, joined by a happy-looking older lady in a pink cozy dress. A cherry-patterned scarf wrapped around her head and a golden cross hung around her neck. We'd got ourselves a wonderful granny!

After giving Tony and granny some vague explanation of the script, we picked up the empty water plastic bags that everyone had just thrown on the ground; and we were ready to start the shoot. The sky was filled with clouds and the sun kept disappearing and reappearing, changing the light conditions, and making it hard to set up a camera. Our portable speaker kept beeping with exhaustion, begging us to be recharged and cutting out the playback music of Alexander's 'Granny Grenade'. Soon, rain started to fall.

German Iraki



We all huddled up in Alexander's little hut, which was exactly big enough for the double bed that was in it and another half a meter, to get in and out of it. From inside, I could see how the walls were improvised from all sorts of materials. A piece of carton that covered a large part of the wall caught my attention. On it was a printed image of two white ladies, dancing around in joy, advertising a portable speaker. I thought that the picture was probably taken in the days when our playback speaker was still young and energized. When he still had it in him to hype up a party. The hut was at its full capacity with Me, I Jah, Alexander, Tony, Country, Fully Brave, and the two tag-along men who loved their rum. Or was it our rum?

One of them grabbed a grater and a long knife, I'm not sure where from, and started to scrape the knife against the old piece of metal, proudly jumping around to his self-made rhythm. An eternal naughty smile on his lips and a pair of sharp black eyes that seemed to be the only part of him completely unaffected by the rum. Rocking back and forth in a Mesh Marina tank top and a little blue sparkling earring. A cigarette that he didn't bother to light up was hanging from his mouth, causing him to mumble. Granny shouted from the back of the hut: 'Rhythm up! Rhythm up!' And the metallic pulse increased in volume right away. Granny started to sing and roast, little Tony in her lap and a rum cup in her hand. Everybody cheered in surprise and the energy in the hut rose instantly.

'Oooo you so nice, oooooo you
so nice, oooo you so nice...

a deep cheerful hoarse voice filled the room, Riddim man hopped around happily and I Jahbar moved his shoulder back and forth, as if out of control. Alexander was sitting on the bed next to granny, just watching his guests calmly with a smoky spliff between his fingers. Laughter, high fives, I Jah shouting out 'MURDA! MURDA! MURDA!' (the highest Jamaican compliment).

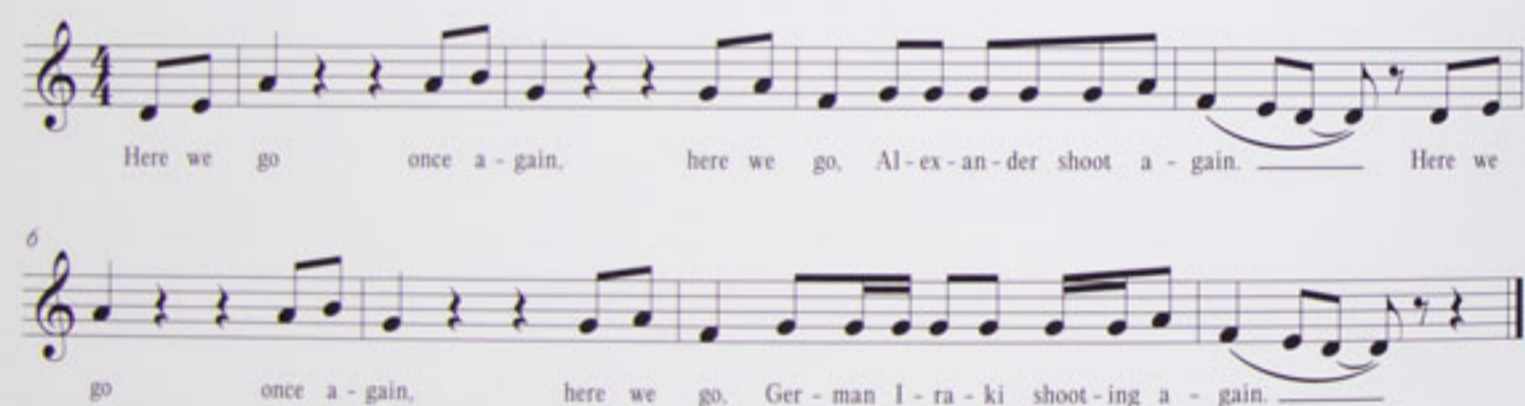
The cheers faded, everything got quiet after that, nothing but the sound of raindrops on the tin roof above us. For the moment I felt integrated into this life. It was all very familiar, the people coming together, strengthening their bonds with the venerable arts of entertainment.

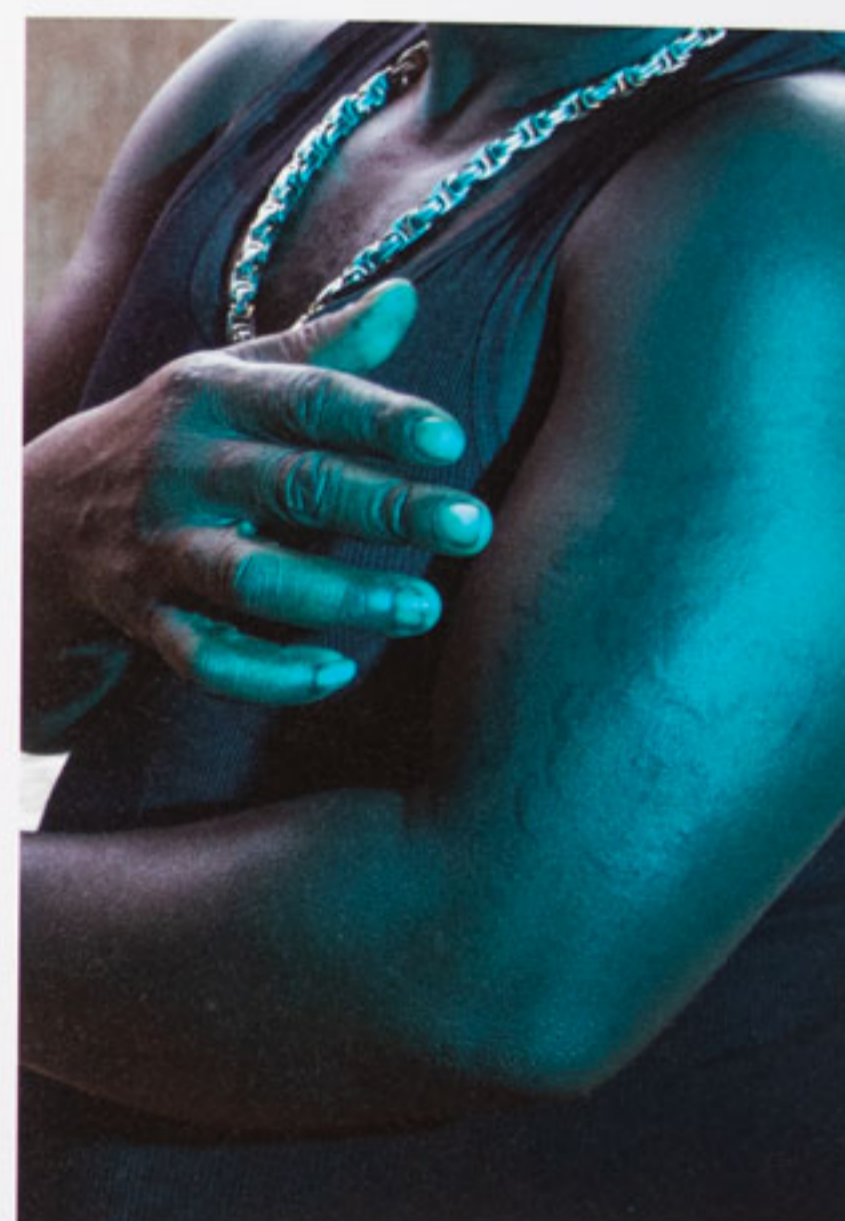
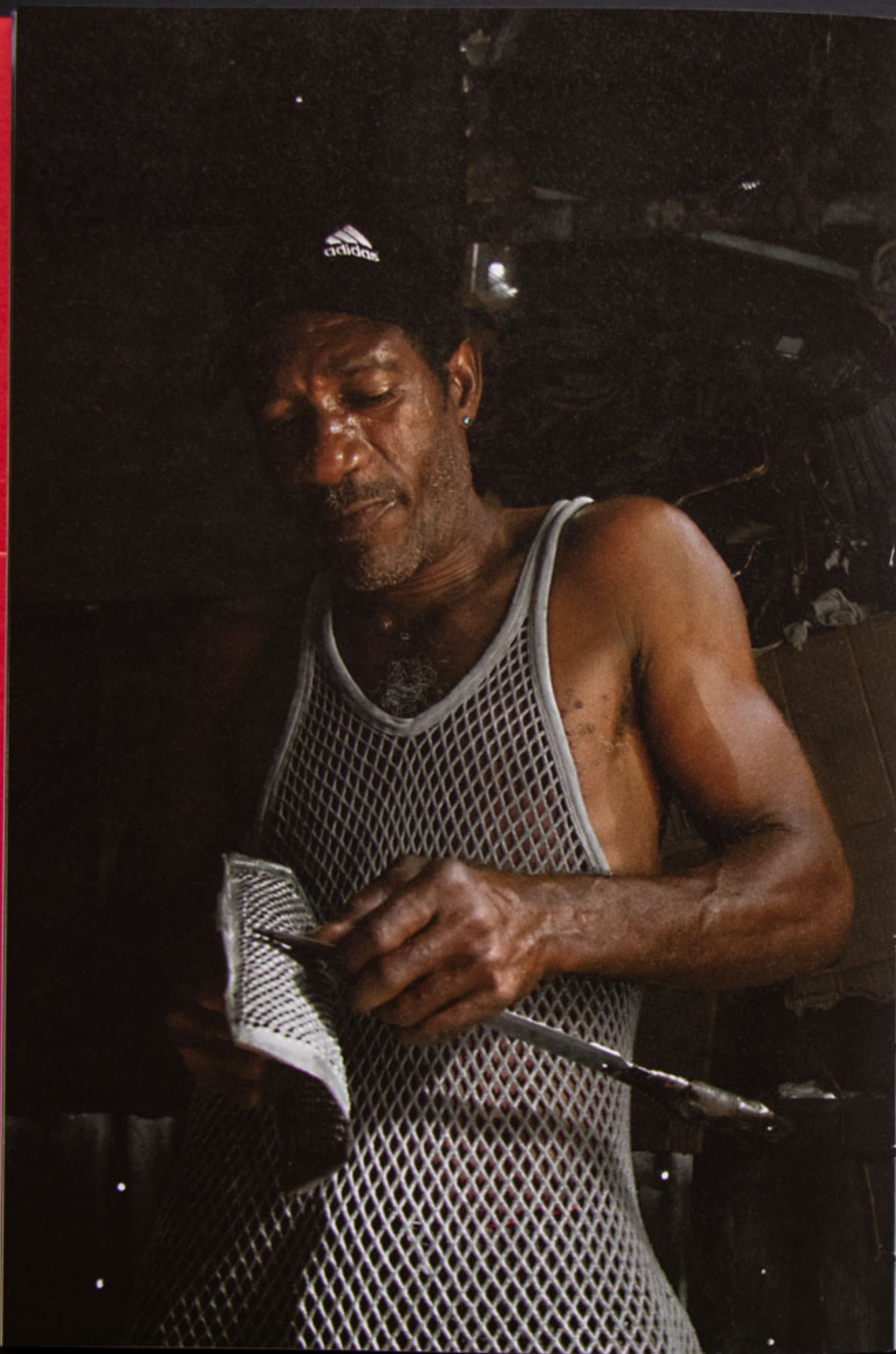


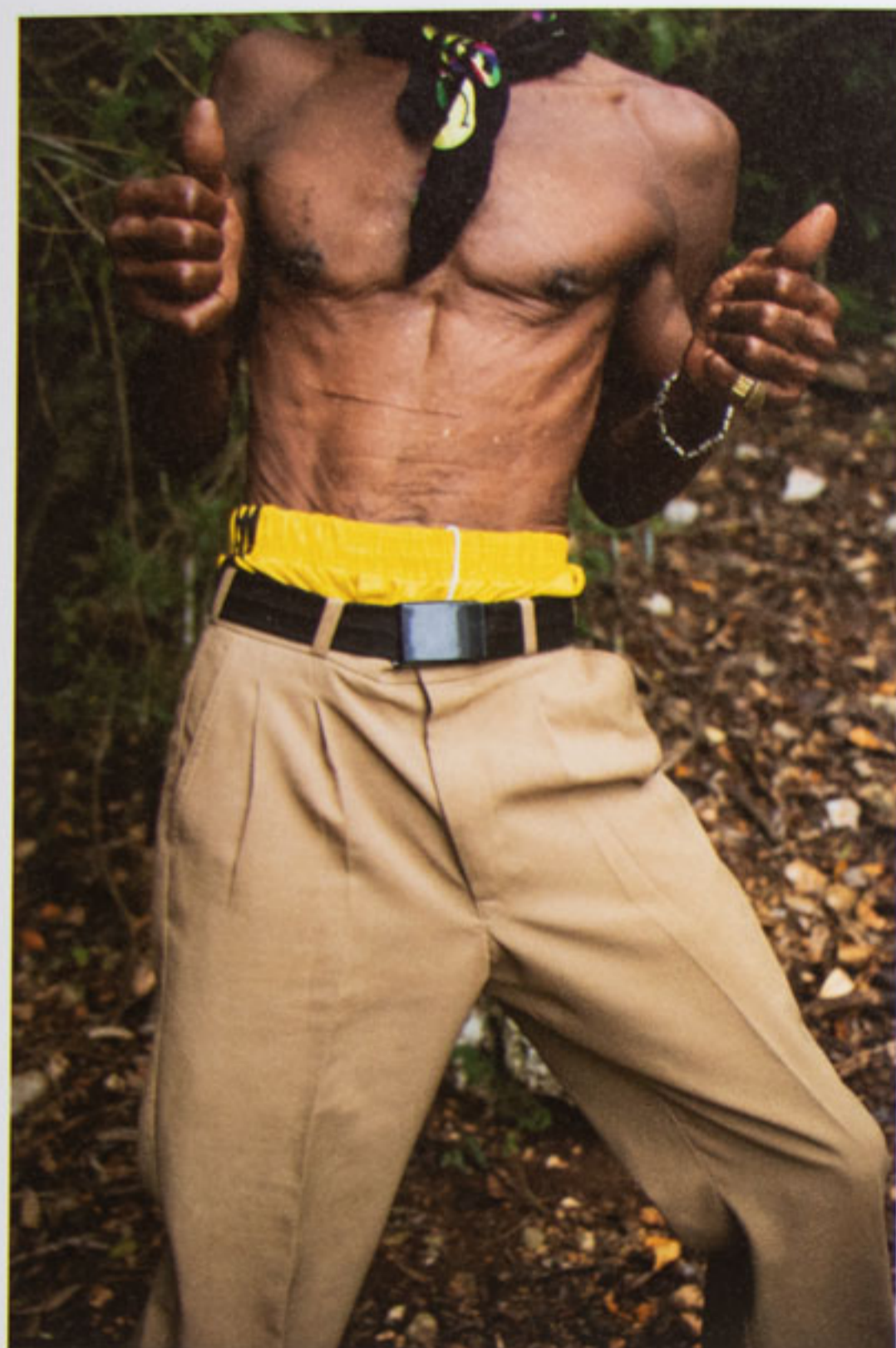
I Jah, who was a natural-born entertainer, had to fulfill his duties and get on that rhythm. He told the Riddim man: 'Run the beat!' But the man wasn't gonna take any orders.

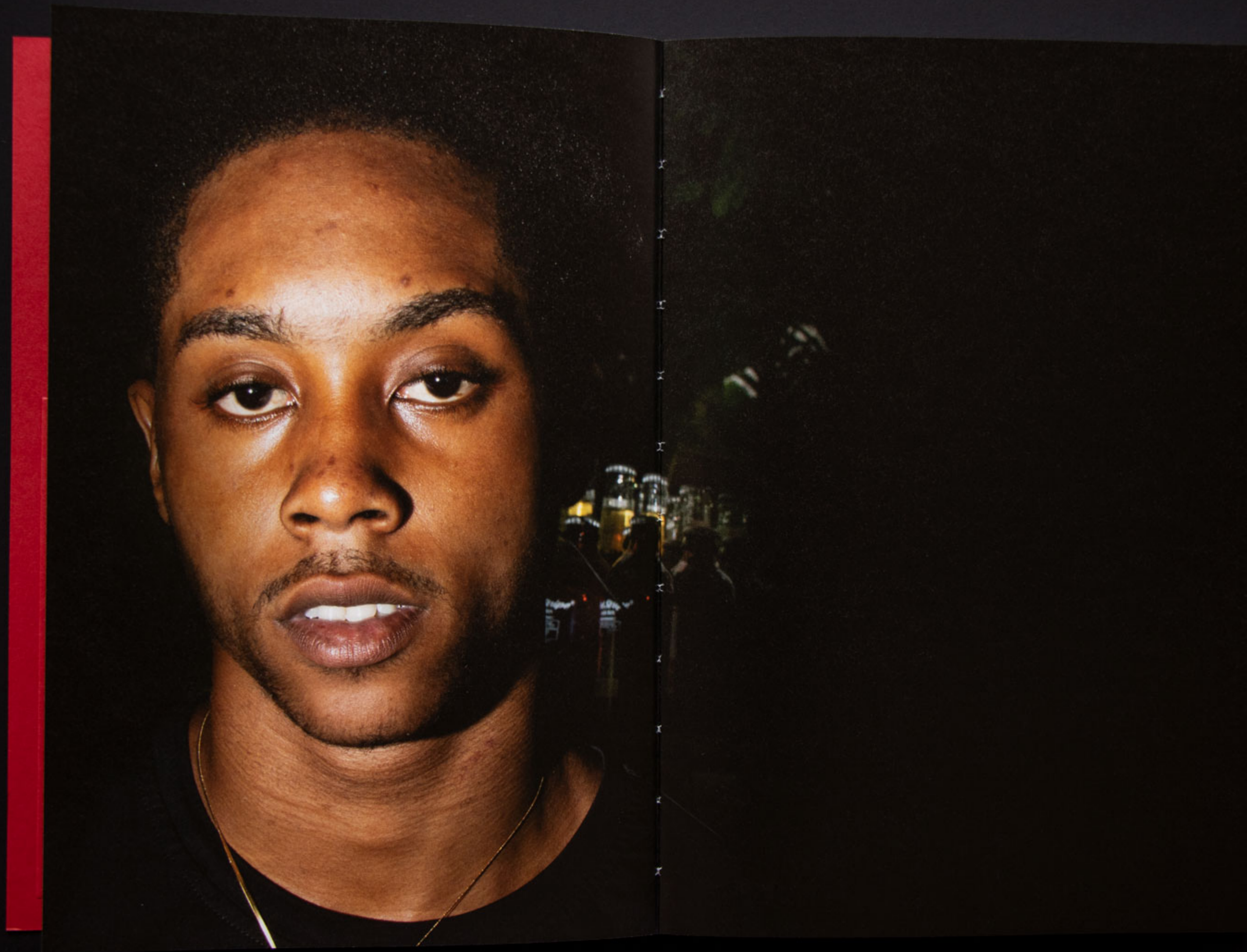
He was saying that he is a real entertainer and not someone who can be ordered around. I Jah took the knife and the grater out of his hands and started to demonstrate to him, how he should play this most complicated instrument. Riddim man snatched the instrument right back and after some more stunting and mumbling, waving the huge knife around and mentioning some famous musician in his lineage, the metallic pulse returned. I Jah, with his heavy voice, jumped on it with a chorus going something like that:

Here we go, once again,
Here we go, Alexander Shoot again
Here we go, once again,
here we go, German Iraki
Shooting again











One Thing Called Your Soul

On a full moon night, I Jahbar told me there was a Rasta ceremony taking place at the riverside. He was excited to take me there and was visioning with his good friend Oki, how I was gonna catch the whole event on camera. I didn't know what to expect, but I was prepared to be surprised by now. Many things in Jamaica turned out to be very different from what I imagined. I packed up my camera, clipped a little Lavalier mic to I Jah's shirt, and we left the yard.

After some walking in the dark, we arrived at a party that took place on a dirt road. People were hanging out relaxed, big speakers vibrating the sounds of an old Jamaican love song. The DJ was roughly shouting out into the microphone, cutting out the music. A desire came over me to stay there and blend into that strange gathering. I saw a youth nicknamed 'Country', that I befriended during my visit, hopping around joyfully. It seemed like he was enjoying himself, talking with everyone around him. We passed right through the party carrying the bass frequencies with us.

A new sound joined the mix and became more dominant as we approached a little river channel. A slow, repetitive drum rhythm, vocals patiently intertwining with it, always as a soft guide to a dominant beat. It was the sound of the Nyabinghi rhythm, a Rasta ritual music that felt like it had direct access into my body. An orange fire lit up a little gathering across the channel, revealing two young Rastas sitting on wood stems, drumming and chanting. One of them had his eyes up to the dark sky, waiting for the moon to rise. We could still vaguely hear the sounds of the party, but they weren't relevant anymore, the chants, drums, and fire light took over my attention and I set down on the ground.

Later on, Country joined us as well. He was usually all hyped up and full of energy but at that moment he was standing quietly. I knew that the youth had a hard time, leaving his mother's home to work with his uncle in construction. I realized that the ceremonial fire was a place to simply come and relax in good company, to clear your head and heart.

My camera was blind in the dark and my microphone was out of batteries, but the little mic on I Jah's shirt picked up some audio. Here are some of the things the young Rasta said that night:





'I will give some explanation, so everyone can have more clarity a wa happening right now. Right now, dem no want you to cross over that bridge deh, and they close your eyes. You a go search and nothing too clear, you know? We want to clear up, that's what we a do right now. Clear up. So, the full-moon and this full-moon fiya, have a certain energy with It, which... we no really overstand. You see, what the moon do, when the moon a the fullest, earth, everything rises. The ocean rise up. 70 percent a your body a wata, so your capabilities dem rise up. Thing we are good at, you get better at. Notice, a man wa mad, at this time him get more mad. Right?' *(laughs)* 'No, seriously. Clarity me a talk 'bout. Overstanding, zeen? A man who lovin', get more lovin' dem time ya. A man wa angry, get more angry dem time ya. zeen? If you want bad thing, it will give you bad things, you zee me? So we go back to the purpose of why we're here tonight.

We here a chant. because... at this time while we deh yah so, you have people pon earth they use the moon for evil. You see the moon tonight at its fullest, is a **POWER SOURCE**. You understand me? You got some people right now pon earth, bredas and sistas, where dem a send out big evil pon earth tonight as we speak. Them use the moon to worship satan and send out war. Some youth Just have dem gun, some spirit just take over them.

Tonight we a chant, we a do the opposite a wa the evil man a do. We use the moon for prosperity and to fight the evil spell.' *(sound of a rattle shake, slow and rhythmic)*

'That a one level of what we a do. So when we do this, it may seem like a mockery to some people, but remember mi bredas and sistas, you see, inna you right now what keeps you standing, one thing called your soul that. The soul breda, if it move out a you, your body a drop a ground. The soul never die. It never die. It no new, it get a new flesh. The same people who light up them thing, and send evil spell right now, them do everything inna them power to keep you from knowing anything about that soul that's inna you. The soul inna you, It GREAT. You understand me?' *(adding more wood to the fire)*

'You know the Cartoon Avatar? When Aang tap inna him avatar mode and him eyes get white? Dem soul that and him remember all a him past life. We are sleeping now and Babylon do everything fi keep we a sleep. You understand me breda? Get inna your Avatar mode. **CLARITY.**'







Get Nuff Nuff Data
1 - 2 Day 1GB Prime - \$300
0 - Go Back









Late Night Talk

transcribed

'My birth given name is Onile Kevin Thomas, my entertainer name is I Jahbar. I was born in Truro district, Westmoreland, Jamaica. My mom's name is Rosalie Grant and my dad's name is George Arthur Thomas. I have Roolings Muzik label since I was 16 years old. When I was 16 years old, I used to go to Negril with my uncle, and sell Jerk Chicken. Back in those days when you were a Jerk Chicken Man, a lot of tourists would come buy from you. So, I went down there with my uncle, and I happened to meet a Japanese couple. Her name was I Ashibah, and Kazo was the man's name. They were there doing music business, generating funds to Jamaican artists by doing Dubplates. There was this American guy who packed up all his thing, and moved to Negril to make music. His name is Jah Freedom. He brought with him a machine to cut vinyl. So, after they bought Jerk Chicken I followed them to Jah freedoms house, where they were doing their business. At a little age I was very smart, I said I would like to do that when I grow up. I see that they have a label, Jah Freedom Recording label. So I thought, the label I need, I need Roolings, don't stop rolling. But I said, I'm not gonna spell it R O L L I N G, I want to put two O's in it, because I wanted it to spin off your tough. I wanted it to have a Swedish sound. In that time, I met a guy from Sweden, and he was teaching me some Swedish language. I was taking him around, and showed him everything, and I say, oh, I'm gonna type up my Label 'Roolings'. *(Heavy Laughter)*

It is interesting that the links with people outside of Jamaica is something in the history of Roolings Muzik as well as Duppy Gun.

Yes, it's similar like that, it's like I was called to do that from when I was a kid but I didn't see that. I always drew attraction of foreign people coming down to Jamaica, and I was always there to help them, go there, go there, 'Where you wanna go?' I enjoy it, not really for the benefits, I enjoy showing people what this side of the world is like. You know, the poverty side of the world. So it is similar to how duppy gun came down here.

I Jahbar

Introduce us to 'Duppy Gun', for those who are unfamiliar.

First of all, 'Duppy Gun' is named after a medicine plant that grows out here in Jamaica. It can cure you from every little thing. Duppy Gun is not nothing negative, it's something that is ready to grow and give medicine and fruits to the people. Duppy Gun is a label that was designed to help younger artist in Jamaica to move forward. Artists who haven't been recognised, to lift them off the ground, to take them to higher heights. That is what I believe is the base of Duppy Gun. To find hidden talent and put them in the forefront of the world. It started out in 2011, when Cameron Stallones and M. Geddes came down to Jamaica to record an album with reggae group 'The Congos' which my uncle, Ashanti Roy is a part of. They were recording, making riddims on spot and they happened to finish the album and have some left over riddims. I was sitting there all along the production of the album so I was the one who was quick to ask, 'So you're not recording any more artists?' They say: 'We didn't come on that project' and I'd Say 'I can fit on that riddim, I can mash up that riddim'. Cameron said 'These riddims are weird, I don't think you Jamaicans is going to like it' and I say 'I can mash that up right now, if you put me in the booth'. So they say: 'Go in the booth!' and they put me in the booth. When I first heard the Riddim, Its crazy different man. When I first heard it, to be honest, I was saying to myself: 'Lord, what I'm going to do now?' But after listening once, listening twice, I started to synchronise in it. I found sounds where I can start from. By listening first, you might say – NO. But listening... listening... listening... listening... and then I draw my seat belt. You know what I mean? I didn't take long. I shoot up in the Duppy Gun space ship and I look through the studio glass, and I see Cameron going crazy, and Gedd Going crazy, and I say 'Yes. Seems like I nailed it.'

You think that many people don't take the time to have a second listen?

Yes, when they just hear it, it don't fit their brain and what they know of, the popular thing that they know of and they would just turn their head around. But smart people would listen closely, our music is like a magnet, those riddims are magnets. But you have to take time out, you must be in a good frame of mind. So that's how we started. It was a moment for a birth of something new, and we swallowed up the opportunity.



08



You have to let somebody know you are doing something and make them really believe in it, and think it is going somewhere. It is not just for money or for vanity, its going somewhere for the future, to benefit younger musicians or younger people, or to even benefit the world, you know?

Benefit the world how would you say?

Yes, cuz you can sing a song and change the world. A song can change the world and a song can also destroy the world. Music is very... emotional, if you get deeply into it. I think you need to sing to do things to make life better. If I Jahbar get a song that is telling you to 'Wake up and pick up coconuts and drink and better your heart', We can have the world drinking coconuts. Not 100%, but we could have 95%, even 99%. *(Laughs)* You will have a fraction of them saying 'No! No Coconut! No Coconut!' You know? Just an example. It can happen. It depends on how you navigate your dreams, and manifest them. Yes, I think... Nothing is impossible. 'Hey!' What are you doing here? Nothing is impossible. Your like, 24 hours of flight away from your home. Missions. You gotta take chances and do what you have to do.

What's the future then?

Future. I can't know what's the future, I can only ensure of what I'm building and what I want to happen.

Yea, but I know that you're envisioning stuff, I've been here for two weeks now, watching you.

Oooooo..... *(laughter)* 'Hey!' well, I believe that we can have a system set here, that won't crumble. We will have younger musicians, younger journalists, younger filmmakers, younger producers that will want to take up the work that we are doing, because we are not gonna stay in this world forever. This foundation, this positive type of music that we do, **I KNOW**, we can pass it on to a younger generation. And it can grow, and the legacy can never die. I believe it can happen here and it can happen in a different country, it can happen anywhere inna the world. Cuz Rooling Duppy Gun, I don't think is only to be existing in Jamaica. Cuz you can't keep this for yourself, you have to evolve. So, musicians

should be here, *(he points at his home)* we should be talking here, and music should be playing inside the house behind us and we have to tell them 'Turn it off! we are recording an interview!'. Vinyl should be burning inside the building right now upstairs. We should have artist in there trying to figure out which country they are going to tomorrow. That's how I look at it, I don't look at it small. We want this to live on. Every corner of the earth, Roolings and Duppy gun should stand out, because it is not something that we take out of thin air, it is hard work, sweat and blood. When you work hard, I don't think it can vanish away, you nah mean? Cuz You already set up a strong foundation. The vision here is young kids, playing, drums, piano, trying to learn the skills of Geddy, to produce, to master. Learn the skills of I Jahbar, roasting on a rhythm and don't hitch. Like a college. When you leave your home and country and go to a new place, you must learn something that you can pass on to different people. Just like my good friend Deskulling, He learned to do many things in different ways. Things just opening up to him, it different. Things that he didn't think he could do, he is doing it now.

Roolings is always moving, always rolling. We always stay current. Even though we are not a big label, we are young to the people but we are old within ourselves. We've been around for a long, long time. People need to know us and know what we are doing. Positive movements. We are not in this for a short term, we are in it for generations. The education parts, that is very important to me. When one of our students, come here, after two/three weeks, they are different people, they will create something different. They will be outstanding. It is like they are blessed. I've seen it. Yes, yes. It's a journey that never stops.

As you see there is a guest house here, but it is not finished, we would love to see it how we envisioned it. We are working so hard, we still need stuff, we need paint, we need so much help to make it to what we want. But we are thankful. Don't get me wrong. We are thankful of how far we've reached. We are very grateful, because we could be outside, but we are inside sleeping. Thanks to Miles Opland, and the whole Bokeh Versions Family. Thanks to Duppy Gun, Cameron & Geddy. The people who support us.

Who is invited to come and stay here?

First you have to love music and love what you do. We will never turn our back on a musician who wants to come here, cuz that is our aim. We will never say no to someone who wants to learn what we are doing. We are living from little out here, we are not saying that people have to pay to stay here, but whenever you come here, you can leave a donation. So that we can wake up in the morning and buy some cement or buy some paint, you know? You have to be serious, you don't come here just because you wanna see Jamaica and what I Jah do. You must have a strong interest.

You hear that!? Strong interest!

(Laughs) You are welcome.

Until now, how you like it here in Jamaica?

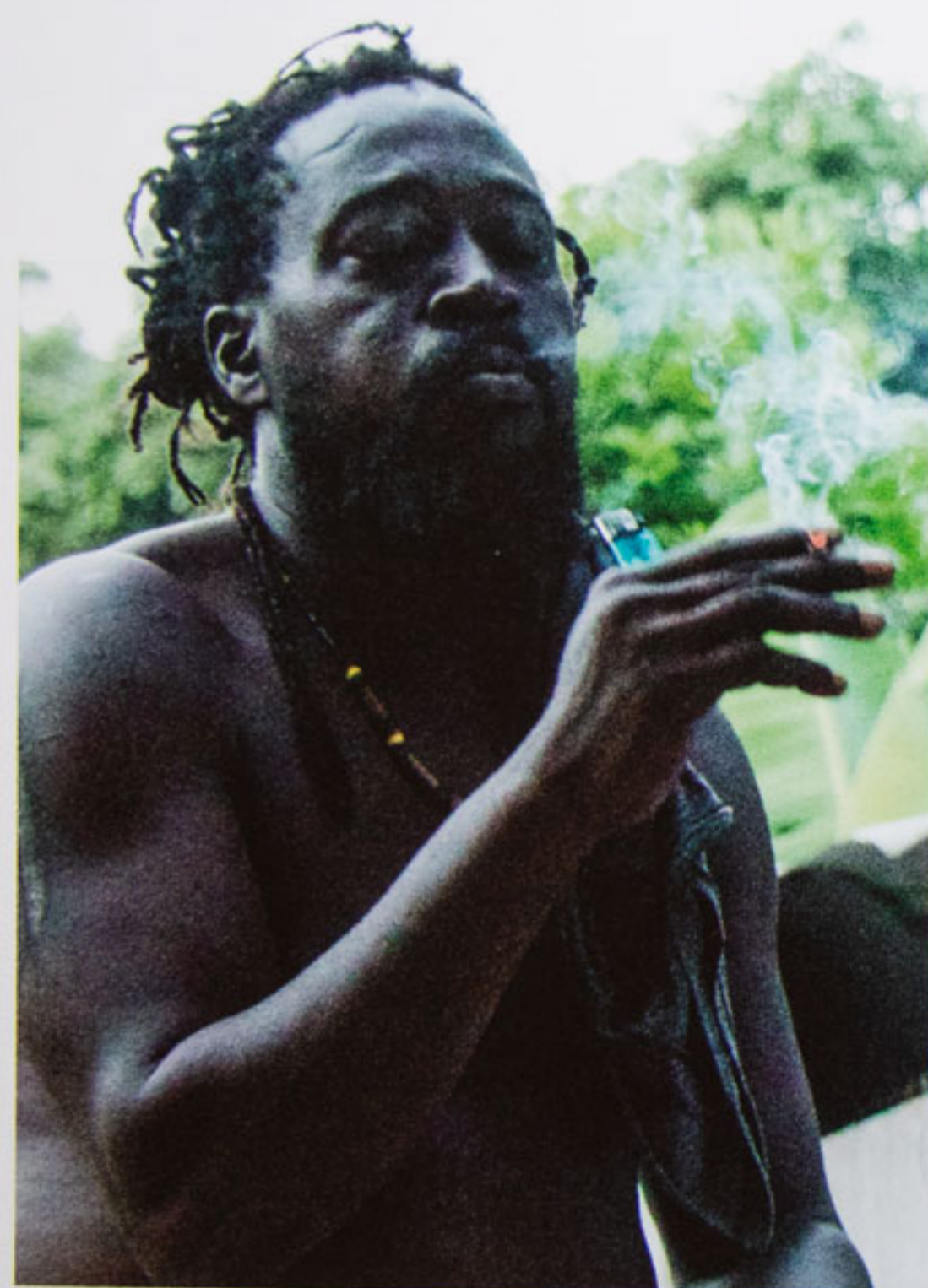
Are you interviewing me now?

No, I'm just axing you a question. *(I Jah laughing)*

Well, I think that it's a place that can give you strength and power. There is much, pushing forward energy out here, much confidence and you will get this confidence in you from being here around these people. I see the evolution of things and how things have been pushed forward even when times are tough. Yea, so that energy catches up to you. You want to take it with you for your journey in life. It's a wonderful vision to create a place of teaching and upliftment for artists from all over the world.

Most definitely. That is the mission. Positive movements. Me no stay around nothing negative, no matter the struggle or the pain your feeling, just keep it positive. You will win. I ensure you. Every Dancehall has its struggles.











Unleashing Wealth

We parked on the side of the highway and walked down a steep rocky path surrounded by thick bush, hopped over a trench creek, passing some unfinished house structures. I Jah's home was still in the building process, made out of concrete blocks, yet to be painted. A few people were around the house, working on final details. These people would end up being Buddy Don and Alexander West, recording artists and long-time friends of I Jahbar. Buddy had an infectious smile and a clearly warm heart, and he was responsible for much of the craftsmanship of the house, aside from I Jah. Alexander West was an older Rasta, moving with strength and dignity not necessarily matched by his frail figure.

There were also three young artists standing next to the river behind the house, whom I later was informed were prospective artists for 'Roolings Muzik', that travelled hours to apparently meet me and see I Jahbar's studio. I am the 'American producer' which carried much weight and drew some seeking opportunity. This dynamic was not clear at first but I was happy to be there talking, trying hard to keep up understanding Patois. It was a new moon and we talked about meaning, and change in music. I Jah ushered me over to drink and eat a fresh green coconut, which they say 'washes the heart'. It was pure, and a spoon was cut from the side of it to scrape the meat. I think they enjoyed watching my face get messy and unknowingly staining my white shirt.

We all went straight to the studio which was a hike from the house, through the surrounding village. Houses were almost stacked on top of each other, guarded by large colourful metal fences. The heat pressed down; I could hear slightly distorted sounds from speakers with DJs speaking over the tracks. The yellow studio itself was fairly small

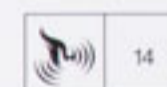
but cozy. We all cramped in there and right away, I played my weird riddims. I could tell there was a vibe but these young artists didn't know what to expect and neither did I. One of them broke after a bit of freestyling to have a more serious discussion around intent and process. He had a youthful drive but a kind of naivety about the 'industry' outside of Jamaica. I Jah and I listened to him speak and tried to paint a reality of making the music first, but he insisted on a process of being choosy and careful of who he worked with, despite having virtually no music released. They left after a bit and I gave them a few riddim files not knowing their fate.

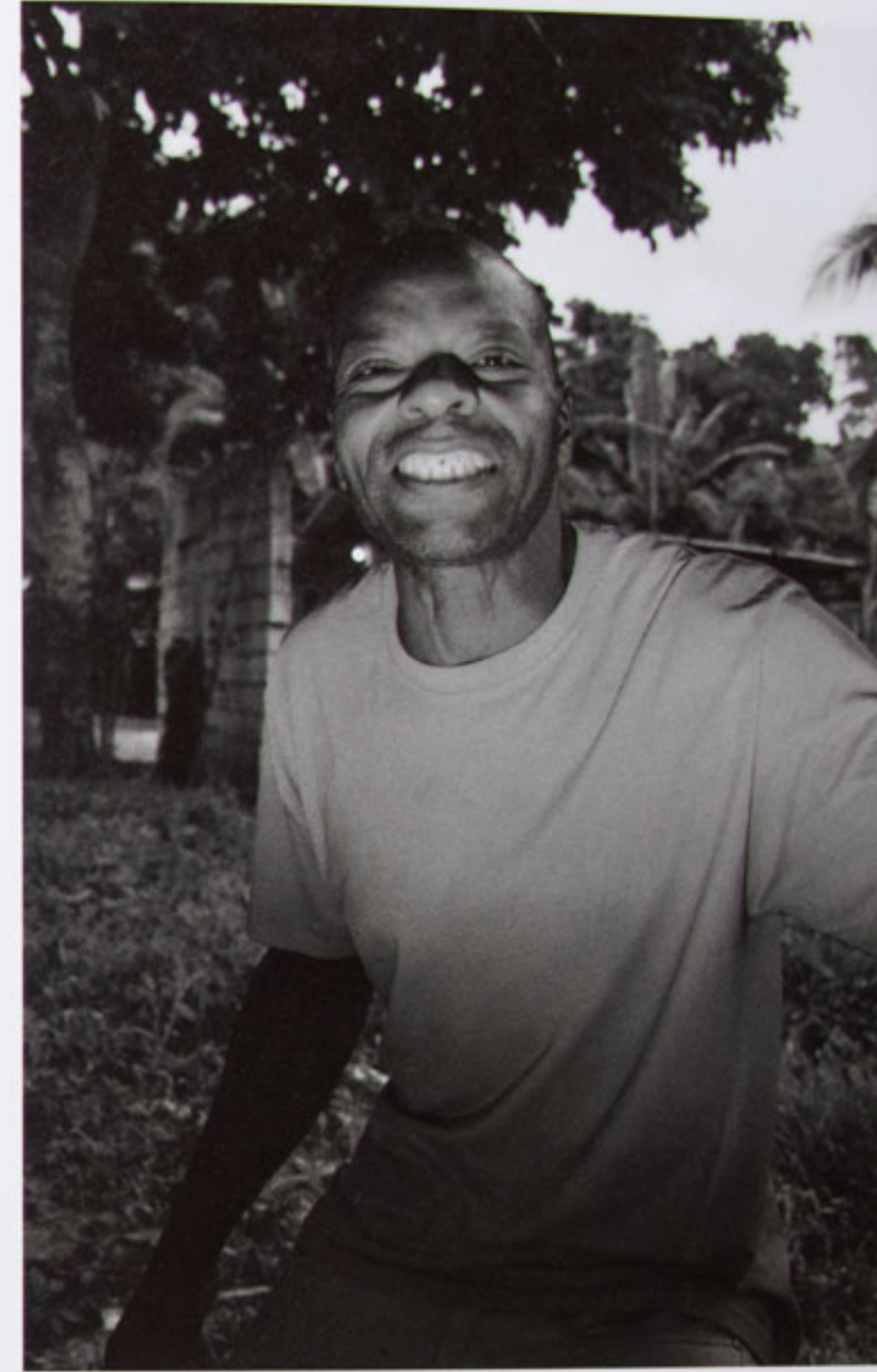


Deskulling



We ate KFC and fell into the first sessions with me, Buddy Don, Alexander West and Fully Brave. These three plus I Jah and his partner Darkchild were the core old friends of this space, I slowly learned. I have never seen such intensity from people freestyling. There is a rich art in what they do, compressing it all and unleashing wealth onto the riddims. Like they could spit on anything forever. I would press play and they would exchange bodying entire riddims just left looping. The monitors were bleeding with the saturated bass. We recorded it all with no hesitation. Kicks kicked hard and snares snapped the rhythm in place, words stringing together the 2-dimensional beats into a form with life.













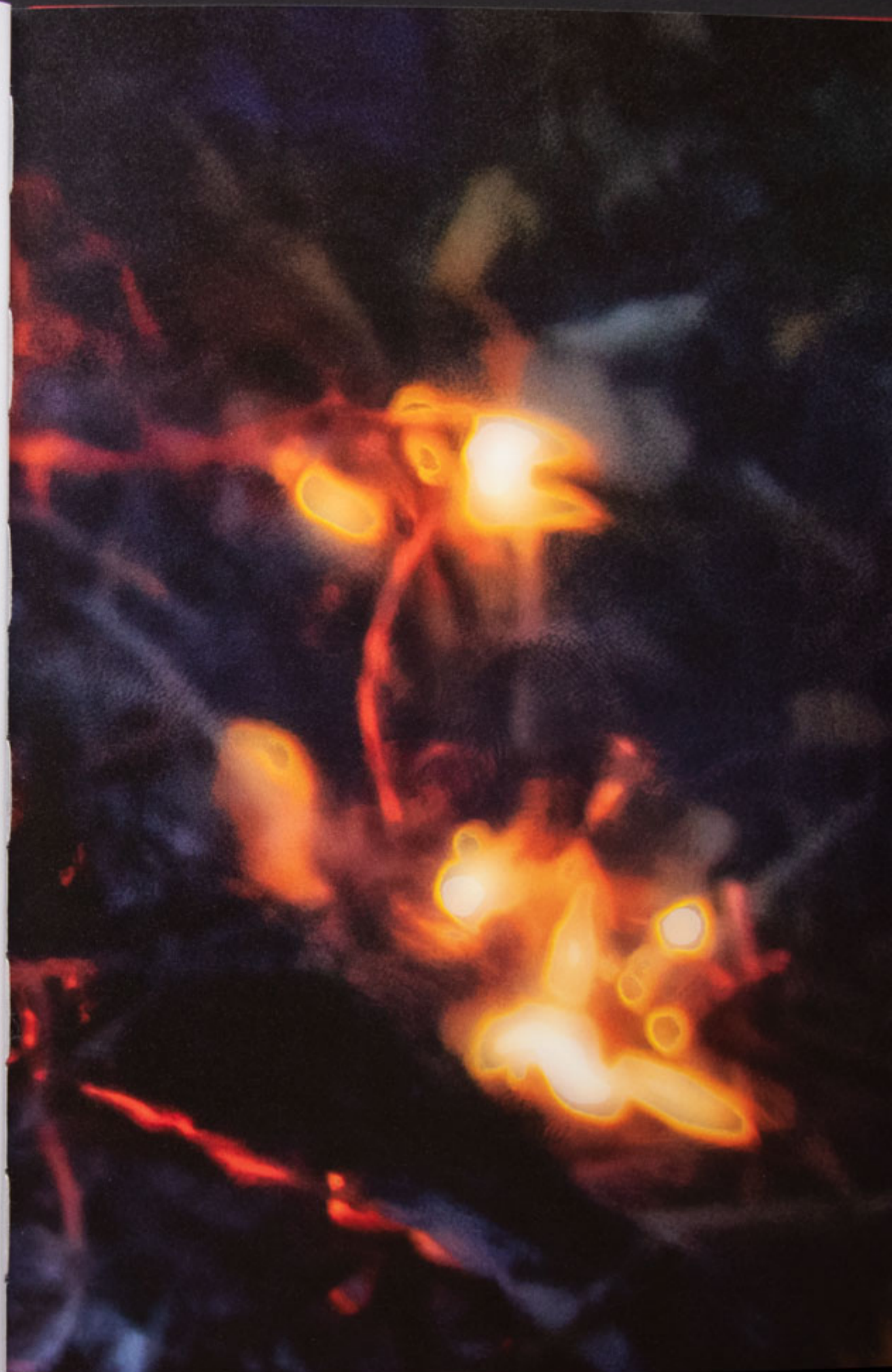
What Is It About This Land?

I have a question. There's such an abundance of musicians and lyricists in Jamaica, it feels like everyone can just jump on a riddim and come out with a tune on the spot. What is it about this land that produces such an amount of talent?

I would just say... I would just say It's my ancestors, I couldn't say it better. My ancestors are speaking, they will not let their seed go down. It is a way of getting out of poverty, so everybody tries that craft. If its apple picking in Canada, everybody knows how to pick apples out there, it's the same thing with music here. That's the only thing that can take you out of poverty quickly so you have to do it and do it to the best of your ability. If you're gonna give a man two thousand Jamaican dollars, and he's gonna sit down here and cannot find any lyrics for the riddim, that would never happen. They will eat it up, no matter what, it's just a matter of surviving, you know what I mean? You won't have any problem here in Jamaica to find a vocalist. There are plenty of them here. It's a competition, so people come at their best.

I Jahbar







REST IN PEACE ALEXANDER WEST

Your unique energy will forever be remembered



REST IN PEACE OKI
The kindness of your heart is treasured within us

FEATURING

I Jahbar, Dark Child,
Deskulling, Alexander West,
Buddy Don, Fearless, Latty,
Fully Brave, RDL Shellah,
Gaza G Sudden, Solar Boss,
Oki, Country, Oneisha,
Mega Arctic, D Jackson

BLESS Roolings Muzik
BLESS Duppy Gun

ISBN 978-965-598-736-2



Select Unprintable Segment:

01	02	03	04	05	06
07	08	09	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18

Contact



A Little Prayer

Unprinatbel Data is here to provide an additonal angle to the story. One that is currently, technologically, complicated to print on paper.

I encorage you to view the segment in correlation to the book. Appreciate y'all being here with me.



01:21 ↗

Next Segment



05

Country

They Call this youth COUNTRY // Energy caaan done with this one. Check out him dancing moves, Challenging the boss himself to a battel.



02:09





Gaza G Sudden

G sudden AKA Burnout Boss has been a part of Roolling / Duppy Gun journey from the early days. Representing his home city of Portmore Aka GAZA, G sudden is a force of unity, standing for a positive future for the young ones. In his EP *'Burnout boss'* he sings to elevate a better reality in his society, and burn out wrongdoing. We met him at the side of the road in Portmore, Trucks honking in the background.



Bunout Boss EP

buy share bc

by G Sudden

2. Skin Get Bun

00:00 / 03:41