

CHILL BUMP

Ego Trip

My story was planned... All was programmed... Crammed at the core, recording dope jams. I'd hold my umbilical cord with both hands and flow to my cardiograms... In the calm, I'd go ham, conjure barbaric bars... Ma' could have called me "Conan ". A cold Man in the making, like Jahovah and Satan's souls had a relation... A dope, rapping creation... I won't brag, but won't hold back information. So don't act like I'm up and coming. I'd already crafted four albums in my mother's oven, youngen... Now when I rap I hold my frigging penis and get flashbacks of when I was only just a fetus. Shit, I was such a vocalistic genius thinking : Jesus, one day the globe will get to see this, but for now... I'm just gonna sit here... Patiently waiting.. / **The world ain't ready for me yet... I can tell**

Alpha



Eyo.. We came to rock the venue, then to swallow several shots of Jäger, followed by twenty Vodka/Redbulls. My liver's probably yellow. Watch my body tremble like a pot of Jell-o : We party hard cause we don't wanna settle. Holler, dog, if you've got pot to peddle. All the skets know that my squad's got dinero and all the shawties call me "bello". You're steaming like a warming kettle. You're naughty, hot and horny, you're the devil. Your bitch grabs my bone, I'm like "hottie hello !" She drags me back to her doggie kennel. They call me "Donatello" - Underground - You got the memo ? I'm always below zero - You can't get on my level. I'm what you call a rebel... Do not resemble all you little twats popping metal. What the hell's yo problemo ? You ain't hard or ghetto... Hell no... Hardly fellow. Your heart is frail yo and softer than Marshmallow. Don't diss me : Perform a show, record a demo. Don't bite me : I'll chop your head before you let go. Wake the fuck up kid, sip a strong Ristretto, cause I'm building a future while you're tripping off your lego / **LET'S GO... LET.. LET'S GO ! Cause I'm building a future while you're tripping, tripping, tripping, tripping...** / Eyo... We came to raise the roof up, make you boost up the bass and rape your woofers, abuse the fucking play button and blaze some buddha, get brutally wasted and wake the rooster... Face the truth cuz' : We're your favorite group's favorite group cause we smash more spots than adolescent face verrucas. Fake producers and labels make snake manoeuvres and strange medusa-faces to seduce us, but their game is useless. We stay killing crowds like crazy shooters. We show the youth love cause they salute us. Entertaining fools like Sammy Davis Jr, haters boo us, lame losers flip us the bird, we make their crew cuss. Trolls type shit, thumb us down and break computers, until my blade removes their fingers like the great Yakuza's. I take their grills and make 'em F.U.B.A.R. Call me trait-remover, hanging two-faced rappers upside down like the traitor Judas / **LET'S GO... LET.. LET'S GO ! Cause I'm building a future while you're tripping off your lego. LET'S GO... LET... LET'S GO ! Cause I'm building a future while you're tripping, tripping, tripping, tripping...** / Just incase you missed the name well It's... Mr.Miscellaneous... Bankal on the instrumental... Chill Bump, bitch, you get the Memo...



The Memo

Chilling in Lab number 8, happy to create we scavenge through crates for tracks to mutilate, hack a tune, tap a beat that we duplicate, play some keys, boost the bass, add a groovy break, have a cool debate, kick back communicate, grab the pen and pad, 'til sick raps exuberate, accumulate, stack and numerate tracks : Quality over quantity that you can play back. Fans be fiending for music asap. we be fiending to play wherever you be based at. Psyched up... to see you motherfuckaz hyped up... Yo Mika, turn this Mic up... / Cause we been trapped in the lab, getting no sun, banging on pads til fingers go numb, been rapping on tracks and bit my own tongue. but don't worry son.. (I get the job done...) **If the rain is pouring (I get the job done) If I'm drunk and falling (I get the job done) Til the early morning (I get the job done) We gon' keep on touring... stage keeps calling...** / Stuffing Tees in a case, we leaving for three days. We'll eat junk, get drunk, speed on the freeways, sleep, change positions on our seats when our feet ache, scream "WAIT !... I need to take a leak for pete's sake". We keep driving, driving.. Life is just a waste... We arrive to venues late and set up like we in a race. Uh!... I Check the mic, then I exit the stage. I am in a strange state, I'm like a lion in a cage. Sipping liquor in the quiet and calm, puffing cigarettes until it's time to perform, until they shut the lights and it's on, and if the live is the bomb, we'll probably party until five in the morn... / **If the rain is pouring (I get the job done) If I'm drunk and falling (I get the job done) Til the early morning (I get the job done) We gon' keep on touring... stage keeps calling...** / Bonjour... Who thought that we would be from Tours ? Where becoming an emcee was seemingly unsure. I was a punk y'all, dreaming was done for... I never thought we would be on tour, performing for people that want more, screaming out « encore », fiending to fuck, beating off freaks at my front door. It's fucking wild... but I love it every day. We made our mothers proud just by having fun and getting paid. My homie Jean told me "love what you do", and I know he's right. You can't become a rapper over night. Flow and write, go to open mics, learn to control the fright and don't let noone out there own your life !... One day you might... hop in a van, travel all day, dash through traffic, get trapped in parkways get to play, meet fans and parle.and chill at the bar for the afterparty. We wanna hop on a plane, dash a long way, sit above the clouds, and travel all day. We can't wait to play, meet fans and parle... We hope half of y'all stay for the after party / Hop on the plane... / Sit above the clouds... (adlib)

I Get The Job Done



Sky's blue, the sun's glistening. I hear the morning birds whistling. Yesterday I weren't listening. But now I feel different... I've been down in the alley, with darkness around me, where everything's cloudy and grey... / Birds chirp as I slurp my brew. I'm cool with the work I do. Clock ticks and the world might move. Time stops with a girl like you. Perched high, word my dude, I observe life from a bird's eye view... Jerks try hurt my mood, but my sky's pure bright blue. No piss-taking... I tell my demons they are mistaken... I lift weights, eat less bacon, and run when the sun's just waking, jumping rope til my legs aching, bathing when the heat gets baking, hiking when I need escaping, stopping when the sight's breathtaking... Cool... No cynical vision, when I'm by the swimming pool, sitting with a friend or two, sipping brews with 'em, chatting, chilling, skinny dipping with a few women... I'm just a simple musician, getting loot when I'm in the booth spitting, singing tunes, ripping new riddims, scribbling cool shit til the syllables fitting... This shot of Remy got me merry... Followed by a shot of henny, while I'm voluntary solitary, hands on my belly, bumping Macavelli, bopping by the chimney... Then I get a cute message on my celly.. Who's this ? - That hottie Betty ! Pretty stunning, something like Halle Berry. Hurry up, honey bunny, come and get me ! Cause I got another bottle with me... Better bring your bare body quickly... Bottoms up ! We can swallow plenty. We ain't gotta stop 'til that second bottle empty... Then she unzips my flyer, til I twitch and whine with desire. Wired up by her.. Shit is fire... Sizzling like a kitchen frier... Finna make this fine bitch sing higher than a very high pitched Mariah, higher than a lil children's choir... Bust in her grill - Richard Prier. Winning like Sheen... Living my dream... Sharing my life... with the right queen... Tearing my mics... Getting my Green... Feeling mad light... Get what I mean ? / **Sky's blue, the sun's glistening. I hear the morning birds whistling. Yesterday I weren't listening. But now I feel different... I've been down in the alley, with darkness around me, where everything's cloudy and grey... But not today !**



Not Today

So... Do you want to get old, under corporate control? Play a fraudulent role? Let them torture your soul? Only talk when you're told? Bow to Dorks who blame YOU when their coffee gets cold? Time to alter your goal... Tell them you quit. Of course that shit's bold, but you've only got one life... i'm the fork in your road. So follow me, follow me please... Start by tossing your phone and don't worry bout cheese... or the cost of your loan. Off we off off we go.... Bye bye your 9 to 5. You can change your name to Bonnie and I can change mine to Clyde. We won't get any richer, but imagine the bigger picture. There's a bit of bread I've been saving, and I've been craving to share it with ya / Honey... Why should i go learn and study? Find a firm and dully die in a tie and shirt for money like a worthless dummy? Buy some turf in a hurry? Buy a girl to love me? Anxiety hurts my tummy. I prefer a sunny beach because life ain't worth the worry, so I say "fuck it..." clock stay ticking. Let's not wait one straight minute. Let's get on that runway, quick! Let's hop on a plane with a one way ticket. Monday, kick it, get lifted... Let's get a room in Venice. Tuesday head where the view's terrific. Relax... listen to the crickets. Wednesday... Sweet... Let's get a treat, have sex til dawn in an excellent suite, find a restaurant with the best thing to eat. We can rest if you want for the rest of the week. Head to the beach, take a nude swim, bring a crate of brews, make some new friends, play ukulele for they amusement, and (sing...) 'til we break a few strings...(sing) / Let's meet different cultures, different folks with distant approaches, chill in their homes, sleep on their sofas, or in motels infested with roaches, slick hotels - mingle with showbuiz..., wear silk robes, slippers and loafers, sniff up coke as we live for the moment, with rich mini bar fridges and chauffeurs. We're rock and rollers, cocky soldiers. They cannot control us, or stop the motive. We brush the globe's stress off our sholders, go straight, and don't care what the road is : south America, round across Asia, head down, visit the south of Australia, chill in every village and town they call « dangerous », go where we'll never be found - They lost trail of us. Get a buzz, sitting on the world's roof. Swigging whisky til we feel quite loose. Scream down from steep mountain peaks like Zeus, like "PEACE" people, peep my deuce! Lets get a bit of medicine and buy berrettas for when we end up eating my supply of cheddar. Better yell farewell to a life of pleasure, then we can pull our weapons out and we can die together : Tchicka POW!



One Way Ticket

Where I'm from, clubs are for losers, country bums, clueless youngens n' cougars, drunk dudes, dummies n' whores, and who the fuck fucks with the music? Clowns know the bouncer - High five G. They're showing off tats in their tight white Tee. They've been to the gym and hope dimes might see, like « which bitch ain't down to fuck a guy like me? » And bitches got them bimbo looks. Men gone push then throw hooks to get up in a nympho's bush... Uh! These silly jerks are real alert, finna flirt with any girl with curves that twerks in a mini skirt... Shit's too predictable: It's quarter passed two and ain't shit to do, cause every bar's closed... I just laugh and shrug, and head to that one, wack ass club / **Club night : Spot is fucking packed, hotties looking dumb, bopping to the tracks, drunk fools queue up to cop another jack... Me ? I'm judging everybody from the back (and the beat goes on... and the beat goes on...)** / Here's what I can't put up with : Rookie DJs and that pull up shit. (Pull up...) Pull up, shit... It's been a minute and you should have quit, with that very fake vibe, I think you should never play live. We've heard family affair from Mary J Blidge... twenty eight times... I suggest you play Fela, play Nas, some merry J-five ! Surprise the folks... I really don't get it. Nobody wanna hear hits and radio edits... and you ain't spinning no records. Your phoney mp3 mix, it ain't getting no credit... I just wanna sip a brew, but every other bar's closed and ain't shit to do... So I put up with it, I just laugh and shrug... and spend the night in this wack ass club / **Club night : Spot is fucking packed, hotties looking dumb, bopping to the tracks, drunk fools queue up to cop another jack... Me ? I'm judging everybody from the back (and the beat goes on... and the beat goes on...)** / I might vomit and trip, I might fall in a ditch. I've got a wife at home but I might follow a bitch. Why fall in a trap? Why always get pissed? Why drink one last drink... I ought to resist and I've gotta admit, I like swallowing cris, but why bother buy a bottle of piss, for five dollars a sip? Why empty my wallet for this? I'll always end up wanting more like Oliver Twist. Spending twenty minutes, frustrated, waiting in line... (It's just a waste of time...) You think you bout to get in, but the bouncer won't make up his mind... (It's just a waste of time) Spending half your paycheck to get a drink with a friend (It's just a waste of time...) You bought a shirt to get in, but know you'll never wear it again (It's just a waste of time...) / **Club night : Spot is fucking packed, hotties looking dumb, bopping to the tracks, drunk fools queue up to cop another jack... Me ? I'm judging everybody from the back x3 (and the beat goes on... and the beat goes...)**



Beat Goes On

Happy New Year ! I'm with my buddy up un here. I'm aware, but buzzing off half a dozen beers. Something's weird... I touch my head and I've got fuzzy ears. Funny... I tell my buddy but he doesn't care. I guess I'll sit back and think a bit. I give my drink a sip and feel tingling in my fingertips... It's lingering, so I give into it... Finna hit on a single chick and find some guys that I can mingle with. My heart is beating fast : in constant need of action, I get off my freaking ass, and talk to people, laughing. I kiss a broad with an Eastern European accent, walk towards the neons flashing in a calm and peaceful fashion to get my dance on to eighties dance songs, glance at all the ladies and shake my ass for 'em. I take my pants off... This place is damn warm !... That's when I witness people's faces transform ! Ants crawling on my arm, falling, swarming round my feet. I step outside cause sweat is pouring down my cheeks. I stare at the sky : The sight is very defying... everything's shining, combinding and intertwinning. There's an elephant flying, a yellow fella behind him riding a giant bright pink snail with the head of a lion. No lying... I can't tell if I'm in hell or Zion. I think I'd be better inside... This shit is very terrifying. Please help me I'm dying... I spot this girl in my way but can't find the perfect words to explain... Gurgling strange sounds, absurd words swirl in my brain... (Check out this jerk is insane... What on earth is he saying ?) / **...EM PLEH ESAELP...** / I hurry back into the kitchen, I vomit in the sink... What the fuck is going on? I gotta sit and think... I never did a drug in my life, so what's the frigging link ? Shit... Somebody musta slipped something in my drink...



(Back up right now... Back up... Back up right now...) / Sick of shitty DJs that mix with no decks. I'm spitting at you as my middle fingers protest. If I'm really pissed you won't finish yo set. I'll break a bottle, hop on stage and start slitting yo necks. Sick of grotesque hoes with silicone breasts bulging out they silly clothes when they stripping on Ecs. Stereotypical rappers get me so vexed. They think their flow's fresh cause they gripping those techs. Machos acting bold though they getting no sex. Your dick can't grow bigger with a silver rolex. Boasting jiggalos with they big, exposed pecs. When you go home, we know that you're your bitches' home pets. Sick of impatient kids, you're souless. Quit skipping through my tracks and quit clicking on next. You make me fucking sick bitch, and bitter no less... / (Back up right now... Back up... Back up right now...) / **You know what ? (What's up ?) You make me wanna throw up ! Go away ! (Why ?) Cause I've had a bad day ! / I ain't talking junk... ain't trying to warn you with a stunt. I'm the type to drive around with traffic wardens in my trunk. Awkward when I'm drunk - wizzing on your wall for fricking fun. I'll pistol-whip a waiter when I walk in with a gun ! (Ha!) I go liquor-shopping, hit the store with a lit blunt and walk out without paying shit. I steal my forties when I want. I walk passed the mortuary : Good morning everyone ! Then punch a weeping widow : Quit acting morbid, silly cunt ! I GO to your corny show, SLAP the shawties in the front, SHIT on your backstage floor, you boring little punk. I've had an awful week dog, a long and shitty month. I really wanna pile all your fucking corpses in the dump, dig up your caskets, fill your coffins with my spunk... / (Back up right now... Back up... Back up right now...) / Wipe that silly grin off. I'll piss on your face, treat you like Ronald Poppo and rip off your traits. You bitch talk - You've got a big jaw to break... I'll rip your tongue out so you ain't got shit more to say. Rip your skin off 'til your bitch calls the jake, just because you listen to Rick Ross and Drake... Just playing... It's just that I'm pissed off today. I wanna rip your limbs off, make a jigsaw display. I'm crazy - Got a lot of shit on my plate. You make me feel nauseated and sick all the way. You know what ? (What's up ?) You know what ? (What's up ?) You make me wanna throw up / **You know what ? (What's up ?) You make me wanna throw up ! Go away ! (Why ?) Cause I've had a bad day ! /****



I wish nothing but death upon my entire species, the whiny teens my society breeds, the geeks that lie in a pile of feces, that eat grease n' die of diabetes, violent hippies buying tips, signing treaties over why we need trees, Jesus freaks trying to teach me to be like them so that I can be free, guys that believe lies on TV, that despise change and the lives that we lead, they treat me like I'm ET 'cause I don't want a home, with a wife and three seeds. Please... I'll leave your seed an orphan. When you walk down the street, proceed with caution. I'ma leave y'all squashed at the zebra crossing to live life in a chair like Steven Hawking / **Bang - Smack your mother's dome. Crack your fucking bones. Bang... Smash the stuff you own. Trash your lovely home...** / Rich men wearing rolexes, I hope you end up getting yo necks slit. I find beggars so wretched. I'll toss a bill off a bridge and then tell 'em « go fetch it ». I'll wreck shit... I'm very unfazed. I'll break your kid's skull 'til his head is concaved. We'll all end up burried one day but I won't waste liquor on anyone's grave. When the month of december comes round, I'll be dressed as Santa in the center of town, Tech under my gown, I'll let off one round, a "Ho Ho Ho", and a heavy gun sound. "Merry Christmas", I wet the dumb crowd and everybody dropping when that weapon comes out. I'ma keep poppin. You better run pall ! Cause I ain't stoppin til everyone down ! / **Bang - Smack your mother's dome. Crack your fucking bones, Bang.. Smash the stuff you own. Trash your lovely home...** / What's up with all the anger ? I wish I had a healthy brain. I never stare in the mirror... I find someone else to blame. My dame's rage been well restrained, but lately she dealt with pain. I play strange and selfish games. She hates the fact she can't help me change. Cause changing ain't negotiable : Getting wasted makes me sociable. After shows I may pose or toast with you, but deep down I feel hate for most of you. At the after parties, I keep looking to get any good looking hooker or sket, connect with a woman 'til her pussy gets wet and when I get up next day, I'm full of regret. I upset my liver four nights a week, and every morning when I'm sore, I repeat to myself "chill for a fournight at least", but can't alter my flaws or fight the beast. I am weak, I stagger home DRUNK, feeling real BAD as I babble old JUNK. I'm just a scumBAG, and this cannot go ON cause I really don't KNOW how this cannot go WRONG... / **Bang... Flames rise on my gut.. The Fire fucking me up... Finna fucking erupt... I feel it building like... Bang.**



Unload / Explode

Could Hip-Hop get any sloppier ? Everybody's a cocky killer that be repping the Mafia. Wiggers pull triggers, correctional officers talk about how they gonna wet ya n' body ya. Where is the logic ? Gotta be honest man, the hottest artists out now are probably holograms. All these rappers always yapping the « N bomb », when crackers make up half the fans they depend on. Shit is wrong.. Why put out your silly song if the whites in the crowd ain't allowed to sing along ? They rich and proud... Check what they keep buying. Yet Drake keeps crying and Kanye keeps whining like « Huh... » Maybe I'm stuck in the nineties. Pink pants and face tats doesn't fucking define me. Go head... Call me cracker with no swag. You can't even flow fag - Just a rapper I casually toe-tag. Your fans will be so sad like when Canibus choked bad and couldn't even read that phoney crap from his notepad. I've got high caliber vocab... I'm the true thing. I cannot be moved by all the crack that your crew sling. You brag and your jewels bling, you act like the new king, and tracky autotune makes you talentless fools sing. Fuck you and the whip you banging this tune in. Fuck the word "swag" and the slang that you using... / **I ain't a Rapper.. I just...** / New school ain't in their right mind. The entire « text message generation » ain't able to write rhymes. Just a bunch of punchlines with no connections between 'em, fictional bullshit, and kids actually believe 'em. Rappers try go viral and find the tools, guys will do anything for likes and views. Why not use a camera and a dynamite stick - stick it up jour ass, light the fuse ? So the globe can watch you blow up fast, you lifeless fools. Cats create buzzes - captivate a fanbase. Others make covers - Mac will make his pancakes. Is Macklemore a better rapper than Kendrick ? How did he manage to get that award ? Man, I don't get it... Youtube was invented so that losers get heard, so you wiggers get excused when you use the « N word ». So you can prove that you's a killer, spewing ten slurs, wishing death with every sentence. You foolish net nerds and emo-geeks have never seen no streets but post mediocre schemes over Primo beats. I know that... I could beat your mic up, but today, rappers don't rap, they just keyboard-cypher... So... / All these crews with their macks out... Forty goons up in the background... All these dumb hits, tracks that lack substance and all the autotune up in their raps now... Rush your bars, they don't matter... Just rely on crazy swagger... Do your thing, focus on your stupid bling but if that shit's rap... / **I ain't a Rapper.. I just... I ain't a rapper... I just rap a lot...**

I ain't a Rapper



I was only ten, it was a normal weekend. Just a saturday, towards the evening, I'm sure i'd spent my time darwing or reading. I recall my Mum in the corridor cleaning. Dad and sister had just got back from the foodshop with a few bags full of fruit, a pan and a new wok. They were laughing as my dad took his shoes off, then BOOM, daddy collapsed : Quit acting a fool Pop ! Why is he not moving? Why has he stopped? What is he doing? Come on Pops, you've got to get up ! My Mums roled him over : Dad was foaming at the mouth, my sister phoned the ambulance as i ran up out the house. I gave a YELL... filled with rage and pain as well... My fingers were aching from ringing on my neighbour's bells. But no one came when I called or prayed for help.,That's why I hate God, hate my neighbors, hate myself, hate the ambulance and the lousy fools inside. How can you revive a human life if you take two hours to arrive? February 95... I recollect : The very first fucking time that I met with Death... /... I was very deep in love with a queen... A fiend... I wanted to stay stuck in a dream. We'd make love on repeat, spend our days under the sheet and never leave the bed unless we'd make something to eat. Sweet - Not a single fight. It all seemed alright, until our first evening beef ocured and made us feel uptight. We screamed, cried, didn't sleep all night. Next morning, shawty was coughing up blood and bleeding from her mosquito bites. HURRY - We made our way to the doc, he made her take a blood test - the results gave him a shock. "Go straight to the hospital" He gazed at the clock... "Only they can save her now and say what she's got." Off we went to the Oncology-section, trying to focus. HER arm had swollen so bad. The sight was atrocious. When we got the diagnosis, we both cried an ocean : LEUKEMIA... I found it hard to hide my emotions. I told her « Trust my devotion. The fight for your life's in motion. We're both frightened, but with hope, I know that we can find the potion. If we're strong, our Love will last long... » Every day, I put plastic gloves and masks on... Her room was a prison. Body sickened by the food, in addition to the chemo, transfusions and tone of tubes in her system. I witnessed her shrivel and lose her hair, get too weak to speak or move her legs and two feet, she had to use a chair. But she left no room to fear and never gave in to dispair. Today this crazy episode feels like an ancient souvenir. We made it through the years, smelling roses everyday. We'll never know when Death will be back to take our breath away / **“You're dying little by little...”** / Y'all treat Life like an alcoholic whore at the bar to scoop up. Y'all abuse her and go through the Kama Sutra. karma's a puta, the coolest, calmest cougar who can see through every one of your smart manoeuvres. She can read the cards that you've got, have you tossed from a moving car or roof top. Pray to Jesus, Allah, Boudtha : may God give you luck ! Death is round the corner, it ain't hard to screw up. All turn to dust, yet some of these fools trust they'll live until 100 with a wonderful future. I've watched youngens go... some didn't do much. One kid got his skull crushed under a school bus. « It's not fair... » That's what they said, but Death don't care. One minute you're here...Next you're in our prayer. Play this at my funeral : It's kinda suitable. Take off your ties and suits, spare me your « Goodbyes » and « Toodaloos ». Time is moving... It's time to remind a few of you : You next in line... Quit treating life like a Rubik's cube. and let me die... Enjoy the sunshine, you stupid fools ! I envy y'all... Remember y'all : LIFE IS BEAUTIFUL !



All songs produced, written and recorded
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