

DIG DEEP

JUST
PLAIN
ANT



blocSonic Introduction

It's always exciting when I come across an artist who delivers an album that can be enjoyed from beginning to end. It's even more enjoyable when that artist is completely independent. There's something to be said for music independence in these days of packaged and repackaged mainstream music product. Independent music isn't held back by labels and expectations to fit a certain mold.

When I first heard Ant's "Fly", I was very impressed by the fact that it had that classic hip-hop vibe that only a few "netaudio" hip-hop releases have. That vibe is present even while a modern undercurrent is heard throughout, so what you end up with is a modern hip-hop album that hasn't forgotten the lessons of the pioneers and innovators.

After absorbing "Fly", I was eager for more. Around that same time I announced that blocSonic was considering original releases and that we were inviting artists to approach us about releasing their material. Ant was the first artist to do so and a perfect fit at that. Since our dedication to quality over quantity was being carried over to our original releases, Ant was indeed the best artist we could have hoped for to help us impress that attitude on our premier release.

So here you have it... "Dig Deep", a shining example of what the independent music world has to offer. It's also an authentic and innovative hip-hop album that refuses to be boxed in by quick and simple comparisons. With this album, Ant has brought together a terrific

bunch of co-producers, vocalists and emcees that have all added their own touch in such a way that doesn't make this producer-driven album feel like a compilation. Conceptually, there's no doubt that this album is a whole.

Thanks to Just Plain Ant for his interest in having blocSonic release "Dig Deep". Also, thanks to Sleaze, EENJ, Jay Slim, Alex Murphy, Elijah, Joey Ripps, Brad Oblivion, Caitlin Meissner and Yarrow Lutz for being a part of this fantastic album. Finally, thanks to Christine Lockerby for her fantastic photographic work.

Thanks for downloading! Enjoy the album! Burn copies of it... give copies to friends... give them to strangers...

- Michael Gregoire

Ant Introduction

First and foremost, I want to thank you for downloading “Dig Deep”, which obviously you did, because you’re reading this right now. Coming off of “Fly” which was a kinda pissed-off record, I wanted to make something more laid-back. Something that would make people feel good, because it’s just not me to do two albums of the exact same mood. I was gonna make people nod their heads and bring summer to the winter. I was sure of it. That was until my grandmother got really sick and my family spent 2 weeks fearing her death. There was no way I could see myself making feel good music. It just wasn’t in me at that time. I was a bit weak. One night when I was at home by myself, I got a phone call from my grandmother’s doctor saying that she was gonna be taken off of the ventilator and she may start breathing on her own or she may not. That’s when I knew what was gonna happen later that night. My mother didn’t come home, because she was waiting at the hospital. So I sat home all night wondering what the outcome would be. The song, “Dig Deep”, which at that point, I only referred to as “that track that Alex did”, was playing. I just listened to it to keep my mind at ease, because it’s a really relaxing song. While I was listening to it time after time after time, the line “You better dig deep like an excavator” just hit me, and for some reason, a lightbulb went off over my head. It just hit me in some strange way. I had made a whole concept for an album out of one line. I’m gonna make an album which you can reflect on. An album that’ll make you think about life. An album that you shouldn’t take lightly. It may make you sad to hear most of this album, but if you listen to it from end to end, you’ll be able to bring yourself up from the lowest of lows. I hope you

enjoy it. Oh yeah, and this is a very abstract one; a true reflection of me, so for those who are expecting another “Fly”, go sit in a corner and have yourself a good cry, because you expect way too little.

- Just Plain Ant



I

Hush (7:26)

(A. Gillison, A. Murphy)

The original was a track that I made on my free time. To be completely honest, I didn't even really like it that much when I first made it, but one day, Alex came to me talking about doing a collaboration, so I sent him the track, because I figured he could do it some justice. It was funny, because initially when I got the track back, it was 11 ½ minutes long. It seemed like he did a little too much with the track ha ha. In reality, it was only 7 ½ minutes long, which is still quite a bit longer than your average song, but he did it in a way that it didn't even seem like it was that long. Not only did he make something out of a track that I didn't even like. He made it an epic opener that I immediately knew was perfect for this album.



2

Anti-Love (Featuring Sleaze) (4:33)

(B. Davis, A. Gillison)

Sleaze had been going through some things with some friends and it seemed like it was a really rough stage for him, so I figured what better way to help him than to give him an outlet. As you'll hear when you listen to this track, you'll notice that he put a lot of emotion into it. I let Jay hear it and he knew pretty much immediately that it was his favorite song off of the album. E did the same thing. The way I see it is that if you use music as an outlet, people will feel your every word completely. I know people that just whine and cry about their problems. I'm not gonna lie. That shit becomes a bother after a while. "Anti Love" makes me wish more people could write songs (and not on some emo shit, just honesty).

(Verse 1)

My friends got a new game / They ain't down for me they in a new lane / They ain't round for bee and it's a true shame / Can't call it messing with a dude's brain / I mean I give niggas straight love jack / And it's sad cuz I hardly get the love back / I ain't crying I'm above that / Still I would love to see niggas where da love at? / And I feel like a outsider / With my own peeps on my own streets / People don't understand where my zone be / Cause I'm wit' my kids and my wife in my home, B / Yeah, I know about the treasure / It's about a substance that niggas can't measure / And something that you can't buy can't make / But you can't live without and you can't shake

(Hook)

So, I'm getting anti-love / People don't wanna see ya boy get above / People ain't trying to

see sleaze get a piece / Tell me they for me but I really can't see / They showing Anti love /
They showing anti love / People ain't trying to see Sleaze get a piece / Tell me they for me
but I really can't see

(Verse 2)

That's the reason why the world ain't shit we love less / Look like this world just love
stress / They don't like giving nothing away its much less / You can pay for some love as
well as success / Oh the time we living in / Where ain't nothing sacred all is dividends /
Take a dive in this the pool we swimming in / The shit is all fake the rules ain't genuine /
Niggas scream love man they will broadcast it / Still they be throwing you shade / And you
can take it like this cant nothing forecast it / Nigga just watch out for the rain / 'Cause
when it fall you can tell who ya dogs really are / Get a grip on your click people are who
they are / Just be you over there man hate all you want / Cause I'm on some love over
here, man.

(Hook)

(Verse 3)

So as it go bee's an outkast / Without 3 stacks going out fast / And my loves fading out last
/ Trying to hold niggas together / But the way ya boy feel worse than under the weather
/ So cold get a coat or a sweater and wrap up / But I ain't talking no shit these facts suck /
So before I act out I'ma act up / I don't wanna be the death of this / Friendship that has put

me in a deficit / Telling y'all what I'm going thru / Is surreal

'Cause I ain't really ain't knowing who / On the other side of earphones / But regardless
niggas gone hear bones / And bones meaning skeletons / Skeletal Skeletors... tell 'em who
they repping for

(Hook)

AntiLove / AntiLove / AntiLove / People don't wanna see ya boy get above / AntiLove /
They showing AntiLove / People ain't trying to see Sleaze get a piece / Tell me they for me
but I really can't see.





3

32 More (Featuring EENJ) (5:41)

(A. Gillison, E. Hedrick, J. Hedrick)

“32’s of Truth” off of EENJ’s album, “A New Day”, was one of the most heartfelt songs I’ve heard in the past couple years and I didn’t ever think I’d be able to make a follow-up to it. I just found myself listening to The Blackbyrds’ “Action” (which is where I got the sample from), and the song came on and I decided that I would make a completely new track out of it. It turned out to be this really ambient track that just sounded like you could spill your guts or tell a highly meaningful story behind it. If you ask me, they did a proper update of the track. Not gonna lie, listening to this song did depress me a tiny bit, but the vision that I had was right before me.

(Verse 1: Elijah)

So I’ve been thinkin lately greatly / Within to see if the situation had changed me / My head hard as iron; you gotta pass the worst / You can’t become a sword without being fired first / Life’s a desired curse, because you live every day / Hatin’ it since your birth until you pass away / But I’m lucky I recieved a second chance / So I look hard at myself like “Am I fat in these pants?” / And the answer is yes, I’m feelin’ the stress / Of life after life breathin’ right behind my neck / No time to regret, forgive and never forget / Call all your bets, collect and settle your debts / Cuz if it’s over your head then it’s weighin’ on your heart / You’ll be pullin’ yourself apart, that’s where it starts / Your girl says she miss you, job wanna dismiss you / Bills come and get you and time becomes the issue / It waits for no man; clocks got their own plan / They’ll sprint when you ran; they’ll run when you stand / And I don’t wanna lose so I’m neck and neck with you / The only thing cancer does for bills is makes ’em past due / I need help and who am I gonna ask? You? / The same dudes I aired on 32

Bars of Truth? / Nah, got me ignorin' your calls and busy / Turnin' my back on my people;
I'm Clayton Bigsby / A mic supremacist; learn life's intelligence / Sorta like; now I'm sorta
like spite's benevolence / Polite's irreverance; Now quiet as I'll ever get / Half lion, half
pegasus; From now till forever; This / Will stand alone as a life I've invested in / I'll take it
for the good and when I'm too depressed to win / Life is balancin'; Your body's duality / So
reads Elijah I verse 2; return to normality

(Verse 2: Jay Slim)

It really ain't been that long since I wrote the last song / Tryna keep my head strong same
shit goin' on

Nah, things ain't looked up like starin' to the sky / Tryna figure why my heart and mind
collide / I'm on the strangest ride and the future seems bleak / Hopeless even; my situation
unique / Tryna chase my dream and put my name on the scene / But everytime I turn
around, I'm right back where I've been / Before. Tryin' to even the score / But in the
fourth quarter, long road ahead; time cuttin' you shorter / Plus my ends don't match up
to my expenses / Every month, my paycheck is less than the rent is / Life's a bitch and I've
almost divorced her a few nights / 'Cause my pockets were empty; I thought "The mood's
right" / Plus my baby's been threatenin' to leave / Unless I change my goals, and put my
heart on my sleeve / For the house and the picket fence that's been depicted since / The
black and white flicks, picture perfect in a sense / But unrealistic, sick with the visions
/ Can't make up my mind or stick to a decision / Wanna finish college; can't afford my

tuition / Been thinkin' 'bout givin four years to the system / Still not ideal for a man of my
stature / 22 and single, but in truth, not a bachelor / No I'm intelligent; although at times
negligent / My name on paper seems highly irrelevant / What's a degree say about me /
Tryna get a job is like goin' to ABC / With no ID, tryna buy a fifth of Captain / They shut
the door in my face and they start laughin' / So I stick with the music and I put it in my
song / Tryna KIM, 'cause my will is so strong



4

Still Dreamin' (Featuring Jay Slim) (5:06)

(A. Gillison, J. Hedrick)

This track was originally slated to appear on Jay Slim's debut album, but the feel of it was so beyond that I just felt like I needed to have it on my album. What was weird was the fact that at one point in my life I had a dream similar to that. I never thought too hard about what it meant, but this track made sense of that strange dream. Thanx, Jay. I needed that lol.

(Verse 1)

It was all a dream; I was flyin' on a plane that crashed / And while fallin' from the sky, I didn't cry I laughed / I was gassed; not understanding quite why / Apparently unafraid to die / Trouble in my mind's eye, because I'm suicidal not / Problems in my life, but not a suicidal thought / From the bible I was taught / Or perhaps a book by another title, I forgot / Death to self is for cowards, how I thought / Just about the time I knew my life had escaped me, / the plane hit the ground, slid and stopped safely / And I woke up, choked up and pondered upon the meaning of my dreaming / Because maybe it was metaphor, tellin' me that I'd be better for / The hardships I endured / Here's the message: When your plane goes down, you gotta pull yourself up from the wreckage / That's how I accepted it

(Hook 2x)

Dreamin' / I'm still dreamin' / Dreamin' / I'm still dreamin' / Dreamin' / I'm still dreamin' / Dream / Close your eyes and let your mind go free

(Verse 2)

It was raining, my eyes were closed, my blinds were closed / Beats were playing and my mind was open / And I was thinking about what I should write / Should I put the swaggered down or say somethin' about my life / Feelin' the basslines course through my body / Oddly I'm feeling weightless, the beat playin' more loudly / So I step outside, to my surprise / I see my homeboy with a wild look in his eyes / He runs in beats bumpin' now tryin' to shake the buildin' / Not a complaint from neighbors, even ones with / Strange, I come in outta the rain / The song is playin' so loud and I can't find my man / He disappeared, weird, so I sit down / And start to write about it, not believin' the situation I'm facin' / Blinkin', I woke up, shit, / I must've been dreamin', I'm about to put that in a verse

(Spoken Word)

They say dreams are an extension of your inner mind / So I let you enter mine / When these words and the instrumental combine / To form a couple of my dreams on a track / Everything I said was true, it's all fact / All factual, true life, actual / Artistic visions from the subconscious seem masterful / Beautiful even, dreamin' when sleepin' / The plot deepens, until reality and fiction seem even / What's reality anyway besides an interpretation / Of a world that you can see with your two eyes / But what about the blind? / Do they not live in a real plane? / Roll dice in the same game as you and I / True as life / There's somethin' after; after the pain and laughter / I hope to find / Peace / For mind body and soul / I can't take no more





5

Dig Deep (Featuring Alex Murphy) (5:45)

(A. Gillison, A. Murphy)

Well, basically, I told the whole story of the track itself in the intro, so I'm just gonna talk about Alex lol. The kid is crazy talented. I did a project with him and a couple of other guys in high school, and this dude would rhyme and play about every instrument on the album. I've never met anyone who could rhyme, sing, and play every single instrument except the saxophone. Shit is crazy!! Then when I found out that he did these crazy remixes? That was it. Why can't I have talent like that?!?! Lol.

You can't even match my stamina, crammin' the / Knowledge in your ear canal like it's the Panama / And I got a fly dizzy DJ in the back / Just Plain Ant, 1, 2, make the hands go clap / And that's that

Hey, feed the beats extra sweets / Make them fat / Put them on the couch, hear the slats snap / Oh snap!

I keep my rhymes in a fanny pack / On the back, one hundred and one potential tracks

And if you're an instigator / You better dig deep like an excavator / Made of elevators containing beta gamma and zeta / Elements like elephants stack on top of plates in my crater / I'm just a cowboy /

At least I once was a boy in cowboy pajamas.



6

If You're Not True To Me (5:11)

(A. Gillison)

I went over Jay's one day after he had just bought a few new records and I saw "Carnival" by John Handy. Automatically, I thought 'Jay, what did u buy? This fool looks like a clown. I'm honestly shocked at how crazy he looks. I mean, this dude is dancing around with a saxophone in a court jester costume.' I didn't expect anything spectacular to come out of this record, because... this dude just looked completely out there. On some kinda retarded ass drug, not to the George Clinton Sly Stone level though. I was wrong to expect nothing, because this incredible track was on it. I'm actually pretty sure I left Jay's immediately (or nearly) to go work on the track. Plus the words are so straight forward. "If you're not true to me, I will leave you." I mean, need he say more?! Perfect love song, because basically what he's saying is "I love you, but the minute you slip up, I'm gettin' the hell on." Usually people are too busy floatin' in the damn clouds to think about the reality of a relationship, but Jack Handy shares my feelings of a relationship. What can you do with no trust? But I'm not tellin' you to just run around takin' relationship advice from dudes dressed like court jesters.





'ONLY the cowardly

Act violently - Doc.

OCTAVIUS

'ONLY the cowardly





7

Can't Say Goodbye (Featuring Elijah) (4:23)

(A. Gillison, E. Hedrick)

Another Just Plain Ant album jack move lol. I first made it knowing it would be on “Dig Deep”, but it was such a good album closer for Elijah’s album that I gave it to him, but then the album got scrapped so I took it back. I’m actually pretty sure there are like 4 versions of this song, but no lie, I’m happy as ever I got this track on my album, because it fits in way better than “Any Given Wednesday” (another track Elijah recorded for DD). That track will probably be released somewhere down the line, but this is definitely the better fit for the album.

(Verse 1)

Cardboard rectangles stacked in rows / Marked with sharpies, packed to go / Kitchenware and photo frames, living there / You know the game, we used to hang out here / Best friends for 20 years off to Florida / I really hope nothing works out for ya / That’s selfish, I didn’t mean what was said / I just want you to come back so we can kick it again / And we can chill like old times / 8-mile crew, everyone of those times / We got school and careers to chase / Your dreams in FL and mines in VA / You’ll still be a BFF with no delay / And don’t be stressed, you need me? I’m on the freeway / You’re my friend and that will never waiver / So, no goodbyes for us, for us “see you later”

(Hook 2x)

I woke up with a tear in my eye / but can’t bring myself to say goodbye (I won’t do it) / I still live the life I lead / And believe that it stays with me (I’m still with ya)

(Verse 2)

Parallel blue lines stacked in rows / Brain scheming its time to flow (you better go) / The beat it on and I must carry it / But compared to some I know I can barely spit / And still when the lights flash like police

It's my time so cue on the spotlights / I hustle hard for the miniscule praise / It's hard to watch cause I gotta get these school loans paid / And all of your friends claim to be loyal / No-shows at Shows, wouldn't download a free album for you (Fuck 'em) / Don't get me wrong I do it for the love / I do it for the fun, I do it for the rush / And if you like it too, then hey, that's what's up / Cause Ants on his grind so the right chords get struck / It loves my words and the raps I do / And I can't say goodbye because I love it too

(Hook 2x)

(Verse 3)

You were my other half and now you're gone / I'm in the middle the center of your loins / You hung with the wrong crowd started flare'n up / We barely spoke, now I can barely touch ya / Without a tear forming / All cause you were plagued by foreign bodies / The sad thing is I don't really miss you / Cause if you stayed I might be right there with you / Scar tissue, is what you gave to me / And even though your gone I can plainly see / I love you, but I'm better off without ya / I can't lie, because I wanted to mount ya / On the mantle, because of the cancer / I was asleep I never even got the chance to / Say goodbye to where we rest those seeds / So this is to my brother my left-testicle



8

Good Night (Miles From This Place)
(Featuring Joey Ripps) (5:27)

(A. Gillison, J. Ripps)

This beat was one that I made a while back. I never knew what I was gonna do with it initially, but I'm a firm believer in the fact that everything happens for a reason. As soon as I got the sound for this album, I knew that the track was perfect and who it would be perfect for.

(Hook)

Good night and have a great tomorrow / I couldn't hack the pain, but I can take the sorrow / Take the strength I borrowed, and return it to its essence / I found peace in your words / and comfort in your presence / Your teardrops were blessings, your aura was divine / I could spend days just pickin' at your mind / I sit and question why/

(Verse 1)

Just another day, zonin' as the fire burned / Flames touched, no problems 'cuz my Pyre's earned / Tried to learn as that torch draws me in / Opportunity was knockin' but that door's off the hinge / I can't take much more of the bends / The pressure's buildin', I can't feel its force from within / Force from my binge / awoken to what's real / Tapping my emotions, I feel them pokin' through the seal / I'm open for the kill go ahead and shoot me down / Put ya steel through my chest, and do it now / obscure to the serenity / I can't tell my friends from my enemies / Just put an end to me / You know I can't be happy with this smile on my face / So I'll just spend awhile in your grace / And tomorrow, when you wake, I'll be miles from this place / Miles from this place

(Hook)

(Verse 2)

My soul is not to barter for still / I remain a target for these devils and these snakes / Who
revel in the wake of the hell that they create / Stab you in the back as they smile in your
face / You could run a mile in this race / If you put your trust in haste, you ran that mile
just in place / Now adjust your face, don't show your motives / People feed off that hate
/ And when you feel it, trust they know it / I try and slow it down as this empty chamber
fills with another round / Then comes that familiar sound / Or the lack of it / I slam my
hand on the back of it / It's jammed, not even half budgin' / I forget who I am, mad buggin' /
Then I overstand / the beholders plan, not the chosen man / But a man of insight / I exude
truth through the essence of my windpipes / Then find my voice within mics

(Hook)

(Excerpt)

(Hook)





9

In The Air (Featuring Brad Oblivion) (5:32)

(A. Gillison, B. Caudle)

The song was originally really spacey and airy to the point that it didn't have any real punch. I'm not usually one to measure how drums knock or anything, but I was making a bunch of beats one day, and I was listening to one and starting rhyming the hook to this track. I automatically knew it would be a better fit. Another example of everything happening for a reason. I feel like I did a good job of changing it, because in September, I released the original track. When I let people hear the new version, they didn't even realize it was the same song.

(Intro)

I try to lead by example... but sometimes this world's too much to handle... so i move like a vandal...

(Verse 1)

Hidden Truth / How life shifts thru our veins / And there's no explanation for the pain /
Feeling like Bill Murray in Groundhog Day / Wishing for change / But doin' more of the
same / I don't even know what to say / It never seems like the right time of the day / We're
all so muddled up / We don't know what we want / And when we see it we duck / Like
what the fuck / We're stuck / Have you ever been in the depths of despair / And every
sentence said is riddled with swears / Like I swear I could've done so much over the years
/ If I only coulda side stepped all of my fears / Neglected by bystander apathy / Everybody
watching and laughing / Can I be a casualty of gravity... I'm falling... shit.

(Hook)

So when you hear this here, put one in the air/let the squares stare/cuz we without a care/
we big like the fair/so just pay ya fare/grab a dutch and a flare and put one in the air (2x)

(Verse 2)

I pray to allah / He tells me life is just a phase / And we all play a part on this earthly
stage / Get your popcorn and 3D glasses / He spittin technicolors / Descending from the
travelers of the middle passage / Scarred by the memories of lashes / On our backs when
they was acting like we was below average / Nut we original man / Solid like Ashford and
Simpson / Respected by the sharks and praised by the fishes / Blazing up swishers / Got
my mind suspended / Thinking is every breath closer to death or a new vision / The weight
on my shoulders could challenge Atlas/but I can't fold like a bad mattress / The seeds still
need to catch this before the stock crash hits / While religion used by the fascists / As
long as I'm breathing / I'ma keep one in the air steady steaming and still dreaming.

(Hook 2x)

(Verse 3)

In this dystopian land there's so much disorder / So in the second amendment I'm a vocal
supporter / Local authorities sweat me for less than a gram / While politicians snort
grands / Reporters distort their scams / All according to plans / Then they blame the
community / So CEO's can claim immunity / Committees and panels organize wars and

scandals / Population control feeding us diseased animals / Behind closed doors they study
occult and cannibals / While we asleep on that zero channel / Playing with the public's
rights / Martial law is real though / So us vigilantes keep the steel close / Cuz for real folks
/ 2012 ain't a long way to go / See, i was on this earth before / As the spook who sat by the
door / With the loaded four four / Cuz we living like its 1984. so.

(Hook 4x)



10

Love Letters

(Featuring Caitlin Meissner and Yarrow Lutz) (2:24)

(A. Gillison, Y. Lutz, C. Meissner)

I remember listening to Caitlin's poetry a while back. The track that stuck out to me was one called "Incantation", which featured Yarrow Lutz. I kept thinking to myself "I'd love to make a track with them." Then one day, Caitlin posted a MySpace bulletin about collaborations so I hit her up. She replied really quickly saying she was "so down" to collaborate. Not only did she agree to it, she was excited to do so. That was the point in my career when it became easier to reach out to people I want to collab with. If somebody ever tells you "You can't always get what you want", tell them to shut the hell up lol.

The girl is banging on your bones again
her hands of hammers
mudslide of pots and pans
fashion a sling of honey cotton
pulsing under red palms
what are we healing towards?
love letters, some days smell
of pomegranate seeds
light too far to reach
sometimes a new day is hurtful
Oakland mornings
you wake to a beautiful woman
who holds you in her mouth

coming into the day, gently rocking

in Brooklyn, its street traffic lullabies

the hungry cat's cry

arms wrapped around the pillow like a lover

I am hungrier than the cat

the pillow wears your face

yes, I thirst desperate

tongue licking clean a cold desert night

sky bereft of stars stolen into wet throat

it wants the lips that do not like to kiss

I cannot compete with moon's pull

so swallow it into my belly

she sings for you, inside

its soft hum buzzing like a glass of rum

my memory is greedy

the ghost in your hair is stretching its fingers

I'm saying hello





That Goodbye (4:35)

(A. Gillison)

One emotion that I wanted to tackle on this album was loneliness. Nobody was really writing about that though, because nobody was really lonely. So one night I was listenin' to a bunch of records and heard this song and decided that there was no better way to depict loneliness. Thank you, Main Ingredient, for completing my album.



12

End of the Day (Featuring Jay Slim) (6:21))

(A. Gillison, J. Hedrick)

All of the hard times in my life recently eventually led me to simply believe that nothing, but good could come from all of the bad things that happened. Just because other people close to you die doesn't mean you should, too. In closing, I say this: If you ever feel like everything is going against you and nothing will ever go your way, just lift your head and know that everything is gonna be alright. That's what keeps me going from day to day. And now, I'm happy with my life. If I can pull through the deep piles of crap in life, you can too. There I go on that motivational speaker shit again, but I mean I hope I'm giving someone hope. Who doesn't need a little bit of hope in their lives? Can't say I didn't do anything for you!

(Verse 1)

Tough times be the reason I bust rhymes / Such is life, now let me discuss mine / The hardships be enough to disgust minds / And have me convening with my man to discuss crime / It's getting harder just to make an honest dollar / Inner city blues, yo, they make me wanna holler / No collar, not even a blue one / My toes 'bout to pop out the top of my shoes, dun / Plus I've got the Williams, every bill past due / Never seein' green, don't even recognize that hue / And that's true, I'm eatin' one square meal / On the daily, now understand my point of view / Through the dark days, I try to find bright spots / And put it all in words at a time when my mic's hot / Just to get it off my chest, take a little breath / And get a little rest / I'm just relievin' my stress

(Hook)

At the end of the day, it's alright / If shit's not goin' your way, the future's still bright / As long as you stay motivated, you're gonna make it / Take that mold and break it / At the end of the day, it's all good / One day you'll look back at the place you once stood / And realize that time flew and now you're strong / And you're standin' in the place where you knew you belonged

(Verse 2)

I considered pitchin' more than a few times / Not really handling weight, just maybe a few dimes / Cuz I've been breakin' my back for the corporate slacks / And when my paycheck comes back, it makes me wanna react / Now I'm not sayin' that I wanna be Trump / But I'd like to put somethin' on a payment due last month / And stop the 1-800 numbers blowin' my phone / Stressin' my dome, take wifey out for a night in the zone / Dinner and a flick, is that too much to ask now? / Comfortable livin', why I gotta be ass out? / I never asked for much, in return, I get much less / So in my mind, I'm steady dreamin' of success / A little somethin' different now, tired of the run around / Searchin' for that higher ground, tryin' to turn my frown around / Cuz when it comes down to it, I'm still breathin' / And that alone is enough of a reason to keep movin'

(Hook)

(Bridge)

They'll never break me down, I can't give up / No matter the situation, I gotta keep my

chin up / And keep aimin' for the sky, I'm still alive and breathin' / Gotta keep on believin'
/ They won't break me down, I don't give up / And if I get knocked down, best believe
I'm gonna get up / Reach to the sky and deny these demons / I gotta gotta gotta keep on
believin

(Verse 3)

Can't let em stop and knock ya hustle / Just show your muscle and move on to bigger
and better / No matter the weather rain or shine on the grind / Can't let 'em defeat your
mind, keep your focus in line / And your focus in sight, sometimes you gotta fight for your
right to live / Despite the fact they don't wanna see you achieve and ascend / Flash a grin
and find the strength within / It's all on you at the end of the day

(Hook 2x)



Thank You

I want to say thank you to God (Not like Snoop Dogg and Three 6 talkin bout “I WANNA THANK ALL MY NIGGAS, ALL MY BITCHES, AND MY LORD AND SAVIOR JESUS CHRIST!!!”) for allowing me to have music as a release and... just everything good that's happened in my life. I also wanna thank my mother for everything, especially listening to every crazy musical idea I've had. Next, I wanna thank Alex, Jay, E, and Brad for being not only talented artists, but dedicated friends through all of the shit life deals. Thanks to Mike Gregoire of BlocSonic for allowing me to have his first original release. That is a major honor, and I can't wait to do the next album. To Jay, E, Brad, Sleaze, and Joe: Richmond is ours. All we've gotta do is make it known. Caitlin and Yarrow, thank you very much for your contribution. You put thoughts and words together in such a beautiful way. That may have sounded goofy as hell, but I spent a long time trying to say that and I'm not that fantastic with words. That's why I produce lol. But I look forward to working with you two again. To Christine Lockerby, the photography was beautiful and you really have a future with it. I will be contacting you for the next album, too. To the ladies of Hammer Hill for allowing me to do the photo shoot there. I luv y'all and you have a dope ass house. To my family (too many to name), thank you for pushing me to do anything I desire. Look where it got me, and I'll only keep moving forward. To D, for getting me going with the whole music thing. We've gotta get up and at least put an EP down soon fam. Shout outs go to Emily Flowers, T-Squared, PBG, Mr. Meeble, Vitamin V, Real Talk, 2AM, Mic Jordan, Slam Nahuatl, Gully, Faire Fiasco, Calvin Brown, Reality, Neija Jane, Skitzo, KJ, Bryce

McCormick, Bolaji aka Ooah, ONiON, and Earthtone. If I forgot you, I'm sorry, I'll get you next album.

All songs produced by Just Plain Ant except where otherwise noted.

Tracks 01 and 05 co-produced by Alex Murphy

Track 07 produced by Elijah

Track 02 performed by Sleaze

Track 03 performed by Elijah and Jay Slim of EENJ

Tracks 04 and 12 performed by Jay Slim

Track 05 performed by Alex Murphy

Track 07 performed by Elijah of EENJ

Track 08 performed by Joey Ripps

Track 09 performed by Brad Oblivion

Track 10 poem by Caitlin Meissner and sung vocals by Yarrow Lutz

“Dig Deep” recorded at Ant’s home studio.

Photography by Christine Lockerby

Still to come...

Jay Slim and Just Plain Ant "The High Life" (Spring 2009)

<http://www.myspace.com/jayslimthinpockets>

Brad Oblivion "The Beauty of Imperfection" (Spring 2009)

<http://www.myspace.com/bradoblivionmusic>

Sleaze "Classic Material" (Coming Soon)

<http://www.myspace.com/sleazemania>

Just Plain Ant "Lemonade" (Coming Soon)

<http://www.myspace.com/justplainant>

...and from blocSonic...

netBloc Volumes 20-22

...and more blocSonic originals... keeping checking blocSonic.com for details!

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