



LUCK & RIPPS

THE CATASTROPHIC CONNECTION



Welcome to "The Catastrophic Connection"

Back in February, Joey Ripps approached me about releasing one of his projects through blocSonic. One of the projects, a collaboration with 13aDLuck produced by Catastrophe, turned out to be quite a strong set. After hearing the drafts Ripps sent, blocSonic was officially down for a release! What you're about to listen to is a fantastic collection of raw, NYC style, boom-bap hip-hop. It's packed with smooth soul-drenched beats, classic B-Boy braggadocio and introspective rhymes. Luck & Ripps' vocal styles are both quite compatible, so their collaboration on this project feels natural and unforced. Catastrophe's production throughout serves as the perfect bed for their verses to rest. Once again, we feel that we, blocSonic, have dropped another solid contribution to the world of independent hip-hop. Check it out... and remember... share this with everyone you connect with. Thanks goes out to Luck, Ripps and Catastrophe for being part of the blocSonic fam. Thanks also to you for taking the time to download!

Peace

Michael Gregoire

Founder/Curator blocSonic.com

Bringing Us Back

The roots of hip-hop are and forever will remain in true life and living it to every limitation, and nobody on the level speaks reminiscent of those days we all still live within like the artist inside. Being in one's own life, making the ends meet with eyes on the prize has always been the story, and this piece brings truth back to the track like so many musicians have given up on doing. Hailing from real life are these two writers who don't want to be remembered as another brand of shelf-grade hip-hop, Ripps and Luck have words with not just value, but depth. Two distinct sounds come together in their words, and there appears little separation between the crucial element present in music that strikes the heart; no matter if someone is brought to a crushing justice on tape or if a powerful love is being pored over in song, the truth is what makes it tangible, what makes it real. Avoid the false and hear only that which leads those who follow to themselves. All else points to the footprints of another, and every last person on this planet meets their end. Listen closely and you will hear that individual path being burned out of the commonplace, the mold being shaken where it has grown thick along the paths of all who make the same music with different names, and the sounds of this collaboration is doing the shaking.

It's most important to remember that this is not just music... after all music is just rhythm and rhyme, timing and keen placement. Words, sounds, and well-made points alone do not create this either; put a true lyric with a rampant Catastrophe and this is the end result. No years upon years of planning and perfecting, no inhuman electronic experimentation, only hours and days strewn together from toil and truth.

The streets of real life is where it all started. This tape brings us back.

- Kyle Rogers

The Connection That's Catastrophic

Luck and I met about four years ago via the classic hip-hop message board Sacred Society (RIP). It was a down time for sacred, not too many emcees around but cats like Mickey Factz and FamNice still roamed the threads. Over those years we made a few tracks together and often shared constructive criticism on each others work over AIM. Catastrophe had been blessing us both with tracks for a while then he released his instrumental album Throw Away Beats. I remember being on AIM as Luck and I both listened to it and we decided to write a track right there. It was "Better Days". Soon after that we decided to write and record to every track off the album. In a week's time we had written and recorded sixteen songs (one was ultimately dropped). Then the hard part reared it's ugly head. We had each taken lead on eight songs so we decided we would each mix those songs. Turned out they both had different sounds which took away the cohesiveness. We tried and failed a few times, sending and receiving numerous files. I finally decided to zip all the files and email them to my friend Citizen86 in England. He quickly knocked 'em out and so our story ends.

- Joey Rippis



01

The Connection (1:13)



Ripps:

Rock to the beat nod ya head to the rhythm
Pour yaself a drink and get some liquor in your system
Joe and Luck on a mission so sit down and listen
You are now in tune to a brand new invention
My vision, blurred by the written word so
I'ma rock the mic until I get a cure
So sick, no shit Joe Ripps and 13adLuck with the dopeness
I was dreamin' when I wrote this
Then awoke to it edge wise doing work with my homey out in bedstuy
All the way to my city where we let the lead fly
If you ain't heard back track through the verse
The 1st shall be last and the last shall be 1st
Full circle with the work put the compass to the sheet
You know what it's worth must be something that's unique
Joe and Luck with the words and Catas did the beats

02

Inhale (2:25)



Luck:


8th flow and pesos to make mo'
Go back then throw back to take dough
Escalate how when I'm chained to the floor, or
Matter of fact taped down
Cool lust and hot love, got love
In my birthday suit in a hot tub
Slipped over the lane on a one way street goin'
The wrong way with the cocaine
Interpret the facts I be lurkin' with kats
And they all legendary like fats
Ask, just to make math
The flow's hot, shit, hot enough to shape glass
And I make hit's so the impact is like a plane crash
BANG! I keep doin' my thing, I keep keep doin' my thang

Chorus Luck:

Inhale... now let that shit breath
You know what I need, inhale now breath
x2

Ripps:

Son I never sleep I just pause for a second and nod to the beat
Squads on retreat but I'm going full throttle
So let me say my piece and pass me the bottle
Tip it back, take a swig of the gentle jack
Pistol packed by my middle back ambidextrous the way I lift a gat
I got a gift for that so let the pencil clap
And squeeze lead till the track whistles back
Official rap, I'm bureaucratic with the mic
While Catas hit's the bass like an addict with a pipe
Catchin' static from the hype with my brim down low
Just sittin' in my seat takin' gin down slow
I pin down notes then It's back to the lab



Humming bend down low with a match to the hash
Can we get down bro? lets go half on the stash
Y'all can keep the fame, just let me get the weed and the cash

Chorus x2



03

HalfLife (2:28)



Ripps:

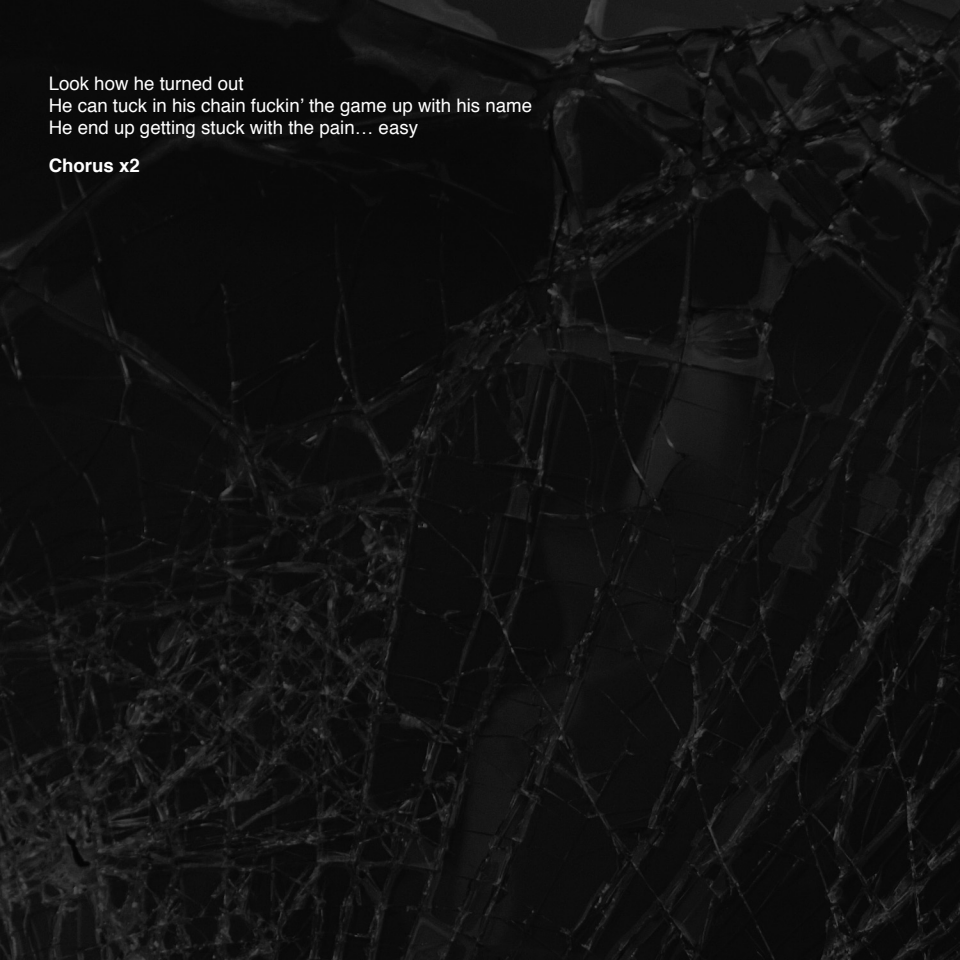
Shrugged off the last night, grabbed my glass pipe then awoke to my halflife
Am I a beacon or a flash light? I guess that depends on perspective
Put my pen to the paper and begin my directive
To the friends I've neglected I hope you know it's nothing personal
I'm better off on my own cuz I'm scared of hurting you
I lost faith in myself and there wasn't any way for you to help
I've been through hell but I know I didn't go it on my own
Focused in the zone frozen to the bone standing all alone
It's colder where I roam but I still where my heart on my sleeve
The stress makes it hard just to breathe
But I can't come apart at the seams, not now, not when I'm so far from my dreams
The art of my speech is packed in a sentence
The spark of the beat brings me back to my senses

Chorus Ripps:

I've gone to far and burnt to many bridges not to reach my goal at the point where I'm finished
I made my decisions yea I did what I had to and if I left a smile on your face I was glad to
x2

Luck:

Face to face, head on with adversity
I know it's a lot of kats that got it worse than me
To the top of the plateau for that though
No stand still just move mad slow
Still standing in 1 spot I come hot
All I need is a sample where the drum drops
To destine to be fly...
These guys couldn't be tight with a new pair of Levis
But It's their soul it their possession to sell
A few here and the rest is in jail
Who cares all wanted was new gear
And a couple birds on the curb dere
He avoids what he heard bout but couldn't out run trouble



Look how he turned out
He can tuck in his chain fuckin' the game up with his name
He end up getting stuck with the pain... easy

Chorus x2

04

Complicity (2:17)



Ripps:

It's raining outside, but me I'm feelin' fine
Take the day for myself, relax and clear my mind
Wen it's comin down like this I tend to sit and just reminisce
Pour a drink or roll a spliff and just think on how my life is a gift
Cuz many passed away, I'm thankful for today
And for the one next I hope I will be blessed
Cuz you never know, you never know
So let it go, and focus on the positive
Something got to give, if it don't I got you kid
Cuz I know you got me and that's how it is
And how it oughta be
Sometimes when the sun shines it's too bright
And when the wind blows I tend to keep my friends close
This is life living threw my pen strokes
On the mic my return is 10 fold

Luck:

Yo It's raining inside, I'm out sunbathing
Wife beater and a umbrella... aye!
I won't chill for no deal I'm so real
Tell 'em that I can't go on they tell me oh well
Them livin' dead the casket with no meals
Hardcore kats turning out so frail
Post bail and go back for dope sales
Modern day literature couldn't get his figures up
It's a big difference from when them OG's OD'd
Now all I see is lil kid pitching
When the bass thumpin' I spit food for your soul to consume
But it's like you didn't taste nothing
They all trash they belong in the waste bucket
don't... don't... don't say nothing
A face fronted 'em dum lookin' at chumps grillin'
If I don't like 'em I'ma let the pump feel 'em

Ripps:

It's raining outside but me I'm doin' good
Take the day for myself, and kick back like I should
Put the track on hold and roll a back wood
Then inhale the smoke I can feel it in my throat as I hold it till I choke
Sittin' all alone reading what I wrote
I need this to cope my alone time
Wen I'm in the zone I'm so fine
Ain't damn thing could get to me
I recharge mentally
A second feels like a century
And every moment thoughts grow independently
Branching off to infinity
Then find their way back to the center piece
I conclude my inner piece
Toppin' off my energy
I walk to my car and the rain starts hittin' me
Take it out a park then drive off to complicity



05

Better Days (2:49)



Chorus Ripps:

I felt the city's pain as it said, we will never change, never change
I've seen the city's rage and I said, we've seen better days, better days

x2


Ripps:

I ain't written in a minute I lost faith in the culture
Racing with the rats losing pace with the vultures
Faced with a soldier wit the mind of a child
And the kid gun got gun on the grind goin' wild
Seen the signs for a while this world is coming to collision
It don't matter who you are or the place that your livin'
It's given we all gonna answer for traditions
If my father wasn't livin' I wonder if I'd miss him
Forgettin' that I was born of my mother
She taught me to forgive through her storms with my brothers
Took the form of the rudder just promise that you'll steer me
And stop actin' outta touch cuz I know that you can hear me
Believe me, I'd do this all alone if it were that easy
But it's not and I need you where I'm at cuz I can't break the locks
Runnin' outta options, need to stop inhalin' all these toxins

Chorus x2

Luck:

See you gotta listen
I don't came up with no laces in my shoes
Or better yet a broken pot to piss in
This is my condition, I'm feeling anorexic
I got a flow but it seems that I can't perfect it
The little bit of light that I'm seeing gets
A little slimmer by the minute when I'm in need of it
I'm the same dude in the crack house
Seeing demons fornicating with the angels
You see my pain true if you sniff glue



Huff paint or burn bud it just stanks
See the lust links individuals
Turn into parents and the parents into criminals
I'm out in harlem more out in Brooklyn wit
The bare necessities you see the cook and kit
Take a look at this you should know me well
The world's my classroom and this is show and tell

Chorus x2

06

WUTIZUABOUT (2:49)



Luck:

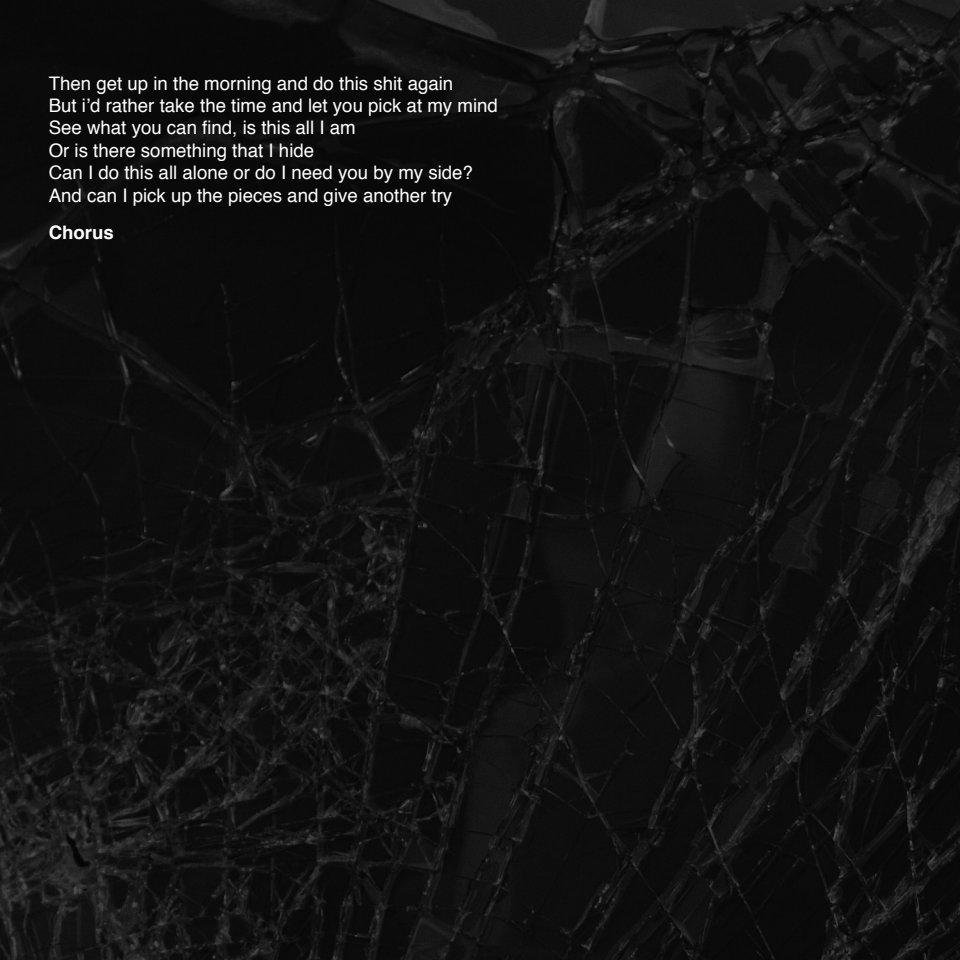
Let me introduce 'em to me reintroduce 'em to G's
The way the shit used to beh to beh to be
That's all folks, not really
Got a couple hot bars left so I let 'em all smoke
All I think about is not going broke
So longevity is the remedy
I take a pint of this heineken when I'm writing
The design a frame and throw the picture up inside of it
I'm too 'bout it to move outta grove
Doubt I'ma lose so you better battle my jewels
No pun intened I hear the beat and I pick up a pen in seconds
And then? Ill be done in minutes
You see me working with it
I started beautiful so I need a perfect ending
The flow... I couldn't do with out
I'm an emcee, what is you about?

Chorus Luck:

What is you about? What is you about?
I are a star
What is you about? What is you about?
I be like me

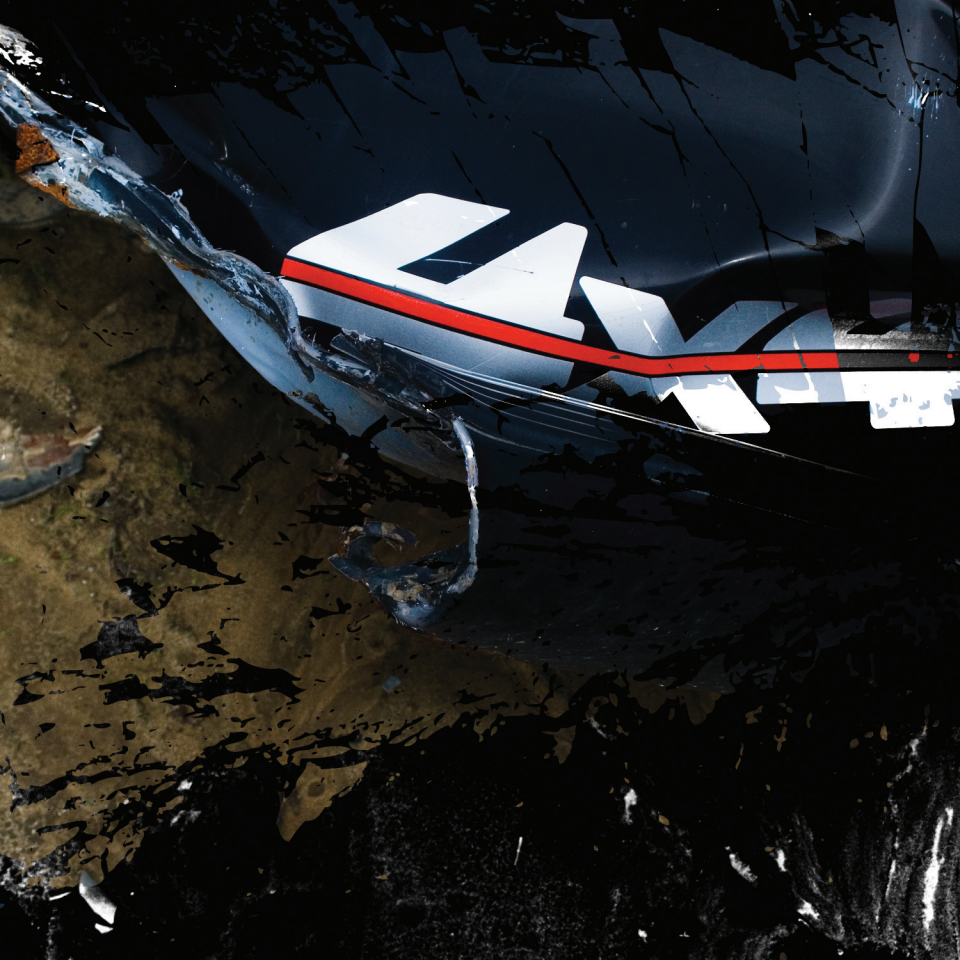
Ripps:

Times change, and friends rearrange
But I always feel the same when I put my pen to the page
I see my life for what it is, the ups and the downs
The bumps and the skids the set backs and the loss
But I never feel regret for my flaws I just add 'em to the list
I'm happy to exist cuz when I'm gone I'm just dust in the wind
So sing along and fill ya cups up with gin
Have a drink on me the next one's on my friend
We could chill all night till the sun breaks in



Then get up in the morning and do this shit again
But i'd rather take the time and let you pick at my mind
See what you can find, is this all I am
Or is there something that I hide
Can I do this all alone or do I need you by my side?
And can I pick up the pieces and give another try

Chorus



07

Rock On (1:55)



Luck:

Ayo they like how I'm doin' this part
I'm all that and a Cuban cigar
Brand new and involved
Doin' it raw, usually... the style sushi
I'm too fly for ya
I could tiptoe to the other end of the lake I'm luke skywalker
If I ain't hittin' the booth you might catch a nigga sittin' with zeus
You see the swagger known
And my name finna ring bells until I turn into a bag of bones
Keep the magnum on me
I don't go nowhere without my jimmy hat you gotta envy that
Semi-rap and half hit? It's that shit
I'm a monster... I'm Jurassic
I gotta save earth
I seen hip-hop die right in front of my eyes when it gave birth

Chorus Luck:

Rock rock rock on... rock rock rock on
x2

Ripps:

One's for the honeys, 2 for the show... 3 is for my people in the beast getting dough
So you know that I gotta get mine too, get ya shine on dude
Even if I rhyme off Q I'm still on beat and it still all heat that I spit
This beats kinda slick got me creepin' on the low like I'm cheatin' on my chick
When you see me on the go with loose leaf and a bic just know
That I'm bruce lee with a pen, something sweet in my gin
A shot of tonic water you are now rockin' with a timeless author
Pros written, no shittin', joe ripps is so gifted and the flow is so cryptic
Never ever scripted this real life I feel the mic in my hand as my power grows infinite
Don't blink cause you might be missin' it

Chorus

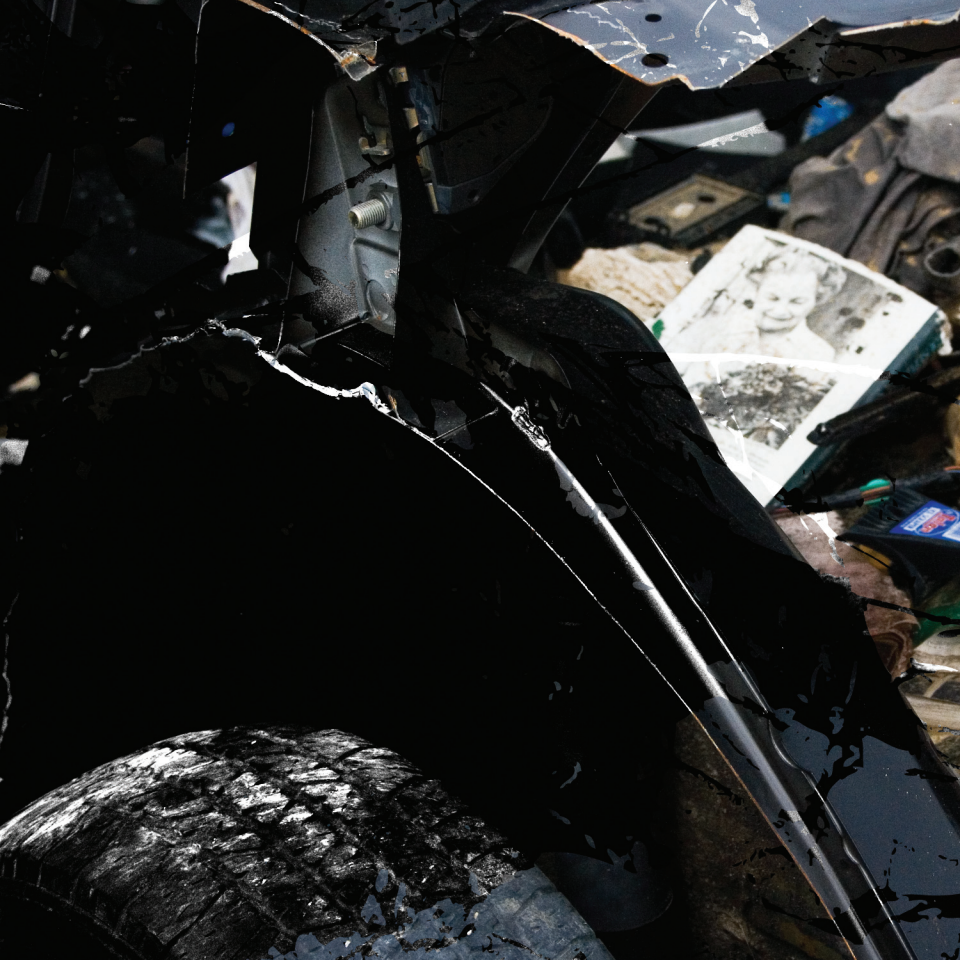
08

Feel Me (1:10)



Luck:

See they claimin' they too smart to move par
The flow renaissance this is true art
Threw darts at you guard you too pah
Don't even mention you being invincible
I could wrestle you but I'd rather not
I'd rather hit 'em with the dot like decimal
But I'm better than that I take his chick to the crib
Be the rough and leave the leather intact
She could get with a mac this is real talk
I ain't bout to be stretchin' the facts, listen
This what power be, I'm a general
You salute me when you battle me
I ain't tryin bud and mean weed
You see me plus the team got all kinds of drugs
When I get a broad niggas ain't got a broad
So say jose's role play dialog



09

Roll Call (1:53)



Luck:

No one in the class got a swag like jay-o
Throwin' paper plains in the a-ir yay-yer
And my desk look like a landfill
You see me taking a nap behind the text books
I'm with the cool bunch in the cafeteria
Bustin' jokes on them cats eatin' school lunch
Me at 10 him at zero clark kent physical ed
Gym class hero

Chorus Luck: (teacher talking)

Ripps:

I remember, we used to roll blunts in the shed
Me and greg takin shots gun to the head
While eric counted up his bread
Remember when I tried to ride that moped
Shit was funny back then I gotta laugh at myself
Even though half the shit we did was bad for my health
I ate acid all the time but never did it on my own
Talkin' bout drugs as my mom listened on the phone

Chorus Luck: (teacher talking)

Luck:

Johnathan Miles? Here, present, I'm there
All criss-crossed in a chair
With my fitted on my head and a teacher in my ear
Damn, gimme a break, recess
I get saved by the bell like screech eh
With economy you need calculus
Binomials and the whole trigonometry

10

Light it Up (2:44)



Ripps:


Death before dishonor, death before my time cuz I'm on another mantra
Holdin' down the line you thought iran like contra
Still posted up with one hand down my boxers
Grams in my sock cuz the cannons in my pocket
My mans in the spot wit different strands on consignment
Take ya pack and get the fuck out my optics
To profit is my logic
No matter who's the hottest I'm on par with a comet
Catch me sippin' on my tonic tanqueray and hypnotic
Wit a bitch on my cock it's easy when you got it
The flows so psychotic but oh so melodic
They say Joes's so ironic, dope yet iconic
My foes left astonished by blows to their conscious
So who want test me? Forrest hill southpaw lefty
You need to s-t-o-p for the chrome piece next ya whole steeze

Chorus Ripps:

Light it up and blow ya smoke in the air
This is for my people on the grind everywhere
Light it up like you just don't care
See we could get down or get the fuck outta here
x2

Luck:

Listen, I was rollin' and rippin' this
You know what the mission is
I'ma light it up when I write it up
2nd hand smoking got ya man choking
Hey! let me get a hit of that then get it back
This that bomb code that put the dro in the bowl
Or throw the whole damn O up in the Fontow
If you stay long then that sticky green
Feel'll have you feelin like you sittin' in a séance



Hear them spirit's come he couldn't feel his thumb
High as sky all I wanna do is be ill as son
I chase liquor with beer chase weed with the Cias
Then I chase hov with that bia
Gee my style so tough like levi
Stop ma never pass that blunt counter clockwise
Uhuh this is how we do it in the hood
If it's the good unless I'm hittin' you ain't hittin' unless you puttin' in

Chorus x2



11

Felony Time (2:14)



Luck:


Look, I could clap at you
But why waste time fucking with you rap bastards
Come on you know my status be
The reason that them niggas in the back of me is mad at me
I need CL room she ride shotgun with the 9 on her
That's my female goon
Honey might buck at ya guts
We ain't tough they say we ain't bonnie clyde up enough
Never on the strip she be on the block
Never give me lip she be on my jock
P he don't wanna lot cuz infinity's too small to wanna stop
Shorty bang 'em wit bloody fingerprints
And never gets caught red handed damn it
If you spot me you can find me with my
b-o-n-n-i-e

Chorus Luck:

You can tell her she mine, short's a ryder
All about felony time
My momma, my G'd up, believer I need her

Ripps:

We was two pieces cut from the same cloth
I grabbed the money she let the gauge off
No face off she shot me in the back when I was leavin'
Took all the dough and hopped the next train to phoenix
I should'a seen it we was both wolves of a dying breed
Now my stomach's leakin' and I find hard just to try and breath
I knew i'd never die in piece but at least
I'd have my girl by my side but she left me her to die
And I guess the reason why is she found another guy
To commit another crime it'd be easy cuz she's fine
While she's telling you her lies you're focused on those thighs



While you're rockin' in the bed she's plottin' on ya head
The option is your dead she'll go and find another
She learned it from her mother and she'll teach it to my daughter
Why, why did I have to get caught up

Chorus

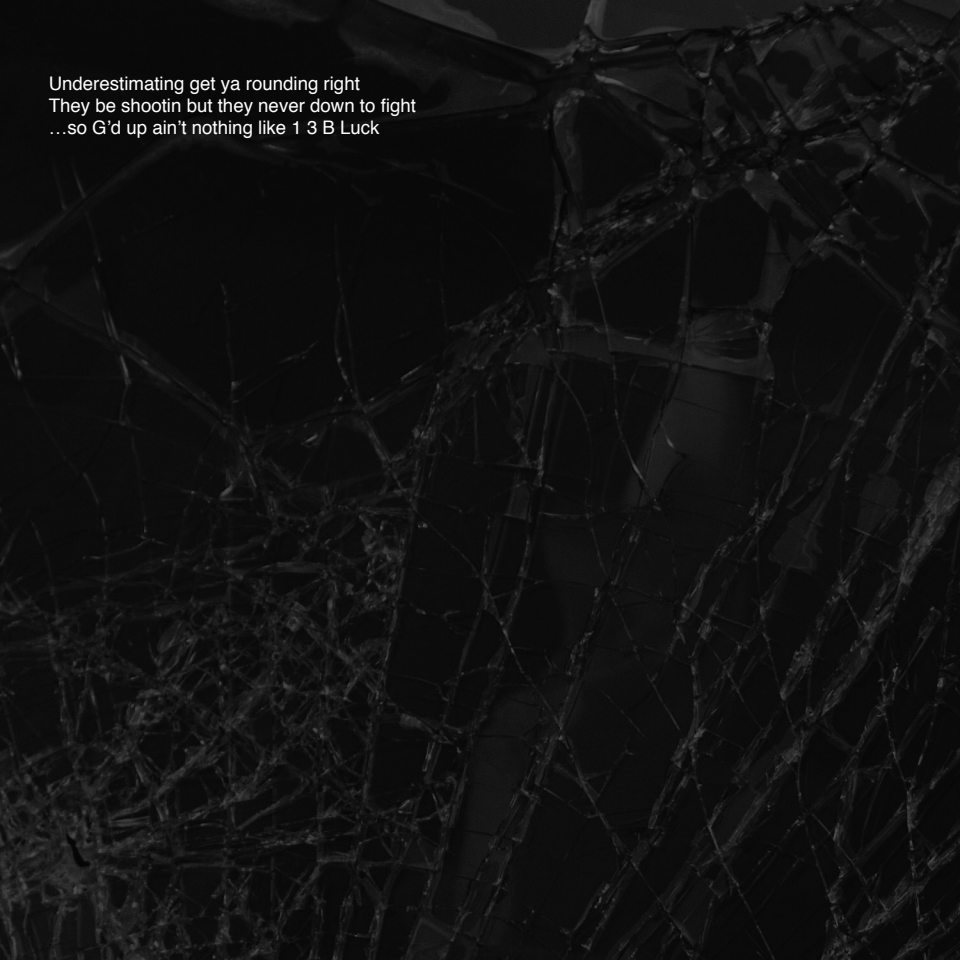
12

Nothin' Like Luck (1:45)



Luck:

I say death to all who oppose me
Not by the hairs on the chin of my goatee
Flow beef from unknown areas
Offspring sick so my kids is the carriers
They got that luck in 'em
You see it in they eyes
That they stopped at the dots to get immunized
They got the chest to lie a lotta heart to lie
They not recognized you should testify
I keep a rock of bud and a pint of liq
K-9's on my dick when they try to snitch
But I'm very clean damn near 160
I'm a light weight doing real heavy things
Word to every guy my whip cream
And inside flooded with red it's like a cherry pie
Yo they gotta bite cuz the swag ill
The style sick and I hit 'em with that china white
Stay behind the mic and in front of crowds
If I open the show I'ma shut 'em down
And I ain't new to the drive thru
I got D's searchin thru my engine like google and yahoo
Chump, you can ask jeevs I got network
That'll make ya chest hurt like bad weed
And I ain't extra hated but the fiend for 16's
So the cops come investigate it
I could bless the nation give 'em revelations
Of the era waitin nigga hard livin'
I tried to raise men but they part women
I gotta part with 'em before they cave in
See, when them rocks tumble
So when you realize muhfuckas' not humble
This is my jungle let it be heard
The raw sound like 70 birds chirpin'



Underestimating get ya rounding right
They be shootin but they never down to fight
...so G'd up ain't nothing like 1 3 B Luck



13

Matty Ice (1:19)



Ripps:

You got a 40oz to freedom well I need it
Cuz I'm locked in a bottle takin' shots till I wobble
Throwin' shots at a model like "where'd you get that board from?"
Did it come with that shirt that you got at Nordstroms
I'm still Board Em' yea we still a squad
So excuse me homey while I get on my job
If the kid got a prob I'ma solve it in a jiffy
Leave you leaking in a puddle in the parking lot at Benny's
Roll some sticky then pass it over here
Hit it till it's gone then ash it in ya beer
Laughing at you queers cuz I know you can't handle it
I grab the mic and just manhandle it
The damage is catastrophic so you better wear padding when you rock it
Try and stop it i'll pull ya lifeline out the socket
Homey run ya pockets yea I'm taking what you got
And move the fuck over cuz I'm taking up your spot

14

Never Be Another (1:58)



Ripps:

Rapper like Big Daddy Kane so many bit, too many I could name
But not a damn one could hold his gold chain so lame

Krs-One, that man blew my mind, turned me on to rhymin' and opened up my eyes
He's one of the best, some say the best of all time

Rapper like Kool G in his prime dude had a new steez, his flow was a cool breeze
And the multi's that he flipped made me lose sleep

Rakim the god, you couldn't match the skill the first time I heard Paid In Full I had to chill
Cuz I got so hype and I get that feeling still

Luck:

My dude you need a mausoleum something significant and exclusive as a room with in a coliseum
Cuz that Pac art was like the Renaissance

Pun even if son left us with one seed, where you at now? I wanna come see
They try to mimic ya style but ya enemies don't got the similes

Slick Rick was a bit different a pimp's pimp, rose gold pinky ring the color of a cent
Hence, you had emaculate style nigga

Brother like the late great B.I.G. gave hope to the poor and the broke
When he spoke he was being himself



15

Nothin' To Fuck With (2:41)

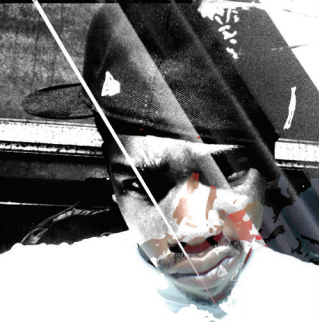
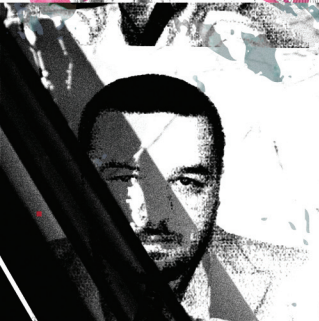
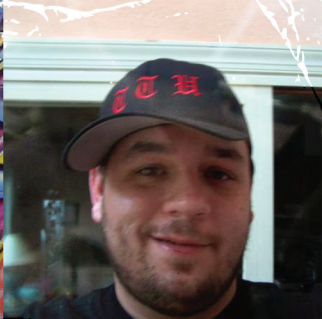


Ripps:

This is that forrest hill get busy rap
I put it down for my town rockin' mics like a fitted cap
Sittin' back sippin' yak sifting thru my written rap
Hittin' tracks twistin' backs leaving rappers limping back
You are now rocking with the dopest
Hindsight's in focus son the limelight is bogus
I just wanna rhyme right and find a chick to smoke with
But then I get this notion that maybe I was chosen
To stop the forward motion and recede the erosion at the point of rap's focus
Basically, I'ma take it back to '83
Destroy and rebuild anything the flow ever gave to me
This is verbal masonry I'll serve you like a maitre'd
Or I could bring it to ya whole crew like catering

Luck:

They wanna bang a boss but can't see a boss
Knowin' that I shake hands with my fingers crossed
I ain't got the soul and I ain't hip neither
All I know about is going out rock 'n roll
Any dress code I'm the best yo
Who's the next up? Baby let's go
Pint size ya mic time
I write rhymes hard enough to get me locked down for a lifetime
No time to go time to show time will show
Sittin' at the fountain of youth, trippin'
All I see is serpents, I'm a hood nigga
Like dem afghan kids I'm a street merchant
Virtuoso with the flow so you don't wont war with me if you so so
For real this is Luck on the real give it up
Fuck chance I play the game of risk
And be the one cat coming out dangerous
On my mamma dude if he iller than me
Bring him to me and I'ma dismantle him I promise you



All tracks written by Joey Ripps and 13aDLuK *
Produced by Catastrophe aka UhOh
Performed by Joey Ripps, 13aDLuK and Catastrophe **

Recorded at The BoardEm Room and Luck's Bathroom

Mixed at Citizen86's Pad, London, England

* Tracks 1 and 13 written by Joey Ripps. Tracks 8 and 12 written by 13aDLuK.

** Tracks 1 and 13 performed by Joey Ripps and Catastrophe. Tracks 8 and 12 performed by 13aDLuK and Catastrophe.

Ripps shout outs: I only have a few people to thank. First off, to whatever guiding force resides in the sky: thanks for letting me breathe this long (if I were to die between when I wrote this and when it was published, then please... never mind). My mom always supported anything I did creative so I definitely wanna shout her out. Also, all my friends who truly support my music, Greg, Shoe, Ice, Kyle and Delvin. Thanks for not dick-riding. Also, of course Luck. That's my homey.

We ain't ever even met face to face but I rely and trust in him more than a lot of people I know in my vicinity. Catas killed the beats and we're working on some new isht! Last but not least, Kari... you looked out shorty, rarely do people look out for those they don't know. If you downloaded this album then I greatly appreciate you as well. even if you hate it... at least you gave it some thought... pz---

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