

BOOM^{to}
BLOOM
ETHX



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Introducing “Boom To Bloom”

This fantastic release has been in the works since ETHX first contacted blocSonic back in May. In it you'll find a few high-profile peeps he's managed to connect with – folks like Boots Riley who you may know from The Coup, Zumbi from Zion-I and Myron Glasper who's sung background vocals for everyone from MC Lyte to Blackalicious to Lyrics Born. Among the names you may know, you'll also find incredibly talented MCs and vocalists who you may not know. Once again, blocSonic brings you real hip-hop with a touch of R&B... this fresh sound comes to you straight out of Northern California.

I want to say thanks to ETHX for approaching blocSonic in the first place and his guests for being part of what's become “Boom To Bloom”. Welcome to the blocSonic fam!

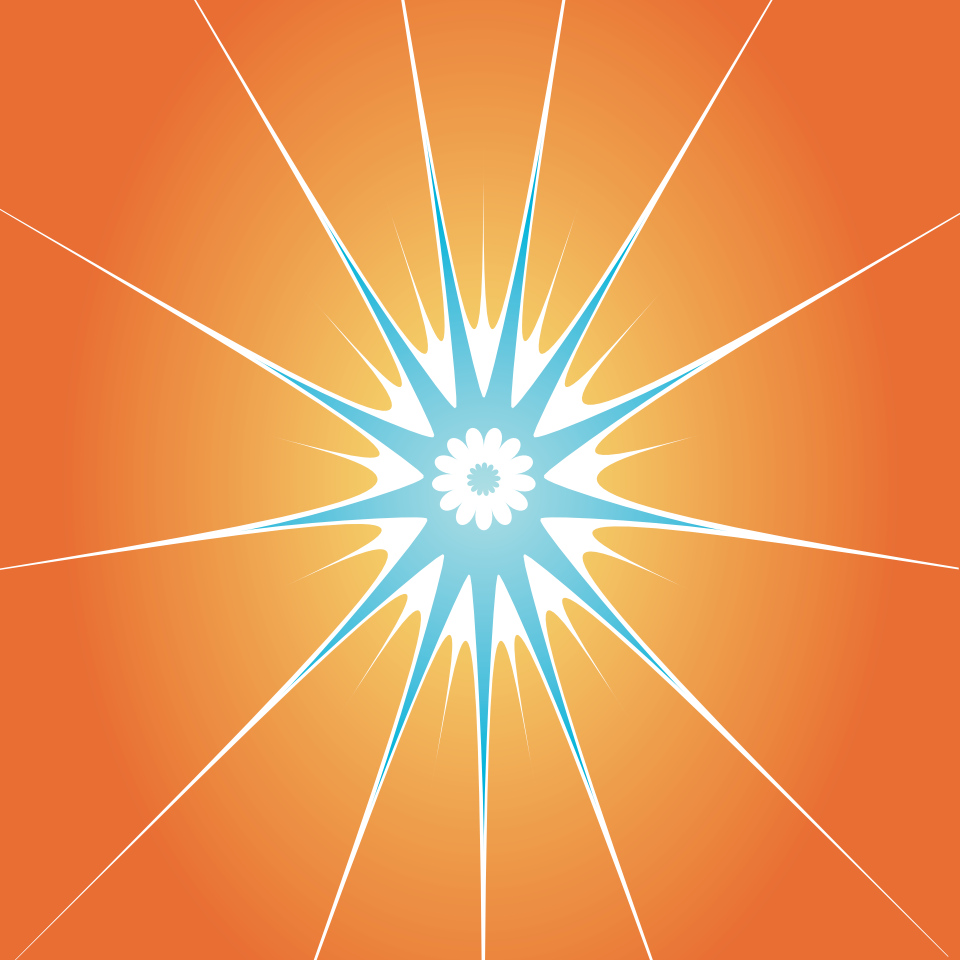
As always... thanks to all of you who've downloaded the album and gave it a good listen. I hope that it gets major rotation in all your portable devices, CD players and computers. Don't forget to spread the word... share it with anyone and everyone you can.

Peace

Mike Gregoire

Founder/Curator blocSonic.com







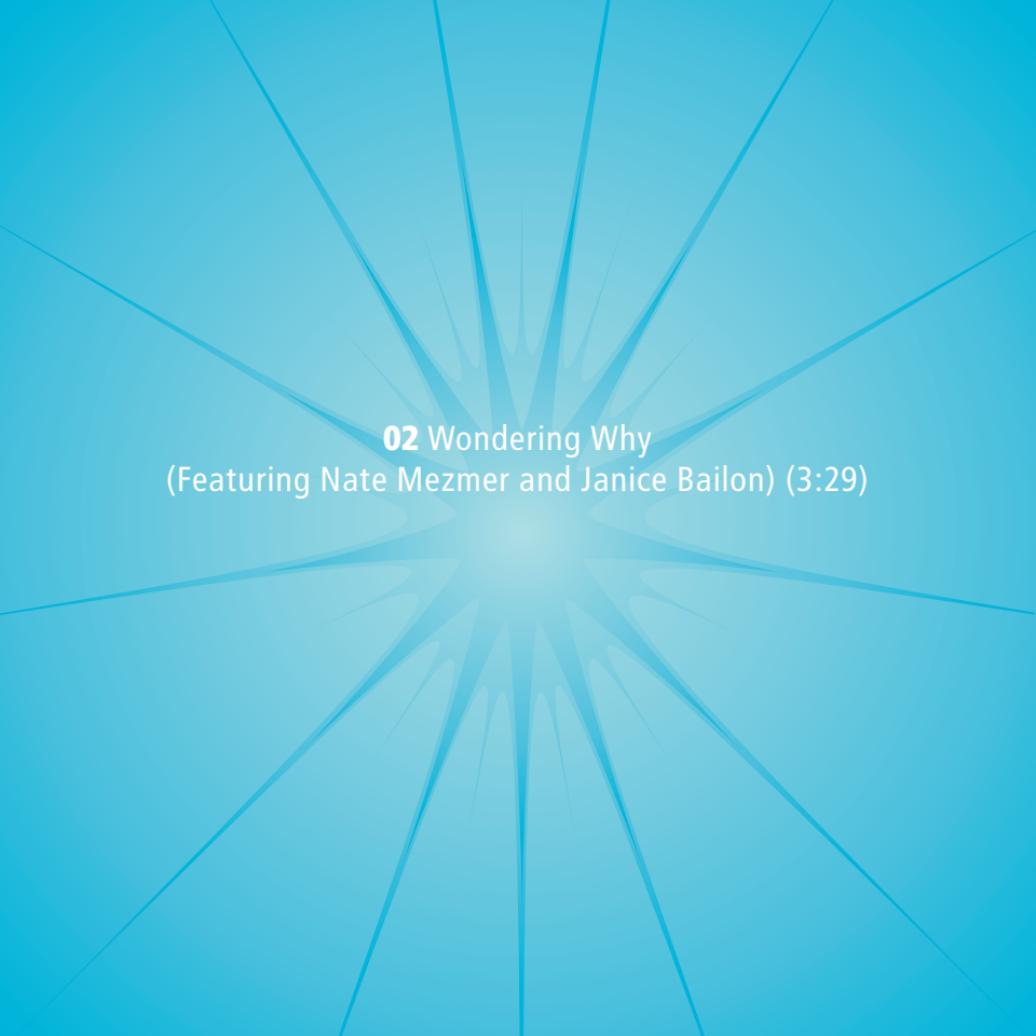
01 8 Days (Featuring Erin Nicole) (3:20)

Lyrics written by **Erin Nicole**

Music composed, produced & performed by **ETHX**

Vocals performed by **Erin Nicole**

Recorded & mixed at **Psyclone Studios**



02 Wondering Why
(Featuring Nate Mezmer and Janice Bailon) (3:29)

Lyrics written by **Nate Mezmer**
Music composed, produced & performed by **ETHX**
Vocals performed by **Nate Mezmer**
Chorus by **Janice Bailon**
Recorded & mixed at **Psyclone Studios**

Her daddy was a drunk and momma would pretend
Everything peaches while it rot from within
Daughter was a beauty but she couldn't believe
So she covered it up 'til she couldn't breathe
Moved across the state but she couldn't escape
Them shackles in her head just too heavy to brake
Nothing going right, time to give up the fight
Maybe time to listen to the voices in the night
In the middle of a city that don't know ya name
Traffic alone might drive you insane
Stuck inside the a maze, them colors blur to gray
She cried out loud, but nobody heard her say

Chorus

"I feel alone, crumbling, crumbling
Nowhere to go, stumbling, stumbling
Rain it comes down, thundering, thundering
Asking god how, wondering, wondering, why"

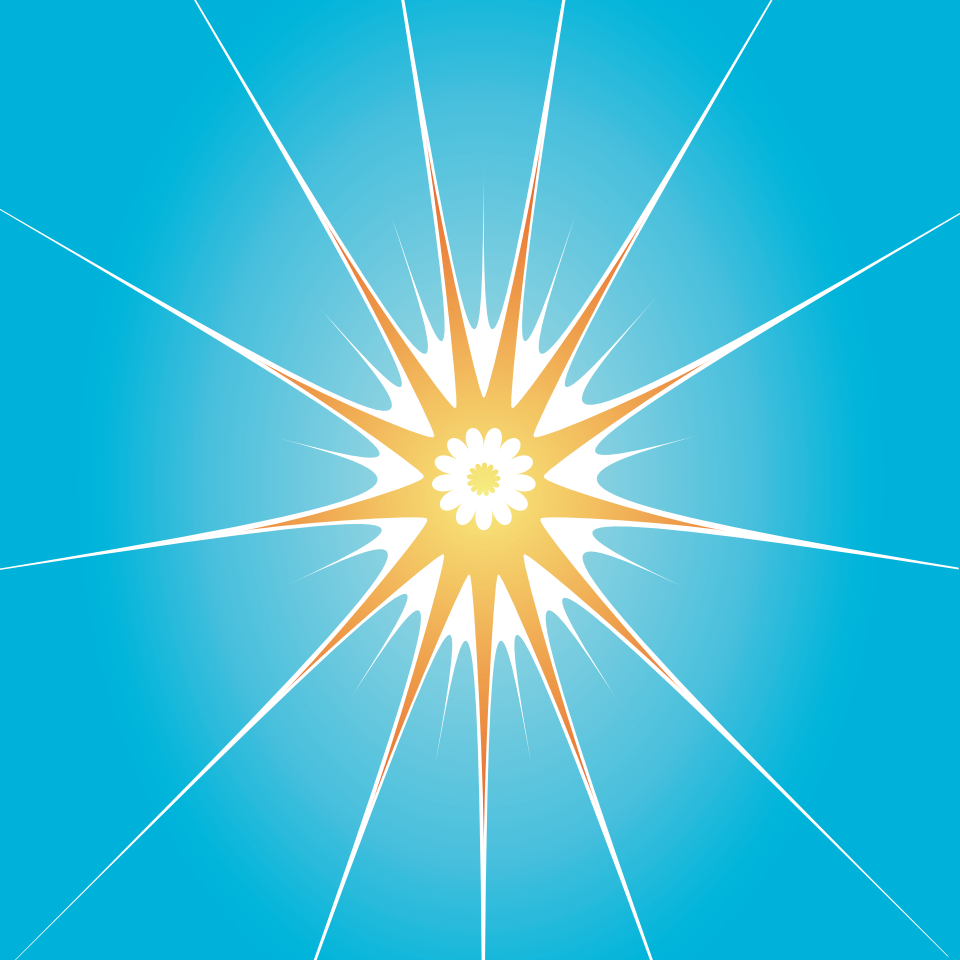
Around christmas she come home, still feel alone
Afraid to say she can't make it on her own
Brothers watchin' TV, sisters on the phone
Daddy's on the bottle, momma's on the stove

They sit down together and propose a toast
Being back together with ones you love most
She offers up a smile, raises up a glass
Thinkin' to herself maybe this time it lasts
But take a closer look see pollution in view
A sunny day in so-cal the sky seem blue
But in the haze, all them colors blur to gray
She cried so loud, I think I heard her say

Chorus

Cruisin' down the interstate on highway 5
Singing off key as the exits fly by
A world inside her head another outside
Trying to make peace as they both collide
Few more hours on the road 'til shes back home
Nuthin' on her mind territory unknown
Rollin' over ridges like a writer of poem
Got chills down her spine she can feel it in her bones
You'd never guess it with a smile so wide
All the kinda pain this girl has to hide
But in the haze, pretty colors blur to gray
I picked up the cell that's when I heard her say

Chorus



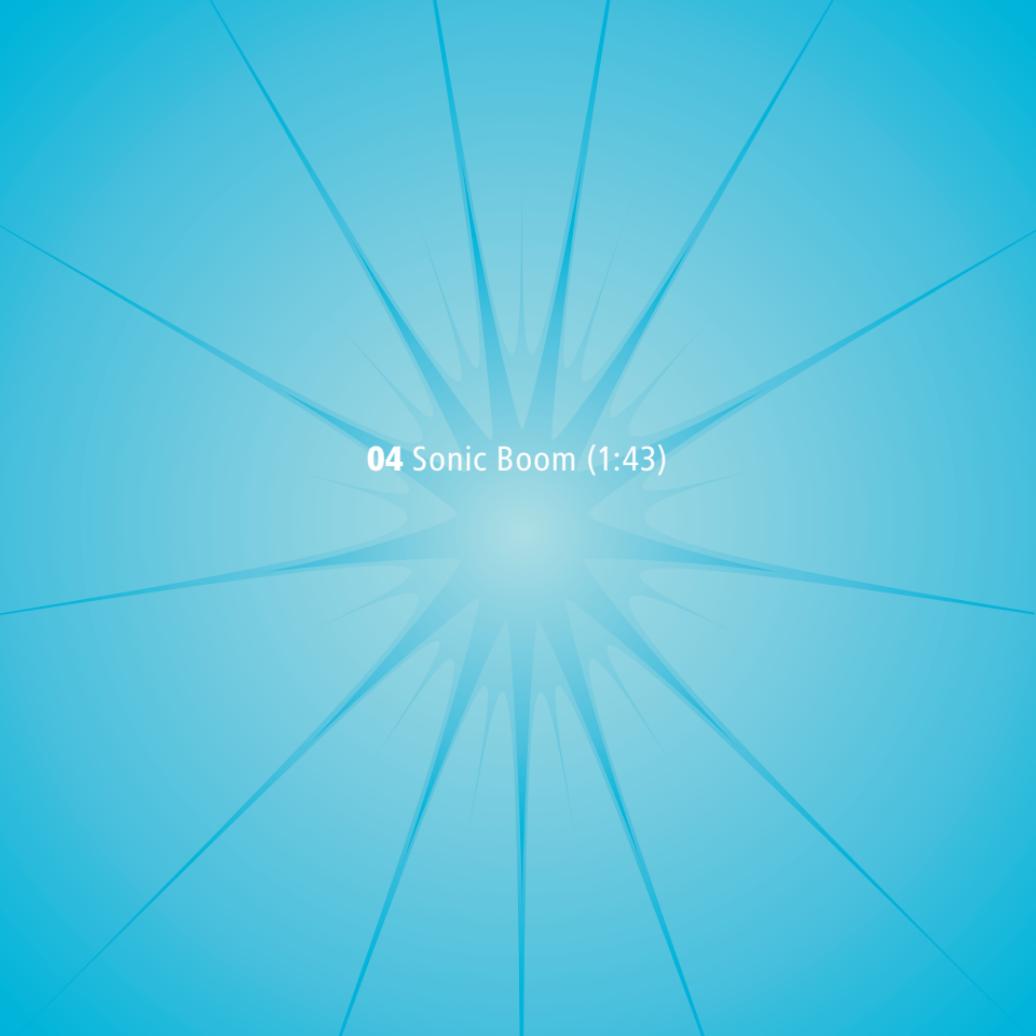


03 The Opening (Featuring Sedrick the MC) (2:03)

Lyrics written & performed by Sedrick the MC
Music composed, produced & performed by ETHX
Recorded & mixed at Psychclone Studios

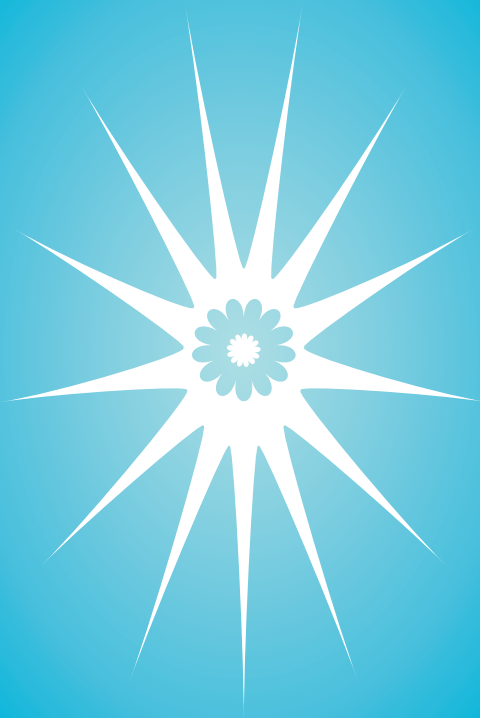
Trippin' like a blind man
Thin line love and hate
Good bad evil great
Fruitful spirit eating grapes
I erase what you draw with your blanks
No composition oppositions are pranks
No thanks!
Peer pressure don't intrigue
Stay until we gotta leave
Drugs grow instead of leaves
Yeah! Money grows on trees
Very impressive tap dance on the beat
Use my weapon spray bullets when I speak
Before the leak
Early bird with a beak
Smoke weed lace with C
O-K-E
Better than going AWOL
Chill! Pose stay still like a wall
Not really a playboy
But the boy always plays
Silver weed the buds look almost gray
So is his brain so complex can't explain
Showers outside on a real cloudy day

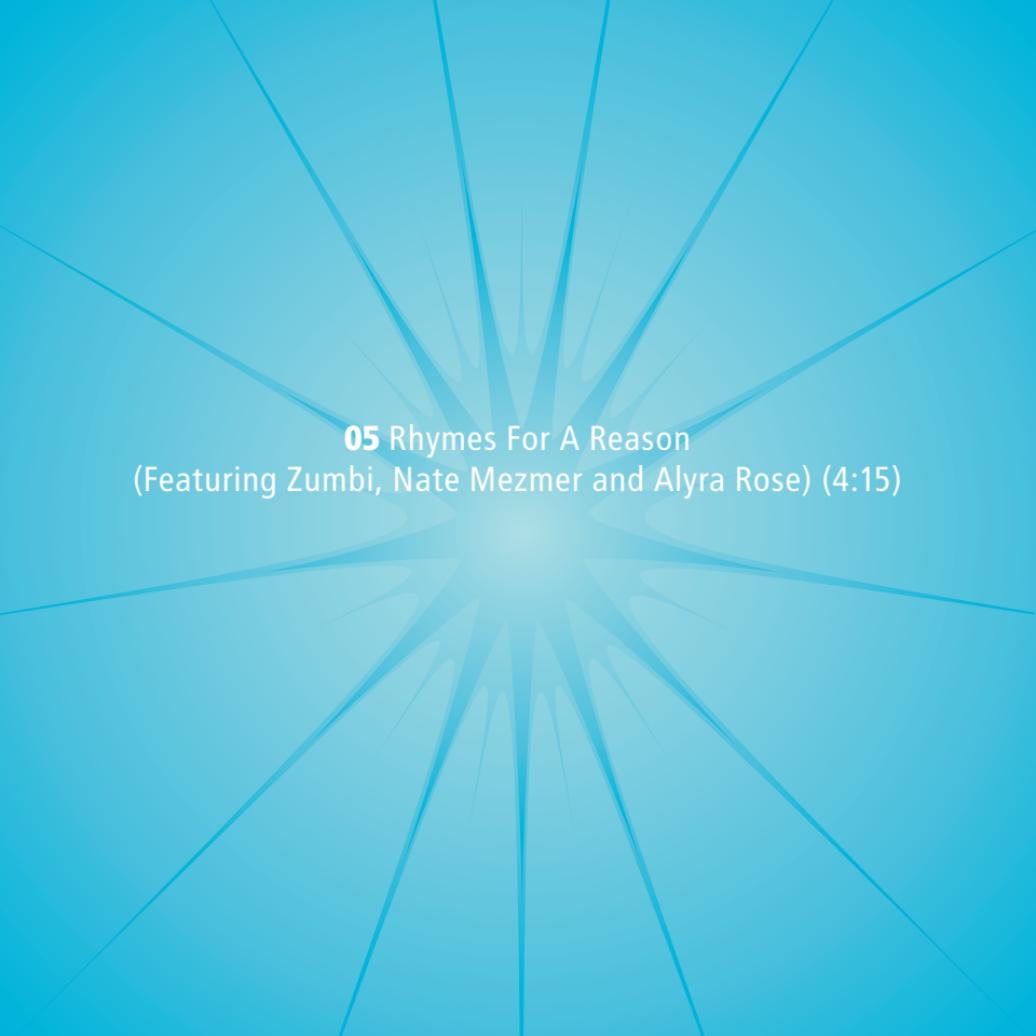
Sun will dry him off wet sneeze dryer cough
Soldier captain lieutenant no! Try a boss
Eats a lot
Only table food not a fish
Use the tongue from my shoes not from my lips
Bunny hop that's hip
Style well equipped
Crawled with a limp until he walked like a pimp
Smooth stroll music true soul
Rise and shine and give god the glory
They think he's having fun but he's in heaven as an employee
Smoke the papers in the book can't follow the story
Tries really hard but communication implausible
So unstable you'll think legs are impossible
A lot of heart though
Never shutting up without a bark yo
Never sell his soul with a bar code
Smile big as his ego, teeth white as snow
Sit on top of dynamite and patiently wait to BLOW!!



04 Sonic Boom (1:43)

Music composed, produced & performed by **ETHX**
Recorded & mixed at **Psyclone Studios**





05 Rhymes For A Reason
(Featuring Zumbi, Nate Mezmer and Alyra Rose) (4:15)

Lyrics written & performed by **Zumbi and Nate Mezmer**
Music composed, produced & performed by **ETHX**
Chorus performed by **Alyra Rose**
Bernadine Dohrn recording provided by **Freedom Archives**
Recorded at **Psyclone Studios**
Mixed at **London Labs**

Zumbi (of Zion-I)

I rise vertical more leap than Lebron James
Levitate on concrete I speak it's with god's name
Babylonian captivity is killin' me
See the wickedness within these streets of so called liberty
But somethin's urging me to rise in the morning
At the crack of dawn the center of the stormin'
The bombs drop we sit back and shout
The television screen gets censorship blocks
I can't stop like a voice in my head
Preparing me for warfare the center of Armageddon
I'm arjuna with my faithful guide
But I meditate on love gets me open wide
So I stay in the presence of roots in my culture
Buddha who I spoke to the only one I go to
To get even breathin' I'm receiving
The guidance I needin' these rhymes for a reason

Nate Mezmer

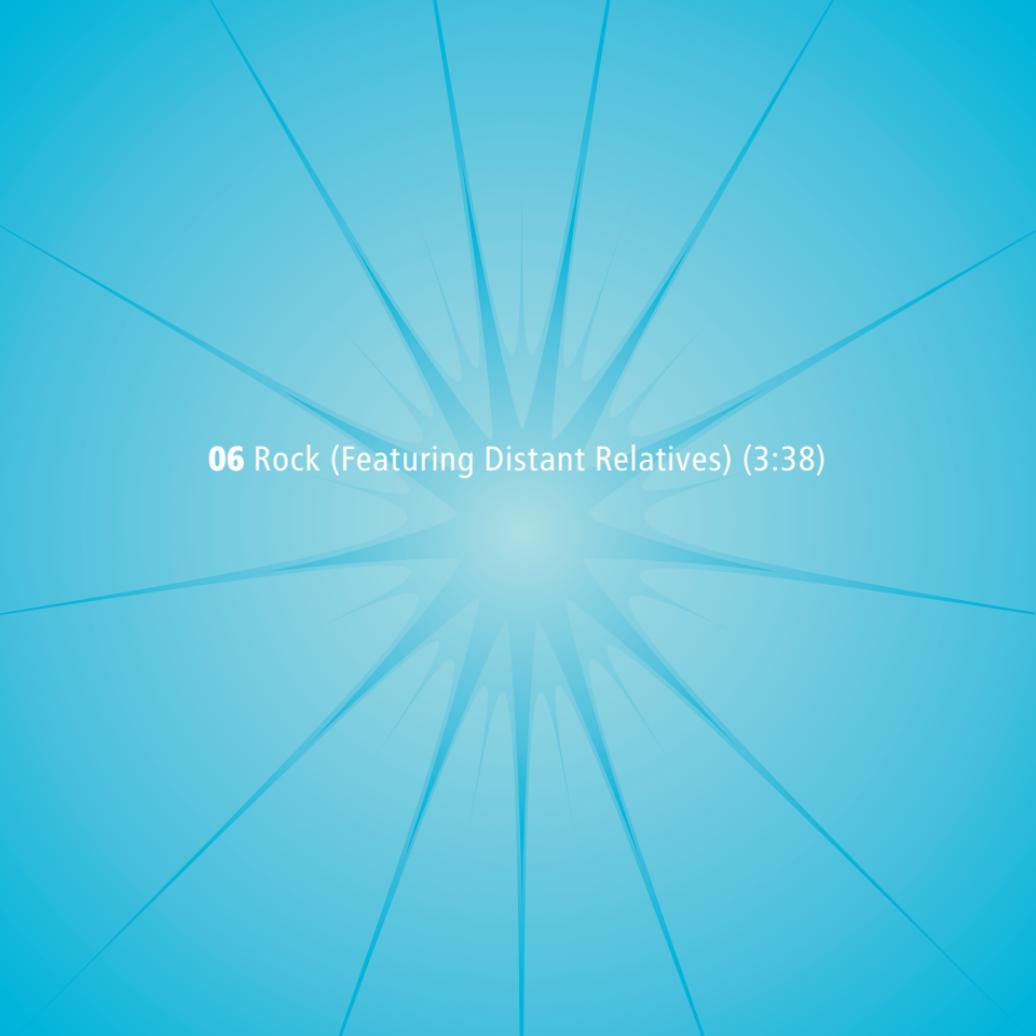
Pa-pa-pressure to pressure pushing me to insanity
On the brink of collapse is humanity
No justice, no peace, a calamity

High speed, news feeds, Sean Hannity
Combing the streets where homeless men sleep
Nowhere to run seasons colder with grief
Treasonous if ya open with speech
They got me duckin' cuz they holdin' the heat
But I'm holding the key, god help me rise above
Rise with pride energized with love
Music is the movement, enterprise the drug
Those of us that survive the flood
Plant the seed, soil is ya brain
We toil in heat so we shine when it rain
In the face of oppression the lesson still the same
Truth crushed to the earth will rise above again









06 Rock (Featuring Distant Relatives) (3:38)

Lyrics written & performed by Distant Relatives (Vocabulary Slick, Maynee)
Music composed, produced & performed by ETHX
Recorded & mixed by Starsky

Chorus 2x

Let the head bangers rock and the b boys boogie
Where my hip hop heads with there sneakers and hoodies
Can't forget the ladies, the way the shaking they goodies
We came to get down so raise em up if ya with me

Vocabulary Slick

Rock rock wit the people
Who free to release and move
Don't stop stomp ya feet
If ya feeling the need to
Be you we crew
There's never no equal
Intelligent people
Get ya hands up
If ya feeling what we do

Maynee

Let's go
My niggas do what we do
Shake ya body mommy
Do ya groove
We came to rock
Came to make you move
And you ain't heard the news

DR if ya snooze you loose

Vocabulary Slick

Pay dues

Till we black and blue

Masterful

Smack tracks

Wit a passion to

Capture you

Attract cats

Who need

Meaningful

Music to

Attack back

At that monotony

Eating you

Maynee

Fuck around get knocked

Out ya nike shoes

Stop pop wit a bad

Chick if you choose

You can't halt or hold

The music we brew

We ain't stunting around

Trying to be cute

Chorus 2x

Vocabulary Slick

Come on, get 'em higher

Than the sky and the stars
We live than fight night at the bar
Spit fire wit desire
Like the street car
Equipped wit a gift
Sicker than 2 tits
Infected wit cancer
Slicker than 2 fifths
Spilled all over
The dance floor
Pump ya fist for what
You stand for
Demand more
From a crowd than applause
And cat calls
Rhyme for more than a cause
Cheap tricks or prat falls

Maynee

Congratulate us now or never
It don't matter at all
We gonna keep doing us
Till we sputter or fall
And I'm too big
I'm winter summer
Spring and fall
No dog I'm not a rapper at all
I'm a crowd mover
Audience arouser
Truth conjurer

And if ya stunting to tuff
A bitch nigga abuser
Take a deep breath
It ain't what ya used ta

Chorus 2x

Maynee

Tilt ya glass
Shoot it back
Weather it's whiskey or remy
Or grab ya bag
Roll a sack
A back wood or phillie
Don't matter really
Long as ya minds open
You ain't ashamed ta boogie

Vocabulary Slick

Burn the flame fully
On that stick a dynamite
Most kids be kinda tight
I'm inspired ta grab a bic and write
We here ta stick and move tonight
Rip crews who wanna bite
We reppin' dudes who freedom fight
Keep steppin' through to expose the light

Maynee

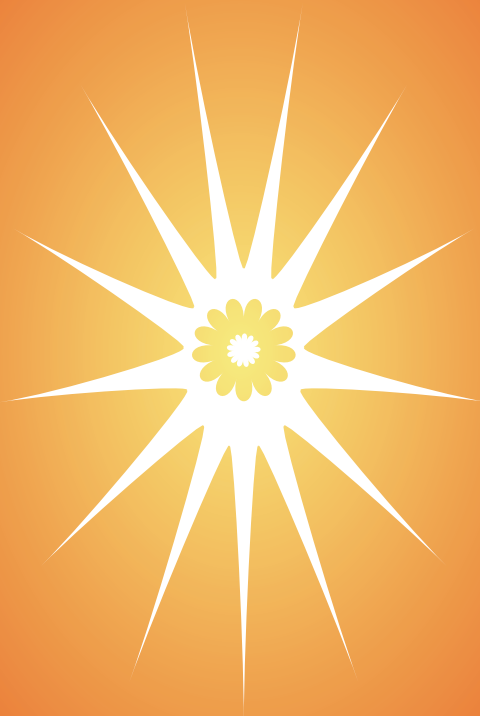
Freak the beat for the show tonight
When you leave be like

DR for sho they tight
Despite
All the rumors and gossip
That coffee shop shit
Get hushed real quick

Vocabulary Slick

Yeah I might have a back pack
Or a nap sack
Whatever you wanna call it
Don't change the fact
You're gigging my raps
Bending ya neck and back
2 stepping ya girl to the track
Move making ya heart racing
Body starving to react

Chorus 2x





07 Boomtown (Featuring Wordsmith) (3:54)

Lyrics written & performed by Wordsmith
Music composed, produced & performed by ETHX
Recorded & mixed at Psyclone Studios

Wordsmith is back showing niggaz how the west was won
Wit lyrical supremacy I use my mouth as the gun
Wit lyrical bullets and you strapped too
But my delivery alone has you scared to pull it
Reputation got you shook got you pissing your pants
So you try to escape when you see me advance.
But I move quicker than darkness give you no pardon
Because I begged you not to start this
Merciless fury is all I feel when you look in my eyes
And you quickly loose your nerve when you see your demise
Deadly's an understatement when you speak of my skill
Brain is a lethal weapon cause my thoughts could kill
Your life your or your reputation which ever you choose
My advise to you is I hope you ready to die
Cause I ain't ready to loose.

Chorus

It's a lyrical showdown and the battles begun
Sadistic smile I'm taking lives for fun
I move quicker than the speed of lightning
Do it anywhere gun play or saloon fighting
The crowd goes silent as the battle begins
My eyes glow as release the demon within
Your hands start to shake and your palms get sweaty

When you realize you were foolish for thinking of testing me
I let you draw first simply out of compassion
When I should grab you by your neck and commence with the thrashing
But I pause for a second and aim at your head
Tombstone doc holiday lyrical lead
After my first shot your crew quickly disowns you
And begins to promote me but I spit in their face
I run wit a real posse I don't mess with the fake
I'm feeding niggaz bullets if you asking for taste
Nigga I'm so real it can be seen in my eyes
That's why disloyalty is something that I deeply despise
The bullets in my arm help me learn my lesson
Now the only one I trust is MR Smith and the Wesson

Chorus

Premature decisions had you jumping the gun
But it's far to late because the battle is done
And so is you career shot in the face by the definition of fear
My words didn't work but my bullets made it clear
This is hip-hop only the strong survive
Whoever draws first is the one that stays alive
And my aim is precise so think twice
Before you bring a knife to gun fight
Finally bumped heads with a real gun slinger
Got you brains blown out now I can see your thoughts
As your brain cells linger the showdown is over
And you're missing your head
No love lost and no tears shed
I'm a cold blooded cowboy like Billy the Kid

So think before you act take heed to what I said
I'm the good the bad the ugly and I'm quick and your dead



08 Dirty Dozen (One For The Money)
(Featuring Nate Mezmer) (4:02)

Lyrics written & performed by [Nate Mezmer](#)
Music composed, produced & performed by [ETHX](#)
Recorded & mixed at [Psychclone Studios](#)

I got the style cuz I grew up on the music
I want the best for the future of the movement

I feel like we got room for improvement
I put you on the guest list so lets get it groovin'

I hit 'em harder no matter subject
I am a business man raised by roughnecks

I sing for freedom like slaves in the subtext
I know the reason brown people were subjects

I read my history, I did my math
I drank old english, smoked dope and cut class

I had a gangsta phase it didn't last
I knew a lot a kids that sold drugs I had to pass

I never ran to the cops, cuz most pigs are corrupt
I didn't hangout with the crips and the bloods

I always knew Uncle Sam was the biggest of thugs
Never knew how much tho 'til this kid grew up

[Chorus](#)

I said 1 for the treble, two for the bass
3 for the paper, 4 for the chase
5 for all my revolutionaries in the place

6 for the Seven Deadly Sins that we face
Respect to the god mother earth makes Eight
9 for the rats, and 10 for the race
Peace to the children without food on they plates
And all the people killed by the U-nited States

It's a dirty dozen, a dirty dozen
It's a dirty dozen, a dirty dozen

I break thru the BS like Jerome Bettis
I can't be stopped only contained to slow stretches

I got game like Ice-t and Kool-Moe
Without the stunna shades or the dookie rope necklace

I roll with movers, shakers, and go-gettas
I ain't never said, we can't do it they won't let us

I grew up in the street duckin' heat in cold weather
I guess ya never get a gemstone from low pressure

I stay on the grind without beef from po-po
Still try'n' to see the beast in a choke-hold

I agree with Adisa Banjoko
It's bigger than hip-hop, we need to expand local

Bartender gimme somethin' for my mojo
And tell the sound man increase my damn vocals

My flow is steady like colombian coco
Dope shows I got 'em comin' by the boatload...

Chorus

I been doin' it since Bill Hicks smoked cigarettes
I keep it live to expose even bigger threats

I live in San Francisco, the view is picturesque
If news is nicotine, then this is nicorette

Man I been reppin' it since rap was rap
Since the first time the first Bush attacked Iraq

Before Clear Channel and the platinum trap
Before the music industry and CD sales collapsed

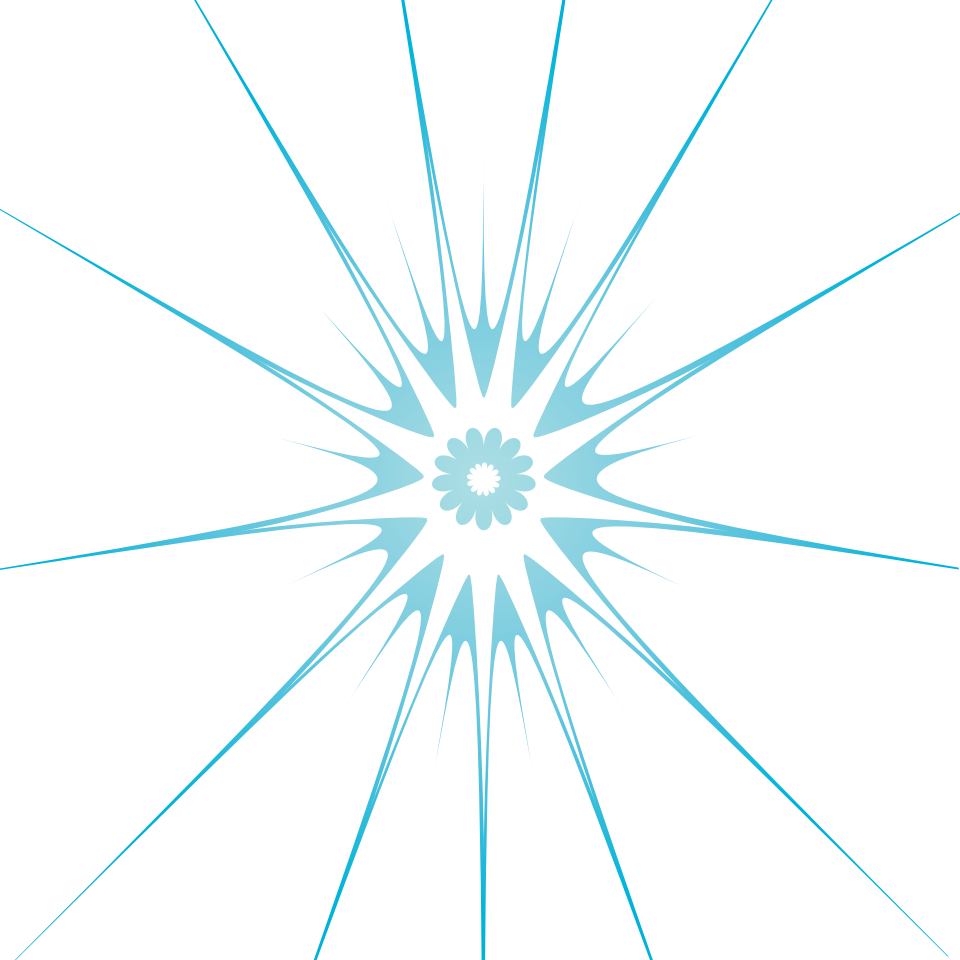
I sing this gospel like Mahalia Jack
By any means necessary detail the facts

I never fake moves like Democrats in the senate
Recorded this in the hallway, now that's independent

I speak the truth and perhaps your offended
The last of the savages a natural descendant

Reppin' pre 9/11 - post crack epidemic
Here's a word from our sponsor we'll be back in a minute

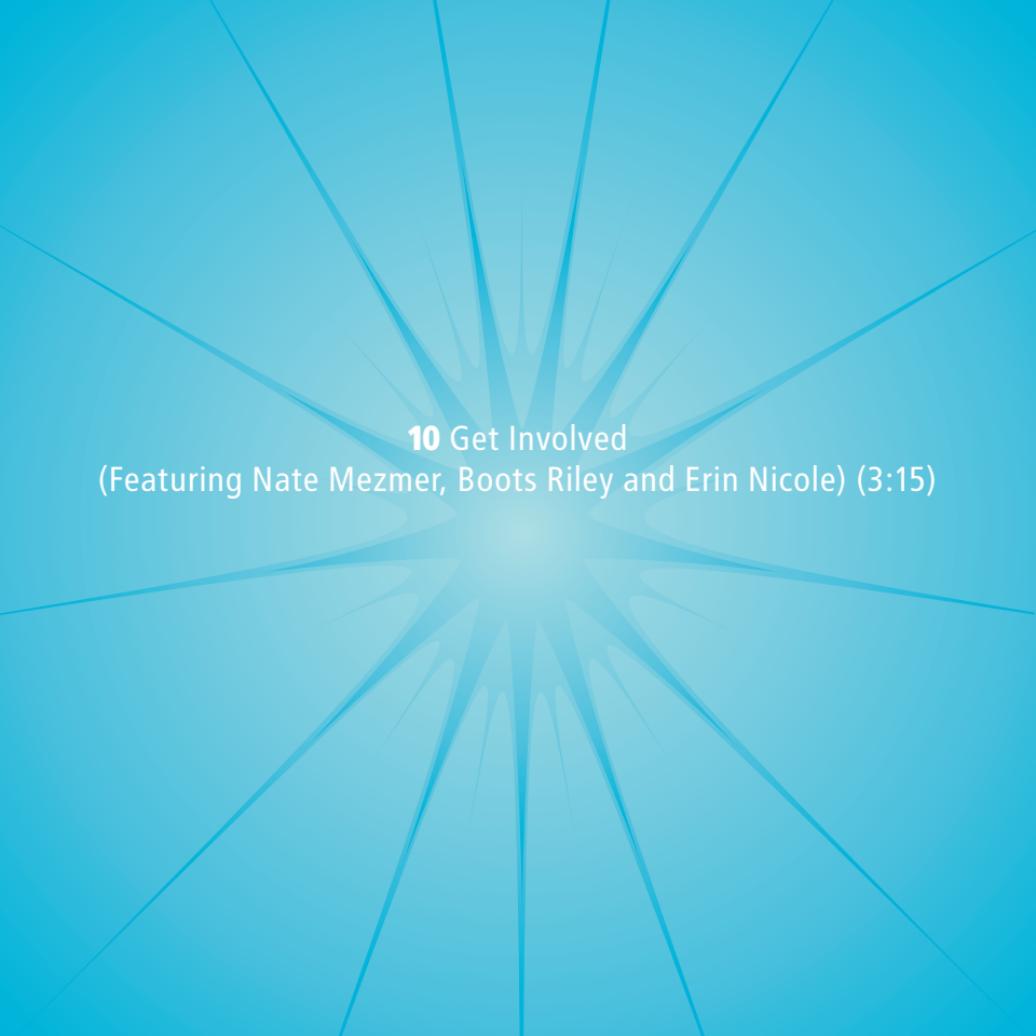
Chorus





09 Evaporation Of A Soul (2:06)

Music composed, produced & performed by **ETHX**
Recorded & mixed at **Psyclone Studios**



10 Get Involved

(Featuring Nate Mezmer, Boots Riley and Erin Nicole) (3:15)

Lyrics written & performed by Nate Mezmer and Boots Riley
Music composed, produced & performed by ETHX
Chorus performed by Erin Nicole
Recorded & mixed at Psyclone Studios

Boots Riley (of The Coup)

Dope fiends shootin' up like a song on the charts
We know it's wrong in our hearts but memories go gold
We caught the blues in this country never sold or soul
But we did sell rocks to roll it took lots to go
To the jungle punk the folk to come settle
When they crunked on the shackles sounded like death metal
I was raised round the ghetto keep my foot on the pedal
Back then is when they started pullin' strings like Gepetto
The alternative to this was to get up and go-go
Doo-wop 'em on the head with hard core bolo
Do it on the dolo get sold for the best bucks
But the railroad was underground like Def Jux
So do the running man you screwed if they wop you back
You be twistin' from an oak tree in a cabbage patch
You know where the damage at they livin' the highlife
While we in the big house tryin' to fly kites
Payola to the media to play they songs
But the real spoken word is the pay days wrong
We gonna funk it 'til it breakdown the people are hostile
Kill the precedent that's my gospel

Chorus 2x

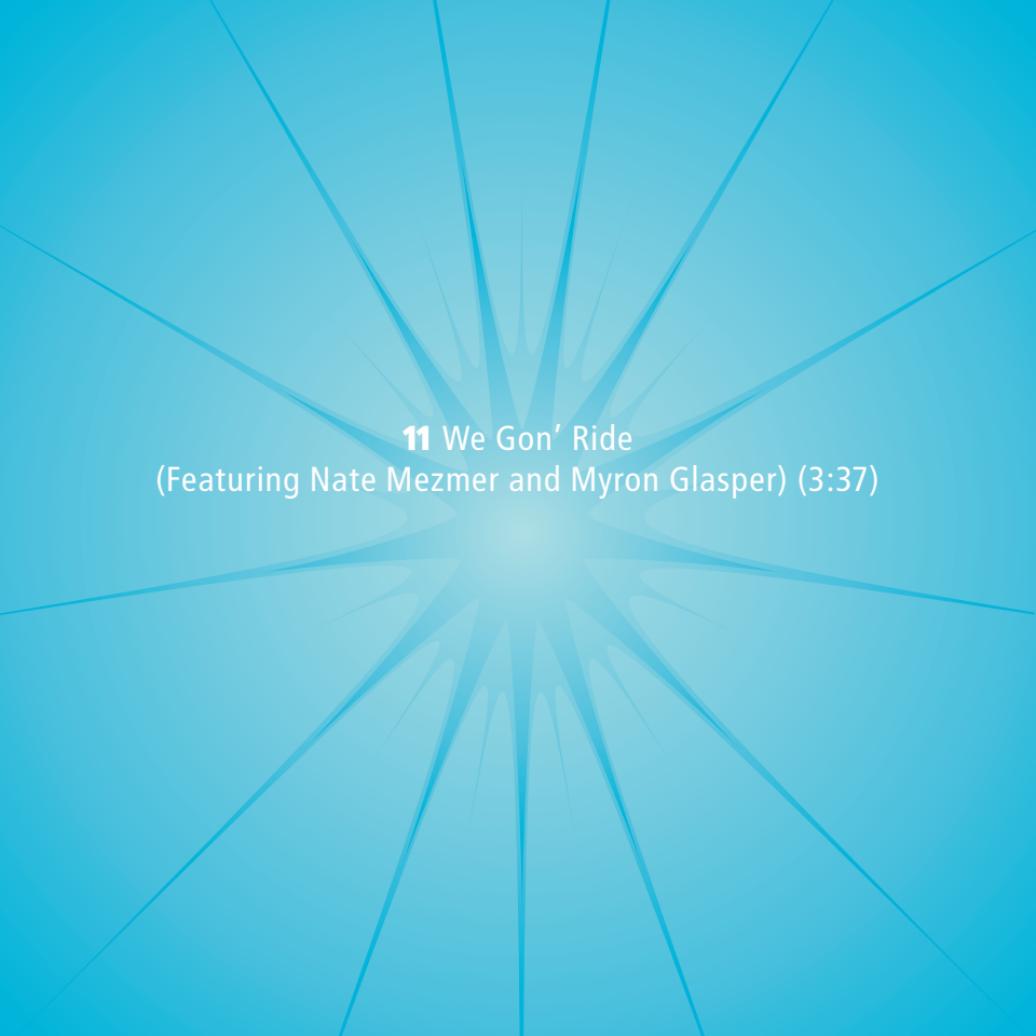
It's time to get involved

We got problems to solve
Let's make this earth revolve
It's all for one and one for all
It's all for one and one for all
It's time to get involved!

Nate Mezmer

I got game like McCain at a Washington breakfast
Bowl full of o's, IOU's on the checklist
Plate full of pork an a barrel of sexist
Laughs on behalf, Alaskan investments
Pause for a second, please digest this
Ain't much change in Arizona and Texas
Same old names in the Rolodex's same old pain in ya solar plexus
Make ya stomach sick give ya indigestion
Butterflies in the pit of ya small intestine
Y'all investments went up in smoke
Enough to give ya fear and doubt love and hope
Time to pick a bigger weapon bum rush the show
Like nun chucks buckshots got to rock the boat
I'm down to rock the vote but that's just a quote
I'm a take it to the streets call me citizen hope
They got a bullet and a target on ya wayward son
Uncle Sam got a uzi weighs a mega-ton
And them little John McCains love to bang the drum
But my President is black man change gonna come

Chorus



11 We Gon' Ride
(Featuring Nate Mezmer and Myron Glasper) (3:37)

Lyrics written & performed by Nate Mezmer
Chorus performed by Myron Glasper
Music composed, produced & performed by ETHX
Recorded & mixed at Psyclone Studios

Chorus 2x

Sometimes when ya need a friend
When ya need a place to call it home for a minute
I got ya back on the realest tip
We gon' ride til the wheels fall off the ship

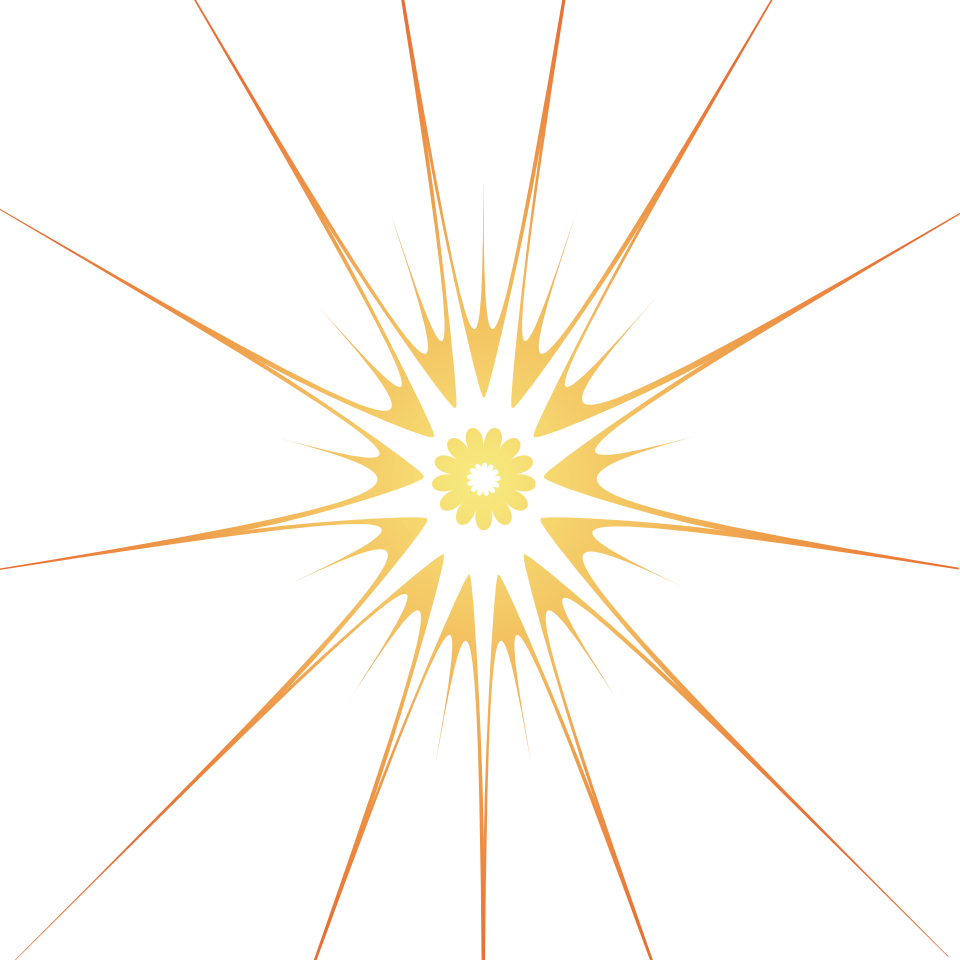
In the grips of god in the mist of the morning
I hit the flooring of the jungle roaring
A warning to the rest of the flesh on the block
I'm fresh with the fangs the cream of the crop
The king when I dream like Martin Luther
My tongue trigger the lungs I thought to shoot ya
Cuz militancy for me's a mental mind frame
The government controls US thru a mind game
An AK-47000

Spraying on ya from the TV set inside ya house and
Ya kids is catchin' strays each and every day
Soaking up the charade like church on sunday
But I spit for the enrichment of minds
Not the rich men in listing kids for they crimes
From Oakland to Richmond San Jo to Frisco
Tip toe on the track like a b-boy at the disco
And when the times right I step into the circle
And bless the people yes, I need no rehearsal

They wanna split us up in colors and creeds
But tell ya mother that I love her your a brother to me

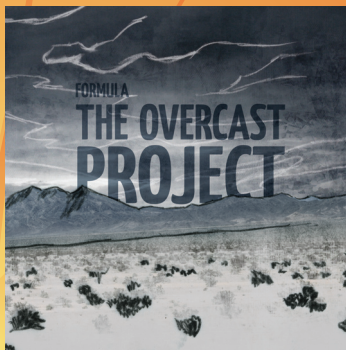
Chorus 2x

They say think globally act locally
I breathe in history and speak vocally
Official on tracks ink raps like a notary
On some new shit still OG like a rotary
I am what I am, live my life colloquially
I walk what I talk 'cuz my words' spoken free
Break down barriers of language and open thee
Door for a lady the way that it's supposed to be
Meant to be, essentially I'm censoring nuthin'
My energy's the inner chi of a tibetan monk and
I bring the funk and soul like Bobby Wo-mack
I played ball, the jersey's real, its no throwback
You can find this rhyme without a lo-jack
No need to call Matlock or even Kojack
So Pink Panther that old Columbo act
I give it to you free baby so download that





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Available February 2nd, 2010

The premiere release of our Xpanded Edition series



In partnership with **Just Plain Sounds**, we present you this special edition of Just Plain Ant's "Songs About Something". The complete album of downtempo gems along with an extra disc of remixes and exclusive unreleased material! This over 2 hour collection of sonic textures & beats is not to be missed!

Thanks to ETHX and his excellent group of contributors.
For more info visit the following websites:

ETHX

www.myspace.com/ethx
www.ethxmusic.com

Nate Mezmer

www.twitter.com/natemezmer
www.facebook.com/natemezmer
www.natemezmerpresents.com

Janice Bailon

www.twitter.com/va_Janice
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Sedrick the MC

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Myron Glasper

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