

**THE  
IMPOSSEBULLS**  
EVERYTHING HAS CHANGED  
NOTHING IS DIFFERENT



## **EVERYTHING HAS CHANGED, NOTHING IS DIFFERENT...**

Now isn't that title the truth? This album right here is tight, funky and very much The Impossebulls. Older and wiser, but this group from the turn of the century are still bringing that old school flavour. To the ear this is like nothing we've heard from them before, but their love for Hip Hop is no different and it shines through.

There is no time for cynicism or jaded viewpoints here. This feels like a celebration of life, of love, of friendship.

This album is a reminder that we're all older (most involved in the group have turned 40 and have kids now, or have kids who are all grown up). That's not a bad thing. The music and lyrics resonate and bring back fond memories of the past. This is music for those of us who grew up at the same time as the Bulls. The references are for us, the music takes us back to the 90's and further. Remember your parents playing their favourite old records and seeing how happy they were? The music here does that.

Remember everything must have changed - the US has a black president... oh wait, the only thing different there is he saluted with a latte and not a dog. The world is still at war, they just changed the name of the enemy (isn't that out of the Orwell Ninety Eighty Four playbook?). Black people are still under attack, the only change is that it's legalized and legitimized on a level not seen for many years. If you're 40 plus, there is no need to read



the paper or watch the news as you've seen most of it already. The only thing that has changed is that its being done on a larger scale, or in a more brutal way...

Rant over, but just look at that title... it incites thought. That's just the title of the album. So you know when you press play (or click the button on your mouse - how things have changed) you'll hear something special.

Mark Dowding  
September 28, 2014





# THE IMPOSSEBULLS V4.0

Marcus J, C-Doc, Mported Flows, Jamod Allah, Def Chad,  
Mike T and Chuck D

with DMC, Son of Bazerk and No Self Control, DJ Lord,  
Brother Mike Williams, CM aka Creative, Sekreto & Cabelleros Del Plan G,  
Cheese, Villain151, Booka, Belle McNulty, and Tah Phrum Duh Bush

## **Produced & Arranged by**

C-Doc for DefBeat Posse Productions, ID!👊

\* **Produced by Spook 1:** This Is A Revolution Sure Shot!

\* **Arranged by** C-Doc

**Mixed by** C-Doc at HWIC East – Lower Burrell, PA

**Mastered by** Stu Beetle

## **Executive Producers:**

Chuck D, Mike Gregoire & The Impossebulls





# EVERYTHING

## 1 CHAPTER III 1:22

(DC Snyder)

Concept: C-Doc • Special Guests: Lord Kel, mGee, DJ Wally West, Wildman Steve

## 2 THE ANTHEM OF THE OPENING ACT 2:15

(DC Snyder, M. Ankeney)

Concept: Marcus J • Vocals: C-Doc, Marcus J • Show Host: Jonny Specials • Keys: C-Doc • RIP: Professor X • Recorded by C-Doc at HWIC East – Lower Burrell, PA and Rusty Skelding at Gristle Audio – Dayton, OH

**C-Doc:** Good evening everybody It's a pleasure to be here / We'd like to give you just a little  
Something for your ears / I know you've never heard of us Allow me to be clear- that we're /  
Gonna make you shout like Tears for Fears- among our / Peers we're that little group they Think  
is odd / But we here to keep working till we Hear you applaud / And it probably won't be pretty  
As we RUNNIN roughshod / We be known as the world's first Virtual rapp squad / Blackalicious,  
Dilated Peoples, PE / Fatlip from the Pharcyde Guru rest in peace / One Be Lo, X Clan, Dres  
From Black Sheep- and Black / Moon were the names that were Up on the marquee / I made  
this beat for Blackwell But had to take it back / It's ok if you don't know him cause The dude is  
kinda wack / But now officially it's an Impossebulls track / And your official introduction to this  
Opening act... **Marcus J:** Can I get a hand clap this is for the people in the back / The ones who  
came late missed the opening act / Missed the opening act? But wait that's us / First, I apologize  
I very rarely cuss / But damn it do you know what I did to get up here / Mic check is this mic on  
do you care / Yes you I'm talking to you at the bar / Those that have heard not a word so far / I  
mean please I know you've never heard of us / But we The Bulls and yes there is a herd of us /  
And that's a joke admittedly a weak rhyme / But I try hard and therefore I beg your time / You  
came to see PE, Chuck D and Flav / They're the ones who taught us how to educate slaves / So if  
you got a problem with the opening act / I'm sorry it's Impossebull to get your money back

Marcus J: I kind of unintentionally stole this idea from the group Ugly Duckling. I guess I must have been listening to a lot of UD, and always loved their song "Opening Act". At the time The Impossebulls were living that song and everything about that song is dead on the truth. I thought the song was funny, but I also thought you would have to actually be an opening act to truly appreciate it.

So one day C-Doc sends me a beat... he does this a lot, and if I feel something, I'll write a verse to it... most don't become entire songs, or don't become songs until years later. This was one of those beats. The beat had a predominate hand clap, so that lead to my first line, "Can I get a hand clap? This is for the people in the back", and I just rolled with it from there. It wasn't until I recorded a scratch vocal and sent it back to C-Doc, that I realized how close it was to UD's song. I liked what I did, but never really thought it would become an actual song.

I did foresee us performing it live however and it's kind of ironic we never did. I had crazy elaborate performance ideas too. Like planting people in the crowd to heckle and boo us and then we would break into this song as a response.

Shout out to Ugly Duckling.

C-Doc: I reclaimed this beat in the name of the Bulls and I will not apologize. Big ups to the legendary Jonny Specials for the intro.

### 3 **RUNNIN' WITH THE BULLS** 3:28

(DC Snyder, M. Ankeney)

Concept: Def Chad • Vocals: Marcus J, Mported Flows, C-Doc • Cuts: cheese • Recorded by C-Doc at HWIC East – Lower Burrell, PA and Rusty Skelding at Gristle Audio – Dayton, OH

**Marcus:** I'm runnin this shit Hiphop marathon / With mics and turntables we Be the paragon  
**Mported Flows:** Turn it on as we reaching to the Upper echelon / Run up in yo party Steal the mic  
and then we gone **C-Doc:** I'm not the best emcee but God-Damn if I don't try / Pull the mic from



the stand And raise it up into the sky **Mported Flows:** On some HeMan shit "By the power of grey skull" **C-Doc:** And play all wack muthafuckas Like baseball  
**Mported Flows:** 1, 2, 3 Three strikes and then you're out / Put the mic away now and Close your fuckin mouth **Marcus:** And if you got the naysayers Fillin you with doubt / Remember that this Hiphop is What it's all about **C-Doc:** We about to set it up and Knock em all down- from the / Sound now you see Emcees hit the ground **Marcus:** Old school style on an MP3 **Mported Flows:** If you're runnin with the Bulls Then you're runnin with me...

**Marcus:** I'm so sick and tired of being sick and tired  
Sick on the mic unlike these mic liars **C-Doc:** Sick with the truth, one mic , no booth / Sick of false facts backed with no proof **Mported Flows:** I'm tired of these MC's steppin to me / When they know that the mic is a weapon to me / They know they got no skill better than me **Marcus:** These blue cheese MCs taste like cheddar to me / My tongue be numb impervious to the pain  
**C-Doc:** I'm tired of the sick rhymes stuck in my brain / I'm sick of the tired rhymes, all sound the same **Marcus:** I'm tired of the sickness, sick of the fame / What fame? got some but none can be explained **Mported Flows:** I'm quick with the key to free the enslaved / No stamp made contains my heroes **Marcus:** Majestic my words soar straight like arrows

**Mported Flows:** Let me tell you bout the movement I'm moving here to show and prove and / Letting all the people in the crowd see what I'm doin **Marcus:** Yes I'm cruisin back-and-forth right across the stage / Bruising up the mic like Tyson on a rampage **C-Doc:** Can't cage this now you thought we was laid-back / Slay tracks tear em down looking for the payback / Stay back **Mported Flows:** I'm about to hit it with the quick / And vomit up my lyrics cause I gotta make it sick **Marcus:** Take a pick between the beats and lyrics we kick / Or put on the radio and hear some bubblegum shit **C-Doc:** We here to spit like a little kid throwing a fit / Like Doc Ellis on the mound before delivering the pitch **Mported Flows:** Aww shit... We never gonna quit we cool / You can call us old but it's more original school **Marcus:** All these fools separate but the Bulls unify / Stay together like a young virgin's two inner thighs **C-Doc:** Oh my you'll never find the truth in lies / And we ain't dressing up our music in no corny disguise **Mported Flows:** No surprise this is us from the jump / Hit you in the face with the bass like a pistol grip pump **Marcus:** Cause we trump

all crews and they knew they were through C-Doc: So fuck who? You better listen now what to do / Just take a moment to process that everything here is true Mported Flows: If you're not runnin' with us then we be gunnin' for you....!

Marcus J: After C-Doc and I's initial weekend of starting to solidify what this album was going to become, we had maybe 10 songs started and another 5 or 6 beats we wanted to write to. So on the way home from Pittsburgh I was listening to beats and trying to come up with song ideas. Right when I get through Columbus, Ohio, I start rhyming over a beat called "Majestic Arrows". By the time I got home, an hour later, I had basically written my whole verse. This is a pretty rare thing for me to do.

I'll let C-Doc explain his idea for recording this song. I'll just say it was very frustrating for me to record because I wasn't sure exactly what he wanted and what I thought he wanted, I didn't really believe in. But as only he can do, he took chaos and made it sound great.

C-Doc: There was a point and time where Marcus, Tirade, and I would perform Marcus' verse from one of our first songs live, but we would split it up into threes. We played a lot of live shows for a couple of years and we got really great at backing each other up. It was like the old Hip-hop routines and I wanted to actually try and record something like that, like Beastie Boys or Run DMC used to do.

So I had two verses and Marcus had a verse and I just split it all up and assigned parts to different people. It was originally supposed to have Def Chad on it, because the track title was his idea, but when that couldn't happen we got Port on it instead. Then cheese came through with the dope cuts and that ties it all together.

## 4 THE GETBACK 3:40

(DC Snyder, C. Ridenhour, B. Whitty, M. Ankeney, M. Williams)

Concept: Chuck D • Vocals: C-Doc, Chuck D, Tah Phrum Duh Bush, Marcus J • Chorus: Brother Mike Williams • Recorded by C-Doc at HWIC East – Lower Burrell, PA; Rusty Skelding at Gristle



Audio – Dayton, OH, Carl Ryder at HardRhyma Studio – Ventura, CA; Tah Phrum Duh Bush at The Haunted Attik – Flatbush, NY and Michael Williams

**C-Doc:** It was 1986 when my Life was changed... When these / Three brothers showed me how to Walk This Way / And every day seemed like it Couldn't get better... But in / 1987 it was Bigger and Deffer and / Fresh! For 1988 You suckers! / My philosophy began to Change to another... It was / All about the music and Everything they wrote... Eric / B is President and he Had my vote... Every / Word they spoke every Line every stanza / You gots to chill was just Fucking bananas... Yo! / MTV raps would keep My brain fed every / Saturday... night of the Living Baseheads was a / 3 minute 14 second Timebomb... Now I'm / Lookin for my own instrumentals To rhyme on... / Ain't no half steppin so I Gotta commit / Said to myself Yo Doc you gotta Do this shit... And Get back...  
**Chorus (Brother Mike Williams):** I'm goin back now- to a time when / Real emcees did the rhyming / And music had that excitement / Remember those days... / Let's get it back now- what's behind me / The soul that came to define me / And Hip-hop could just remind me / Remind me of those days...

**Chuck D:** Now I go back ten years before that / 1976 and I heard a mix / DJ's and Emcees on a cassette / There was no such thing as rap records yet / DJ Hollywood and DJ Smalls said / Something like "Yes Yes Y'all" / I was hooked- I said what the hell was this? / Eric said Emcee, Lisa said a mix / Hip hop, so I never did ever stop / The party spot, the body rock / Starski, Flash, Spectrum City, Hank Shock / Lead me to hear and see a / DJ Eddie Cheeba / Record unbelievable, inconceivable / Cause the record was a tape off Jamaica Avenue / When in July of 1979 and I heard / The Fatback Band and King Tim the Third / My brother, sister introduced me to it / I said Chuck, you gotta just do this shit!

**Chorus**

**Tah Phrum Duh Bush:** Early 80's late fall too small to play ball / But I thought it was amazin how my brother used to blaze men / Twice his age he used to send the ball sailin / Servin' suckas up like a lollipop salesman / How the game worked I didn't understand fully / It was him, some other





cat, and this dude Red the school bully / Suddenly this crew of dudes just walked up on the court / They got up in Red's face man I thought they would've fought / But instead of throwin punches, Yo they started throwin rhymes / Giggling on each other with insulting punchlines / I was amazed and surprised at the things that they said / Droppin rhymes on a dime from the top of the head / It hit me in the heart man it blew my world apart / Who would've thought the school bully would've conjured up my art / Ran to the crib I gotta learn to flip the script / Looked in the mirror said yo Tah you got to do this shit / And get...

Marcus J: Back in the day before I ever heard a sound / I knew through my father that I came from the ground / That was his love and I guess I always knew it / The purest act of love was he never tied me to it / See I was free before I understood what free was / I explored everything and found my own loves / Fell in love before I really knew what that was / With an underground sound through the radio buzz / It was something I never ever heard in my life / But it drew me something like a moth to the light / Didn't make me popular didn't make me cool / But I learned a lot what they didn't teach in school / Most heard noise I heard poetry / And before you know it I guess the poet is me / Still many years from what an MC should be / It was hip-hop that grabbed a hold and molded me / Now legends are friends and friends became legends / We're more like a family of musical obsession / I'll never forget my life cause I'm livin it / Said to myself you got to do this shit ...and get it back

Marcus J: I think this was Chuck's idea. It was supposed to be a song about the moment we realized we needed to rhyme. The moment we went from listener and fan to EmCee and participant. So I had a direction in my mind that I wanted to go in but I hadn't actually put anything on paper yet. And then... Doc sends me his verse... and it was exactly the approach I had thought about taking. So I had to come up with a new idea. As I thought about it, I realized I didn't really have that "Eureka! I'm going to be an EmCee", moment. It was all very gradual and has occurred over my entire life. To this day I'm still finding new ways and reasons to love hip-hop and express myself through rap music.

C-Doc: It was years ago that I had made the original beat for this song. This third album had

gone through so many different ideas and phases that it's hard to keep track. But at one point it was going to have twelve tracks and each track was going to be titled after a month in the year. Clever? Eh...

Anyway, I believe this track was July. But then I was working with Chuck in Atlanta on a video job and he said he had a great song idea but he couldn't remember the title he came up with. So the title was mine, but the idea was Chuck's. And it only took us around 7 years to finally get it recorded.

A final note: I didn't mean to steal Marcus' idea before he even got it out but great minds unknowingly see the future or something like that...

## 5 THE GETDOWN\* 1:13

(S. Anderson, DC Snyder, M. Ankeney)

Concept: C-Doc • Vocals: C-Doc • Chorus: Marcus J • Cuts: C-Doc • Additional Vocals: Davy J • Recorded by C-Doc at HWIC East – Lower Burrell, PA

**C-Doc:** Yeah I gotta get a bit of that soul just to get me back / Where I need to be true indeed where my people at? / Like you plant a seed in it Now you can believe in it / Givin it the flavor baby It's the main ingredient / FUNK- that shit you Cannot fuck with / As soon as it hits You know we gone git / The spirit of the past to Collide with the future... Me / The Emcee-- Kill Skillz the producer / I to the M-P-O double S-E / Bulls on the run for the Funk bout to bless me / Sly and the family Bringin the insanity / PFunk takin us into another Galaxy / Out the Milky Way to a Place far away / The most important part of Hip-hop DNA... Is the / FUNK

**Marcus J:** Killskillz on the beat with that / "Good ol funky music" / C-Doc on the rhyme with that / "Good ol funky music" / Marcus J on the hook with that / "Good ol funky music" / Got the Bulls runnin' thru with the / "Good ol funky music"

**C-Doc:** EnemyBoard vet Spook 1 and I have been meaning to collab for a long time and he



recently picked up some new equipment and promptly got back to making some dope-ass beats. He sent me two pretty late in the day and this little bridge was one of the last songs to make the album. But I felt like it was a perfect way to bridge "The GetBack" and "The GetUp" and tie this trilogy of songs together.

This is actually only the second time (I think) that someone else has produced a Bulls song from scratch other than me. And that was dope, too.

## 6 THE GETUP 3:15

(DC Snyder, CM Lugo, M. Ankeney)

Concept: Marcus J • Vocals: Marcus J, CM aka Creative, C-Doc • Cuts: C-Doc • Recorded by C-Doc at HWIC East – Tarentum, PA and Christopher Lugo

**Chorus:** If you're feeling down... Get Up! / Falling down... Get up! / On the ground... Get up! / Feeling down... Get Up! / Falling down... Get up! / On the ground... Get up! / Impossebulls got your back let's get up ya'll

**Marcus J:** Gotta get up no excuses no more / Gotta get up off the dirt on the hard floor / Gotta be for everyone not just the hardcore / Gotta be a team have a dream without no war / Gotta get up cause you can't stay low / Gotta get up Marcus J says so / Gotta make amends for faults in the flow / Gotta make friends til the end out of old foes / Gotta get up yo and do it right now / Gotta get up I can't tell you how / Gotta look up to see me in crowds / Gotta look above to find love in these dark clouds / Gotta get up the alarm clocks ringing / Gotta get up a new day it's bringing / Gotta be sure for the fence you're swinging / Gotta be sure it's gotta get up that your singing

**Chorus**

**CM aka Creative:** Greet me when you see me / Positivity is so infectious, if you don't believe me / When you feel things is bad, smile just a lil bit / Good days are on the horizon, take time to

consider it / Don't dwell on the mistakes that's made / Like regrets, just let that fade / Life is like a show, time to take the stage / Let 'em all know, they can't hold you down, blows you trade / Cause you're a fighter, survivalist / Don't let it beat down your spirit, won't you come and fly with us / Rise above all the all the manure that belongs in the sewers / And throw a peace sign to all those who foolish enough to try to run through us / Forget all that bull that you're used to, time for a brand new attitude / Surround yourself with those who willing to show some gratitude / Know your worth, so when they try to do their worst / Show 'em first how you get up

### Chorus

C-Doc: If you feel down when we come around You gettin up / Got the sub woofer's bump in the sound so turn it up / DJ Spin the record around and mix it up / Underneath the sound of the underground we bring it up / Maybe if I was clownin around I'd mess it up / But you know we goin after the crown we make it rough / Even though we not world renown we goin tough / But we bringin this music to your town so pump it up / It's Impossebull you wanna know how well listen up / All that negative we do not allow we buildin up / And the sun shinin down thru the clouds will be enough / To turn that frown to upside down let's pick it up / All my brothers and sisters in the crowd we raise it up / Can't hear it we'll turn it up loud to blow it up / The music that'll make you get down will get you up / And everybody you can give me a pound- that's wassup!

Marcus J: This is another one of those "C-Doc sends a beat and I write and record something I never expected to become a real song", things. This was also a writing challenge to myself in the beginning. Without boring you with a long explanation of my weird writing style sometimes, I'll just say I was trying to write with certain rules and words and patterns, without it sounding stupid. I thought I did ok with that... and then I hear C-Doc's verse and he does a similar thing... only what he does is much more complicated and he pulls it off much better than I did.

C-Doc: Another beat from the half-realized "Time of the Month" album (that wasn't the title, but whatever). Half-realized because we actually recorded some stuff (I think I did the most recording and Marcus did a temp for a song or two... also see "August") and had even more



written (which got turned into other songs elsewhere... like tracks on my album Divided We Stand). At one point, there was a less boom-bap version of this beat that was slated for a solo Tirade record that was never finished. But anyway...

This track was going to be June. But then Marcus went on a recording spree at some point long after we had abandoned the "monthly" idea and he wrote this thing called "Get Up" and I thought it was a perfect Bulls song. But it couldn't just be called "Get Up" because how many songs are already called that? So it became "The GetUp" and formed part of a loose trilogy of songs that kinda fit together.

Also, as usual, CM aka Creative rocked the piss out of this track.

## **7 BIGGER THAN YOU** 4:51

(M. Ankeney, CM Lugo, L. Scott, DC Snyder)

Concept: Marcus J • Vocals: Marcus J, CM aka Creative, Boooka • Chorus: Marcus J, CM, Armand Armandollar • Interlude Guest: Shawn Franklin of The Scallions • Recorded by C-Doc at HWIC East – Tarentum, PA, Christopher Lugo and Leo Scott

**Chorus:** Now put your hands up if you lovin hip-hop / And put them back down when you want me to stop / Bet I never ever ever see a single hand drop / Cause this is hip-hop and it's bigger than you

**Marcus J:** Ain't nothing that I love more than this right here / Put on a beat grab a mic and whisper in your ear / That I love you cause you're bigger than me / And honestly I'm afraid to think exactly where I might be / If I didn't have those late nights writing in my room / If I didn't have the bass of that 808 boom / If I didn't have my radio play my favorite tune / If I didn't get the love I gave back from you / But I got it back and then some this is where I came from / You can't dis, I reminisce over you because it is fun / Put your hands up never put them down / Marcus J is center stage connecting with the crowd / Cause everybody got a little MC in them / And I can see you just like me we down from the beginning / So let me wrap my arms around this





song because it's true / Hip-hop equals love and man it's bigger than you

### Chorus

CM aka Creative: I clutch this mic device with a calm that's cold as ice, precise / Is how I spit these bars of life, and yall can sing along if you like / If my words speak to heart, this art done gave me a voice / When it comes to my talent Hip- Hop gave me a choice / Produce, write, spit nice, collab with like minded folks / All across the globe down to my brother who I found that wrote / Now we in the basement, we be scripting, dream chasing screaming DCOM / That Deadly Combination is what we on / So be gone if you aint supporting or trying to stand in our way / We just trying to preserve the culture that helped out our yesterdays / And now a days we need this, give people something to believe in / It's a odd time so I'm just trying to make things even, got 'em fiending / For that throw back, Golden Era, hold that but don't hold back them pro raps / Over hot tracks, C-Doc provides that, time best know that / Gotta show that we hold our own now, with the verbs and the pronouns / It ain't about a showdown, but build positivity to grow out

### Chorus

Boooka: What's more definin' then my rhyming, I'll wait / OK, break over like September, August just bein honest / This shit been in my veins like heroin / Take your choice this hero's in / I save the game like memory cards / Back in 2K, never forget the day when / Doc hit me, you be my shit / Gave me confidence / I think of you whenever I'm feelin like it's time to call it quits / But I never can like plastic bottles / So I can't give this up like Johnny Bravo / Fool me once, fool me twice I'll get it right / Mama I'mma get this, not tryin' to be the richest / Just tryin' to quit that defect and every other bidness / Commercial cause I'm in the chain / If I had two we'd be the same / I can't complain, most n---az my age would never see these thangs / Boooka bangs, what you heard? I'll clarify / He the hottest, man I try / If you ain't burnt, you probably lie, toastin' n---az / Like celebration day, your graduation day was over late / Life's around the corner now let's set this straight / I got managers managin bullshit / AR's like full clips, but jam like Jordan / My clan so focused / New love, n---a, you lose love n---a / Yo girl love n---a like game shows, this flavor of love / This real chance of love, this realer than chance / You call it a chance, I call it my turn / Like

signal my stop, so get off my cock / No time for the judge, you up at the top / I'm stealin yo spot,  
don't hand me a thing / I'm already king...

Marcus J: This is a love song and that is exactly what I wanted it to be when I wrote it. I can only speak for myself, but I think a lot of people will understand this. I saw rappers thinking they invented rap. They thought they were the reason rap music existed. I have always thought the exact opposite. Rap made me. Hip-Hop culture made me. And that's so much more of a beautiful and fulfilling way to think about it. I'm part of something instead of the master of something. Everybody wants to be successful, to be "great". But like a championship team, or The Impossebulls ourselves, it's so much more satisfying to share success and joy.

So this was an I love you Hip-Hop song, and a song to tell the self-important pop rappers to shut up, because in the grand scheme of things you are nothing, because the biggest thing you are a part of is... you, and that isn't much when you think about it. I'm something... because although Hip-Hop is big enough to make me feel like nothing if it wanted to... it never has. It's always made me feel like I mattered so it has always mattered to me. So I feel it's my duty to promote it and protect it whenever possible.

C-Doc: Again, big ups for the assist to CM for coming through at the last minute to save the day (I forget who else was supposed to be on this song, but they know... they know...!) and even make the chorus that much better.

Boooka was supposed to be on a couple of songs but he was only able to get to this one, but he murdered it accordingly.

## **8 THINK (ABOUT IT) 3:27**

(DC Snyder, M. Porter, M. Ankeney, M. Thomas, L. Aswod)

Concept: C-Doc • Vocals: C-Doc, Mported Flows, Marcus J • Cuts: DJ Lord • Guitar: Mike T •

Recorded by C-Doc at HWIC East – Lower Burrell, PA; Rusty Skelding at Gristle Audio – Dayton, OH and Mr. T's – Canton, OH



**C-Doc:** What if the lyrics that I'm writin now are my last song? / What if the flavor of my chewin gum doesn't last long? / What if the time I spent thinkin about it doesn't amount to shit? / What if I had good looks, would I be rap's Brad Pitt? / What if Bush knocked the towers down although I know he didn't / Cause anyone who knows better knows that Cheney did it / What if I wrote a rhyme and spit it, but then would not admit it / Because the rhyme was so dope that you thought I went and bit it? / Oh shit! It's a conundrum, what if I called it done, son? / What if this was the last song, would you say you want some more / Music from the crew that tried to give you what you need / What if I slit my wrists on paper, would my lyrics fuckin bleed? / What if I told these rappers that they got it all wrong / All along, what if I tried to write the same song / That you hear on the radio? Would you think I'm slick? / What if I told you now that you'd be jockin my shit?

**Mported Flows:** What if jock itch could talk shit? / Toss quick, control the cockpit / Drop sick, toxics, known to be obnoxious / What if I was known for bein cautious? / What if my lost hits were suddenly found? / What if I hired a midget for rubbing me down? / What if my digits switched it to 4-1-2? / What if I could kick it with more lungs, too? / What if cigarettes stopped calmin me down? / What if mic skills were more commonly found? / What if music was original, beats all visual / What if I'm unique, one in a trillion individual? / What if residuals could pay for my songs? / What if I had time to just play with a dog? / I'm sayin, you're playin along to my rant / Shit if my uncle had tits, he'd be my aunt

**Marcus J:** Let's rap about things rappers don't rap about / Like are we alone in the universe... / What if rap didn't rhyme not all of the time / And really only rhymed like every other line / What if rap backwards was average score in golf / What if golf backwards was a type of assault / What if ass salt was only used to season your ass / But your donkey had heart disease / Is sodium the tool used to kill your mule / Or a movie starring Angela Jolie / What if movies never moved me even if they were black / With apologies to Chuck D the industry is wack / Except for The H-double-U-I-C / I didn't get paid so that promo was free / One more what if question then I cuss... / What if god was one of us?... God damn it...

Marcus J: This song was originally called "What If?", and I believe it started as a C-Doc remix of a Regenerated Headpiece song. So C-Doc had his verse first for that song and I just followed his lead. The song is basically just asking a bunch of crazy off the wall "what if?" questions.

A few weeks before I got this song I had written down the line, "Let's rap about things rappers don't rap about". I was thinking about all the songs sounding the same, etc. and I wanted to rap about something no one ever had before. When the song came, it was the perfect opportunity to use that line and overall idea.

An original idea I had for this song was to write a rap song that didn't rhyme. That ended up being too difficult, so I decided to try rhyming every other line. But that also became too difficult as I became too tied up in the structure of the song instead of the song itself.

I also remember after I finished writing I had to hurry and record a scratch vocal ASAP, because I really liked my "What if God was one of us?" line, but I thought it was too obvious and everyone on the track would probably have the same idea. Even though I was the last one on the track to record his verse, I was afraid one of them would think of that idea and redo their verse.

C-Doc: I was at a convention on Long Island with Kyle Jason and Mported Flows where we had our first public screening of my film Dark of Winter. On the way out of town, Port swung by the house of his old friend Phon-X from Regenerated Headpiece. Unbeknownst to me they threw down what would become the song "Sad But True" (which you can hear and download for free on the "Master Plan" single at [blocSonic.com](http://blocSonic.com)).

I was about an hour from home when I got a call from Port and he was raving about the new song he had just recorded. He said that when Phon-X was finished mixing down the temp he was gonna send it along.

So I finally get the file and I'm listening to it on my phone and it sounds like shit but I get the gist of it and I immediately want to remix it and add a verse. And then my verse came to me as I



drove and I spit it into my phone so as not to forget it.

I never did the remix but I did invite Port to get down on this song as it was basically all his fault anyway.

I knew that we were not going to call it "What If?" because that would have been a disservice to everything and everybody. I asked Chuck for an idea and he came up with the crazy title "The House of Who, If & What." But out of that suggestion came the scratch samples that I sent to the incomparable DJ Lord who came back with ferocious cuts and a new title: "Think (About It)."

## 9 ROAD WARRIORS 3:52

(DC Snyder, M. Ankeney, D. McDaniels, M. Thomas)

Concept: Marcus J • Vocals: C-Doc, Marcus J, DMC • Additional Backup Vocals: Rusty Skelding • Guitar: Mike T • Intro Vocals: Davy J • Interlude Guest: S1W James Bomb • Recorded by C-Doc at HWIC East – Lower Burrell, PA; Rusty Skelding at Gristle Audio – Dayton, OH; Steve Kolakowsky at 440 Sound Studios – Woodland Park, NJ and Mr. T's – Canton, OH

C-Doc: Yeah it's time to go / Because we're opening for Public Enemy in Buffalo / Need some music for the ride got my CD's check / Cause my shit's once removed from having a tape deck / But it's all good brother C-Doc gotta plan / Takin interstate 90 northeast from Cleveland / I may not know the streets but I sure know the road / Two lane blacktop is my warrior's code / Roll the windows down in the heat of the summer / Tracing over the maps memorizing the route numbers / PA Turnpike I-76 baby / Ohio Turnpike West is Interstate 80 / Another short tour you can come and get at me in a / Show in Chicago, Detroit, or Cincinnati / Lancaster, Baltimore, Pittsburgh and Philly / Bowery Poetry Club New York City / Interstate 80 back across Pennsylvlucky / All the things I've seen man I feel so lucky / Key in the ignition and there's gas in the tank / I Never really did it for the bank / We did it for the thanks from the fam and the chance to roam / But our time is up so it's time to go home / Peace to the Bulls Yo! Thanks for the rhymes / I'll catch you next tour, next month, next time...





**Marcus J:** Many rhymes written as the rubber meets road / A hundred miles rollin to make the next show / Knowin every rest stop from Xenia to the burg / Triple A loves Marcus J have you heard / Yo Tirade pass the keys to the Jetta / Honestly man life couldn't be no better / Got a full tank of gas and all that I ask / Is let us stay safe tonight... / Got a backstage pass, and we getting there fast / Cause we hittin' only green traffic lights... / I won't see home until the sunrise / As two hundred thousand miles click by / But miles don't tell how far I've come / And dreams can't touch all the things that I've done / And who would I be if it wasn't for the road / A warrior without a war...

**DMC:** Here I am on the road again / Headed to the sold out show again / See all the pretty ladies just rollin' in / And the big show trucks just loadin in / Get the tour bus let's hit the road / Life on the road is all I know / Microphone check it's time to flow / I'm always on the road I ain't never home / I do it 'cause I love it not for the dough / And no one does it better you already know / I spend my time in the best hotels with a / Powerful rhyme like Melle Mel / I'm in a foreign land with the mic in my hand / DJ Charlie Chan and a bad ass band / The crown on my head is necessary / You're God damn right I'm legendary!

**Marcus J:** This song idea goes way back in the day when we were doing a lot of shows, and putting a whole lot of miles on our cars. The idea just always hung around and it finally got finished. Thanks to DMC... what an honor it is for us to have him on this song.

**C-Doc:** Probably the song idea with the most mileage on this album (Big Pun totally intended on both counts) "Road Warriors" has been around since we finished our sophomore opus Slave Education. Not only did I think it was a great concept for a song, but I knew it was a great concept for one of our songs.

The original beat that I had was around in different mixes and incarnations for years (and will probably be the version that goes on iTunes, that is, if this album ends up on iTunes) but as I started work on this album another idea came to me and turned out to be the way to go, obvious sample and all.

I had already worked with DMC on two music videos and he was a fan of my work (which is still completely insane to me) so when I reached out on a whim to ask him to be on the song, I expected either a polite "I don't have the time right now" or possibly just nothing at all. My hope was that he would recognize the sample and want to get on the track because he was a fan of the original song.

Imagine my surprise when he hit me back and said he would love to get down on the track. Imagine my sheer disbelief when a short week later he sent me his verse and adlibs! And he sounds fantastic on it if I do say so myself.

I didn't tell Marcus about reaching out to D, but oddly enough on the day that I got those vocals sent to me I swear Marcus sent me an email that said, "We should try to get DMC on the album."

## 10 AUGUST 3:08

(DC Snyder, M. Ankeney, C. Lugo)

Concept: C-Doc • Vocals: Marcus J, CM aka Creative, C-Doc • Cuts: C-Doc • Recorded by C-Doc at HWIC East – Tarentum, PA and Christopher Lugo

**Marcus J:** Never one to block the sun when it shines / These rhymes rise in the eyes of the blind / These rays beam from the sky to the ground / But these days ain't many rays to be found / Older now, give less than a fuck / Still hot as hell feelin down on my luck / Sum - mer num - ber thirty seven / Came and went like my idea of heaven / But wait there's still some heaven goin' on / August is hell, September the dawn / Sun gives life but we pray for night / Can't beat heat in the height of the light / Liquid pours down like life from the dead / Wipe the sweat from my red forehead / As the summer light starts to fade / I'm out, Marcus J in the shade

**CM aka Creative:** Hope the invite to the BBQ got Creative on it / Sunshine bless the skin, without rain warnings / Shorties looking love, Short Shorts showing off assets / Long hair and tan lines, looking super-hot to death / I always stay composed yo, keep it on the low low / Then hit 'em a CD like it's all about the promo / Create some small talk to see what you're all about / Drop



a card off with my info then I say peace and I'm out / The real question is who's chef and what you're blessing / Gonna be one of the first to be taste testing, no question / If it's good, then I'll definitely be coming back for some seconds / Catch my breath then hopefully spit a quick cypher session / We can play a little b-ball or toss the pigskin / Once I work off what I ate, time for round three, let's dig in / Joke with the fellas, this weather gives chics a good reason / To show it all but I'm ready for hoodie season

C-Doc: You know I feel alright / As I stand here gazing into the fading sun light / Feel the heat from the street way into late night as it's / Time to move on but wait, I just might / Savor the moment take it slow for a minute / Remembering back to all the times that I didn't / Remembering past mistakes, yeah now I get it / Grab the mic, run the beat and hit it / Admittedly it's something coming from deep down / The sun rays beat down, gotta find a way to beat the heat now / 91 degrees, 92, 93 / Ice cubes fallin' down into a glass of iced tea / Ice Cube had a good day back in '93 / Despite me being on the other coast it might be / Cause for celebratory excess who needs bed rest? / Just let your girl use your shoulder as a headrest / And watch the sun dip below the horizontal / Hydrating with a sip from the cold water bottle- I've been / Through so many can't remember them all / And even if they were hell I still was havin' a ball / If I'm standin' in hell then I've got to stand tall / To measure a man he's gotta give you his all, so I'mma / Bring it all back, total recall sayin' / Good night to summer as we slip into fall...

Marcus J: This song was a part of a previous Impossebulls project that never got finished. I'll let C-Doc speak on this one. One of my favorite C-Doc verses by the way. Ohh and let me explain the "lalas" at the beginning... they actually had a purpose. For some reason, (probably all the energy drinks I consume while recording), my throat would kind of get clogged up and every time I would start my verse I would choke on the first word. So I did the "lalas" to keep my throat clear until I was ready to go into my verse. I sent it to C-Doc without cutting the "lalas" out figuring he'd do something with it, and it ended up making the finish track.

C-Doc: My original beat for this song was one of my favorites and it had some amazing guitar work by Shawn Franklin on it. But alas, like so many other Impossebull beats, it was lost to the

great hard drive crash of 2010 (and yes, I'm still pissed).

That's not to say that I'm not pleased with the replacement. It's probably better that we have this version of the song now because it fits in better with the rest of the album.

## NOTHING

### 11 SEPTEMBER :44

(DC Snyder, M. Ankeney)

Concept: Marcus J • Vocals: Marcus J • Recorded by C-Doc at HWIC East – Lower Burrell, PA

Marcus J: I know too many people, care for my people / Lie, cheat and steal, bet I kill for my people / Guessing it's these times that mold and shape my rhymes / And birth a permanent pessimistic state of mind / Sometimes I'm a bad friend, spread myself too thin / Giving to the needy keeps the needy coming back again / I tend to ignore those that do not need my help / Even me cause honestly I rarely help myself / See I know me like you may know yourself / But who am I if I'm not helping someone else / Not bragging the opposite I'm needing understood / Sometimes I do bad but it's for the greater good / Like Robin Hood I'm rob'in just to give it away / So when I see my people you know I'm quick to say / What's understood really don't need to be heard / I love you... without saying a word

Marcus J: Probably going to need C-Doc straighten out the mess I'm about to make describing this song... but here is what I think happened. We had a song called "September" as part of the same project as "August" was to appear on... or so we thought... I think... I'm pretty sure we both remembered the song existing but could never find a trace of it. So we wanted to add something on to the end of August, and we wanted it to be September. So C-Doc cooked up a beat and I dug up a verse.

Now the verse I dug up also has a long twisted confusing history. A while ago, a couple of years



ago probably, I did another one of my write for the sake of writing verses. I called it "A Peephole For My People". I wrote and recorded it and filed it away. I don't even think I sent it to C-Doc which I usually do just in case he can make something of it. So anyway months later, DJ Def Chad is recording his "Black Holocaust" album, and C-Doc contacts me to get down on a Chad track called "My People". Wow... perfect... I remembered what I had written months before and re-recorded it over the new beat for Chad's album. Well I don't think Chad liked my verse, or at least part of it. And I honestly can't remember if it got used for anything at all.

Anyway when "September" came around for this album we were at C-Doc's recording, and he asks do I have anything for this "September" beat? And I started digging through my lyric sheets and pull out "Peephole" yet again, and after flipping a few words and lines, I record it again. Pretty sure this was the last thing I recorded for this album.

That's the way I remember it anyway... but I'm getting old.

C-Doc: Uhh...?!?!

## 12 ERYKAH & JEAN 2:46

(M. Ankeney, DC Snyder)

Concept: Marcus J • Vocals: Marcus J, C-Doc • Recorded by C-Doc at HWIC East – Lower Burrell, PA and Rusty Skelding at Gristle Audio – Dayton, OH

**Marcus J:** To Erykah and Jean and all my loves in between / I apologize cause that ain't really what I mean / I mean hip-hop... you the love of my life / But the word loses meaning when you lose a life / It's sad it takes death to teach love to some / I'm ashamed to admit now that I was one / But please can't you see that I understand now / You can stop taking people that I care about / I'ma be selective when the word comes out / And save it for those this song is truly about / I'ma bite my tongue before the word comes out / And save it for those this song is truly about / Those'll be the sad ones when I'm gone / And one day they'll push play and hear this song / And I'ma tell my loves to me just what they mean / Instead of wasting love on Erykah and Jean





C-Doc: It's like- / Everybody wants what they cannot get, and now / Everybody talks like they full of spit- and with a / Finger on the trigger playin Russian roulette- with an / Automatic with a full clip, bullshit- Yo... / ...Told those two chicks it doesn't really matter cause we / Couldn't hear em talkin over all of the laughter- and / If they try to tell me that I'm just a silly cracker- Imma / Tell em I'm an actor- wait, I mean a rapper- wait / I mean I am but that's not even the point- in this / 25th Hour like the Spike Lee joint- I'mma / Do the Right Thing or I'm bound to disappoint- all the / People come to see me with the mics I anoint- I mean / Bless... And not a breath goes to waste- when I / Open up the magazine I'm lookin at their face- there were / Erykah & Jean pics all over the place- now / Replaced by my people who cannot be replaced...

Marcus J: What may come off as a dis song, is really anything but... for me anyway. It is more an attempt by me to reprioritize people that are important to me.

To make a long story exactly the length it should be... I'll start by stating that my two favorite female artists of all time are Erykah Badu and Jean Grae. I have other favorites, but sometimes they disappoint me. I don't think Erykah or Jean has ever disappointed me artistically. I don't know if that's really real or if I'm just blinded by the "love" I have for them and what they do. I will explain the "love" in quotation marks later, as that is the true point of this song. Anyway I used profess my "love" of these women obnoxiously to anyone that would listen. C-Doc and I actually tried to get Jean on this album. As C-Doc said, "Jean is our kind of weird.", and she really is. That would have been great, but it didn't happen. After I wrote this song I thought about asking her again to appear on it, but I never did.

June 28th, 2014... I'm in Bedford-Stuyvesant, Brooklyn, with my daughter Mari, C-Doc, his wife Maura, and son Davy... along with Public Enemy, at the 25th anniversary of the movie "Do The Right Thing". I could go on and on, but for the point of this story, I'm on stage, turn around and there is Erykah Badu. My only goal in life at that moment is to meet her and get a picture. That didn't exactly happen as I was busy taking pictures of Erykah and other people. But ultimately what I'm getting at is, it was a great weekend... and the best part was I got to share it with Mari.

Now even though that weekend was filled with amazing happenings..., what did I want to talk about? Erykah and Jean. I wish we could have got Jean on the album. She's great. I was on stage with Erykah. She great. Etc. You get the idea. I was professing my love for women I had no reason to "love"... I merely admired them and their artistic works... but "love" is just easier to say I guess. Easier to say to strangers that will never know it, or return it, than it is to say it to people you actually do love. And don't get me wrong this is no fault of Erykah or Jean... it's a fault in me... and I think it's a fault in a lot of people. But I digress...

It was an amazing trip. One of the many amazing Impossibulls trips, that always seem to turn out better, or at least more eventful, than I ever imagine when they start. We're driving to Pittsburgh from New York... we are maybe an hour outside Pittsburgh and I'm happy. And it's that real happy... it's that this is what life is supposed to be happy... as we talk about the past weekend and our upcoming album.

And then Mari gets a phone call... I watched as she listened... I watched as her eyes got wet... I watched, and asked "What? What? What's wrong?"... She says "Butch died." I went from the highest of highs to the lowest of lows in the span of two words. Butch was a former basketball coach of Mari's, and a longtime friend of mine. Mari and his daughter were friends. For the last decade our lives were all intertwined by sports.

I was on stage with Public Enemy, Spike Lee, Mos Def and Erykah Badu... having the time of my life... as my friend was dying. And I didn't even know. That just felt so wrong. When I finally got home, I wrote and recorded this song in a day. That's probably all the explanation this song needs.

Butch would sometimes write "rap" songs and try to get me to record them. I said I would... but I never did. Mostly because everything he wrote was all about questioning other basketball coaches methods and motives in a way only Butch could do. So Butch I never recorded one of your songs, but you were the inspiration for this one... I hope that is good enough.



Also, as I was proof-reading this I realized that maybe I should have called this song, "Erykah & Jean & Sade".

### **13 BREAKER 1-2 3.00**

(DC Snyder, M. Ankeney, M. Alvarado, F. del Rio Martinez, L. Daniel del Rio Martinez, D. Winchester)

Concept: C-Doc & Marcus J • Vocals: Marcus J, Sekreto, Indho, Simplee, Jamod Allah • Cuts: C-Doc • Recorded by C-Doc at HWIC East – Lower Burrell, PA; Rusty Skelding at Gristle Audio – Dayton, OH and King David at The Controls

**Marcus J:** Allow me to paint this picture with words / The most beautiful thing your eyes have ever heard / The most beautiful thing your ears have ever seen / Marcus J will turn this mic into a time machine / And go back get it back give it to you / Communicate with the past like it was brand new / Write rhymes with pictures in blood on cave walls / Tell stories in Sumerian as Babylon falls / 10,000 BC Pictogram Hieroglyphics / The alphabet catches and I drop scientific / From Egypt to Sesame Street we all agree / Brought to you by the letters M & C / Morris code over telegraph you forgot / I'm a def dash dash dash dot dash dot / Ring goes the telephone can you hear me now / No you got your television turned up too loud / Life by the light of LCD screens / But I don't need a CD know what I mean

**Sekreto:** Sabes que el que tiene el micro va dirigiendo la orquesta / Es el maestro y es a quien se le respeta / Si alza la mano es en señal de darle apoyo y al frente la gente reacciona con el buen rollo / Yo! No me voy a privar de sentir lo que se siente al momento de disparar / Como trazo en spray queriendo decirte algo / se reconoce como de un vago a otro vago

**Indho:** 1, 1-2, 1-2-3 y más / Somos los que estamos enganchados esto es global / Con el Hip con el Hop y el cliché del Don't Stop / En el aire van las manos, de victoria es la señal / Creemos llevando el mensaje de casa en casa como carteros / Toda la ciudad esta enterada / Que está pesada la armada con la que contagiamos / Estilo universal todos bienvenidos somos

**Simplee:** Somos guerreros con el don de la palabra / Surgimos de la tierra hace años como lava

/ Quemamos venimos del desierto llevamos la cultura a todos lados a conocidos y extraños /  
Somos legado nuestros antepasados, dejaron  
Sabiduría en nuestras manos / El código de barrio luchar por lo que amamos / Hoy el mensaje  
emitido fue escuchado de NY GPD se une al llamado / Cheka!! desde los 90's México alerta  
**Jamod Allah:** There's a reason for silence, I'm killing all the noise, / Walk fast - Keep My Poise,  
Matter Of Fact, / Walk slow - Cause I'm the Master Of the Shadow, / Control them with this  
ancient language, you will never know, / Lyric-Savant, Autistic, Call me a misfit, / Cause I refuse  
to fight you for half a biscuit, / You crumb snatchin', Rats lost in a maze, / So you just gave up,  
You're taking no action, / I'm back on point, take a pull off my joint, / Then it's pen to paper, the  
lyric creator, / but I'm retired - I would keep quiet, / If it wasn't for C-Doc, I wouldn't even write  
it, / Cause I don't need attention, don't want to dwell in, / The memories of days when Hip-Hop  
had me yellin', / Cause nowadays you gotta be a tatted up felon, / Twerkin' in a trap-house, with  
a gun, drug sellin', / That's why Hip-Hop's played yo, and I don't rap, / And yes, Jamod Allah said  
it, you can snitch on that, / Try to take it, put your fingerprints on that, / And then be mad and  
pissed when I take that back- / Breaker Breaker.

C-Doc: This was a beat that was saved from the hard drive crash disaster. Luckily, at some point,  
I had burned two minutes of it to a CD, no doubt so I could listen to it in my car, which is where I  
check all my beats and mixes. If it sounds good in the car, it should sound good anywhere...

Anyway, I never actually wrote anything to it but I would always say "Breaker 1-2, Breaker 1-2"  
over it, figuring that might just be the chorus. So Marcus took that and came up with this great  
song about communication through time and how music, specifically Hiphop, applies to that.

A while back my friend Danny had suggested that the Bulls do a song with a group that he was  
working with, Caballeros Del Plan G. One of their members, Sekreto, had already appeared on  
the remixx to our song "Do You Know What They Say" and this collab just felt like a great idea.  
When this song came along it seemed like it would be a perfect fit: a song about communication  
featuring Emcees spitting in different languages.



Plus, you add the effortless dopeness of Jamod Allah into the mix and you've got it locked solid.

## 14 FREESPIRIT 3:30

(M. Ankeney, T. Allen, C. Jackson, J. Height, DC Snyder)

Concept: Marcus J • Vocals: Son of Bazerk, Marcus J, Half Pint, Jahwell, C-Doc • Cuts: cheese • Interlude Guest: Aki from Japan • Recorded by C-Doc at HWIC East – Lower Burrell, PA; Rusty Skelding at Gristle Audio – Dayton, OH and Keith Shocklee at Terrordome Studios – Freeport, NY

**Son of Bazerk:** What up Doc? I'mma make it sizzle and pop / Until the coffin drop / Don't trip it's just how hot it can get / Check the mic and see if I got pull now it's / Son of Bazerk runnin' with the Impossebulls

**Marcus J:** This is free spit ain't no charge for it / Put your money away real MCs they don't want it / Can money buy you love or the air that you breathe? / Truth is I never wanted more than I need / Cause that's greed one of 7 deadly sins / And once you begin sin is hard to end / So never start never ever lose your heart / Cause the best part gotta be the musical art / Back in '85 no fear to bless the mic / No dollar signs dreams man I did what I like / Now in 20-10 ain't a damn thing changed / Gotta a little fame honestly it feels strange / Still put my soul in the heart of each line / Cause someone is hearing me rhyme for the first time / So Doc these 16 are free like all music / I attached the acapella, feel free to use it

**Half Pint:** I do it for the people, do it for the youth / Do it for the culture, do it for the truth / Do it for the love, comes naturally / Got my own shit could afford to spit for free

**Almighty Jahwell:** You're big and your badder Your pockets are fatter / These bitches takin' pictures with n---az that don't matter / Posin' like I'm posin' like a fake and a fraud / Cats wearin' skirts like reality broads / Hustle baby hustle, give it to Daddy muscle / For the sake of illin' I'm chillin- they call me Russel / I'm addicted to rhyme, here to fuck with your mind / Call me gutter when I stutter I'mma beast wit mine





C-Doc: When I first got the mic to be an emcee / There was never any doubt that I'd spit for free / Cause money wasn't any motivation to me / And Hiphop to me is like family / Would I like to get paid from the rhymes I recite... At the / Show that we rockin in the club all night... With the / People that be jumpin to the beats- gettin hype... And the / Stage with the worn out mics? damn right / But Imma keep writin if I'm paid or not / Sometimes it's this Hiphop is all that I've got- and / Sometimes I need a mic and a beat to drop- like I'm / Goin round the world to collect my props- I won't / Stop cause you know that ain't the dude that I am- the / One man band, here to take a radical stand- and if you / Diggin what you hear then support the fam- but we / Always gonna spit cause we Hiphop fans...

Marcus J: I can't remember why, but I remember being mad at something when I wrote this. Something dealing with our music. I do know it had something to do with money, and somebody somewhere was crying about not getting paid. I know I wasn't directly mad at C-Doc, because that just never happens. But maybe he vented something to me and it pissed me off too. So I just found a beat and started writing. The whole vibe of the song for me was that money is a possible side effect of rhyming, not a reason to rhyme.

C-Doc: Marcus recorded his temp over a DJ Premier beat and I really dug it. I had the loop already that I had wanted to use for a long while and it was totally different from the Premier joint, but I think, in the end, it worked out fine.

One of my all time favorite albums is a Bomb Squad masterpiece called Bazerk, Bazerk, Bazerk by The Townhouse Three, better known as Son of Bazerk featuring No Self Control and the Band. Thanks to the tireless efforts of the legendary DJ Johnny Juice Rosado, the group reunited and recorded a new album of material 19 years after their debut album. I was fortunate enough to direct a video for the lead single "I Swear on a Stack of Old Hits".

We played a show with them in Philadelphia once where we were both on the bill opening for Public Enemy and we all agreed that we would have to record a song together at some point. So when Marcus and I were thinking of people we wanted to collab with on this record, Half Pint,

Jahwell, and Bazerk were first on the list to call.

## 15 THE BREATH I GOT LEFT 4:53

(DC Snyder, M. Ankeney, D. Winchester, CM Lugo, B. McNulty)

Concept: Marcus J • Vocals: Marcus J, Jamod Allah, CM aka Creative, C-Doc • Chorus / Bridge: Belle McNulty • Recorded by C-Doc at HWIC East – Lower Burrell, PA; King David at The Controls; Christopher Lugo and at Fresh Kingdom Studios

**Marcus J:** I've been thinking and that can be a dangerous thing / But I'm thinking who really listens when I sing? / And when I sing what it mean all these metaphors / Do I open windows and unlock doors? / Is anyone getting out what I'm putting in? / Understand the start comprehend the end / These sprinter boys be runnin off at the mouth / And that ain't what this marathon man is about / I wanna portray much more than word play / I separate from the so called rappers of today / I separate myself not to just be unique / But I am cause there gotta be purpose when I speak / Anything else is just a waste of breath / And who knows how much breath I got left / So maybe I shouldn't waste words of the deaf / And inhale and hold the breath I got left

**Chorus (Belle McNulty):** Leave aside the ego and the pride / Waken your own soul into a life / Let your message come from the worthy truth / Inspire yourself and the growing youth / Let the words you speak be meaningful / Make them chase the right goal / You are free to express your reality / Choose your words with dignity / Choose your words with dignity

**Jamod Allah:** In the middle of the Jungle, In the middle of the Night, / And I just lost my f-ckin flashlight. / Can't see the stars, Can't see the Moonlight, / But what I do see, is this can't end right, / I hold my breath / Depression coupled with Stress, / I cope trying deal with the Hopelessness, / The world today - so silly and unfounded, / Stay yourself, I know it's hard to keep grounded, / Running the race, wind on my face, / But no matter how fast, seems, I'm still in last place, / Friends on your wings when you're flying around, / But when your down, you're lonely on the ground, / With the breath I got left, I won't play, / And if you don't believe me ask Marcus J., /



I bob and sway, and punch away, / but when death punched me in my chest- / I lost my breath.

**CM aka Creative:** Inhale then exhale / Now listen as I recite rhymes my pen spilled / Mastered breathe control, been heard across the globe / So I craft together bars, watch how this page unfolds / With my life's lessons, all my curses and blessings / Relate it to the people so they can hear my message / Never been a preacher, just speaking like I'm a teacher / Showing yall the formula on how freak it on every guest feature / No lies need, just doing me / So you could spit one of my rhymes as my eulogy / And it'll cover all bases of my life / And hopefully I inspired one through my sacrifice / To live the right way and say the right things / I take it day by day without going to the extremes / Living life in cool mode, handle my business and do my best / To represent Hip-Hop with the last breath I got left

### Chorus

**C-Doc:** I put Words on the paper but its only the half / Get the mic hit record put em down on the track- and now I'm / Using up moments of my life and my time- So why / Would I even bother with some bullshit rhymes?- If I could / Count the amount of breath that I have left... Then I would / Have an idea of when I'm facing my death... But that's / Not exactly something that I'm trying to chase... But more a / Constant reminder that there is no time to waste / Hip-hop has given me so much you see that / It's within me as a part of who I be and be- / Came an Emcee to express and entertain / I've let it get inside every nerve, every vein... Every / Way it can help me on my lifelong trek / So the least I can do is give it every respect... / And try to say something that is even worth saying... Cause the / Time we expire is the foe that we're facing...

**Belle McNulty:** Las palabras no deben ser secretos que no revelamos / Deben ser el aire que expiramos e inhalamos / Los mensajes que transmitimos / El camino que vivimos son / El distrito a través de los cuales nos unimos

Oh oh oh the breath I got left...

Marcus J: I really work at writing. I really want the things I say to mean something to someone. That's why 99.9% of the things I write at the very least mean something to me. So one day I sat down to write and I wondered if I was the only one really listening to me. I don't just mean hearing The Impossebulls and liking the song, but actually listening, understanding, and taking something away from my words, that actually make their life better in some small way. That's my goal. Whether I'm successful or not I will probably never really know.

C-Doc: Marcus wrote his lyrics over a completely different beat that I thought was cool, but when we came back around to go through songs for the new record, I just wasn't confident enough in it. So I came up with this and it brought a totally different (but completely suitable) feel to the song. If I remember correctly, Marcus didn't feel it at first, but that was back when it was just him on it. He came around after everyone else got on the track.

This album was interesting in that we really got back to our "virtual Rapp squad" roots. That's how we started this whole endeavor but after a while we had a core group and that's what we worked with. Time has splintered that group, as time is wont to do, and I didn't want our first album of new material in ten years to be the Marcus & C-Doc show, so we reached out to some fantastic artists to help bring this project to fruition. This song is a perfect example of that, with vocals by long time collaborator Jamod Allah and new additions in CM aka Creative and Belle McNulty.

## **16 HAVENOTS MASCOT 4:30**

(DC Snyder, J. Herring, A. Sisco, M. Thomas)

Concept: C-Doc • Vocals: C-Doc, Def Chad, Villain151 • Cuts: C-Doc • Guitar: Mike T • Recorded by C-Doc at HWIC East – Lower Burrell, PA; James Herring at Fingaprintz – Homewood, PA; Anthony Sisco at P.A.B. Studios – Forest Hills, PA and Mr. T's – Canton, OH

C-Doc: Gimme a mic and a reason and some would call it treason / But then it's maybe something that you're needin' / Or maybe that it's something to believe in / Or maybe that it's something you can use to pass the time along the seasons / Or maybe then it's something you



can listen to and diss / Or maybe then it's something to get you pissed / Or get you to raise your fist / And pump it in the air at the crooked millionaires / When they send the pigs running up your stairs / Or maybe then it's something to compare to the overrated / Industry that's decaying down and far beyond repair / Leaving all my people in despair, but since I've been / Growing with this music then you know I've gotta care / And give a damn, or maybe try to understand / Why a helping hand isn't a part of the game plan / Blind man can't see it, a blind in a blind spot / Or maybe we forgot what we thought we were taught / Or maybe when they leave me to rot my mug shot / Will take the top spot as the HaveNots Mascot...

**Def Chad:** Here I go, here I go / It's the sound of my tribal chant / Born in America, strong Black man / But they want me back in Africa, but my roots ain't Africa / Hard label traffickin', now they call me Afro-America / Born to pay, where I lay / They smack me on the butt, gave me a social number / I woke up livin' in debt in the projects / But my mind I kept- I had a circle of / Strong Black men to help the masses / Get through the classes, CNN / The eye, they all lie, but somewhere down the line / We all got fucked, the hood gave up / Red Black and Green, know what I mean / "Brothers and Sisters!" We on the same team...

**Villain151:** You got the haves and the have nots, / Fast moneys all good still the cash stops, / Like 2 am at the bar this my last shot, / Got clamps on the game got it padlocked, / Listen this is my mission keep my people outta prison, / Political decisions keep the nation in division, / Part of the master plan executed with precision, / Realty TV keeps revolution in submission, / ...Until we dream and strive for more, / We'll forever be suppressed and behind the door, / I heard the blind leads the blind well I'm trying to soar, / Still trying to find my way hope your finding yours, / Look my goal ain't to sign no deal, / I'll share my story with the world baby mine is real, / If I'm guilty of the truth won't try to appeal, / Let's put the pedal to the medal it's time to grind for real

**C-Doc:** I was listening to the latest album by fellow Pittsburgher Villain151 and one of my favorite tracks is "Concrete Cottonfields" which is a scathing stream of consciousness three and a half minute megaton bomb. He just kills it.





There's a part where he says, "This is my last shot, the have-nots mascot" and the beat drops out. And it hit me how dope that was and I knew I had to write a song called "HaveNot's Mascot" and that Villain had to get down on it.

My verse for this song dates back to a recording session we had at Marcus J's place back in 2003. We were there with Pvt Militant and Tirade and we were recording a handful of covers of some of our favorite Hip-hop verses. So PVT wants to write and record a new song on the spot but not everyone is thrilled with the idea. But we try it anyway and I write what I consider to be one of the best verses I have ever written. However, when we go to record it, my allergies deny me (Marcus has cats, of which I am insanely allergic to) the lung power to do so and I vow to record the verse when I return home and recuperate. This never happens as I misplace my lyrics and proceed to be pissed off about it for many years to come.

Cut to eleven years later and I'm digging through my desk looking for something completely unrelated to music and I see a sheet of paper that I've seen many times before but I never really looked at it. It's blank, save for a letterhead. And this is the first time in many times of seeing this sheet of paper that I actually read the letterhead and I suddenly realize that it is for the architecture firm that Marcus works for. And then I flip the paper over and find those lyrics that I wrote in 2003 that I thought were lost forever. What the fuck?!

Anyway, the lyrics are still dope, though not as dope as I remember them being, but they're also only like 6 bars long. But with a little bit of rewriting and extending, I realized that they would be perfect for "HaveNot's Mascot."

Def Chad's verse was actually recorded for a PE remix I had done to the song "ICEbreaker". I told him I was working on it and he asked if he could jump on it, but after he recorded it we realized it didn't fit and I told him I would put it away for something else.

I had always figured that this album would end with "Hip-hop Therapy II" but as time quickly ticked away and that song wasn't getting any closer to completion, I began looking for a replacement

and "HaveNots..." fit the bill. A different type of ending, yes, but one that works nonetheless. And it got Chad on the album after we thought that wasn't gonna happen.

## 17 WHEN IT DIES 2:45

(DC Snyder, M. Ankeney)

Concept: Marcus J • Vocals: Marcus J • Interlude Guests: Nick Van Axl, , Rusty Skelding •  
Recorded by Rusty Skelding at Gristle Audio – Dayton, OH

**Marcus J:** Good at what I do, I don't do what I'm bad at / Bad attitude but nothing to be mad at  
/ Except for everything all at the same time / I touch both the dead and the live with the same  
rhyme / The question becomes whatcha gonna do / Drop your defenses let me touch you / It's  
not true I've never been in love before / Truthfully I've never been in love no more / Don't keep  
score cause I don't want to lose / But in the end it only depends on who you choose / And that's  
a win, not an end, this is a start / Gonna take a friend to mend or fall apart / More than that, it's  
more not less / Still starvin swallowin nothin but the stress / It's a test and I know this better than  
you / You know this cause you know what I've been through / It's true all of it, all except the lies /  
I'm right here, where will you be when it dies?

**Marcus J:** This was just a little throw away rhyme. Another one of my rhyme writing games. There was this beat off The Stepbrothers album Lord Steppington that I dug a lot, so I looped it and threw it in the car. Over the course of a week or so I had a nice little rhyme, adhering for the most part to the "guidelines" I decided to write to. Content took a back seat to structure on this song, but the song is really about losing passion. Passion gets born, and it grows, and sometimes it dies. Where will you be, emotionally, when you lose your passion or when your passion loses you?



## **C-DOC SAYS:**

Special thanx & much love to Davy J & Maura, Marcus (and Michelle & Mari), mGee, Chuck & family, DMC, CM, Jamod, Mike T, Shawn & Mike, Chad, Port, cheese, KillSkillz, Brother Mike, DJ Lord, Brother Malik, James Bomb, Griff, Gary, Keith Shocklee, Jah, Pint, TA, Johnny Juice, Joshsam, Boooka, Belle, Donald D, Villain, Rusty, Tah, Wildman Steve, Danny, Sekreto, Indho, Simplee, Kel, Nick, John Coleman, Jonny Specials, Aki, P & M, Slaade, FaQ, Cousin, our fans, and all the Bulls past, present, and future...

## **THE IMPOSSEBULLS SAY:**

Rest In Power to all our fallen comrades, especially Guru, Heavy D, and MCA.  
Thank you for the music...

## ***THE IMPOSSEBULLS ONLINE:***

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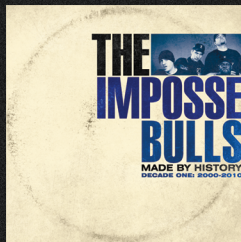
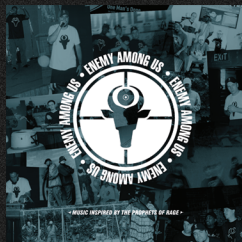
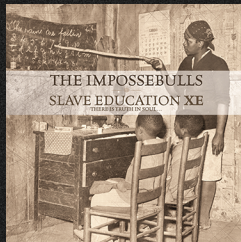
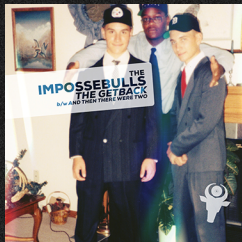
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