

Mp3 Wigwam - A Movie About Drug Dealers



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The soundtrack to a movie that may or may not exist, this music spans various styles from surf to funk to drum 'n bass, incorporating programmed percussion with live instrumentation and dialog clips. 11 MP3 Songs ELECTRONIC: Funk, ELECTRONIC: Pop Crossover Details: The best make-out CD since the B side of Led Zeppelin 4. Coincidentally, also the best music to beat the crap out of someone to since "Singin' in the Rain" A heartfelt testimonial about this soundtrack: By the time I reached ninth grade in a sheltered East Coast prep school, I was a mess. Stripecy athletic socks hiked to my knees, imitation members-only jacket, and a penchant for playing Advanced Dungeons and Dragons. Luckily for me, my older half-sister came to my rescue during one of her yearly visits from her goat farm in Seattle, Washington. She picked me up at boarding school in a silver Volvo, handed me an army canteen full of vodka and my first joint, and took me to see a punk-as-fuck film festival in the local Boho neighborhood. I was to see three movies that night that changed my life forever -- The Warriors, Repo Man, and A Movie about Drug Dealers. Like Drano for a young man's soul, those three movies burned out the festering crap I had accumulated in fourteen years without firm stylistic guidance. In the first intermission, I walked to the lobby and threw my 20-sided die in the ash can. In the second intermission, I pulled my Phil Collins -- No Jacket Required cassette from my backpack and smashed it under my heel. And after the third film -- after seeing A Movie About Drug Dealers -- I understood that my life had changed forever. Two weeks later, I had a new wardrobe, a stylish sneer, and a girlfriend with a tattoo. I'm now a successful multi-millionaire with a chain of underground music clubs, a successful multi-national crime syndicate, and my own bodyguard named "The Man Mountain." When in prison, I'm commonly discovered doing pull-ups on an upended cot, the stripecy light slanting onto my ripped abdomen. I owe it all to that one movie. Everybody's got their own story about A Movie About Drug Dealers. Friends, I urge you to buy this CD

and live -- or relive -- the moments that transformed a generation of pale, chess-playing dorks to a steely-eyed nation of small time hustlers. And thank God for it. - Mr. John Young

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