

Mp3 Oh Leroy - Sounds From Da Gravelpitt



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IT'S FIGURE 8 BOOTY MUSIC SMOOTHED OUT ON THE JAZZ, FUNK, EASY LISTENING TIP. 9 MP3 Songs WORLD: World Beat, URBAN/R&B: Funk Details: Music is OH LEROY's passion! He's created his own genre called "Figure 8 Booty Music" so that you can shake your nasty ass wherever you are!

"Sounds From Da GravelPitt" is a combination of Oh Leroy's influences-- World Beat, Afro-Cubano, Gospel, Jazz, Salsa, Samba, Go-Go, Funk, Hip-Hop, R&B, MOR, Country, Reggae, Rock and Easy Listening... just to name a few and not necessarily in that order. He has parlayed his illustrious career of dj'ing concerts, bar mitvah's, and weddings into producing tracks for movies, television shows, cartoons, dvd's, commercials, and some of the hottest acts in today's music industry. Rock Records is his label and Gravelpitt Studios is where OH LEROY makes it happen! The first track on my album is appropriately entitled Rock Star - after all, thats what I was born to be. Additionally, Rock Star is my sons name. Thats him on the album cover looking handsome as a muthafuka. He sings the Brrrs and Ya yas in the intro of the song. Rock Star is a laid back groove that gets the party started right. Samba 76 is a tribute to my days as a DJ in Washington D.C. It takes me back to when I would put two big ass speakers on the back of my pick up truck and provide the music for a Samba dance troupe in the annual Cherry Blossom parade. The bass line on this joint is funky. Track #3 is a gospel tinged joint that pays homage to my daughter Pebbles who died Jan 5, 2004. Ive never spoken about her death publicly. My hand trembles and my eyes fill with tears even as I am writing this portion of the liner notes. Like Outkast says; I missed a lot of church so the music is often confessional Check out the down home, churchified hand claps and tambourine that are the driving force of this track. I intentionally kept this album all instrumental so that artist who write could put their own lyrics to the tracks. However, Ive included the lyrics to this song because the words are a testimony of pain and ultimately triumph. The song is entitled Pebblezzzz with

three (zs) because to me my daughter aint dead shes just sleeping; It seems I was on top of the world
Such a beautiful baby girl Shes worth diamonds and pearls Shes gonna be my whole world And it seems
Life sometimes can be real strange If you aint ready for some change I thought it was just a game And it
feels like Im going insane I keep telling myself Pebblezzz well never forget you Having you here was
special Though you werent here for long Your memory - Ill keep holdin on Never gonna let you down
Youre always gon be around Never gon let you go No no-no no! No no-no no-No! Cause it seems (ooh it
seems) Cant look at what used to be me Ooh my reflection looks half crazy Innocence has been set free
At least I know what love should be Whoa! Im so lost - dont know where Im at Ooh, It seems - Well it
seems She was soo chocolate and brown She came to put that thang down She had no time to hang
around Now that girl is Heaven bound Whoa! I keep telling myself Pebblezzz well never forget you Having
you here was special Though you werent here for long Your memory - Ill keep holdin on Never gonna let
you down Youre always gon be around Never gon let you go No no-no no! No no-no no-No! And it seems
(yeah yeah) Pebblezzz was the fuckin bomb Five months might not seem that long But, my little girl could
do no wrong Shes the reason for this song La de-dah La La La La-de-dah da dah Hey! I keep telling
myself- So it seems Ooo-ooooh I hope this song will never end It helps me with all my pain that Im
enduring I can sing this song, but cant talk to my friends Her soul, her soul I know --- will come back again
- -- soon Pebblezzz well never forget you Having you here was special Though you werent here for long
Your memory - Ill keep holdin on Never gonna let you down Youre always gon be around Never gon let
you go No no-no no! No no-no no-No! Next up---Jazz4UrAzz is a shout out to Grandpa (the man Im
named after). A complete visionary; Grandpa kept a video history of his grandkids. Every Christmas or
weekend visit to his house included his Super 8 camera, the latest Jackson 5 cut and Grandpa video
taping the latest dances performed by my sister Donna, my brother Marlan, my cousins Donald, Tony,
Michael, Jimmy and Tyrone and yours truly; or for that matter anyone who wanted to get up, get down,
and get funky. Ultimately, these Soul Trainesque sessions would culminate with Grandpa throwing on a
Coltraine, Bird or Miles Davis cut, and us begging him to put the Jackson 5 back on. Jazz, what the fuck
is that? Today, Im forever grateful to Grandpa for the introduction to jazz, and I have a complete
appreciation and respect for this Black American genre of music. In fact, Jazz was the soundtrack to my
last conversation with Grandpa in his basement Christmas day 2000! The horns on Jazz4UrAzz are so
infectious the melody will grab you and take over your sub-conscious like a mantra: Dunh Dunh Dunh

Dunh; Dunh Dunh Dunh Dunh; Dunh Dunh Dunh Dunh; Dunh Dunh, Dunh-Dunh. Its like the Howard University Marching Band horn section at a homecoming football game- I love it! I love it! I grew up listening to Go-Go and track 5, Lick-A-Dee-Split is Go-Go at its finest. From Chuck Brown to Rare Essence, EU to Trouble Funk, Pump Blenders to Ayre Raid, Redds The Boys to Little Benny the Masters, Junkyard to Backyard, Subtle Thoughts to Familiar Faces etc; when I hear Lick-A-Dee-Split Im at the Black Hole, Breezes Metro Club, the Chapter 3, Zanzibar, Takoma Station, The Classics, Anacostia park or just cruising down Georgia Avenue. The downbeat, the conga licks, and the double drum kick that are staples in Go-Go music, are all present in Lick-A-Dee-Split. Oh, and the Hook is so profane; 'If I lick-a-dee-split, you got to suck my *?x! and those horns are so triumphant! Come on yall, thats Go-Go at its finest. Umph! Umph! Umph! And then theres Track 6 produced, arranged, and crafted with a hypnotic, world beat, belly dance, Persian flava. The title is Booty Bounce --Beyonce get your lyrics on girl! Nuff said! Speaking of Booty- Track 7 is an up tempo party jam for all the sista-mama-girls of the world. If you got nappy hair, real tits, stretch marks, thunder thighs, or junk in the trunk this track is your anthem-- Where Ya Hips?! This track is such a compliment to the real woman that Ive included the lyrics: Fat from your butt, just to pucker up? Sutured up with your pancake makeup? Eyebrows plucked? Thighs sucked? Breast reduc? Tummy tucked? I like it wide as a truck! Tae Bo? Lypo? Vomiting? No Go! Thin Bone - Silicone? Keep it up, youll be alone Im a lion, I need dat meat. Let me see dat back seat. Fake tits? Make up kits? Who gives a shit about dem zits?! Come on Dips. Where ya hips?! (girl) I got mine. Where ya hips?! (girl) Aint they fine? Where ya hips?! (girl) U mean this kind? I wanna hit it from behind (girl) Just take your time. Come on dips where ya hips?! Yall tryin 2 B small like a skinny Barbie doll? Workin out wit a medicine ball? Short-medium or tall Mary cant be shaped like Peter or Paul! Lemon flush, Atkins, out here fastin Avocado mask and none of dats lasting. Girl I wanna bask in dat big pretty ass then Why you servin rations? Botox, Clorox, Just 2 chase these damn jocks? Hair weave - fake locks so U can look like Viv Fox? What I like aint in a box. Is it live or Xeroxed?!! Treadmill, Diet Pills, Countin points on deal-a-meal? I like dat ass when its real. Just let it be what it will. Come on Dips. Where ya hips?! (girl) I got mine. Where ya hips?! (girl) Aint they fine? Where ya hips?! (girl) U mean this kind? I wanna hit it from behind (girl) Just take your time. Come on dips where ya hips?! We R the dips who got dem hips Dont dey look real fine Were cool, were kind Were soul sista #9 Sock it to me one mo time Wearing a 4 when youre really a 10 Girl dont U know your seams R bustin? Even with a prescription for

Redux or Phen Fen, Girl your features are still African! Out on a date and U know you want a steak Got your mind on some red velvet cake Reachin cross the table, pickin off my plate Tryin 2 maintain that body

By Jake Girl U Know What I Hate?! (girl) What? Ordered a Salad, you aint a rabbit! Let me get U some biscuits!!! Come on Dips. Where ya hips?! (girl) I got mine. Where ya hips?! (girl) Aint they fine? Where ya hips?! (girl) U mean this kind? I wanna hit it from behind (girl) Just take your time. Come on dips where ya hips?! So, Im in the Gravelpitt fuckin with this track on a Friday night drinking champagne and thinking about short skirts, high heels and thong panties; and Friday turns into Sunday afternoon-- funny how that happens when Im horny in the studio and drinking champagne! I hit playback and this multi-ethnic, boogalooish, jazzy, muy caliente joint that would make Monga Santamaria, Willie Colon, Celia Cruz, Ray Boretto, Poncho Sanchez, Eddie Palmieri, Carlos Santana, Herb Albert and Tito Puento proud, has my Black ass dancing all over the studio. Im sure its not just the champagne--this muthafuka is a BANGER! I come up with a title - Salsa@Noon (What else!) and track #8 was born. And then theres Stone Love. Originally, track #9 was entitled something sexually explicit; but after I completed the track and listened to the soothing vibes, the beautiful strings, and the contagious beat, I started to think about when I look at my son and how my heart swells to ten times its size --much like the Grinch on Christmas morning when he heard singing rising from Whoville even after he had stolen their gifts, and somehow Dirty Sanchez seemed like an inappropriate title for this song. Now, sex is great but thats 5 seconds of pleasure. Love is forever and Stone Love is the greatest feeling in this universe! Enjoy!!!

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