

Mp3 The Crack Emcee - Rap's Creation (planet Rock)



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A self-produced, sample-heavy, anti-war, conceptual rap album - with a great, track to track, flow - from one of San Francisco's most iconoclastic underground artists and activists. 13 MP3 Songs HIP HOP/RAP: West Coast Rap, POP: Quirky Details: Nominated as "Best Album Of The Year" in the Rolling Stone (and the Village Voice's "Pazz Jop") Critics Poll for 2002. In 2003, "Hoin' For George" "Red, White Blue" were chosen for Davey D's list of "Hip-Hip Anti-War Songs Worth Playing In Times Of War".

CRITICAL REVIEWS: "One night,...I heard some (pot head) wearing a T-shirt with a Brown logo turned inside out mention Crack: We Are Rock in the same breath as the Crack Emcee. I almost force-fed him a trash can. It's not that the Crack Emcee's been riding that train for years, having adopted the handle during Nancy Reagan's "Just Say No" jihad, when cozying up to hubba was roughly equivalent to declaring for Hamas during Intifada 2002. What's important is that the Crack Emcee is - and this is no joke - some kind of genius, with a gift that seemingly sparks randomly or maybe just when he feels like squeezing off a few rounds. Call him unpredictable, unwilling, or maybe, well, you know, but genius is genius, and you've got to respect it. He tosses a mix of underplayed rock, punk, and hip-hop up against the wall on Rap's Creation, and sometimes it sticks. On "Don't You Know" he raps, "Where you from / Why you here / Why you go / Don't come near / Stay away / Don't come back / Not today / Know where you at / Don't you know I'm the motherfucker out here that gonna hurt you" over an ominous, simple bass line. The result isn't thug rap but deeply sad, desperate blues. The Crack Emcee plays soul music for a twisted world; he's radical, challenging, unapologetic, weird, and at times so fucking brilliant that you worry he'll explode like a suicide bomb." - J.H. Tompkins, Arts Editor: THE SAN FRANCISCO BAY GUARDIAN "If Paul Mooney and Nina Simone had a baby, then ignored it, leaving it to raise itself up by it's own brilliant and righteously embittered genes, The Crack Emcee would be the result." Ernest Hardy,

Cultural Critic: THE LOS ANGELES WEEKLY "The best artist ever on the subject of rock cocaine...The Crack Emcee demonstrates fully the drugs terrible allure, complete with the humor, violence, bravado, uncertainty and sadness that accompany it's use. Rather than the big rap stars, who, for whatever reason, don't want to talk about crack, it's this person who's tapped into the genius of the drug....Now, your average hip-hopper would ask what [The Crack Emcee] sounds like. Is it like Dre? How about Primo? What about the RZA? Well, the answer is yes, he sounds like all of these contemporaries, and at times like Ice Cube and Africa Bambaataa and Run-D.M.C. and the Bomb Squad and Negativland and Too Short and John Coltrane and Raw Fusion and Michael Ivey and Devo and Moby and Fishbone and Prince and Axel Rose. He is classic underground hip-hop, the sum of all the music he's absorbed in his lifetime. Like Spearhead's Michael Franti and the Broun Fellinis, [The Crack Emcee] carries on with the funky San Francisco black-beatnik flavor introduced to the extreme margins by the Beatnigs." - Donnell Alexander, author of GHETTO CELEBRITY (CROWN) "A veteran of some of San Francisco's most politically outspoken groups, including the Beatnigs, and Consolidated...one of the most vocal participants at MP3.com." -James Sullivan, Music Writer: THE SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE "I really love his whole unorthodox approach to what he does and I think that he is one hell of a clever social/political observer." - Billy Jam, Record Producer: HIP-HOP SLAM "The Crack Emcee inhabits conviction so fierce that I've observed boys and girls from the 'burbs look away in shame." - Nicky Baxter, Music Writer: OPTION MAGAZINE "YEE-OW! The Crack Emcee's louder than love and a helluva lot more fun. Here's the real thing!" -Neva Chonin, Music Writer: THE SAN FRANCISCO BAY GUARDIAN "The playful, slightly fucked-up uncle who went to Nam." - Darren Keast, Music Writer: THE S.F. WEEKLY

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