

# Mp3 Deep Dickollective - Bourgiebohopotpomoafrohomo



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Don't let niggas call you faggot, and don't let faggots call you nigger. Queer is Black, and the hip hop don't stop. Like Jimmy Baldwin freestyling or Sweet Honey In The Rock with breakbeats. No Dolemite stereotypes of gays or dykes. 13 MP3 Songs HIP HOP/RAP: Alternative Hip Hop, HIP HOP/RAP: Rap  
Details: \*\*\*DOUBLE NOMINEE-2005 OUTMUSIC AWARDS \*\*\* \*\*\*Outstanding New Recording Duo Or Group\*\*\* " The Famous Outlaw League Of Proto-Negroes" \*\*\*Outmusician Of The Year\*\*\*  
[outmusic.com/oma2005/nominees/index.html](http://outmusic.com/oma2005/nominees/index.html) ----- REVIEWS of  
"BOURGIEBOHO" "It's a highly literate, polished route that Tim'm West (aka 25 percenter), Juba Kalamka (aka Pointfivefag), Phillip Atiba Goff (the Lightskindid Philosopher) and their colleagues negotiate through 'misty-eyed' Afrocentrism, homophobia and racism. They do it with theoretical lucidity and no sledgehammer politics. But the really great thing about BourgieBoho is that the music's so good: the Deepdickollective have also served time as performance poets and studio wizards. The deconstructed beats owe something to drum'n'bass minimalism, but just as you lock into a groove, this ensemble surprises with a loop of lush violins. It's an album that sets the agenda, musically and politically, for some time to come." -New Internationalist Magazine "Their raps are intelligent and clever with references to queer African American heroes and excellent social commentary/poetry," - Patrick Arena, The Washington Blade "The Deep Dickollective are fearless poets that never bow to mediocrity for a frigid' second. The samples are inventive, the beats are dope, and the production is crisp and mean. -GreatLakesDen.com "From start to finish DDC have powerful lyrics, excellent rhythms, and a strong sense of humor. The subject matter is serious, however these musicians take the music and message seriously and add a heavy dose of humor to send their message home; using music to address social injustice, capitalism, prejudice, and ignorance these five have crossed a new chasm by offering an

empowerment to their listeners. Bringing the black GLBT experience into the consciousness of today's society. They have combined the essence of cultural art with a needed statement in a most effective way." -StonewallSociety.com ----- Given the impress hip-hop has had on culture internationally, the interventions lyrically and politically of a bunch of queer Negroes is bound to have ripple effects. The point is that Deep Dickollective represents a "coming out" in hip-hop about what some of us have known for a long time: that any black cultural Renaissance needs fags. There is no cypher without the sissy - whether they appear as the abject reference of the insecure closet fagrapper or whether the fervor with which they approach lyricism, beatmaking, graffiti art, or breakin has inspirations that have been cloaked in compulsory silence. The fag has entered and the cypher is stalled. The anti-gangster aesthetic of quasi-Nationalist "conscious" hip-hoppers and bohemian MC thrift shoppers pave a space for D/DC to articulate its word play. They represent a political lyricism that does not take itself too seriously. They are the brave mavericks of a movement that some affectionately refer to as homo-hop. They are Oxymoronic "out" black queer Emcees the world says do not exist. They are the rumblings of a revolution that have for too long been silenced. Overstand? It's not that deep. ----- WHAT THEY'RE SAYING: " Gawd, that group is so gay, and proud of it. These self-defined"BourgieBohoPostPomoAfroHomos" get the word out to hip-hop haters and enthusiasts. Their lyrics are brainy and political, but their live shows are pure animal energy" -San Francisco Bay Guardian Annual "Best Of The Bay" Readers Choice Award Best Hip Hop Group,2003 "D/DC shows are kinetic displays of rhyme-juggling, often with performers finishing one another's raps before segueing into their own. If the MCs' skills raise some eyebrows, however, their lyrics raise more"- -Neva Chonin,San Francisco Chronicle "These guys are the intellectual architects of homohop; superb MCing, tight lyrics, presentation and music..... Each member of D/DC retains their personality; yet collectively, they're massive.They're the quintessential hip hop posse...(Their) freestyles were hot, in case you had any doubts about their abilities. I can't say enough about DDC... their records are good but live they're something else." -Matt Wobensmith, Outpunk Magazine/Queercorps founder, A.C.R.O.N.Y.M. Records "Their tongues are as sharp as switchblades, their vocabularies would put most college professors to shame, and although the name is clearly absurd, make no mistake: the Deep Dickollective is not a gimmick". -Amanda Nowinski , San Francisco Bay Guardian ----- OXYMORONICON (ampu//goff/kalamka/west/gaddis) Essexincantations (BMI) Chorus: Can I get an oxymoron on (word is bond) Can I get a contradiction on (to the breaka breaka dawn That's the short-long

of it D/DC be like sex before the foreplay Everyday and all day 25percenter I be oxymoronic/like bourgie niggas rhymin' ebonics like an unspoken phonic/a robot without bionics like leafless trees/like atheist god belief like silent speech/or an unbelieved creed a downer called speed, or unfertile seed like vegetarian meat or yummy-ass beets I be a homeless real estate agent with a deed Getting high with a soggy ass blunt, nigga please Gregory Hines without his tappers Common-folk being Okay with gay rappers Toronto without Vince and the Raptors Im the pimp daddy of the week afraid to pimp-slap ya I defy dictionaries, and flex the index I be the 25percenter like funky underarms fresh Like a conformist rebel, like an angelic devil Rhymes defy temporality like being on some before level Next level Ill conjure up a short saga A thirsty Mexican unable to say agua Or a Star Wars with a skinny-ass Jabba Me trying to get busy with your daughter or your mama Pointfivefag: I be a very/oxymoronic thing like no swing in Harry Connicks singing like a sedative tonic/ sip my lip balm psalm of calm panic Im a steady and resolved manic/ Im a still heartbeat frenetic Im a overheating cryogenic like an earthbound Jetson/Im a shoelaced Stetson like blown out dreads/on the heads of pacifist vets and I be non toxic meds as i write to fight literary night sweats in a separate session/Im a truthless confession i digress though on topic/ Im a visionary myopic/ pepto that dont stop make/you pop make? I plant my feet and dropkick/ Im a realized wish and hope to meet a Muslim Hebrew Israelite Rosicrucian Greek Orthodox Irish Catholic Ethiopian Coptic Im a public mystery systemic/ Im a citified yokel Im a local pandemic/Im a loose fitting chokehold Youre the steel band spastic/Im the Plastic Ono Im the long time the wrong rhyme, the unspoken vocal Im sans gimmicks and sales pitch/Im the non-itching histone Im a functioning glitch/because I do not compute Im a catalyst not triggering/ Im an analyst not figuring/ synapse not firing/ Im Richard Pryor not "niggering" for an albums entirety/Im legalized piracy and youre urgently urging me/ Im a grassroots counterinsurgency I am unreal/like GoldenSeal/purging pee of impurities i know with asssurety worrying/Im the dark that sends all the vermin scurrying Im flurrying rhyme at a standstill/ I take my time hurrying fast Im favors and flavor currying/Im an Indian with no caste I am 4/4 jazz, I am a Rapper's Delight/with copyright for Grandmaster Caz Im the bored inspiring the first fired to last LSP The Lightskindid Phil/osopher: I be oxymoronic like a Clotidian cataclysm A trendsetting anachronism/ a Latter Day Saint without a mission Im an elongated acronym Im a church hymn or her sung by pious church bombers D/DC be oxymoronic like a vegetarian Dahmer If youre a baller you recognize my flow I be that part of your subconscious that everybody know I be kicking ugly beauty and lying truth Like breathless respiration and sweatless perspiration I be that

comfortable irritation/cause Im a unified Black Nation ( A Salaam Alaikum!) Oxymorons what? When Im within myself I be effortless creation Like a silent radio station, a disconnected realation Giving you heartless palpitations as you enjoy joyless recreation I be a coon show at a slave auction You got me nervous and scared, but with no sign of caution Flowing with that shy confidence, I bring that humble arrogance 2000 years of failed revolts have given me a revolutionary patience I be oxymoronic like godfathering where no moms be When Im with my boys I be a Jel-lo Pudding pop In the mouth of Bill Cosby put it in your mouth, wont you put it in your mouth? Mmmm, and it taste good I be a simple ethnic identity- Fuck it I am Tiger Woods 25percenter: I be oxymoronic like a friendly rival Like a muhfuggin atheist bible, like the innocent being liable I spit gift that be like solidified saliva Like a penniless buyer, who didnt think Id try ta Alliyah with a CD Ice Cold Like Fire A baby maker who cant sire My rhymes implode cyphers like actionless verbs Sentences without words, magnet school without nerds Somebody stupid censoring what the deaf heard A potpourri smelling terd, an aquatic skybird I list sensible as a bridged rift or an Indian Gift the chief dont even wanna F with I make signs and be the motionless mime, currency without dimes Notebook paper without lines , a brief moment without time A sissy banji boy emcee like me writing dope ass rhymes Chorus Pointfivefag: I did it all/I have no regrets G-Minus: Watch this figga slide up cool as hell. You didn't see. Dead still. All the way live. A little in here, absent-minded. Blinded. Game recognize game walkin' away lame. Queer actin'the same. Unclearly declare my name. G Minus. Me: 2. Runnin for eternity. Still here. Slidin'. GRAMMATOLOGY (ampu/kalamka/gaddis/west) Essexincantations (BMI) chorus: grammatically gifted collaborative ebonics like chronic be addictive our philosophy be grammatology that dignify the black and proud say it loud! How? How? How? How? G Minus: I wasn't fuckin' witchoo. Now you got my cutlass drew crushin foo's such as you busted bruised; hush and view structure's true grudging pseudo-slugproof ruggedness: Ralowe Ruffshot! Now the mike's in trinitro-trouble! Recite a couple recondite double entendre triple quadruple stupid googleplex of excessive text. Trainwreckage and detritus. All you satyr-haters upset with us. Lecherous. Spread your lexicon I supplex through your poo-poo spout without provo. Hop on your mobe, touch your toes and booty-bally-hoo a bourgsie bohopotpomoafrohomo to letcha know, like fo-eleventy. Most heavenly. One less than seventy. Rap fucked my mouth raw and said next time he'd use a saw. Watch the ill builder hammer solidly all grand grammatology. Ralowe-anthology. Knowledge all you see. G Minus down your spine in the bindery maquilladora and free senoras fleein' over the border to recapture Sea World. This is

D/DC, girl. Karenga-tang slang hurl barrels of petrol to oil my Fillmoe slim jimbo through your cracked window as if I lack mental acuity, as far as usage, taking whoops! taking a memory loss on my favorite word I used to toss around RE-in' as my ex at the unisex. Reluctantly sucked into starting a conversation with his replacement I'm the coon from whom Doom got his doctorate Judging how you're cockstruck now, ain't it obvious? For sheezy. Leaving sentences deceased with my No. 2 sword drew I'm just happy to be that release for you Release for you Release for you 25percenter: I scatter through the paginas like a collegiate bilingual speedreader Check ya belly grumble for ya bound to choke on the food for thought I feed ya Rhymes so abstract that iambic pentameter be personified like an amateur Words and verbs disturb when they be definitively obscure for sure In case ya forgot I gave birth to discursive verse with metaphor wars Memory breath like Yoda cuz I abide by what his old ass advised and I use the force Check the breath for funky dialect, take the next step, is that affect or effect Analogously blessed, like my lyric make mathematically equivalent a pointfive-tit to half a breast, YEP! Grammatology translated into masterful, magical realism Like Audre Lorde and Anzaldua activate postcolonial schism Ebonic flows simplify the minds third eye, I call it interiority Niggas dream they can understand half of what I mean, complex called inferiority No doubt Im always making up words consider it country ass conjugation Old rhymes like Latin become dead language: lexicon stagnation Now heres a little nasty, nasty mastabatory story written as ego glory Ima pass the mic like oracles pass riddles cuz this is a third of the story Philosophical mind boggle laced with a lil bit of Good Times (Damn, Damn, Damn!) An ambedex, unapologetic about the terse verse, I hi-jacked Websters dic with my left hand (right hand) with my left hand (right hand) With my left hand (right hand) Pointfivefag: I got the methodology, etymology Word origins encouraging incorrigible Rhyme dirigibles Smidgins of pidgin Within the ridges and curves I got the swerve I serve the bitchniggering herbs And wack toys with Blakkboy A factoid fag-boy Destroying your annoying story deploying I tell it like it was It used to be so simple Just a say what?!? Instead of all of that break it up, shake it up Tense terse tense you love Line your pockets corroded (adam) Corrollas putting on the gloves to show it aint nothing to it, aint nothing for it cause if you pull it, I tow it and dont you blow it and if you do it dont think its cause you already know it in the back of your mind, designs that youre blind to one of those other kinds finds you ties that you bind your rhymes to come unwind monkeyshining like a junkie tying off near the fear of your (cough cough) first cough the hard will eventually go soft I write about niggas biting Tigers But not even liking golf Sporty Joe Calisthentic now you in it to win it Sporty Joe

Calisthentic and you still a jocksniiffer But Ill rock witcha for a minute Just pretend its not happening son  
Plain brown rapping, and one hand clapping is done With my prose I be the Woman Called Moses Gunn  
Under smothering onions Off Maxwell, the real street from the Hill Street I Kiel Martin to kill Martins  
Kielbasa Shule, Boule , IPE Andare Uhuru Sasa! For Jews Falasha And Denny McClain And hot angry  
big booty Ethiopian waitresses In Jack London Square You stare and watch and youre beginning to claim  
That my greatness is overrated, overstatement Latent, and laying there like gravy on a Salisbury Steak a  
pool congealed with fillers and no feelings but you eat me any day on GP on any tray cause Im cheap,  
and Im greasy and there aint no other way aint no other way aint no other way aint no other way its  
grammatology nigga aint no other way...

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