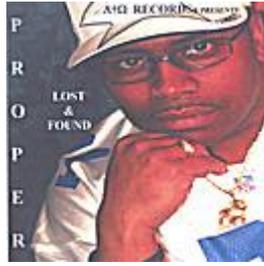


## Mp3 Proper - Lost And Found



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Christian Hip Hop with old and new school east/west coast FLAVA, So you know you gotta bump this. 7 MP3 Songs HIP HOP/RAP: Spiritual Rap, URBAN/R&B: R&B Pop Crossover Details: Proper Why Lost and Found? Read, and find out... My Story. Have a seat and I will tell you a real life story. Have you ever had someone use the word ,REAL? Well everything that your about to read is 100 REAL. If your not sitting down. The time is now to kick back and relax. This is his story..... Proper was born in Lynwood, California, in the late 60s to Mrs. Betty Rose Montgomery. He lived in a 2 bedroom apartment in Compton, California, with his four older brothers till he was about two. At that time to live in L.A was a different form of bad. This kind of bad was infested with heroin, cocaine and pcp. (Not to mention a horrible rapid transit system and very few jobs for a single black female with five knuckle headed little boys.) After his mother had multiple domestic disputes, beat downs, and sugar poured in her gas tank by and insecure boyfriend, she waited for him to go to work one day and rented a U-Haul and put those five knuckle headed boys in the front seat of it and drove far from the ghetto. I remember sleeping in motels while she looked for work and sleeping with my brothers in the single bed motel rooms from Compton to San Diego. For a little kid it was fun and exciting in a strange way. All I knew was I ate a lot of bologna sandwiches, and when the meat was gone there was always mustard and bread to eat. One day several years later we set foot in Riverside California. Awhhhhhh Country and orange groves. It almost felt like the TV show Green acres to me. After all I was use to the streets, even at 3,4, and 5,. It was nothing to walk to the corner store for a hot pickle and some pickled pig feet, and the Now and Lateres were abundant in every flavor. All six. Back to Riverside. Well I grew up listening to Al Green, Marvin Gay, WAR, and George Benson or I should say I woke up to them. Every Saturday morning my mom would do her house cleaning to it after working 40-50 hours a week and my oldest brother Keith being the man of

the house would help her. You could say that music was engraved into me. Heat waves Boogie Nites, was the song me and my brothers would play in the old entertainment cabinet ( you know the one that was as big as a nine drawer dresser and all it had in it was a record player on one side, a tuner / 8 track on the other side and some 12 inch speakers) cause back in the day it was all about the bump and who could pop lock the best. So thats what we did pop locked. Maverick Flats was a teen disco in Riverside and me and my older brothers lived there. I was then 12 and the world I felt was mine. We were about one of about 10 black families in a city of THOUSANDS back then. Even though we didnt feel at home we had our family and we had each others back 100. After a while of state track meets and CIF Championships my older piers got into trouble. What did my mother do? She moved. After all thats what worked in the past. Oklahoma was the next destination. But, that didnt take long to freeze or sweat us enough before we move back to California. Where did we go now? South Central L.A. Awh L.A... Even though I went to kindergarten in Compton when I was with my grandmother for a year I had no idea what L.A was like. I was use to wearin OP shorts and Van tennis shoes. The crack academic went crazy in L.A and gangs, drive by shootings, Dickies, Levi 501 (starched out creases of course) Dont forget the karate shoes were what was up. Me myself I was into music. I loved it that much./ After my \$600.00 bicycle I bought and built from scratch had gotten stolen out of the garage one night. The only thing I wanted to do was listen to music. A popular dance club in the area was The Eve After Dark, know for drug dealers and shootings it was a hot spot for music too. But, right after there was a shoot out in our front yard and through our back yard we moved AGAIN. Destination, North Long Beach. Just in case you dont know, North Long Beach ware I lived was so close to Compton all I had to do was cross the street to be there. When I was about 12 I got a boom box and I recorded tapes and paused them when I recorded to make the songs sond different. That wasnt enough. I heard a DJ on the radio named Magic Mike on a mix show and that was it!!! I took out my moms turntable and scratched my Prince DMSR (Dance Music Sex Romance) album till it wouldnt play no more. I also destroyed every other vinyl in the house. After countless turntables, needles, tape decks, I came up with a formula. Two Technique 1200s and a Numark mixer. I mixed, blended and scratched and mixed and blended and scratched. Until one day..... I looked outside my bedroom window and there were about 30 people outside hanging out in front of my apartment window. WOAAAAAAA! This is alright they like what I do. The next thing you know I was asked to make a friend a mixed tape. Then another, then another, then another! I was now making money

doing what I would do for fun. I did a house party and it never stopped after that. About 600 tapes and 300 house parties and School dances And I had a name for myself. Mix Master Mike. I had a knock on the door one day. It was a friend of my brothers named Billy. He had someone with him that I didnt know. He said it was his little brother and that he was better than me. His little brother name was Bobby. He had just came into town from New York and he wanted to check me out. After the mix session that I WON. the dude said they called him Bob Cat. Three weeks after that I was at the sports arena checkin out a uncle Jams Army Dance of 30,000 people, and guess who was the DJ with The Egyptian Lover? Bob Cat! I was sick. I found out right then It aint just what you know. It was who you know. I heard of a mix show on radio station KDAY named The Mack attack Mix Master show. Through my then Manager Norman Simplis of M M Productions. I was hooked up with Greg Mack. This dude had was like the Al Capone of Radio at that time. If it was happening Greg had his hands in it. I got a tape to him and I was on the Mix Master show the next week as a regular. The Wrekin Kru with Dr. Dre, Gamin Gemini, M-Walk (Tone Lokes DJ), and The Egyptian Lover were some of the others. My Dj carrier sky rocketed at 16 and I was the youngest. Credits to be named. Kurtis Blow, The Furious Five, Africa Bambata, Whodini, Patty Label, Lisa Lisa and Cult Jam, Full Force, UTFO, RUN DMC, Ice T, The L.A Dream Team, The New York City Spin Masters, and the list goes on and on. What happened next? A broken home. Marital problems. So what does she do? She moved. Just because I was doing shows and EVERYTHING else with some very famous people I was still only 18 and my life was crashing and it continued for years. No ware relationships, drugs, and only knowing music, The streets were all that was left for me. I had a record deal but no stable place to lay my head. I was standing in the line of the welfare office at the age of 20 and a man asked me if I wanted to go to Hawaii. I found this strange being homeless, with one pair of pants and a couple t-shirts in a duffle bags. No one in the line paid him any mind. But, I did. I took him up on his offer to go to school there under a student loan. I would have room and board and if I graduated , a career. I left , graduated and stayed in Hawaii for seven years. That day, right in front of the welfare office in south central L.A, my life changed. It changed. The years went by and I have searched and called to thank this man for that opportunity, and that flyer. But no one where he said he worked has EVER heard of him. I still have the flyer with his name on it today. Thank you Jesus. He WAS an Angel. So here I am years later doing what I love doing the most. Music!!! But now its for my Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. If my music would win one soul to Christ ,all of my hours and days in the studio would be worth it. Thats my calling. PROPER

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