

A vintage radio with a red vertical overlay. The radio has several knobs and a speaker grille. The text is centered on the red overlay.

CMT a
a k a
CREATIVE

Classic Material Vol. 3:
UI RADIO

Hip-Hop Is

Hip-hop is an incredibly diverse musical genre that has a bad reputation no thanks to the American mainstream branch of it. People who write-off hip-hop as idiotic, materialistic, violent or misogynist are only getting a small slice of what it's about. Since hip-hop has become international there are a wide array of ideas about what hip-hop should be today in 2009 and beyond. Anyone who has ever enjoyed the music will gladly give you their opinion about what "real" hip-hop is. Truth be told, after 30 plus years of existence, there is no "real" hip-hop. Hip-hop emcees, DJs and producers come from all walks of life. With such a wide variety of backgrounds, there can be no definitive hip-hop sound. Since there can be no definitive sound, there's no reason to disregard hip-hop music that uses classic New York blueprints as the jump off for something fresh and new. Just as there's a place for rock artists to try and capture a classic 60s and 70s vibe in their new recordings, there's certainly a place for hip-hop producers, DJs and emcees to try and capture a vibe that's widely regarded as classic.

With "Classic Material Vol. 3: UI Radio", CM aka Creative, his various collaborators and producers all present to you hip-hop that's both new and classic. Musically it reflects back to an early/mid 90s sound, topically, it captures all that a young, struggling and striving American emcee has on his mind. It's the 3rd part in a series of releases which began at the netlabel [Random Flow](#).

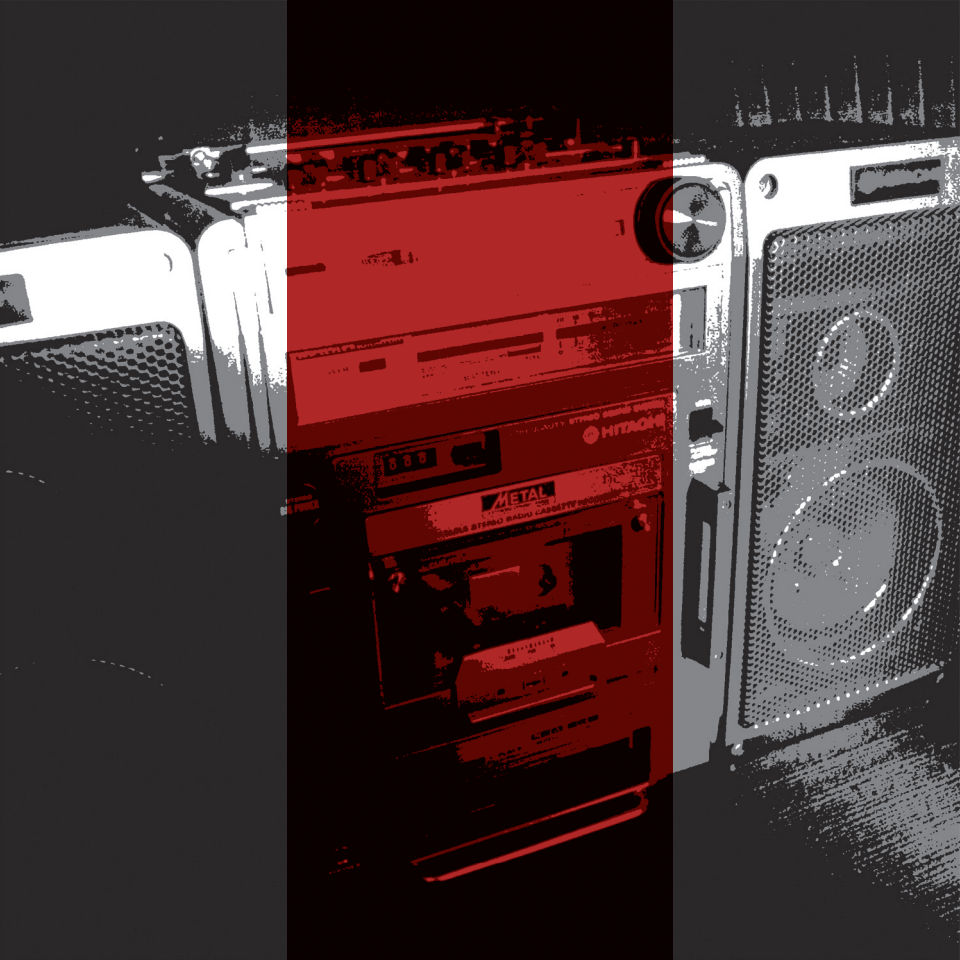
When it became clear to CM that Random Flow had become inactive, he approached me about releasing Vol. 3 through blocSonic. Having enjoyed both Vols. [1](#) & [2](#), I was instantly interested. I hope you'll enjoy this release as much as I do. If you dig it, be sure to check out the previous volumes.

Thanks to CM for coming to blocSonic. Thanks to you for downloading and enjoying. As always, share this release with anyone and everyone.

Peace

Mike Gregoire

[blocSonic.com](#)



About CM

CM was born & raised in Manhattan's Lower East Side of New York City. It's considered by those who live there as the "sixth borough" even though NYC is only known for five (Brooklyn, Bronx, Queens, Staten Island & Manhattan). CM started writing rhymes at the age of 13. But it wasn't till he saw his brother, RM, spitting at a cypher, that really inspired him to take his writing seriously. The temptations of going down the drug selling path led CM to trading the grimy streets of NYC & move to suburbs of Gaithersburg, Maryland, where his mother lived. It was here where CM started hitting the studio, produce his own beats & collab with local artist in the area. RM's arrest & conviction in 2007 inspired CM to take his music outside the local area. The last couple of years, CM focused on sharing with the world his gift. Working with artist & producers from all over CM put out Classic Material Vols. 1 & 2 on the netlabel: Random Flow. CM wanted to showcase his music globally and give Hip-Hop fans a throw back feel that radio isn't providing. "Classic Material Vol. 3" will continue the movement & be released through blocSonic, with fresh tracks by A Better Tomorrow, Arkutec, Phiktion, R. Cummins, Top Story, DJ Hotwings, Battle Skars, Walter Preston (XO), Piztrumental, Doctor Becket & even CM himself. It also features hot collabs with Streets da Goon, O.B. of M.O.B. Stars, Mista Mista, Cheese of D3Z, Omega of NJG's, E. Feung Shui & his brother RM.



01

Intro: UI Radio

0:37



Produced by: A Better Tomorrow

Performed by: CM

Recorded at: "Da Basement Studio"

02

Anything is Possible

3:26



Written by: C. M. Lugo

Produced by: Arkutec

Performed by: CM

Recorded at: "Da Basement Studio"

Dropping out High School premature, looking for something more
Becoming someone that ya moms & pops adore
Looked upon as a role model, it just doesn't sound logical
But as I stand before you, anything is possible

I took the harder road to my goal yet I'm maintaining
Through training, skills grow, heart of a champion like the Mannings
Through sacrifice & defined planning, broke out my solitude
Embrace living my dreams out cause anything is possible

Could of easily turn to the streets & developed a different rap sheet
Follow my peeps procedures, sling drugs & packing heat
I love my folks to death but I'm glad I never had to pop a few
Record still clean but anything is possible

If it has to be taken there, I truly hope that I'm prepared
To deal with the consequences, no mercy & no fear
If my fam has to be avenged, we could skip the hospital
Think that I'm not capable, anything is possible

When everything is on the line & tired of being victimized
It's been shown throughout time that anything is possible
If you believe in it enough & you're steadily on your grind
And you got a strong mind man, anything is possible

If you scratch & you claw & you prove you want it more
If your willing to kick open doors, anything is possible
When your back's against the wall & there something worth fighting for
And you giving it your all, anything is possible

I've been scripting for a lot of years, gain respect from a lot of peers
Track breeze through a lot of ears, yet I
Still remain local, low buzz, tho that's cool
Never gonna stop trying cause anything is possible

All I need is that one chance, belief that I can put my own stamp
Underdog status, just trying to be my peoples champ
Spit so y'all can understand me, true recognize true
CM winning a Grammy, anything is possible

Seeing M a free man, Deadly Combo formable once again
Those who were doubting us bout to take it on the chin
No need to count to 10, we about to be unstoppable
M being release early, anything is possible

I'm trying to collab with the best cause I love making good music
True hot hits, it's hard to dispute it
Too many tracks sound polluted, need to be cleansed, improbable?
I know that you could do it cause anything is possible

When everything is on the line & tired of being victimized
It's been shown throughout time that anything is possible
If you believe in it enough & you're steadily on your grind
And you got a strong mind man, anything is possible

If you scratch & you claw & you prove you want it more

If your willing to kick open doors, anything is possible

When your back's against the wall & there's something worth fighting for

And you giving it your all, anything is possible



03

Ghetto Music

5:22



Written by: C. M. Lugo

Produced by: A Better Tomorrow

Performed by: CM

Recorded at: "Da Basement Studio"

Since a snot nose youth, I was always trying to boogie down
Parties at the crib had me listening to Motown
Commodores, O -Jays, Temptations, James Brown
Elvis, Billy Joel, Mike Jackson, new sounds
Block parties had me zoning to a young Hip Hop
And since then, I've been addicted & refuse to stop
Couldn't wait to catch Run DMC on MTV
A young, hard as hell, LL followed by Billy Jean
It was all lovely, lunchtime in school
Introduced me to the break dancing scene, it's was all cool
From the back spins, head spins, pop locking set it off
But I couldn't do none of it, so I stood against the wall
Watching but my head nod game was fantastic
And never did I imagine, what I was witnessing, would be classic
Tagging, bombing ya name on trains & bridges
The true cats made it an art, expressing their inner visions
This was Hip Hop at it's rawest form
Expressing yourself through rap, dance & graffiti kid, word is bond
She was born in the ghetto, raised in the ghetto
She was underground & reflected what we made in the ghetto, this is music

As a teen, that when I first started writing my own jams
Recording over dirty cassette tapes, like damn
Spitting over other cats verses, no instrumental tapes

Rhymes stayed filled with curses, acting like a mental case
Snapping & wise cracking, clever punch lines
Faking like I was packing, those were fun times
But that was kid shit, I grew out of it, no need for swelling
Now a days you can tell the true from the story telling
Once I found out M was getting down with spitting raps
I honed my skills to build an ill flow, us together bro, it's a wrap
The street corner was our stage as we spit in ciphers galore
Tunes stay playing Big Daddy Kane, Beatnuts & more
We bumping M.O.P, Mobb Deep, Tribe, Nas, Wu-Tang, Killa Bees
Pete Rock, C.L. Smooth, Leaders of the New School
Common Sense, Jay-Z, Heavy D, NWA, 2 Pac, Snoop
Biggie Smalls, Big Pun, Fat Joe, plus the Roots...and many more, believe that

Kool G Rap, AZ, AG & Showbiz, Big L, Biz, Group Home, Gang Star
The whole Boot Camp Click, MC Search, Public Enemy
Can't forget about the ladies, Salt & Pepper, Queen Latifa, Monie Love
MC Lyte, Lauryn Hill, Bahamadia, Lil Kim still reppin & the list goes on & on & on

Now that I've grown into my own & my sounds is forged in concrete
Yet fluid enough to adapt to the styles of the streets
Hip Hop done grown too, now she's world wide
No longer is she just home brewed, she's internationally recognized
As the radio favor the same track everyday
Respect to all the cats who steadily getting radio play
I'm into cats who actually got some true shit to say
Not just another hot beat, with words that be give aways
I miss the 90's, when Hip Hop was really on top
Slept on by most outside the projects but never the block

Mixtape flood the scene, exclusive cuts had cats like what?!?!?

Where the hell did they get these tracks from, hugging on nuts

A piece of me still representing that time line

Ghetto Music, for you & yours, now it's grind time

She was born in the ghetto, raised in the ghetto

She was underground & reflected what we made in the ghetto, this is music

04

2:29

Don't Blink (Featuring Estogee Streets 'Da Goon')



Written by: C. M. Lugo & A. Keels

Produced by: Phiktion

Performed by: CM & Estogee Streets

Recorded at: "Da Basement Studio"

I'm like the clip to the tek, without out me, you just flashing
Insert me in ya system, certified banga
Listen, I'm fully load, turn me up, now you blasting
Me all up in ya area, snapping necks back of strangers
They look at me all screwed face, like you rap
No doubt, I'm that dude who bringing Hip-Hop back
Not by my lonesome, I got the Goon with me
Streets, if you want more, I can bring the Platoon with heat
And I ain't talking about heavy artillery
I'm talking 'bout beats & rhymes, so tell security to stop grilling me
If you feeling me then you already know what the deally be
Don't get me confused, I'm the opposite of G
I'm just me, my parents named me Chris but the world can call me CM
And I'm about to shine like a gem
So put you stunna shades on, I'm about to get it done
Commence Operation: Worldwide, this is Phase One

(Don't Blink)

Demi glaze ya tonsils fondlin new obstacles
Post tropical be layin up at the barbecue
Pointin fingers to dudes imma release the martyr to
Cold chillin in cuts in guts I bust a few
Mind over matter the motto so I wont follow you

Releasin relentless attackin a mic phone or two
Tragedy strike on motor bike prepare for the tomb
Strokin raw in the unknown goose prep for the womb
I Lack gravity floatin up like ya majesty
Mack brrat savagin rip numerous casualties
Divine emcee just spittin cause I wanna be
Looked at like a novelty rhyme exceptionally
Done im never to be, Tongue inevitably
Rung like bells that ain't ring since 73
9 years before my time its too drastic for me
Picture perfect well done dookie circle degree.

(Don't Blink)

This ain't what you thought it was
I'm a master not a duplicate, I'm more than just a buzz
I've studied the art, perfected my craft
I'm just trying to turn all this potential to cash
Some people ain't trying to see me & my fam eat good
Rather see me hurting & struggling in the hood
I'm here to shatter that vision, I'm my own competition
And when Streets is talking, I advice you cats listen

Get up on it if you want it dont flaunt it im slow morbid
Grind escapades hawkin stickin niggas torchin
Pretty chickens abortin niggas early in coffins
No wonder the ratio is spacious just like the martians
Dearly departed peace tossin change in the offering
but what im offerin is real take it to market

Take it to heart shit. Dont come back wit it
Let a nigga that our time was well spent
(Don't Blink)



05

UI Radio 1

1:29



Produced by: A Better Tomorrow

Performed by: CM

Recorded at: "Da Basement Studio"



4:31

Cold Nights (Get Your Money Right)
(Featuring O.B. of M.O.B. Stars)



Written by: C. M. Lugo & Oliver B.

Produced by: A Better Tomorrow

Performed by: CM & O.B.

Recorded at: "Da Basement Studio"

Turn on the radio, and all they be discussin like
They say get ya money right, gotta get ya money right
Turn on the tv and the man on the mic
I'm tryina get this party hyyyyypeee
Turn off ya radio, cuz all they be discussin like
They say get ya money right, gotta get ya money right
Turn off the tv, when I'm on the mic
I want somethin from liffefeeeee

Wake up early in the morning, alarm blasting the same 'ol
Wipe the crust out my eye, stretching, like damn yo
Another day on the grind, working this nine to five
Gotta keep this roof over my head, food on the table right
I'm willing & able, just trying to remain stable
Get this music thing popping without someone saying I made you
Nah - I did this on my own son
If I have to, I'll continue to do this on my lonesome
With the help of my fam & inner circle of brothers from another mother
Start our own label up & rely on each other
We all generals, no one below or above us
We trying to keep it civilize among all these haters & mean muggers
Separate the true from the suckas, removing snakes out the clique
Cause we too grown to deal with the bull-ish
I got fam who won't hesitate to unload a full clip

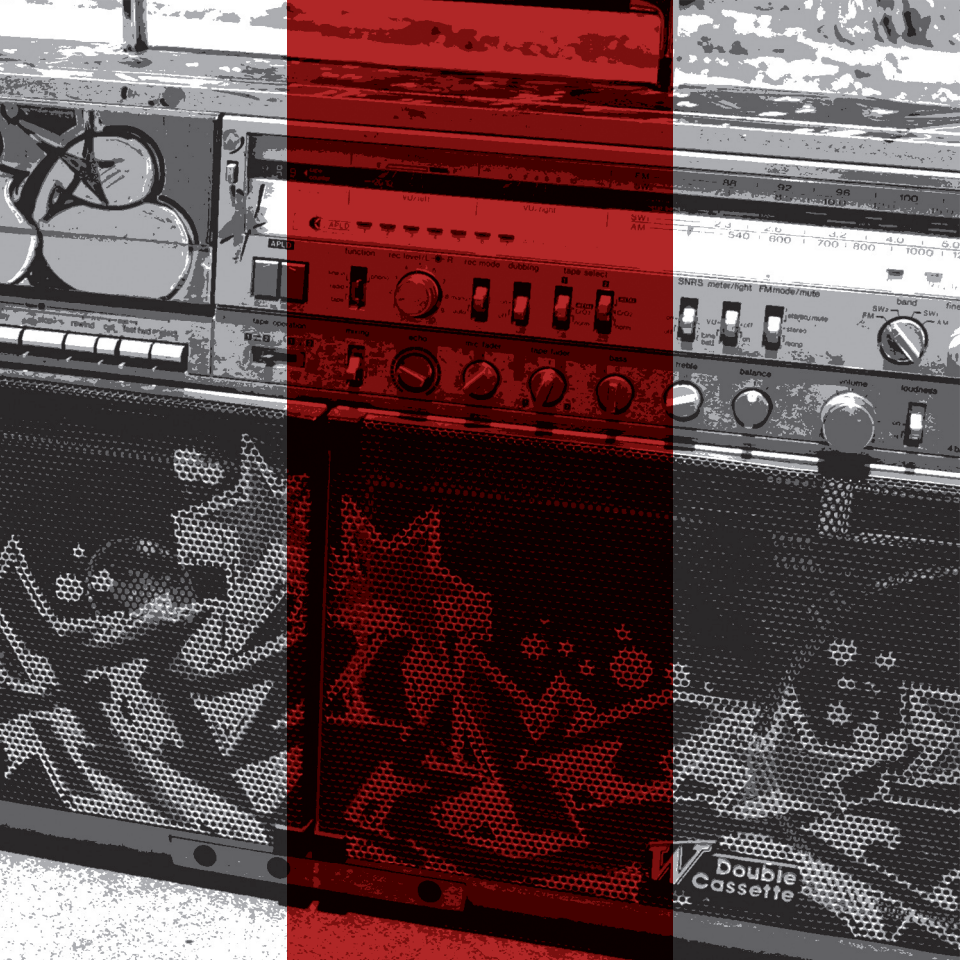
But too many of my peoples already serving time in the mix
Let's give the kids an alternative to the violence & drug selling
They confused from all the glamour that the streets are telling
Time to turn off the TV & the radio
Reinvigorate the game, hit em with these type of beats & flows

Turn on the radio, and all they be discussin like
They say get ya money right, gotta get ya money right
Turn on the tv and the man on the mic
I'm tryina get this party hyyyypeeee
Turn off ya radio, cuz all they be discussin like
They say get ya money right, gotta get ya money right
Turn off the tv, when I'm on the mic
I want somethin from liffefeeeee

Ok, we bout to get up with the throw down
With Silk City, New Juru & partners out in ghost town
Mister Pro Sound, they don't know what I got for them
Most disrespect from the commercial promoting optimum
Online, I'm that raw find from the salt mine
Dick like shore line, all spines they all lined
Promote thought like a book do
I'm the perfect definition of what you & your team should
No easy shit, man, I move like a good boss
Greasy lips that's smoother than the finest of lip gloss
Means I'm on your bitch next like blistex
In the whip, getting lip sex where they playing Weezy & Dip set
I'm the black sheep, who wants to get smothered
I spit fly shit like monkey's throwing dung at each other

Don't turn me off it gets worst
I'll hurt a man's feeling, like he fell on a land mine dick first
Spring, Summer, Fall, don't matter the season
I come hard like the next single coming with semen
A mother fucking genius, could of proved it in 12 bars
Man I'm so high think I can smell God

Turn on the radio, and all they be discussin like
They say get ya money right, gotta get ya money right
Turn on the tv and the man on the mic
I'm tryina get this party hyyyyypeee
Turn off ya radio, cuz all they be discussin like
They say get ya money right, gotta get ya money right
Turn off the tv, when I'm on the mic
I want somethin from liffteeeee (x2)



W Double
Cassette

07

Word on the Street

3:47



Written by: C. M. Lugo

Produced by: R. Cummins

Performed by: CM

Recorded at: "Da Basement Studio"

I've been on my grizzle for over a decade
Been putting in work, so the peers I respect would respect me
Not another wannabe, just another rare emcee
Who has the talent to exceed but no opportunity to succeed
So instead of waiting for it to knock on my door
I've put my music out there for any cat to explore
And if you smelling what I'm cooking, then we can do more
Create another hot plate for cats to ignore
What radio is playing is cool but there so much
Other type vibes out there that radio won't touch
And my type of sound, some may feel that it sucks
Not enough gun play, not enough flashing of the bucks
My gwop talk ain't major, no jewels that sparkle
I ain't beefing with who's hot, I ain't here to red dot you
If you're curious to what I'm bring to the table, I'll spot you
If you want Classic Material, fam, I got you, cause

You know I, 'bout to get busy
Repping DMV & New York City
Yo, I be doing it & doing it well
If you can't tell how I be doing it, then you hating for real
You know I, 'bout to get busy
Put ya hands up if you feel it, come rock with me
Deadly Combo, UI, R. Cummings, CM

I've been trying to make my name more familiar with the masses
And have the critics say my tracks are fantastic
Everything I drop is classic, but then I return to my senses
No one is perfect, don't mean I won't stop swinging for the fences
So I stay busy, trying to put this work out worldwide
Create a mean buzz, have people wanna see CM live
And direct, can't wait to catch a set
Hit the spot extra early just to peep the mic check
Trying to associate CM with quality raps
So when you see me featured in, you already know what the stats
Know how it gonna blend on a R Cumming beat
A jazz infused tune you can still rock in the streets
I'm just trying to put out hot flows, something fresh & unique
Got you bobbing ya head, probably tapping ya feet
My name be mention on low, real quiet, discrete
Cause for now, I'm just the word on the street, but check me out cause

You know I, 'bout to get busy
Repping DMV & New York City
Yo, I be doing it & doing it well
If you can't tell how I be doing it, then you hating for real
You know I, 'bout to get busy
Put ya hands up if you feel it, come rock with me
Deadly Combo, UI, R. Cummings, CM

It just won't stop whether I'm rocking or not
So many talented cats who ain't even get a shot
'Bout to bring to ya spot, invading ya airwaves
Like Mighty Mouse, here we come to save the day

And all we bringing is two turntables & a mic to get it hype
Do it like Bust & Rampage, wildin for the night
No security, the fans are tossing cats out who want to fight
Like the hell with the beef, we trying to have a good time, aaight
Let's do this major, one love to all the haters
Now excuse me as I move on to something greater
Cause ya words ain't concerning me, petty beef, don't worry me
And there's something really wrong, if off music, you want to murder me
I'm focus on giving more than the average
'Cause nowadays cats want to be big & bad, a savage
There's more than life than banging, there's building something positive
For the rest of us who love life, inspire other cats to live

You know I, 'bout to get busy
Repping DMV & New York City
Yo, I be doing it & doing it well
If you can't tell how I be doing it, then you hating for real
You know I, 'bout to get busy
Put ya hands up if you feel it, come rock with me
Deadly Combo, UI, R. Cummings, CM

08

The Cycle (Featuring Mista Mista)

3:45



Written by: C. M. Lugo & Admir Bonsoir

Produced by: Doctor Becket

Performed by: CM & Mista Mista

Recorded at: "Da Basement Studio"

Sometimes I have to laugh to stop me from crying
Cosmetically, the block change, but there still be violence
The war on drugs still going on, corners still pumping strong
Money still being made, lives still being lost
The warzone got casualties who just broke out of their teens
Slay in their own homecourt or battles overseas
Representing the home team, salute them kids
You can't put a price tag on a life of your kins
While we continue to live, either stronger or broken
We're hoping, welcome home is the words that are spoken
To all the survivors who return safely from hell
Whether it's from the desert landscape or from the penitentiary cells
Some return to the fire & brimstone for a visit
Others, forever in it, while others refuse to relive it
Sighting their sights on the most high, dedicating life
To shed the darkness, helping other avoid the strife

I can't help but see that the more things change
The more things remain the same
I know we're surviving, but more keep dying
We all dealing with the pain
So what we gonna do...
What are we gonna do...
What about you...

So what are you gonna do...

Everything I can but I'm only one man
Seen everything first hand cop cars news vans
Helicopters lockers getting ran for contraband
Youngins run the block man they never understand
Dummies I don't like to preach in my raps
But I place nuggets here and there just in case they get hungry
And need a snack, feed off the intellect I breath
When I speak the self truths for the cunning
Sunny days are coming even when the skies are gray
It's just the clouds looking out trying to give you some shade
Think positive is what my momma used to say
Steer clear of drama good karma comes your way
I laugh - trouble follows me all day
From the bed sheets to back streets and thru the hallways
But how could I parlay...?
Even if I do the minimal, they say a little goes a long way

I can't help but see that the more things change
The more things remain the same
I know we're surviving, but more keep dying
We all dealing with the pain
So what we gonna do...
What are we gonna do...
What about you...
So what are you gonna do...













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1991





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09

UI Radio 2

0:42



Produced by: A Better Tomorrow

Performed by: CM

Recorded at: "Da Basement Studio"

10

Steez Hang Low

4:16



Written by: C. M. Lugo

Produced by: Top Story

Performed by: CM

Recorded at: "Da Basement Studio"

Many moons past since the last time I crafted some magic
Like Farve, I've contemplated retiring, fuck it, I had it
Then I was slid this beat by a cat who goes by Top Story
And it re-energized my mind to return to the laboratory
While the mic light blinking, I'm thinking of new ways
To bring back the classics like I got it made & Dre Day
And all these doubting fools, I could care less what they say
They're crazy but I could be the one who's looney, maybe not
I'm on point dawg, there ain't no doubting that
I've buried sees in my brain that stay sprouting raps
I can admit that I might not be equip to entertain all of yall
But those who be a fan, I'm like cookie dough, you love me raw
Uncut, pull no jabs, combination is no joke
All work, no flash, that ain't the half
I'm just one of many who ready to give it to you like KA-PLOW
How the fuck you like me now

What you know about me, what you know about C
What you know about letting my steez hang low

My time on this earth is running out
Thoughts brewing while chewing on a stick of Orbit cause I got a dirty mouth
Now my act is sanitary but it's hard to stay squeaky clean
The grit from the streets has dissipated my sheen

No longer do I shine like a new born baby
So what you see comes from what my fam & the L.E.S. projects made me
A grizzly vet trying to cash in this mic check
Sounds good from where I'm sitting, can't believe I had thoughts of quitting
C'mon, who shit would I bump if it ain't my own
Can't even recognize my steez no more, look how much it's grown
Gotta thank those who been blessing me with beats to explore
The way I dig deep to the core, to release it like spores
It's just a little something I call CM, Classic Material
I'll keep supply it till my spirit splits from my physical
They call me UPS cause all the good shit I deliver you
Taking Hip-Hop away from me, it's gonna take a miracle

What you know about me, what you know about C
What you know about letting my steez hang low

Another Russ Parr morning, stretching my bone, yawning
Shaking off the dreams of me hitting the stage, performing
With the greats like Jay, Nas, Kanye & Common
Mos Def, Talib, AZ, Black Thought, the crowd swarming
So now I'm trying to turn these visions into reality
I don't need to be seen, but me not being heard is a travesty
I don't want to be the next could have been somebody
Wasted talent, I face the challenge, years of planning
I traded my pen for Microsoft's word format
And raised up off the ground, stopped being used as a doormat
Put in a lot of work, muscles ache, got a sore back
But no pain, no gain, and all of that crap
Look at me now, my steez chiseled, flexing on this funk beat

Hard as a rocket while you frauds be looking gimpy
Simply not on par to go against my squad
You steady part timing on full time job

What you know about me, what you know about C
What you know about letting my steez hang low



11

3:36

Bonafied (Featuring Cheese of D3Z)



Written by: C. M. Lugo & J. Warner

Produced by: DJ Hotwings

Performed by: CM & Cheese

Recorded at: "Da Basement Studio"

Wake up, I got a new tune
I-Pod full, erase something & make room
I gotta hit for you to go ahead and consume
Feed that hunger for the real thing, tell all your goons
That the Dominican chef's back in effect
DJ Hotwings aka Cheese, nuff respect
This that shit that blast while you relax on the deck
Soaking in the sunshine, sipping a Molsen or Becks, time to unwind
Got that heat for the winter, cool breeze for the summer
Got that Umbrella Inc for the rain & the thunder
Now ya cats wanna wonder how CM got his come up
When I rock a show, all I wanna see is ya thumbs up
Could never confuse me for those who pack an uzi's
Flashed out emcee who be surrounded by cuties
Sorry to disappoint but my steez far from pitiful
Classic Material, full of vitamins & minerals
Streets is hungry for something new, so this is what I'm giving you
Straight from the source, raw uncut
Gotta pick up the slack for all you lazy fucks
Who got, nothing to say but use a beat as a crutch
I ain't going out like that, rather come in like this
Giving you the trueness that you can thump in ya whip
Let the next man know what the deally is
Show support, keep spreading the word if you truly feeling this, c'mon

Word is born, our skillz are bonafide
Keeping it live, repping DMV & NY
So when I grab this mic, I'm trying to genuinely shine
Put MD on the map, yo, we've earned our time
Word is born, our skills are bonafide
Keeping it live, repping it Worldwide
So when we grab this mic, it's easy to see
We holding it down, CM & my peoples Cheese

As long as blood circulate, the percolate of flows is endless
Horrendous off the gage, activate thru pen to page
What's an age & act, I rather stick to my path
To being Cheese to the max & giving back the raps
It's never been a task, to work the brain muscle
More athletic than Russle, when the scripts are flipped
The motivation is always there like we're joined at the hip
Mentals moved by the music, never loosing it's grip
I'm crazy glued to the mood, I'm that dude on the train
Brown bagging a tall can, cutting loose off the brain
Peeps think I'm out to lunch but when I hear the kicks punch
And bass line launches the flows become conscious
Without ends to see gains for commercialize non sense
Responses from the soul paying dues at the tolls
With the goal to keep alive so Hip Hop can thrive
Forces contrive, they try to pull it under
But ain't standing a chance when CM brings the thunder
From east to far east & back to the west
All over the map, we put it down on the raps
Underground, the heartbeat keep your toes on tap

Nap, if you must, none the less we're gonna bust
Knocking drums, what I trust, till I'm wind in the dust
They can try to infiltrate with the greed & the lust
But Hip Hop's from the heart, will still won't rust

Word is born, our skillz are bonafide
Keeping it live, repping DMV & NY
So when I grab this mic, I'm trying to genuinely shine
Put MD on the map, yo, we've earned our time
Word is born, our skills are bonafide
Keeping it live, repping it Worldwide
So when we grab this mic, it's easy to see
We holding it down, CM & my peoples Cheese

12

3:32

Mo' Problemz (Featuring Mista Mista)



Written by: C. M. Lugo & Admir Bonsoir

Produced by: Battle Skarz

Performed by: CM & Mista Mista

Recorded at: "Da Basement Studio"

Yeah, you had another rough day at the job scene
Wife nagging about how you don't cook or clean
Spending all your time doing absolutely nothing
Be she ain't around when it's ya ass that your busting
So you go hit the bar before you head on home
Couple of shots, couple of drinks, politic then your gone
And now you're all upset cause wifey ain't cook you a meal
And wifey upset cause you just spent the money for the bills
Try to escape your problems but your problems still gotcha
Claim you're a victim of circumstance like this a soap opera
You do the same shit every week, when wifey tries to stop ya
She just don't understand all the stress that you're going through
But that beer bottle does, that shot glass does
And all them people getting free booze from you probably do too
One day, you gonna wake up with no job, no house, no spouse
Drinking create more problems with little to no way out

You say that you drink to escape your problems
But by drinking it seems you created another problem
Instead of having some, now you got mo' problems
Now tell me how that's not a problem, hmmmm

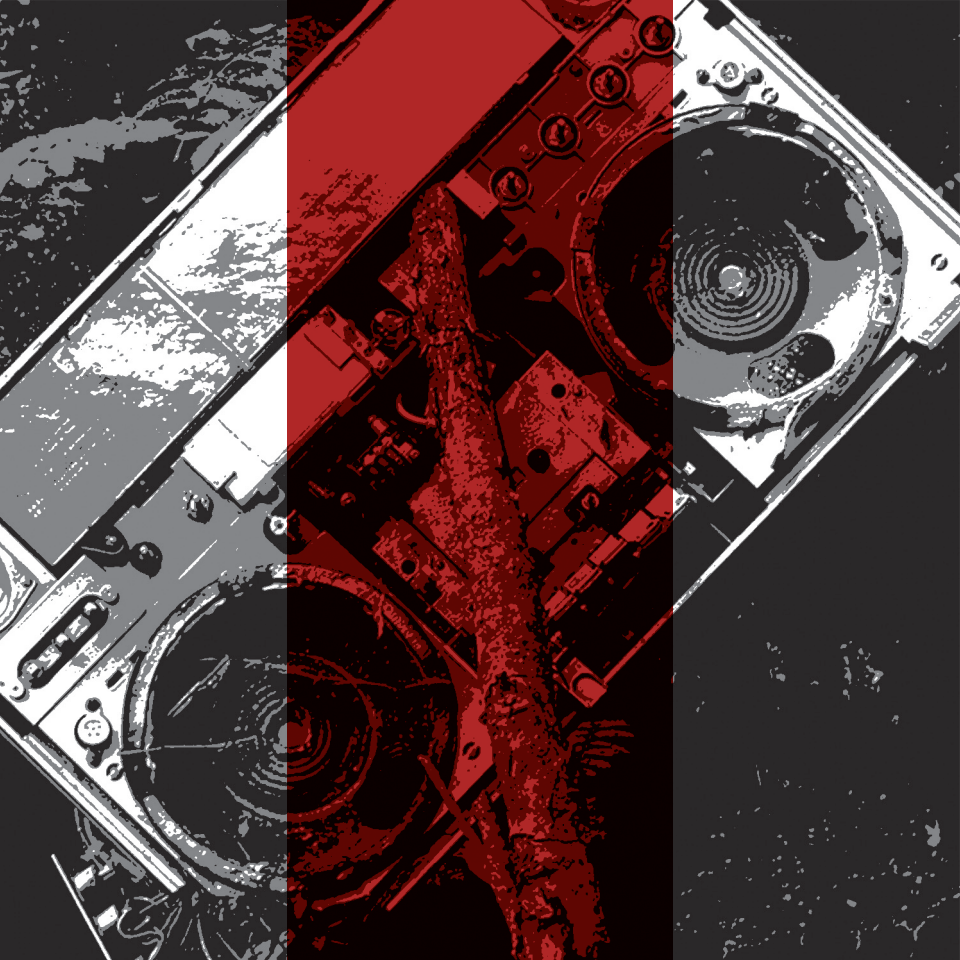
Now you were born & raised up in some foul ass shit
That had you going thru & doing thing you would rather forget

Some break the cycle, turn a negative to a positive
While others get consume by the past, then refuse to live
You smoke that, shoot that, to alleviate the pain
But them skeletons in your closet will never wash away
If you don't deal with it head on, they be here to stay
To have a better tomorrow you gotta deal with a shitty today
No one said it'll be easy, it takes some patience
But the road you're on will have you dead or becoming a patient
Getting high didn't help it just worsen the situation
You gotta step up to the plate & deal with the hell you facing
I'm not a preacher or teacher, just trying to figure out
What's the logic behind the excuse really about
You created a new problem by trying to escape some old problems
Now what you have here is mo' problems, hmmm

You say you get high to escape your problems
But by getting high, you created a new problem
Instead of having some, now you got mo' problems
Now tell me how that's not a problem, hmmmm

My minds made up that my mind's not tough enough
To handle all the scandal and the lies they bluff
Can't hide cover up my personal person so
Everyone can tell way the hell im hurting for
Curtain closed but the door wide open
Four five stolen with my soul inside broken
Snorting coke lines coping hoping I ain't gonna get hooked
Trading eight ball for eight bars ain't a good look
When I wrote a good hook - should've kept it for myself thou

With self image low I just wanna feel special
Hearing others assure me my music's hot
Doesn't stop the insecurities I usually got
The beauty of not having to deal with the present
Is a present to a peasant under severe depression
My peers don't question, it's hard to be a crutch
When they leaning against the wall their selves, can barely stand up
To hell with the bullshit, I break a gram up
Mix it with the L and inhale the damn dust
Vainglorious nah far from it
Once I plummet from the summit then I'm back at square one again



13

1:23

UI Radio 3



Produced by: A Better Tomorrow

Performed by: CM

Recorded at: "Da Basement Studio"

14

4:37

Independence (Featuring Omega of NJG's)



Written by: C.M. Lugo & Omega

Produced by: Pizstrumental

Performed by: CM & Omega

Recorded at: "Da Basement Studio"

What ever happen to the dreams of emcees
Taking their first CD to record companies
Getting signed for their skills of the caliber
Not the money or the image inside your phony character
What ever happen to the days of getting on
Cause you're a ill lyricist & you write some good songs
Plus you could move a crowd
When you speak, all in the room goes wild
But your broke & you got no style
That's when your record lable turns you down
Saying your songs sound good but they won't sell now
What we're looking for is radio play
Something the females will like and all the little kids can sing & say
So they make up some dances, ring tone advances
And all type of sub promotions & chances
Get you on your way with your career
One hot single & you're hot the whole year, but that ain't real

Unchained, off the leash, no bounds can ever hold me
I know exactly who I am so there no need mold me
Pro beats by Piz, a beast like Omega be
If this here to raw for you then stand back & let us be
Repping these, underground sounds, we about to set it free
Highly trained to pump this grim straight into your blood stream

Contaminated airwaves need to be cleansed, quickly
Assassination day, who's first to feel it on this killing spree
You killing me, claiming that you nice with your delivery
Feeling be, hurt, when I call out your false imagery
I guess that's how it is when you a slave to the industry
Independence will cure your soul & set your mind free
Liberated, sort of like Neo escaping the matrix
You see with your own eyes, & not how they go portraying it
What on the other side can be shape to what you make of it
All frauds get exposed, so don't go through life faking shit
Pardon me for not displaying radio rap
Happy go lucky like I'm really living like that
The struggle is real, but you don't want to hear about that
So I stay unsign, & watch these cats get caught in the trap
Some ain't falling for that, others get lost in the ice
Transform to sugar & spice & everything nice
That's what little girls of made of, ya need to fall back
And hopefully you can catch a damn relapse, return to that
That style got you noticed, before you turned bogus
Before the flash consumed you, and your rhyme scheme became atrocious
Let's keep the culture alive, no need for us to dumb it down
Have the streets saluting us when we coming around, with that

Next album, record flops, numbers ain't even gold
Now you're owing money, the lost done put you in a hole
That's why I put my own music out solo
Independent artist ain't in it for the gold
I do it for the love, Hip-Hop runs through my blood
I fiend for music like addicts to drugs

So I send word out, hit up Piz for a buzz
CM Creative & O, the system we above
We the definition of the raw Hip-Hop, listen
Now watch as we start the mission
Verbal teaching to those that want to be taught
Once you sign that line, it's like your music they bought
All the blood, sweat & tears, that you put into your music for years
Now you aiming for the spot of your peers
All the hard work & thought that you put into your craft
You gave it all up for the fame & the cash

But your new style won't last, long at all
Cats love to build you up just to see how fast you fall
But the underground will always respect the craft if you're true with yours
One hit wonder, your career ended premature
Hitting cats with just catchy bubble gum rap
I understand the biz but you can't just keep coming with that
You switched, into a gimmick, that little kids get to mimic
Talking like you lived it, acting like you did it
It creates buzz but it doesn't create longevity
I rather grind it out so the culture would forever remember me
So my legacy will be rooted in truth
And you don't have to doubt the words that I spit in the booth



15

Come On (Featuring DayMoe)

3:41



Written by: C.M. Lugo

Produced by: XO

Performed by: CM & DayMoe

Recorded at: "Da Basement Studio"

I'm wanting you

Needing you, tonight

So won't you come on, c'mon, c'mon

I'm holding you

Loving you, so right

So won't you come on, c'mon, c'mon

Hey, mamasita, how you doing

Another long day at work, I knew it

Me? The same 'ol, same 'ol, but now I'm cooling

Trying to catch a flick, just me and you and

Then it's back to the house, no one home to ruin

A night for just us, candles set the mood and

Dim the lights low, flicker of the flame

Make your shadow dance, giving you a nice glow

Your sexy and so naughty

You got things already plan for me

You're my wifey, so excited

Cause you know just how I like it

Wet kisses all over your face

Wet kisses all over your neck

Caressing your back, take a long shower so we both smell fresh

You already know what's coming next

I'm wanting you (wanting you)
Needing you (needing you), tonight
So won't you come on, c'mon, c'mon
I'm holding you (holding you)
Loving you (loving you), so right
So won't you come on, c'mon, c'mon (x2)

I've been thinking about last night
Replaying over & over again, wishing you were here right now
But I'm at work & you're at work
So for now I'm chilling till we both get out
We can rendezvous at the bedroom scene
Bring the strawberry, I'll bring the whip cream
No need to worry about keeping the room clean
Toss the pillow, toss the quilt, keep the sheets
Staring into your sexy eyes
How inviting they are when I'm near you
So ticklish when I rub your thighs
Looking at the clock, got about an hour or two
With the time we got left, let's take advantage
Cause afterwards, we're just back to being parents
Who knows when's the next time we can get it in
If you wonder when I want it, just listen

I'm wanting you (wanting you)
Needing you (needing you), tonight
So won't you come on, c'mon, c'mon
I'm holding you (holding you)
Loving you (loving you), so right

So won't you come on, c'mon, c'mon (x2)

What we share is just between me & you

So won't you come on, c'mon, c'mon

I love it when you come at me with your sexy attitude

So won't you come on, c'mon, c'mon

Come a little closer you so got me in the mood

So won't you come on, c'mon, c'mon

Let me whisper in your ear tell you what I'm ready to do

So won't you come on, c'mon, c'mon

I'm wanting you (wanting you)

Needing you (needing you), tonight

So won't you come on, c'mon, c'mon

I'm holding you (holding you)

Loving you (loving you), so right

So won't you come on, c'mon, c'mon (x2)

16

4:14

Riot Gear
(Featuring RM of Deadly Combo & E. Feung Shui)



Written by: C.M. Lugo, M. Rivera & E. Jones

Produced by: CM

Performed by: CM, RM & E. Feung Shui

Recorded at: "Da Basement Studio"

I'm a stone cold maniac, bugging of the way I rap
Niggaz know the drill in fact, I love to bust a killing black
My feet upon the ceiling jack, fucking with the chrome gat
Suckas know I peel 'em back, & you know I'm dealing that
You can try to strike back, but you couldn't fight back
For fucking with the right cat, nigga. I'll be right back
Slide that trophy from where it reside at
I'm a king with the crown & I make you get down
I've always been a drama king, look at what the lama bring
Swing it to your jaw, no beef no more
A lot of yall trying to live what you might have saw
But I'm bound to brawl, so yo, let's free fall
You want to pull stunts, but while you fall guy
Got punch in your face, now you got a swoll eye
Oh I, thought you was that real nigga
But real nigga's get dealt quick with real triggers

My hits known to rock your head like
What you need , what you want dawg, got it right here
Excuse me partner, 'bout to this started
If you speak the wrong words, watch your wig get parted like
(Better get your riot gear ready)
Uh-Oh, here comes trouble
(Better get your riot gear ready)

Uh-Oh, here comes CM

Still got it, still bless you with my fluid flow
Holding down fort like this shit was the Alamo
Still do my thing till God tells me it's time to go
Till that time comes, it's just one thing you gotta know
Like Denzel, I'm a man on Fire
Born and raised in the gutter, yes the youth, I inspire
To reach their dreams, I see these cats bubble hard
Trying to claim the spot of one of the best to retire
Me, I could care less who the best or worst is
My only concern is tightening up these verse
And make beats that go rock the street level
Keep it so underground, gotta pack your own shovel
Ask yourself, do you really want to fuck with a
Darkside, L.E.S. Deadly Com heavy hitter
Excuse me dawg, I ain't got no time to slow up
Like a suicide bomber, all I'm trying to do is blow up

My hits known to rock your head like
What you need , what you want dawg, got it right here
Excuse me partner, 'bout to this started
If you speak the wrong words, watch your wig get parted like
(Better get your riot gear ready)
Uh-Oh, here comes trouble
(Better get your riot gear ready)
Uh-Oh, here comes Fueng Shui

Better have the riot gear ready for E

Hardcore lines lock the block down, cause U.I. PD
Your eyes wide shut so you can't see me
Watching how it all went down from the clips on TV
A Big Dog that move through the street
Let the 44 bark when it's time to eat
Bust your head open, cut you off at the feet
And watch your wig get parted
Have you speaking retarded
Don't get me started
Put in the dirty work on those who mark carded
Have 'em watching their back and who they involved with
Ain't no problems around here cause believe I solve it
And hide the evidence underneath lime and solvent
Been known for criminal evolvment
Green to gold, general from sergeant
An It ain't just me I got a riot squadron

My hits known to rock your head like
What you need , what you want dawg, got it right here
Excuse me partner, 'bout to this started
If you speak the wrong words, watch your wig get parted like
(Better get your riot gear ready)
Uh-Oh, here comes trouble
(Better get your riot gear ready)
Uh-Oh, here comes...

17

1:30

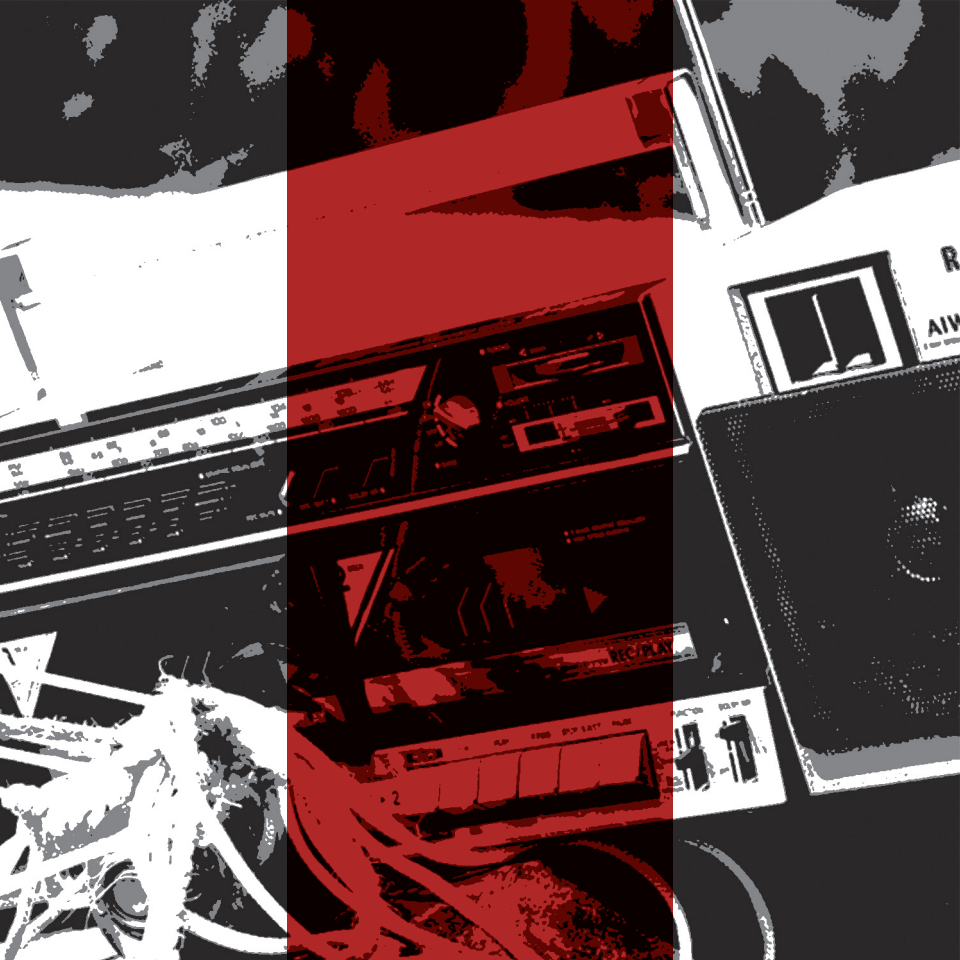
UI Radio 4



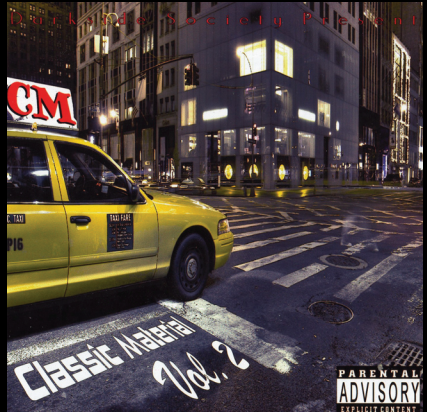
Produced by: A Better Tomorrow

Performed by: CM

Recorded at: "Da Basement Studio"



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