

# Roots

Dan Bull

At eight or ten I wondered why my voice wasn't breaking yet  
I was impatient to get from A to Z  
So I'd break a sweat, play cassettes in my tape deck  
Waiting for the day I could step to a stage  
And get paid respect, paid a cheque  
Maybe the other kids would even play with me then  
It's great to pretend the tune was written for you  
That's why you sing with the radio while it ignores you  
You perform awful but feel a lot better  
"Boom Boom Boom", "Here Comes the Hotstepper"  
Even back then my preference was funky  
But less funky house than House in the Country  
Syncopation, soul, anybody ill with it  
Other kids had Whigfield, I was feeling Bill Withers  
And to this day I'm still with him  
Because nothing beats a sweet voice on distilled rhythms

I'm digging up my roots for you  
Cooking up a little tuneful food  
Come to the garden for a barbecue  
And chill with me

Before I even saw South Park on TV  
I knew by heart the South Park CD  
GTA: 1969 opened a life long affinity for Trojan  
Return of Django, Skinhead Moonstomp  
Music of Jamaican origin liberating my boom box  
Too young for Appetite for Destruction  
So The Offspring were my rock introduction  
That was all I needed to be free  
A CD with some power chords shredding like a power saw  
"Fuck me, wow" I thought  
How can plucked strings be this powerful?  
But then I found another source of auditory debauchery  
This naughty teen thought was sweet  
I bought a CD by an Emine-MC  
called "Hi! My Name Is Slim Shady"  
I played it in my hi-fi daily  
It never seemed to cease to amaze me  
He'd say some crazy things  
That were great for a teenager that needed danger  
I'd replay the lyrics amazed  
At the way the images would flicker in my brain so vividly  
An outsider, a country bumpkin  
Sitting inside with the Outsidaz bumping  
There's something about rhymes  
Nothing else quite does as well, I love it  
Cypress Hill: Live at the Fillmore  
I'm not going to lie, that film was raw  
Each rap I heard, each film I saw  
Inspired me to build my skills some more  
So I bought more CDs to imitate  
Believe me, back in the day it was great

I'm digging up my roots for you  
Set the mood and feel those soothing grooves  
Come to the garden for a barbecue

And chill with me

I had piano lessons after every last school day  
But my patience was thinner than an anorexic  
I didn't want to play ballads anyway  
I had a daydream of breakbeats and a pen and paper  
So I said I'd make the make believe real  
And make some real reel to reels like B-Real  
But the magic's made on computers today  
So I used Magix Music Maker  
Read the instructions, learnt all the book  
Taught myself big beats like Norman Cook  
Always cooking up a new track  
Though with no microphone I couldn't actually do rap  
That was too bad, but it wasn't too bad  
'Cause I'd already forgot and had a new fad  
Threw away The Source, bought a new mag  
Made new mates, talked in new slang  
I was a punk rocker now, proper loud  
Would you believe I grabbed any opportunity to fuck about?  
But what about the music? I've gone and lost it now  
So I grabbed a guitar and started rocking out  
Made a band with my mates called MatronsApron  
We played around, made some tapes it was great fun  
Full of belly laughs  
Even received a brief mention in the Telegraph  
Just a couple of kids, played a couple of gigs  
And then my mates moved on but fuck if I did  
Obviously too late, got a copy of Cubase  
A lot of tunes made, now it's today  
I've innovated, took my inspirations in and made them  
Into an original addition to your playlist  
So now I meditate about how to elevate  
'Cause Safe was the safety net to let me levitate

I'm picking my best fruit for you  
You're the one, and I'd like tea for two  
Come to the garden for a barbecue  
And chill with me