

Rate Your Music

by Mix

Rate Your Music is a (relatively simple) website where people collect and review music. And that's it. These are some of those reviews.

(Note: the second half of the doc is explicitly for Kumquatzop)

I've broken the document up into sections for easier movement, and any comments or pre-statements by myself **will be in cyan**.

Standalone Reviews

Tammys - Egyptian Shumba

<https://rateyourmusic.com/collection/windowledge/rating51969483>

Review by windowledge

4.50 stars

for about three and a half years now, i've wanted to say something meaningful about this song, and on multiple occasions, i've taken a crack at getting in words what these two minutes and twenty-seven seconds of sublime sweetness and shrill ecstasy do to me, but i've never quite managed. lou and the tammys always manage to leap ahead of me, somehow, and something vital always seems to have evaded the track of my pen (digital age, analogue metaphors. s'what i'm all about.)- but this forum post seems to pin down at least a fraction of what i want to say:

"it's all subjective, of course, but to me, egyptian shumba is the sound of absolute physical and psychological liberation; a blinding white light of unblemished ecstasy; a celebration of the female orgasm; a paean to the power of pungent dreams on the waking sleeper; the sense of an emotion so powerful as to push against the bounds of its moment- it's about a girl who wakes up from a ravishingly beautiful dream and, with equal parts wistfulness and explosive will, asserts that she'll "make that dream come real" and "dance the way i feel," and in doing so, seems to celebrate her own body, her sexual freedom, and her overwhelmingly generous love for the "you" of the song. it cuts through so much of the emotional turbulence of most 60s girl group music and presents an utterly convincing portrait of individual and romantic happiness, without the least bit of schmaltz."

i wanted to add some stuff about female masturbation too, but i couldn't quite squeeze it in there. but yeah. to me, this is infectious sonic feminism. this is the aesthetic and moral apex of everything.

Herb Alpert's Tijuana Brass - Whipped Cream & Other Delights
(JasonHernandez)

<https://rateyourmusic.com/collection/JasonHernandez/rating68420917>

Review by JasonHernandez

Rated: 2.50 stars

When you see this album in a thrift store, you buy it. Just to have it. It's like a membership card into the club of cheap-bin record hunters (all of us have it). This LP in your possession says that you've been there. You know the fluorescent lights. You know the dirt. You know the smell. You know the pain.

And I'm talking real thrift stores here, not used bookstores or used record stores. I'm talking about the place in the low-income section of town where you can buy a record, some dishes, a broken toy and someone's old shoes all at once.

If you've only read about thrift store record-shopping, you might think that these places are wonderlands of one-dollar oddities. Christian ventriloquists. Satanic zither players. Private press schizophrenics. Drag queen comedians. Truckers with theremins. Lounge singers live on stage from the Twilight Zone.

Most of the time, you'd be wrong. Most of the time, all you find are Barbra Streisand, Boz Scaggs and dead bugs (personally, I'd rather buy the dead bugs). You might find something cool once or twice a year—a stash of old new wave imports, maybe, or some well-molested vintage bubblegum records, or perhaps a Cold War-era evangelical sermon about the end times—but most days, nothin'. The people who find outrageous rarities and unknown treasures in these places are pretty much lottery winners, bless 'em.

It takes a hardy soul to keep up the thrift store habit. I used to do it, but can't anymore. My record-flipping hand was injured in a terrible Mitch Miller-related accident years ago and now I spend my Saturdays in the park feeding the birds. If you see me in a thrift store at all these days it's because I need a suit or a coffee table. I don't even glance at the records anymore. I avoid them like old co-workers.

As for Herb Alpert and his arrangements of the day's hits and standards, the sleeve art is the obvious selling point here. It's an instant eye-catcher. As Alpert plays his trumpet on bouncy versions of the likes of "Tangerine" and "Lemon Tree", guys across the generations have surely played their own fleshy trumpets as they studied the cover model's whipped cream-covered breasts and suggestive pose. Yes, to own a used copy of this LP is to own something that someone possibly masturbated to and even on.

That's part of what makes it essential, though. When you've got this baby on your shelf, you're not only a record collector, but you're also a risk-taker and people admire that.

Never say that collecting vinyl isn't dangerous.

The Jonas Brothers - A Little Bit Longer

(<https://rateyourmusic.com/collection/OttoLuck/rating17438198>)

Review by OttoLuck

Rated: 3.00 stars

Rest easy, Cheap Trick. Don't fret, Velvet Crush. Stop looking over your shoulder, Matthew Sweet. And for God's sake, Doug Fieger, put down that razor blade.

Despite being hailed as saviors by no less than those harbingers of good taste "Rolling Stone," the Jonas Brothers' "A Little Bit Longer" is unlikely to cause the power pop world to wobble off its axis or threaten a demographical expansion of the band's immense, rabid, fanbase beyond an army of swooning, pre-pube, Disney girls who have allowed their Hannah Montana fan club dues to lapse.

But discounting what these three precocious pups bring to the table as mere teen pop fodder may be extremely cynical or at the very least preemptively dismissive and coming from a guy whose musical boundaries can best be described as "rigid," that's really saying something. Simply put, this album is about the most tolerable thing my kids have ever taken a shine to outside of novelty anomalies like Dr. Hook's "The Cover of 'Rolling Stone'" or Loudon Wainwright III's "Dead Skunk."

Although it's doubtful many who buy this album will really pay all that much attention to song craft, preferring instead to gaze dreamily at Nick, Kevin, and Joe, a quick listen demonstrates the band have begun to show a nascent knack for big-riffed, straight-between-the-eyes, nuked pop, but they still seem torn between surrendering to the loud guitars which earmark all great power pop and remaining generic enough for the unwashed masses who pay their bills. Credit management for still being able to get them to toe the company line.

As expected from three guys still cozying up to the idea of driver's licenses, voting rights, the smell of the greasepaint, and the roar of the crowd, most songs pay homage to The Girl, sonic marvels like "Lovebug," "Tonight," "BB Good," and "Pushin' Me Away" bursting forth with equal parts bubblegum sparkle, wonder, and good old-fashioned twin Les Paul/SG guitar skirmishes.

At first blush, most of the hooks the Jonases have come up with here seem to have a requisite amount of staying power, but quickly become tiresome after repeated exposure, some bordering on tortuous. But it's obviously what the girls want, "A Little Bit Longer" staking its claim as a certifiable chart buster, knocking 'em dead from Boston to Beijing.

It would sure be interesting to spool forward four or five years to see where the Jonas Brothers' journey takes them, particularly if they ever get out from under the oppressive thumb of Disney's evil empire. Whether they're eternally stuck on auto pilot playing to a Pavlovian audience or actually able to form an independent thought in their pretty little heads remains to be seen.

Now to get this thing back into my daughter's Disney princesses CD player before she starts asking questions.

Palberta - Bye Bye Berta

(<https://rateyourmusic.com/collection/isaiahclark33/rating84835180>)

Reviewed by isaiahclark33

Rated: 3.50 stars

You know you may take one chew of this album and yuck ptooie spit it out but in fact when you push your glasses up the bridge of your nose and think for a bit and listen for a bit there is a lot to be gained here if one only gives it the time because it's often that some of the most rewarding things in our lives are those that take time to appreciate like abstract art or moby dick or buckwheat honey or shots on a Sunday or opera or anal and this is an album that's definitely one of those things that takes time that doesn't take

itself too seriously at all and plays with an all over but natural chemistry of guitar squawks and synthetic bleeps and hollered vocals that transcend traditional sounds for other sounds which is odd because I've never heard of this band before and I was just recently thinking how a lot of my favorite childhood bands are fading and I might never hear from them or their unique sounds again because they are getting old and tired and uninteresting but then I heard this album and I was pleasantly surprised with its undeniable energy through its ri-do-do-diculous compositions and mashed potato influences of post rock and indie rock and rock rock and industrial and hair pie and punk and anything else under the sun because dammit when else are we going to get to kick back and relax and get weird and get crazy don't be lazy I mean we're all just singularities popping and winking in the mortal bath for Christ sakes what do u want from me huh cuz I enjoy the album for its niceties and its oddness and its frankness and its soul and its heart and its fun little twists and turn it bop it pull it until it breaks and you're left with only fun experiences and a pleasant ringing in your ear. Goodnight.

7.5/10

U2 - The Joshua Tree

(<https://rateyourmusic.com/collection/Kevvy/rating38307>)

Review by Kevvy

0.50 stars

There are musical offenders out there, and they are everywhere.

They're the ones who barked back at "Who Let The Dogs Out."

They're the ones who play "Smells Like Teen Spirit" or "Stairway To Heaven" in guitar shops after they've had one guitar lesson.

They're the ones who bought the interview-only Britney Spears CD so their collection would be complete - and then made their friends listen to it.

They're the ones who think "Stuck In The Middle With You" is not only a Bob Dylan song, but it's his best song.

They're the ones who still rush the dance floor to "Billy Jean" as if it has never been done before. They promptly leave when the song is done though.

They're the ones who sing karaoke to "Fake Plastic Trees" with their eyes closed and fists clenched.

They're the ones who are planning a trip to Las Vegas just to see Celine Dion.

They're the ones who claim to "love reggae" even though they've only ever heard Bob Marley's Legend album.

They're the ones who got jiggy wit it.

They're the ones who buy Eagles or Meatloaf DVDs to play in the background at parties.

They're the ones who claim to listen to hundreds of different music genres. Dark metal, speed metal, thrash metal, progressive metal, black metal, Viking metal, glam metal, avante guard metal, stoner metal, melodic death metal, power metal, doom metal, new wave of British heavy metal...

They're the ones who let a sticker on the front of a CD that offers a free movie coupon if you buy Hillary Duff actually sway them to buy Hillary Duff.

They're the ones who never heard of soul music until they saw Ray.

They're the ones who still try to fit into a Great White or a RATT T-shirt from twenty years ago, completely ignoring the fact that they have gained 100 pounds and that their kids would die of embarrassment.

They're the ones who play Great White or RATT as they carpool kids to school, completely ignoring the fact that they drive a mini-van and their kids would die of embarrassment.

They're the ones who secretly want all the Pearl Jam official bootlegs, not to listen to, but to display.

They're the ones who can sit you down and tell you what's wrong with music today with a straight face while their new Rob Thomas CD plays in the background.

They're the ones who keep R. Kelly's career going.

They're the ones who have the first dance at their wedding to Lonestar's "Amazed."

Their Top 5 all time favourite albums (in order) are Revolver, Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band, Abbey Road, The White Album, and then I guess it's a tie between Rubber Soul, Please Please Me, Let It Be, A Hard Day's Night, and Help!

They're the ones who voted Baz Lurhmann's "Everybody's Free To Wear Sunscreen" as their Grad song.

They're the ones who air guitar to Van Halen, whether the music is actually playing or not.

Out of millions and millions of bands out there, their favourite band is George Thorogood and the Destroyers.

They're the ones who think "Born In The U.S.A." is a patriotic song.

They're the ones who only buy music at Wal-Mart.

They're the ones who drive a \$500 car real slow along the beach (with the windows rolled down) while pumping the latest club single through a \$2000 stereo, all the while ignoring all crosswalks, traffic signs, noise pollution by-laws and common standards of good taste.

They're the ones who think Will Smith is "old school."

They're the ones who would 'word it up' to "Here Comes The Hotstepper."

They're the ones who only know Willie Nelson because of his duet with Toby Keith.

They're the ones who hum Broadway show tunes in a crowded elevator.

Lord knows how they do it, but they're the ones who feel empowered by the songs of Shania Twain.

They're the ones who think Bon Jovi is "grunge" or "alternative."

They're the ones who own a "traditional Irish pub" and still only play Nelly Furtado and Jay-Z in said pub.

They're the ones who do another cover of "Yesterday."

They're the ones who get \$50 allowance a week from their suburbanite parents, but think a D12 album makes them gangsta.

They're the ones who write terrible poetry on their Blogs about girls who don't like them or cute boys who play in an emo band - all the while listening to Good Charlotte.

They're the ones who are, like, totally down with J-Lo. And not just as like a totally good singer and performer and actor, but also as an artist.

They're the ones who still know all the words to "Ice Ice Baby" and consistently bust it out at any informal get-together.

They're the ones who can still name at least 3 McMaster and James songs.

They're the ones who lit a candle to Nirvana's MTV Unplugged and kept it burning for at least 11 months.

They're the ones who sang that 'Cherry Cola' line from Savage Garden's "I Want You" over and over and over and over again.

They're the ones who ripped on N'Sync but party to Justin Timberlake.

They're the ones who listen to Faith Hill because 'she's hot.'

They're the ones who instantly get offended or outright scared at the mention of the word "jazz."

They're the ones who keep their music collection in Alphabetical order, from AC/DC to Anthrax.

They're the ones who say they "hate country" and/or "hate rap" even though they have never heard those genres outside of popular radio.

They're the ones who did "The Hamster Dance."

They're the ones who prefer "Sweet Home Alabama" to "Southern Man."

They're the ones who want to hear more from Chris Gaines.

They're the ones who engraved their name on the bottom of their CDs, so no one could steal them (I know someone who did this).

They're the ones who use "Madonna" and "musical genius" in the same sentence without being negative or sarcastic.

They're the ones who have a CD collection worth \$40 tops, but they have a \$600 iPod.

They're the ones whose favourite songs include commercial jingles and cell phone ring tones.

They're the ones who actually think world peace can be achieved if everyone in the world would just listen to "Imagine."

They're the ones who live in the dorm next to you, and play Dark Side of The Moon all the gawddamn time.

Remember that crappy song Adam Sandler performed on The Wedding Singer? He was on the airplane and he borrowed Billy Idols guitar and then did a song about how he'd love to grow old with Drew Barrymore. They're the ones who love that song.

They're the ones that write off every single song from the 1980s as crap that they never want to hear again. They also just so happen to listen to R.E.M.

They're the ones you overhear talking about the great lyrics in the latest Jo-Dee Messina, Rascal Flats, Gretchen Wilson, or Tim McGraw song.

They're the ones who own Elton John's Candle In The Wind CD single.

They're the ones who know a dozen alternate endings to the song "Happy Birthday."

They're the ones who hold up U2's The Joshua Tree as the pillar of their (and anyone else's) music collection.

Refused - The Shape of Punk to Come: A Chimerical Bombination in 12 Bursts

<https://rateyourmusic.com/collection/ozzystylez/rating2190069>

Review by ozzystylez

4.50 stars

SAW THIS IN A SHOP WITH "THIS FUCKING ROCKS" STICKER ON IT SO TOOK IT TO COUNTER AND SLAMMED IT DOWN AND SHOUTED AT DUDE WORKING THERE "HOW MUCH?" WHEN HE ANSWERED I SAID "NOT THE PRICE DILLWEED, HOW MUCH DOES IT ROCK?" DILLWEED'S

ANSWER IS LIKE SHRUG, "I dunno, a lot?" WHICH WINDS ME UP 'COS HE'S BEING A PUSSY ABOUT IT AND I SAY "I WANT IT TO ROCK MY SOCKS CLEAN OFF MY FEET, IS IT GONNA DO THAT?" AND HE'S ALL LIKE, "Yeah it will." SO I'M LIKE, "YEAH I'LL TAKE IT."

GET IT HOME AND PUT IT ON, TURNING IT UP AND SOME GUY STARTS TALKING TO HIS 'BABY' ABOUT FASHION AND I START THINKING 'WHAT KIND OF NANCY BULLSHIT HAVE I GOT INTO HERE?' BUT THEN SOME NOISE STARTS HUMMING AND I START THINKING 'WHAT KIND OF NOISE RUBBISH HAVE I GOT MYSELF INTO HERE?' AND THEN AFTER A MINUTE OF GETTING ANGRY COS I GOT BURNED INTO BUYING SOME ARTSY RUBBISH THE BAND KICK IN ALL JABBING RIFFS AND YELLING TIL THEY'RE HORSE AND I GO WILD, SMASHING UP THE ROOM WITH PART ANGER AND PART HXXXXX JOY. MAN, THERE'S LIKE A PIT GOING IN MY LIVING ROOM AND IT'S JUST ME AND I'M TEARING INTO SHIT AND THE CURTAINS ARE FALLING DOWN AND MOM'S YELLING FROM HER BED BUT I PRETEND LIKE I DON'T HEAR HER CRIES COS I'M GOING APE SHIT ROCKING OUT AND BEING ALL HXXXXXXCORE AND SHIT.

BUT SOON I'M GETTING ANGRY AGAIN COS, YEAH, THEY KNOW HOW TO ROCK OUT THESE BOYS DO, SO WHAT I WANNA KNOW IS WHY THEY GOTTA KEEP INTERRUPTING MY SLAM DANCING WITH SOME TECHNO BULLSHIT OR SOME QUIET BITS AND EVEN, GET THIS, A VIOLIN!! I MEAN, I'M THERE ROCKING OUT LIKE I KNOW HOW AND THEN THERE'S THIS FUCKING VIOLIN, AND YEAH, IT'S PLAYING A QUALITY BIT OF A TUNE, BUT WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED IF SOME OF MY CREW WALKED IN AT THAT MOMENT AND SAW ME ALL SWEATY AND BLEEDING AND LISTENING TO A FUCKING VIOLIN??? I'D HAVE TO KILL MYSELF OR ALL OF THEM AS THE SHAME OF IT ALL WOULD BE TOO MUCH.

SO IT WAS TOO STOP STARTY AND ONE MINUTE I WAS SLAMMIN' ROUND THE LIVING ROOM WITH MOMMA HOLLERING AT ME TO TURN IT OFF AND BRING HER HER MEDICATION AND THE NEXT MINUTE THEY'RE SINGING WITH NO DISTORTION ON THE GUITARS OR DOING SOME JAZZ OR SOME SHIT, SO I MARCHED BACK TO THE SHOP AND SLAM THE CD DOWN IN FRONT OF THAT SAME WUSSY MOFO AND SAY "MY SOCKS ARE LIKE STILL ON DUDE!" AND HE SIGHS AND TAKES IT FROM ME WITH NO QUESTIONS AND SAYS, "you wanna swap it for something else or do you want cash?" SO I WAS ALL LIKE, "CASH OF COURSE, I AIN'T BUYING FROM A SHOP THAT HAS STICKERS SAYING 'THIS ROCKS' ON STUFF THAT DOESN'T."

SO HE SAYS, "you didn't like it too much then, I didn't think you would." AND I SAID "WHAT THE FUCK'S THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN? I LIKE SOME OF IT, THEY JUST NEED TO KEEP IT INTENSE ALL THE WAY THROUGH NOT JUST WHEN IT SUITS THEM." AND HE SAYS, ALL COCKY LIKE "well, Refused made this album to move the hardcore scene on as they thought that it was stagnating and lacking ideas and made for people like you who were all about an image and a particular lifestyle rather than open mindedness and expression. They did it, I think, but sadly there will always be people like you who were left behind. I mean, does it get much better than when they come back in after the jazz section on "Deadly Rhythm"? That bit sounds like a brutal attack, it's insane! Or, or the violin intro to "Tannhäuser"? When those drums come in it's epic, really groundbreaking for a hardcore record. But, if you didn't like it....."

I BARELY GIVE THE GUY TIME TO OPEN THE TILL BEFORE I LIFT IT RIGHT UP FROM THE COUNTER PULLING ALL THE WIRES OUT WITH IT AND CRACK IT OVER HIS HEAD THE PRICK. THEN I PUT IT THROUGH THE WINDOW AND KNOCK OVER A COUPLE OF SHELVES WORTH OF CD'S BEFORE STAMPING ON THE GUY'S HEAD AND LEGGING IT. AS I LEFT I HEARD HIM SHOUT

"Philistine!" I'M GONNA GO HOME AND LOOK THAT FUCKING WORD UP TO WORK OUT WHETHER THAT LITTLE PRICK HAS GOT ANOTHER VISIT COMING OR NOT.

Cappadonna - The Pillage

(<https://rateyourmusic.com/collection/G.O.Z./rating28874627>)

Reviewed by G.O.Z.

2.50 stars

So here I is, back again to hit yall bitch ass btches wit another review cuz ya'll kno I run dis hip-hop review shit. dats on sum real shit, kid. Over 200 of ma shit has been favorited and rym voted MY review as da best of 2008! Whatchyall hoes know bout that?!? NUTHIN!!! NOT A MUDA FUKIN THING!! Dat's why I got all deez bitchmade haters all mad at me n shit, tryna front on my steelo. FUCK THA HATERS!!!! I see you haterz, think I don't cuz I do. Like my mans Maino, I'm like hi haters. Hi J selby. You think you slick bitin my stee, tryna be real like me huh? I'M THE ORIGINATOR, best reconize that shit littl white boy! I got all deez rym hip-hop fans mad cuz they aint black like me so dey frontin. Like diction. He think he runs dis hip-hop shit on RYM but he dont. HE'Z FRENCH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!1! What the fuck does france kno bout hip-hop anyway??? They too busy eatin snails nd surrenderin to nazi germany. Yo if nazi Germany tryda step to ME, I'd smack him in his fuckin face and be like what son, what?? you don't want nunna dis real shit! but dats jus me cuz I'm real like my main bitch jennifer Lopez. And look at the shit diction likes. he fuckin likes 400 DEGREEZ. every real hip-hop fan knoes dat fruity candy shit killed hip-hop and dis so caled real hip-hop fan liks it. HA HA HA HA AHAHAH dats real funny. he also likes Ja rule. cased closed. his favorit fuking artist is madlib. he's the most pretentious artist in the world. dat muafucka doesnt even do hip-hop 75 pa cent of da time. So yeah, you stay lissenin to all dat pretentious candy shit but dont front like you the realest in dis b-i-itch. Hope dem snails is good too. And look at all theez other fuckng herbs reppin hip-hop here. dis muafucka rayzhel got the nerve to put Dave Chappelle as his avatar. YOU DON'T KNOW SHIT BOUT CHAPELLE!!! They aint got no Chappelle Show in the Netherworld or wherever tha fuck you from. STOP FAKIN JAX, BITCH! speakin of btch, check out Nodima and his love for homos extraordinare Lil Wayne and Usher. lol he loves dem lollipops. And what da fuck is up wit this team_vampire??! What kinda prissy lil frootbasket names himself after a motherfuckin twilight reference!?? ha ha ha ha you jerk off to white boyz that glow in da sun ha ah ha hah! hes so not real that he dont even reconize that team werewolf is da real shit lol. and cilntruin calls himself ruin cuz he only listens to the shit that ruined hip-hop. FUCK THE SOUTH!!!! Dey just mad cuz the Lincoln won da civil war. Fucking bitches.

What am I gettin at here? Deez so-calld hip-hop fans on rym don't reconize the realness of Cappadonna, especially Rayzhel. I saw how u was hatin on THE CAPPATILIZE PROJECT. Obviously, the shit was too real for you. I mean, look at da cover for fucks sake. Despite tha recession, Cappa stuntin in this bitch with wads of cash in his hands like what, son? HOW REAL IS THAT?? Rahyzel's just hatin on Cappa cuz he's richer than him. Now I bet some of you fuckin bitches are thinkin durr durr G.o.z disses Cappadonna all da time. Isnt he contradicting himself? No I'm not cuz I'm realer than you so I can do what I want.....bitch.

So anyway, me an my mans Cappadonna were cruisin in his cab, sniffin the purest fishscale from my mans elgringocolombiano. elgringocolombiano ain't real cuz he doesn't like redman, but his coke is DA BOMB!!! But yall wouldn't know bout that cuz you ain't real. So anyway, me and Cappa was cruisin' in his cab an' hes like yo G.O.Z., check out this real shit I recorded in da slums a Shaolin. Itz called The Pillage

Slang Editorial

Dat beat by True Master is on some real shit, son!!!!!! It hits you like UHHHHHHH!!!! And my mans Cappachino got mad quotables like "snap outta that, Cappadonna seven sauna/thirty three piranha, chaos like iguana" WHAT?!?!?!?!?!?!?!?!

Pillage

Dis shit starts with killin and raping. HOW REAL IS THAT??!! Yall cant see that though, cuz y'all have consensual sex like bitch ass herbs. Cappa sounds straight up confused on dis track, but he keeps it real with lines like "drugs as my retardation, masterbation, false identification, one nation".

Run

Run as in I RUN SHIT ON RYM ha ha ha! Cappa keeps it real too CUZ THERES NOTHIN REALLER THAN SELLIN CRACK ROX!!!! His storytelling is so real, that he doesn't even need clarity! Clarity's for pussies like you!

Blood on Blood War

Cappa's so high on elgringocolombiano's fishscale dat he sounds confused again. Still, he drops gems like "understanding, old special ed with the plate on my head/bad bread, spare life, KKK on the mic, power like thing of state/what, play with pussy and fuck"

Supa Ninjaz

Rock tha body body, rock tha body body....cuz I smoke rocks and body bitches like you. Cappa's whole fuckin verse moidalizes Mef and U-God. Holy shit, that verse is real!!! He even says you been warned, we the realeast!!! UHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

MCF

Money comes first!!!! HOW REAL IS THAT??? He talkin' about blackness on this joint too! "Black mama javelins travelin" HOW REAL IS THAT???

Splish-Splash

Splish splash I was takin' a bath! I love baths! I bet fruit boys like you prefer showers ha ha ha fuckin herb. What does Cappa say about you? "Eyeballin', all on my dick like Gina"

Oh-Donna

Cappa gives a shout out to Wu-Wear! HOW REAL IS THAT??? Wu-Wear's the only shit I rock! Whatchyall bitches know bout that?! Dis shit is so real that Cappa even sings! That's mad versatility yo! Yall don't know shit bout that.

Milk the Cow

"Vocabulary coming out my ass like shit"! Genius moment! lol at diction biting my quote.

South of the Border

Y'all don't know shit about the south of the border cuz you bitches are too busy living in America! Cappa's tryin' ta tell yall bout the realness down there with truths like "politics, economics, chicks, counterfeit" and "put your money on my dick" but yall dont wanna lissen cuz your all btches!!! Fuck ya'!!!!

Check For a Nigga

I kno ya'll rym hoes would never check for a nigga cuz yall only like white boys. Especially jselby, who only likes white rappers. gems like "dick deserve a encore" is too real for you closeminded white boyz anyway!

Dart Throwing

Cappadonna's the realest rapper in the world after myself. Yeah I rap, but I won't spit nothin cuz it's too real for yall bitches. Check how real Cappa is "or get shot down with the Moet-o, kid encyclopedia" WHAT?!?!?! He's shootin muafuckas with Moet!! HOW REAL IS THAT???

Young Hearts

Heh heh they call her Blue Raspberry cuz she blew me n said my cum tastes like raspberries. That's real, kid. Anyway, Cappa's cryin in dis song. HOW REAL IS THAT???. I'm sick of yall muthafuckaz trying to act like tough guys by not crying. That's fucking fake! Crying's real shit. FUCK YALL FAKERS!!!!1

Everything Is Everything

HE ERUPTS LIKE HOLYFIELD!!!!11!!!!11!!! HOW REAL IS THAT???

Pump Your Fist

PUMP YOUR FIST, YOU FUCKIN BITCHES!!!! The fuck is wrong with y'all???. If lines like "Pakistan, Iran clan is like Christ" does get ya fist pumpin, you ain't real. Well, you ain't real anyway, but still.

Black Boy

I already know fuckin selby would turn dis song off cuz he only likes white rappers. Yo selby, FUCK EMINEM!!!! HE STOLE HIP-HOP FROM BLACK PEOPLE!! If not for eminem, there'd still be rappers like Cappadonna keepin dis shit real!! But selby wouldn't know dat cuz he's a fuckin herb.

So then Cappa was like what do you think GOZ? I was like NOTE: this next paragraph is so real that it's too real to be satirical

Tha only really good thing bout ya album is da beats. RZA, True Master, Goldfingaz, 4th Disciple, & Mathematics killed dis shit. imagine what a good rapper like Inspectah Deck woulda done wit production this good or better. Cappa, you musta stole his beats and since dats tha case, FUCK YOU!! You cant fuckin rap, you herb!! Your whole fuckin rap style is just a mixture of dumbed-down RZA, dumbed down Rae, and dumbed down Ghost. You front like ya verbals is on some next shit, but it ain't. What you iz to the Wu is wut Pras is to the fugees, except I'd rather listen to Pras lol. Not to mention you flow like constipated shit. You get mad boring to listen to over da course of a album. cuz of all dis, the only songs I liked were slang editorial, milk the cow, south of the border, and black boy. Cuz I'm real, I'ma proclaim dat the only reason you down with Wu is cuz they fuckng herbs like you, rza liked tha way you suck his dick, or both.

realness now turned down a notch for you bitch ass bitches

Dats why dis shit is not only the best thing to come outta Wu-Tang, but a fuckin hip-hop classic. Now ya'll pussies are thinking why isnt it rated 5 stars?? Cuz its to real for 5 stars! 2 n a half is as real as you can get but yall dont kno that cuz you bitches aint real. Fuck this, I'm outta here! Konichiwa, bitches! (rayhzel wouldn't get the reference cuz he's a fuckin herb)

you ain't real

Farrah Abraham - My Teenage Dream Ended

(<https://rateyourmusic.com/collection/godfreyjones40/rating49517877>)

Review by godfreyjones40

Rated: 4.50 stars

I am terrified of this album. I fell asleep listening to it once and I won't even try to conceive what I experienced. This is the stuff of nightmares.

This is the 2012 version of Leona Anderson's Music to Suffer By.

Oh, and its fucking brilliant.

EDIT:

I have been listening to this album for awhile and I am trying to compile what this album is actually about.

This album is about...

1. "The re-shaping of the human body by modern technology."
2. Communicating with your dead boyfriend with a Ouija board
3. Miscarriage by means of alcohol poisoning
4. Prom Night (1981)
5. Giving birth to a tumor
6. Being held responsible for every text, tweet or Facebook message you post.
7. Plastic Surgery Disasters (1982)
8. Constructing a wall in your basement to commit suicide behind.
9. Jacking off to everything you see on Youtube
10. Killing your parents because they didn't get you a car for Christmas.
11. Screaming incoherently
12. Larry Clark's Bully (2001)
13. James Dean's Spider RaceCar 550
14. "Wake up Little Suzie"
15. Living Happily Ever After
16. Anal and vaginal leakage from torn muscles in the abdomen.
17. Postpartum depression manifested in suicidal rage.
18. Abandoning your child in front of a web cam
19. Premature birth
20. Realizing that Furries aren't the most fucked people in your high school.
21. Deciding which way you want to kill your children
22. Coarseness, commonness, crassness, crudeness, crudity, grossness, indelicacy, indelicateness, lowness, raffishness, rawness, roughness, rudeness.
23. Necrophilic fantasies realized
24. Doing so many drugs you age thirty years over the weekend.
24. Turning off your computer
25. Turning off your TV
26. Killing yourself

27. Being born again to a teen mom.

Joanna Newsom - Ys

(<https://rateyourmusic.com/collection/ozzstylez/rating6174001>)

Reviewed by ozzstylez

5.00 stars

When I was a kid Joanna Newsom would have been the ideal girl for me. If we had been in school together I would have always tried to get the seat next to hers in biology class so we could laugh and giggle at anatomy diagrams, or I would stand behind her in the lunch queue to smell her golden locks, or even give up my space in the lunch queue so she could get the best choice of chicken breast. I would have tried to look deep and thoughtful by frowning a lot and growing a fuzz moustache and scratching ironic cries for help in to my desk. She would no doubt have spurned my somewhat creepy and stalker-like advances with just as much indifference as she would have spurned my chivalrous actions as she would have been, on the evidence of Ys, far too deep a thinker for my teenage brain, fascinated rather than amused by anatomy, and ironic and funny without having to pretend.

She would have been my kind of gal because she was beautiful in a non-threatening way, highly original in her thought process, creative, alternative, smart, and so cute you could almost commit the accidental crime of squeezing all of the life out of her with overbearing affection. Had I been a more interesting, original and talented guy and did not come across in the least bit creepy, then perhaps, had we ever met (I must remember that this is pure fantasy), she might have let me be her boyfriend and then a few years later when she recorded her masterpiece, Ys, I could have had the honour of performing the baritone male vocal accompaniment part on "Only Skin" which, due to it's tumbling and vibrant nature, is my personal highlight on this record which is packed full of highlights, so packed, in fact, that there is no room for choruses or traditional song structures as we were used to on The Milk-Eyed Mender. Instead we are treated to unravelling musical fairy tales which possess an undercurrent of the nightmarish world of Louis Carrol or the Brother's Grimm as the line between adolescence and adulthood is heartbreakingly blurred.

However, had Joanna and I met and fallen in love then it could not have been guaranteed that she would have ever recorded such a colossal record as this as, according to Doc Emmitt Brown, the space/time continuum would have been disrupted and I may have dragged her down into my sad little life and not allowed her to follow the path of magic and wonder which she must have taken to invent the world in which the stories which comprise Ys take place in. I find it hard to imagine Joanna sitting down and having a normal breakfast of cereal; her music makes me presume that she runs through endless fields of corn causing butterflies to flee ahead of her skipping body as she gathers cereal and wheat with which to make bread through some magic process involving a nice equivalent of a cauldron. I hate to think that at night she relaxes in front of the television; I assume, by listening to her music, that she is no doubt out after dark, her path lit by glowing fire flies, gathering moon beams in a basket. She does not lie in bed and frolic with some hairy man who falls asleep after he has released his desire into her; she stays up all night and tells stories to the animals who gather in hushed wonder in the collected moonlight she leaves outside of her window.

No, had I ever met and seduced a young Joanna it is highly possible that none of these images would seem even remotely possible; the normality would overpower the magic as it inevitably does, and the world would have lost a precious gem. And for not depriving the world of that, I should be thanked.

Reviews by THE_REAL_IRONMAN

This is the part that's for Kumquat! ([Reviews found here](#))

Metallica - Master of Puppets

I GUESS SOME PEOPLE JUST CAN'T HANDLE THE ROCK!

HAH!

BUT, HONESTLY. METALLICA MAKE THEIR ROCK (I WOULD NEVER CALL SUCH LAYERED, INTRICATE MUSIC "METAL"), LIKE I MAKE MY SMOOTHIES: NUTTY AND RICH!

HAH!

ALL JOKES ASIDE, THIS IS ONE MONSTER OF ROCK THAT PACKS THE RIFFS LIKE ITS NEVER GONNA COME BACK IN TOWN (ALTHOUGH "...AND JUSTICE FOR ALL" IS A SOLID FOLLOW-UP). I TOTALLY DIG THE SLOW AND STEADY OPENING OF "BATTERY" AND ROCK HARD RIFFS OF "MASTER OF PUPPETS".

I CAN UNDERSTAND NON-ROCKERS NOT DIGGING THIS ALBUM, BUT ANY SOLID ROCKERS, LIKE MYSELFS (HAH), CANNOT DENY THE UNSTOPPABLE RAGE AND PUNISHMENT OF THIS CLASSIC.

STONED, DRUNK, OR SOBER: THIS IS METALLICA AT THEIR HEIGHT.

TRY MY PINEAPPLE-GINGER SMOOTHIES!

AIR - Moon Safari

I DONT' WANT TO BE 100% HERE (LIKE MY NATURAL FRUIT SMOOHTIES, HEH!) BUT THIS MIGHT BE MY 2ND FAVORITE PIECE OF MUSIC (OR EVEN ART!) I LIKED PLAYING THIS AS ROMANTIC MUSIC FOR THOSE HEATED MOMENTS WITH MY SUGA BABY RACHEL, BUT I SOON BEGAN TO LISTEN TO THIS OUTSIDE OF THE BEDROOM (TOO MUCH INFO? HEH!) ITS SO DAMN GOOD. I KNOW I KNOW A REAL MUSCLE MAN LIKE MYSELF SHOULDN'T BE LISTENING TO SUCH SOFT BOY MUSIC, BUT HEY I LISTEN TO METALLICA TOO! I DON'T PLAY THIS IN MY SHOP (THE REAL IRONMAN'S SMOOTHIES. I CAME UP WITH THAT BEFORE THE DAMN MOVIE PEOPLE, SO YOU KNOW!), BUT ON THE RIDE HOME AND IN MY HOT TUB BY MYSELF (OR WITH THE SUGA BABY) THIS IS THE BEST. JUST GREAT FRENCH RELAXATION MUSIC. I'M NOT EXPERT BUT THIS IS CLASSIC IN THESE STONE COLD, BLUE EYES.

COME BY MY SHOP AND GET A DISCOUNT ON THE ONLY GOJI BERRY SMOOTHIE IN THE STATE. REAL EXPENSIVE BUT REAL GOOD AND NATURAL 100% BABY! YOU BET!

The Beatles - Abbey Road

I'M GLAD THAT ABBEY ROAD IS CELEBRATED HERE AS MUCH AS IT IS IN MY HOUSE! WHEN I MET MY SUGA BABY (HEH!) RACHEL BACK IN 2005, I WAS WORRIED WE WOULD HAVE SOME DIFFICULTIES IN OUR MUSIC SELECTION IN THE RIDE TO SCHOOL (WE BOTH GO TO THE SAME UNIVERSITY) OR AT HOME (BEEN LIVING TOGETHER FOR 3 YEARS; WHEW!), BUT WE INSTANTLY KNOCKED IT OFF WITH ABBEY ROAD.

SOME PEOPLE SAY ITS THE HARDEST BEATLES ALBUM TO GET INTO AND WHILE I CAN RESPECT WHERE THEY COME FROM, I DON'T SEE HOW SOLID ROCK LIKE "COME TOGETHER"

OR THE SLOW RIFFS OF "SOMETHING" ARE ANYTHING TO SNEEZE AT. I CAN AGREE THAT THE 2ND HALF GOES BY TOO QUICKLY TO GRASP, BUT GIVE IT TIME AND YOU'LL BE GOING BACK TO IT JUST LIKE MY 100% NATURAL FRUIT SMOOTHIES.

TRY MY MANGO RAZZIE SMOOTHIES! PURE MANGO MIXED WITH ONLY THE BEST WORK OUT SUPPLEMENTS AND JUST A SPLASH OF FEDERALLY APPROVED WORKOUT POWDER XHX-100D.

I DON'T WANT TO MIX BUSINESS AND PLEASURE ON THIS SITE (HEH), BUT LET ME TELL YOU A STORY ABOUT MY UNCLE LARRY. HE'S NOT A CABLE GUY-HEH!

HE ONCE DIDN'T WORKOUT OR EVEN RUN FOR 6 YEARS, AND THIS GUY WAS ONCE A REAL CHAMPION. HE WOULD SQUAT 360 AT THE GYM AND YOU COULD FIND HIM WORKING OVERTIME EVERY DAY ON THE DOCKS OF BALTIMORE (THATS WHERE I'M FROM FOLKS!) I MADE HIM THIS SERIOUS ELIXER (LONG BEFORE I OPENED MY STORE) AND HE CAME BACK TO LIFE 5 MONTHS AGO. THE GUY HAS BEEN WORKING OVERTIME AT THE GYM, EVEN THOUGH HE HASN'T LIFT A FINGER OUTSIDE THE TV ROOM BACK HOME. HEH! SORRY, I DON'T WANT TO BRAG ABOUT MY 100% NATURAL FRUIT SMOOTHIES BUT I FELT IT RELATED WITH MY FEELINGS TOWARD THIS BRILLIANT PIECE OF MUSIC.

GIVE IT TO THE CHILDREN FOLKS. THEY NEED TO HEAR THESE SONGS.

LOVE YA ,R ACHEL! (HEH!, SORRY COULDN'T HELP IT! SHE PROBABLY WON'T EVEN READ THIS JUNK!)

This Mortal Coil - Filigree & Shadow

I DON'T WANT TO BAD MOUTH ANYBODY'S MUSIC JUST LIKE I DON'T WANT ANYONE TO BAD MOUTH MY SMOOTHIES (LIKE THAT WOULD EVER HAPPEN HEH), BUT I HAVE SOME SERIOUS PERSONAL BEEF WITH THIS ALBUM THAT WILL LEEAD TO PERHAPS MY ONLY SERIOUSLY LOW RANKING ON THIS AWESOME SITE (I'M STILL NEW FOLKS SO SAY HELLO PLEASE!) WHEN MY UNCLE LARRY PASSED AWAY LAST FALL MY BROTHER ARCHIRIUS (I'D PROBABLY BE JUST AS BIG OF A FUCK UP IF I'D BEEN GIVEN THAT NAME) FELT THAT WE SHOULD PLAY SOME SONG BY A BAND BY THIS MORTAL COIL. I THOUGHT IT WAS BULLSHIT BECAUSE I NEVER HEARD OF THEM AND MY UNCLE LARRY DEFINTELY NEVER HEARD OF THEM ALL HE EVER LISTENED TO WAS WILLIE NELSON AND ALL THAT COUNTRY STUFF WHICH IS OKAY BUT NOT REALLY FOR A REAL MUSCLE MAN LIKE MYSELF (HEH!) ANYWAY, I PUT MY TRUST THAT THIS WOULD BE A GOOD SONG TO SEND OFF MY UNCLE INTO THAT ABYSS OF THE AFTERLIFE (NOT SURE ABOUT HEAVEN OR HELL YET, BUT THATS FOR A DIFFERENT TIME AND PROBABLY A DIFFERENT SITE HEH!). FIRST OF ALL, MY BROTHER IS A REAL WEIRDO. I TRY TO BE NICE TO HIM AND GIVE HIM SOME DISCOUNTS ON MY 100% REAL FRUIT SMOOTHIES BUT GODAMN IF THAT GUY ISN'T A LOSER. HE'S 10 YEARS OLDER THEN ME AND WEARS THESE GOTH GETUPS. LAST THANKSGIVING I INVITED HIM OVER TO MY SUGA BABY RACHEL'S PARENTS PLACE FOR DINNER AND HE SHOWS UP IN THIS MOCK PREACHER OUTFIT AND ALL HELL BROKE LOOSE LIKE A RAT OUTTA TOILET. FUCKIN NITWIT. ANYWAY, THIS SONG COMES ON AND IT SOUNDS NICE ENOUGH BUT THEN THIS SPOOKY GOTH CHICK STARTS SINGING ABOUT ALL SORTS OF BORING, SAPPY SAD STUFF AND THEN EVERYONE BROKE OUT IN TEARS. I KNOW ITS A FUNERAL BUT THE POINT IS TO KEEP EVERYONE HAPPY NOT SAD. I MEAN WHAT THE FUCK WAS MY NITWIT BROTHER THINKING? ANYWAY, I BLAME HIM BUT I WAS THINKING ABOUT IT AND I WAS THINKING IF THIS WAS A REAL KICK ASS SONG THEN I WOULDN'T BE SO PISSED AT

HIM (IF IT WAS UP TO ME I'D PICK "UNFORGIVEN" OR "UNFORGIVEN 2" IF YOU DON'T KNOW THOSE SONGS, THEN HOLY HELL YOU NEED SOME HISTORY TAUGHT TO YA!). ANYWAY, I JUST WANTED TO EXPLAIN WHY I DON'T LIKE THIS MUSIC.

THAT'S COOL IF OTHERS LIKE THAT BUT STAY THE HELL AWAY FROM ME HEH! JUST KIDDING. IN FACT, YOU SHOULD COME UP TO MY THE REAL IRONMAN SMOOTHIE SHOP AND GET YOUR LIPS ON A STRAW LEADING YOU TO MY NEW DELICIOUS "IRONMAN WORKOUT SUPERPOWER". I COULD TELL YOU WHATS IN IT BUT THEN I'D HAVE TO KILL YOU. JUST KIDDING, I'LL PROBABLY KILL YOU ANYWAY. HEH, WOAH WOAH SLOW DOWN DON'T CALL THE COPS. HEHE! ANYWAY, ITS GOT SOME BERRYS, CACOA, AND USES COCONUT OIL FOR A BASE. THERE IS SOME CRUSHED SECRET POWDER IN IT, BUT YOU DON'T WANT TO GIVE AWAY WHAT MAKES A THING GOOD RIGHT? COMPETITION FOLKS! THATS WHAT THIS ALBUM NEEDED!

RIP UNCLE LARRY 1941-2006

Brandy - Afrodisiac

I DON'T USUALLY LIKE BLACK MUSIC (SORRY, BUT WHAT ELSE WOULD YOU CALL IT?) BUT I ACTUALLY GOT INTO THIS ALBUM BACK WHEN IT CAME OUT IN 2003. SHE HAS SO MUCH SOUL AND MAYBE ITS JUST BECAUSE I'M FAMILIAR WITH HER ACTRESS CAREER IN MOESHA (GREAT SHOW! OWN ALL SEASONS ON VHS) BUT THIS MUSIC REALLY GELS WITH ME. IT SEEMS REALLY ODD BUT IT ACTUALLY WORKS AS WORKOUT MUSIC. WHEN I'M PUMPING SOME FE (HEH, I MAJORED IN BIOLOGY BACK IN 89!), I DON'T KNOW IF I'M GONNA MAKE IT TO THE LAST REP BEFORE I SOIL MY PANTS WHEN I HAVE "TALK ABOUT OUR LOVE". THAT SONG IS JUST A CLASSIC UP THERE WITH MICHEAL JACKSON, BOY GEORGE, AND ANY OTHER GREAT SINGER I CAN POSSIBLY RECALL. THE ALBUM ISN'T ALL GOOD BUT BECAUSE I JUST REPLAY THE ONES I LIKE ITS GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME HEH.

SERIOUSLY THOUGH FOLKS, IF YOU EVER THINK THE BLACKS AREN'T GOOD FOR ANYTHING JUST HEAD ON OVER TO YOUR LOCAL TOWER RECORDS AND PURCHASE THIS ALBUM. NO NEED TO SAMPLE. JUST LIKE MY 100% NATURAL FRUIT SMOOTHIES. WE CURRENTLY ARE OFFERING A BUY 8 GET 1/2 FREE DEAL. NO ONE ELSE IS GIVING YOU THAT VALUE. WHY AM I, YOU MIGHT ASK? BECAUSE I'M A NICE GUY? NAH. BECAUSE I'M THE REAL IRONMAN. NO NEED FOR A SUIT, THERE ISN'T ANYTHING MORE IRON THEN THESE NATURAL GOD-GIVEN PECKS AND THEY COULD BE YOURS IF YOUR DRINK MY SMOOTHIES. NO JOKE. EXPECT ME TO BE PUMPING IN THE BACK TO THIS ALBUM, HEH!

Iron Maiden - Live After Death

I'VE NEVER BEEN ONE FOR ALL THE HAIR METALS. I DON'T SEE A DIFFERENCE BETWEEN ROCKING THE FABIO LOOK OR BANGING ONE OUT TO MEGADEATH. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS LOOK AT MY PROFILE PICTURE TO SEE I LIKE THINGS SHAVED. HEH. ALL THINGS! HEH. SERIOUSLY GUYS ALWAYS SHAVE DOWN THERE, YOU'LL THANK ME LATER HEH WOAH! FORGOT I HAVE AN ALBUM TO REVIEW HERE. LIVE ALBUMS ARE ALWAYS HIT AND MISS, BUT HOLY COW IF THIS ALBUM DOESN'T KEEP THINGS GOING. PUT 12 OF THE MOST PUNISHING RIFFS OF ALL TIME BY THESE LEGENDS ON ONE DISK AND LET EM' PLAY. I LIKE TO KEEP MY LIFE ORGANIZED AND PEACEFUL NOW IN DAYS (BEEN WORKING ON MY ZEN GARDEN LATELY, HEH), BUT EVERY NOW AND THEN I LIKE TO PULL OUT THIS OLD CLASSIC AND WHIP OUT

SOME OF MY OLD GEAR FROM THE 80S AND ROCK ONE OUT TO "THE TROOPER" OR "RUN TO THE HILLS". JUST MAKE SURE GRAMPS ISN'T IN THE ROOM YOU'LL SEND HIM TO AN EARLY DEATH. HEH!

I'VE GOTTEN A LOT OF MAIL SINCE I STARTED REVIEWING ON THIS SITE (MOSTLY FROM LADIES ASKING IF I'M SINGLE...ANSWER STILL TO COME, HEH!) AND A LOT OF PEOPLE POINTED OUT I OFTEN TALK ABOUT MY SMOOTHIES. HELL, I DIDN'T EVEN NOTICE HONEST! HEH. GUESS IT SHOWS YOU WHATS ON MY MIND ALL THE TIME. I DON'T CONSIDER MYSELF A BUSINESS MAN BUT A SMOOTHIE MAN. YOU COULD TAKE AWAY MY BUSINESS AND I'D STILL TALK ABOUT ALL MY FAVORITE SMOOTHIES (BUT MAN WOULD I BE PISSED!) ANYWAY, I THOUGHT IT'D BE A COOL IDEA TO COMPARE THE ALBUM I REVIEWED TO ONE OF THE SMOOTHIES ON MY MENU. DUE TO THE INDULGENT, EVIL NATURE, AND GUILTY PLEASURE THEMES OF LIVE AFTER DEATH, I'M GONNA SAY THIS REMINDS ME OF MY PEANUT BUTTER CHOCOLATE SMOOTHIE. THROW SOME BANANAS, CACAO, AND A SPECIAL NUTRITION POWEDER AND YOU GOT YOURSELF SOMETHING THE FUFILLS AND FILLS IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN. ALRIGHT, THANKS GUYS FOR BEING SO SUPORTATIVE OF THE REAL IRONMAN. MAYBE THEY'LL MAKE A MOVIE AFTER ME YET, HEH!

Joni Mitchell - Blue

THE TOUGHEST TIMES IN LIFE.

SOMETIMES LIFE WILL KNOCK YOU DOWN HARD AND MAKE YOU CRY LIKE A FOOL, ACT LIKE A FOOL, AND EAT LIKE A FOOL. I STARTED THIS ACCOUNT BECAUSE MY GURU (AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT I CALL HIM HEH) SUGGESTED I WRITE ABOUT THINGS, BUT I'VE NEVER BEEN ONE TO KEEP A TRAPPER KEEPER. THROUGH MY LOVE OF MUSIC, I FIND THE INSPIRATION TO TELL ALL AND BARE MY NAKED SOUL, FOR BETTER OR WORSE. WHILE I HAVE THE MUSCLES OF A GIANT, I HAVE THE SOFT HEART OF A BABY LAMB. THOSE ARE MY SUGA BABY RACHEL'S WORDS NOT MINE. WHAT I'M TRYING TO TELL HERE IS THAT I WASN'T ALWAYS MADE OF IRON AND I COULD OF BARELY BEEN CALLED A MAN IN THE MID-90S. I USED TO EAT DING DONGS, DEL TACO, AND DOUBLE CHILICHEESBURGER WITH CHILI CURLY FRIES. I HAD A TOUGH BREAK UP IN COLLEGE AND COULD ONLY EXPRESS MY SORROW THROUGH EATING JUNK FOOD, BUT I EVENTUALLY FOUND THE LOVELY JONI MITCHELL WHO HELPED ME EXPRESS MY SORROW THROUGH HER MUSIC WHICH LED TO ME EXPRESSING MYSELF THROUGH TM MEDITATION AND, YOU GUESSED IT, MUSCLE BUILDING.

I DON'T WANT TO GO ON AND ON ABOUT MY INSPIRING LIFE STORY, BUT I FEEL ITS RELEVANT TO THIS MASTERPIECE SINCE ITS JONI TELLING HERS. THE ALBUM HAS SUCH A BLUE SADNESS TO IT BUT A WARM RED SENSE OF HOPE BURIED UNDER IT. THIS HOPE IS WHAT LED ME TO RECOVER IN SUCH HARD TIMES AND MEET MY SUGA BABY RACHEL.

IN DEDICATION TO THIS ALBUM AND TIME IN MY LIFE, I OFFER MY BLUE DAY BLUEBERRY WITH MY OWN PERSONAL IMMUNIZE MIX AND WORKOUT FORMULA HX-100D (BE CAREFUL FOLKS, THE PRE-2004 BATCHES ARE VERY VERY BAD BUT I ONLY CARRY THE GOOD STUFF!)

R.I.P JONI MITCHELL 1943-1970

Nine Inch Nails - The Slip

I AM MAY THE ONLY REAL IRONMAN, BUT BOY IF TRENT DOESN'T GIVE ME A RUN FOR THE MONEY. LUCKILY, MUSIC MAKING CAPABILITIES ISN'T PART OF THE COMPETITION. JUST MUSCLE BUILDING AND SMOOTHIE MAKING (HEH)! ALL JOKING ASIDE, THIS IS THE SORT OF MUSIC I'D MAKE IF I KNEW HOW (I HAVE A COUPLE DANCE AND AMBIENT SONGS I MADE ON FRUITY LOOPS BUT THOSE PALE IN COMPARISON TO MOST OF THE STUFF NINE INCH NAILS HAS DONE). I REALLY CONNECT WITH NINE INCH NAILS BECAUSE TRENT'S MUSIC REALLY REFLECTED THE LIFE OF THE IRONMAN (YOURS TRULY HEH!) THE YEARS. WHEN I WAS A YOUNG HARD BODY, HARD MIND TEEN WORKING THE DOOR TO MY LOCAL DANCE CLUB, "HEAD LIKE A WHOLE" WAS BLASTING ON THE SPEAKERS BEHIND ME AS I WAS CHECKING OUT THE CUTIES AT THE DOOR (NO MORE OF THAT. I'M A REAL MARRIAGE MAN NOW, AS THEY SAY!). WHEN I WAS GOING THROUGH MY HARD PHASE (I TALKED ABOUT THIS ELSEWHERE ON THE SITE. THANKS FOR THE SUPPORT GAYS, REALLY. I MEAN IT! A TRULY SPECIAL GROUP WE HAVE HERE. MY KIND OF MUSIC NERDS. HEH!), THE DOWNWARD SPIRAL CAME OUT. THEN WHEN I GOT BACK INTO MUSCLE BUILDING, TRENT STARTED PUMMELING OUT THE HARD ROCKING DANCE TUNES THAT I LIKE TO PLAY WHEN GETTING MY BODY IN SHAPE.

WELL, FOLKS LOOKS LIKE THE NINE INCH NAILS HAVE DONE IT AGAIN. WHILE THE GHASTLY GOOLS OF MARILYN MANSON WILL BE FORGOTTEN, THERE IS NOTHING MORE TIMELESS AND HARD ROCKING THEN SONGS LIKE "DISCIPLINE" OR APTLY TITLED "DEMON SEED". WHEN MY FRIEND TOLD ME (JIM, WHO WORKS AT MY SHOP. I THINK YOU KNOW THE ONE BY NOW, HEH!) THAT TRENT MADE THIS IN UNDER 4 DAYS, I WAS LEFT AMAZED EVEN MORE. A TRUE MUSIC MAN COULD MAKE AN ALBUM AS GOOD AS THIS WITH ENOUGH TALENT AND STRENGTH (COME GET ONE OF MY 100% NATURAL IRONMAN SMOOTHIES FOR THAT, FOLKS! TALENT NOT INCLUDED. HEH!), BUT ONLY A GOD LIKE TRENT COULD MAKE IT SO FAST AND SO SMOOTH.

THIS ALBUM CAME OUT THE SAME DAY I RELEASED MY NEW NUCLEAR CHERRY SMOOTHIE AT MY STORE, SO IT SEEMS ONLY NATURAL TO RECOMMEND IT TOGETHER. I MADE THE SMOOTHIE BECAUSE I HAVE A SAD, FAT NEPHEW NAMED CONNOR WHO IS EATING THAT CHERRY GARCIA JUNK AT THE ICE CREAM SHOP AND PLAYING THOSE VIDEOGAMES ALL DAY (MOST ARE FINE BUT WE NEED TO PUT A BAN TO THAT GRAND THEFT AUTO. I, FOR ONE, WON'T STAND FOR RAISING A GENERATION OF KILLERS ON THIS PEACEFUL EARTH. SORRY, BUT JUST MY THOUGHTS HEH. GAME ON GAMERS!). ANYWAY I WANTED TO MAKE HIM A HARDKICKIN AND ROCKIN SMOOTHIE THAT TASTES LIKE CHERRY GARCIA BUT HAS THE NUTRITION OF A AWARD WINNING MEAL. SO, I MADE IT. AND TO THINK MY SUGA BABY SOMETIMES DOUBTS ME, HEH! YOU CAN EXPECT TO HEAR THIS ONE WHEN YOU STOP BY THE REAL IRONMAN'S SMOOTHIES. THAT IS UNTIL HE RELEASES THE NEXT MASTERPIECE, 4 DAYS FROM NOW.

I'LL BE SEEING YOU GUYS IN THE PIT, WHEN nin COMES TO INDIANA!

Opeth - Watershed

DID YA MISS ME, RYM?

SO MY COUSIN SKEET MAILED (YA, MAILED NO SHIT!) ME A COPY OF OPETH SINCE HE WORKS WITH THEM WHEN THEY ARE ON TOUR. HE FIXES THEIR GUITARS AND WARMS THEM UP TOASTER STRUDDLES AND ALL THAT STUFF. NOT EXACTLY THE WORKING MAN'S JOB MOST OF MY FAMILY HAS HAD, BUT HOW CAN YOU COMPLAIN ABOUT WORKING WITH ONE OF THE BEST BANDS OF OUR GENEARTION. NOW BEFORE YOU GET WET AND SLICK AND TRY TO PUNCH THE IRONMAN IN HIS RIPPED ABS (YEAH RIGHT), THOSE ARE HIS WORDS NOT MINE. I ACTUALLY HAVEN'T HEARD OPETH UNTIL NOW.

NORWEGIAN METAL IS ALWAYS HIT AND MISS WITH ME. ITS HARD TO TELL WHICH BANDS DO DRUGS AND WILL SLEEP WITH YOUR UNDERAGE DAUGHTER, AND WHICH ONES JUST SAY THEY WILL DO THOSE THINGS. I DON'T LIKE HAVING THE EVIL EYES UPON ME, SO THATS WHY I ALWAYS KEEP THINGS MELLOW AND NICE WITH THE BEATLES AND COLDPLAY IN MY THE REAL IRONMAN'S 100% NATURAL SMOOTHIE SHOP (JUST GOT A NEW SHIPMENT OF CROATIN POWER 100X, COME GET IT WHILE ITS HOT AND LEGAL HEH!)

THESE GUYS GROWL ON THESE SONGS LIKE MY UNCLE LARRY USED TO GROWL WHEN HE WAS ON HIS "I EAT WHATEVER THEY HAVE AT THE STRIP CLUB" DIET. ALL THOSE CHICKEN WINGS, HOT SAUCE, AND BEER CAN REALLY UPSET THE STOMACH. THERE IS A PORNO MY BROTHER SENT TO ME, WHERE THIS GIRL IS TAKING IT FROM THIS GUY AND SHE UNLOADS A TURKEY MEATBALL ON HIS LAP MID-SEX. I LIKE SHOWING THIS TO MY CUSTOMERS AS A CAUTIONARY TALE OF HOW WHAT YOU EAT CAN SOMETIMES CONTROL YOU. NOW THAT POOR GIRL PROBABLY GOT KICKED OUT OF THE BIZNEZZ (HEH) AND DRINKING HER UNCONTROLLABLE BOWELS TO SLEEP. ITS A TOUGH WORLD AND THOSE HOT WINGS ONLY MAKE IT TOUGHER--TRUST ME FOLKS.

WITH SONG TITLES LIKE "PORCELAIN HEART" AND "HESSIAN PEEL", YOU'D HAVE TO THINK OPETH ARE THE PUSSIEST BAD ASSES IN THE WORLD OR THE MOST PISSED OFF BAND OF INTERIOR DECRETIORS EVER. HEH! I WENT SHOPPING WITH THE MISSES AT IKEA AND ALL THOSE STORES LAST WEEK, AND THE COUCHES ALL HAD NAMES LIKE THESE.

OK, OK. I KNOW, I KNOW. YOU WANT IRONMAN THE REVIEWER, NOT COMEDIAN. MAYBE THE HEALTH GURU, TOO? HEH! WELL, COMES DOWN TO THIS OPETH IS METAL FOR THE KIDDIE POOL. LET YOUR LITTLE GIRL SALLY DREAM A DREAM AS "COIL" UNWRAPS ITSELF AROUND HER DAMNED SOUL, LET "HESSIAN PEEL" BE YOUR SOOTHING MID-AFTERNOON RELAXER, AND LET "HEX OMEGA" BE YOUR POST-WORKOUT SAMBA. REALLY, THIS IS ABOUT AS METAL AS MY ALUMINUM DOGHOUSE IN THE BACK. ITS METAL BUT...NOT METAL ENOUGH.

(SORRY FOLKS NO SMOOTHIES THIS TIME. I ACTUALLY HAD A RECORD 7 PEOPLE COME IN AFTER MY LAST REVIEW. YOU GUYS ARE GONNA PUT ME OUT OF BIZNEZZ! HEH! ME AND RATEYOURMUSIC.COM SHOULD TEAM UP AND DO SOMETHING. MAYBE, RATEYOURSMOOTHIES.COM. I'LL BE IN THE TOP 10 FOREVER, JUST LIKE THE BEATLES. HEH!)

Isis - Wavering Radiant

EVERY NOW AND THEN MY DUMBSHIT BROTHER OUT IN ONKO, NH GIVES ME A MUSIC RECOMEDDATION THAT DOESN'T MAKE ME CRY TEARS OF SORROW HEH! I'D SAY IT HAPPENS ONCE A YEAR. IT SADDENS ME TO SAY THEN THAT WAVERING RADIANT IS THAT ONCE A YEAR THIS YEAR AND TAHT SUCKS!!! NOT BECUASE THE MUSIC IS GREAT BUT BECAUSE I KNOW I

WON'T BE HEARING ANYTHING GREATER FOR THE REST OF THE YEAR. I CAN HARDLY COMPLAIN THOUGH BECAUSE THIS IS A BAND THAT HAS THEIR SHIT TOGETHER AND MANAGED TO PUT OUT AN ALBUM THAT WON'T BE CHALLENGE FOR YEARS TO COME.

MY STEP-BROTHER IS IN A METAL BAND CALLED WOLVES IN THE THRONE ROOM WHICH IS FUCKIN' AWESOME IF YOU DON'T MIND ME SAYING. DEFINETELY CHECK THOSE GUYS OUT. ANYWAY, ISIS REALLY REMINDS ME OF THEIR SOUND EXCEPT A BIT MORE EXTRA EXPLORATORY, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN. I LIKE MARS VOLTA AS MUCH AS THE NEXT BEEFCAKE HEH! BUT ISIS JUST DOES THIS SORT OF HEAVY PROG METAL STUFF MUCH BETTER. I USUALLY DON'T DISCLOSE INFORMATION ON MY DRUG USE BUT SINCE I DON'T HAVE MY NAME ATTACHED ON THIS SITE I FEEL I CAN FREE MY THOUGHTS.

ISIS REMINDS ME MOST OF THIS ONE TIME I TOOK ACID OUT IN SARATONA, WHICH WAS ONLY THE 3RD TIME EVER AND LAST. ACID IS REALLY BAD FOR YOU AND I AIN'T KIDDING. I NEVER EAT FAST FOOD BUT WHEN I TOOK ACID I JUST GAVE IN TO EVERY WHIM AND WAS JERKING OFF EATING KFC MAKING A REAL PIG OUT OF MYSELF. I AIN'T PROUD OF IT BUT HEY! THAT'S LIFE! LEARN FROM OTHERS MISTAKES IS THE BEST ADVICE I CAN GIVE YOU PEOPLE ALONG WITH MY AWESOME SMOOTHIE RECS. HEH! ANYWAY, THE ACID TRIP WAS A LOT LIKE THE ALBUM COVER AND THATS WHY I FEEL THAT WAY.

WHAT ELSE CAN YOU SAY ABOUT THIS MASTERPIECE? I DON'T KNOW BUT I'M SURE YOU DO LOL!

Depeche Mode - Violator

AFTER BEING LOGGED OUT OF THIS SITE FOR WEEKS (FORGET MY PASSWORD--GOOD THING I HAD IT SAVED ON MY PALM OS), I'VE HAD TIME TO LISTEN TO SOME NEW MUSIC RECOMMENDED BY SOME RATEYOURMUSICERS AND TELL YOU SOME OF THE IRONMAN'S FEELINGS. AS YOU MAY AND PROBABLY DO KNOW, I AM A SERIOUS DEPECHE MODE FAN AND EVEN THOUGH I WASN'T AWARE OF IT IT ALL STARTED WITH THIS ALBUM. BACK IN THE DAY WHEN I WAS JUST GETTING INTO THE BODY BUILDING CIRCUIT, "PERSONAL JESUS" WOULD COME ON ALL THE TIME AND I WOULD GET REALLY INTO IT. THE VERSION HERE MUST BE DIFFERENT FROM THE ONE I HEARD BUT ITS STILL THE SAME SONG MAYBE THEY CHANGED SINGERS OR SOMETHING? ANYWAY, MY NEW FRIEND LONELY_PANDA GAVE ME THIS REC AND SO I GOT IT AT SAM GOODY AND WAITED UNTIL I GOT HOME (ONLY A TAPEDECK DAMN! HEH!). IT HAS A MOOD THAT IS VERY SIMLIAR TO THE HOSTEL FILMS WHERE YOU ARE SCARED OF WHAT WILL HAPPEN NEXT BUT DON'T WANT TO LOOK AWAY. I PERSONALLY WATCH THOSE FILMS BUT I'M NOT HAPPY THAT THEY ARE POPULAR AS I THINK THAT SORT OF VIOLENCE FOR KIDS AND SOME CRAZY PEOPLE ISN'T GOOD. I HAVEN'T SEEN HOSTEL 2, THOUGH. HOPEFULLY THEY TURNED DOWN THE VOLUME, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN. ANYWAY, BACK TO VIOLATE. EVEN THOUGH THIS IS VERY SIMLIAR TO BLACK CELEBRATION ITS VERY DIFFERENT AND HARD TO GET INTO. PERSONAL JESUS AND ENJOY THE SILENCE ARE AWEOSME BUT THE REST JUST SOUNDS LIKE SOME MOPEY DOPEY MUSIC PUT TO A DANCE TRACK. I SAY LET THE BOYS DANCE AND TAKE OFF ALL THAT MOPEY DOPEY STUFF. I GUESS THEY DID THAT WITH THE FOLLOWING ALBUMS WHICH IS GOOD. JUST MY THOUGHTS FOLKS.

DUE TO THE ALBUM'S DARK AND SWEET COMBINATION, I'M GOING TO OFFER UP YOU RATEYOURMUSICERS A CUPON FOR 5% OFF THE PEANUT BUTTER & CHOC. SMOOTHIE AT MY

THE REAL IRONMAN'S SMOOTHIES. ALL YOU NEED TO DO IS MENTION THIS REVIEW OR MY ACCOUNT ON THIS SITE AND I'LL HOOK YOU UP THIS WEEK. OK. ALRIGHT ALBUM, PANDA. NEXT REVIEW!

Tool - Lateralus

MY BOY JACK, NOT MY SON I HOPE HEH!, TOLD ME TO CHECK OUT THIS ALBUM. HE SAID ITS HARD TO GET INTO AND MAN IS HE RIGHT! I'M ALL FOR THE HARD ROCK AND SOMETIMES I LIKE A BIT OF AMBIENT (IS ENYA REALLY THAT BAD GUYS?), BUT MOST OF THIS STUFF IS JUST BORING. IF I WANTED TO LISTEN TO STATIC I COULD JUST TURN MY TV ONTO A WRONG CHANNEL BUT HEH I KNOW I KNOW "ITS ARTISTIC CHOICE, IRONMAN!" ITS ALL GOOD AND I LIKE TO SEE NEW BANDS TAKING SOME METAL 101 AND APPLYING IT IN NEW WAYS. IT MIGHT SEEM LIKE A BACKHANDED COMPLIMENT BUT I TAKE JOY WHEN PEOPLE COME TO MY THE REAL IRONMAN'S 100% NATURAL SMOOTHIES AND SAY, "I DIDN'T LIKE IT BUT I NEVER TASTED ANYTHING LIKE IT BEFORE" THINGS WILL ALWAYS BE BAD OR GOOD BUT PROGRESS AND NEWNESS IS ALWAYS A POSITIVE THING. JUST LOOK AT THE WARS IN IRAQ AND TELL ME THAT ISN'T SO, HUH?

IRONMAN SUPPORTS THE TROOPS.

WELL, WHERE ARE WE. "TICKS AND LEECHES" IS MY JAM FOR THE PAST WEEK. I JUST GO CRAZY ON THAT SONG AND ITS SAD ITS THE ONLY ONE ON HER ELIKE IT. THE BEST THING ABOUT TOOL IS THAT THEY CAN REALLY BANG ONE OUT WHEN THEY WANT, BUT THEY SEEM TO BE MORE INTERESTED IN THE ATMOPSHERE AND SOUNDS. COOL BUT NOT REALLY MY THING. THE ENDING CREEPED THE CRAP OUT OF ME. HEH! DISPOSITION IS A NICE TRACK TO RELAX TO. MAYBE THIS IS A MASTERPIECE THAT WILL GROW ON ME BUT I JUST DON'T HAVE THE PATIENCE FOR IT RIGHT NOW. LIKE I SAID, ITS NEW AND SOMETIMES THATS THE BEST THING YOU CAN DO IN A WORLD THATS SEEN IT ALL. WITH PROGRESS COMES PAIN, BUT WITH RETREAT COMES REGRET-AS MY POPS USED TO SAY. I'LL GIVE IT BROWNIE POINTS FOR BEING A CHOICE PICK FROM JACK

Foreigner - Can't Slow Down

WELL FOLKS ITS BEEN SOME HARD TIMES FOR THE IRONMAN. REAL ONE THAT IS HEH! ITS NOT ALL FUNNY OUT THERE AND I OF ALL PEOPLE KNOW THIS BEST. I'VE BEEN DEALT SOME HARSH TRUTHS OVER THE LAST COUPLE MONTHS THAT HAVE FLIPPED MY REALITY INSIDE-OUT. MY WIFE ALWAYS COMPLAINED ABOUT ME NOT SPENDING ENOUGH TIME WITH MY KID. SHE SAID I WAS ALWAYS TOO BUSY WORKING ON MY PECS WHEN I SHOULD BE WORKING ON HIS. I'M A MAN AND MY NEEDS COME BEFORE A SMALLER MAN IS HOW I FELT AT THE TIME. ITS THE LESSONS WE LEARN IN PARENTHOOD NOT CHILDHOOD THAT CARRY US INTO THE NEXT COSMIC CALL AS MY GURU ONCE TOLD ME. I TOTALLY AGREE. DON'T WORRY THIS IS ALL PART OF THE FOREIGNER REVIEW JUST KEEP READING!

PT. II

THE LAST TIME I LOGGED ON TO RYM WAS AUGUST 25TH WHEN I RECEIVED THIS MESSAGE FROM kaotiknuts:

"just stumbled on your profile..just drop it mate..no one gives a bloody shite about your smoothies..so stop mentioning them in every review you write..you're making a fool of yerself and it is indeed fuckin pathetic..oh and another thing..too much family info..no one needs to hear about your bleeding suga babe and your bedroom ventures ! or your uncle larry or brother archy or whatever the fuck ! keep yer business to yerself ! fuckin hell !"

THATS WHEN I REALIZED ITS NOT JUST MY WIFE SAYING THAT I'M TOO OBSESSED WITH MY WEIGHTS AND SMOOTHIES BUT EVEN STRANGERS THAT DON'T EVEN KNOW THE TRUE FACE OF THE REAL IRONMAN. YET THEY KNOW DEEP INSIDE THERE ARE DARKER ISSUES COMING TO BOIL IN ME. THAT'S WHEN IT OCCURED TO ME THAT CAN'T SLOW DOWN IS MY FAVORITE ALBUM OF THE YEAR...

PT III...

IT WAS A NEW DAY THE MORNING AFTER WHEN I WOKE UP A CHUBBY LITTLE FUCKER STANDING OVER BY BED SLOBBERING ALL OVER ME AS HE TRY'S TO TELL ME THE CABLE ISN'T WORKING. I LOOKED AT HIS ENORMOUS CHEEKS AND FLABBY PECS AND THOUGHT....THIS IS MY SON.....THIS IS MY SON. IT'S HIS PECS I SHOULD BE WORKING ON, NOT MINE. I SHOULDN'T BE DEDICATED MY LIVES TO SMOOTHIES BUT MY SMOOTHIES TO MY LIFE. CAN'T SLOW DOWN HAS BECOME MY MOTTO OVER THE LAST COUPLE MONTHS BECAUSE OF THIS ALBUM. I ESPECIALLY HOW THEY INCLUD A REMIX AND LIVE CD SO YOU CAN HAVE THE ALBUM WHICHEVER WAY YOU LIKE.