# Jive!

## The Ernies

Well, I thought about the scene a lot
And I've come to the conclusion
Back in the day we used to admit to the confusion
That exists between real styles and illusionBut I must tell you if you think that we are losin' our honesty
Because we are bustin' out like confusions on those of you who think
That you are choosin' the right of way because you hear it everyday
Well turn off your radio turn it off all the wayWe're not Ska-Core, Reggae, Jazz, we're not hip hop or rock or pop
You know we won't stop groovin', it's like a thing called Jive
You mix it up and keep the people satisfiedNo need to classify or nullify the claims that say we're insane
So to pacify those of you who need a label call it what you want
I know you'll kick it if you're ableWe call it JiveDon't get me wrong, I don't think that we're special
Just 'cause our sound is not that commercial
Or maybe it is, maybe that's not for me to say
But I've seen less honest music every dayJust like our soundless souls that are sold on the radio
Melodramatic lyrics made up like Fabio
They hide reality in a well made allusion
To a world where the real is illusionWe call it JiveWell, I remember the times we used to hit downtown Richmond
Got kicked out the metro, me and my blind jeans
My Indy hat ended up on the street
And I went back for a smoke in my capriBack then is when we used to swang, rankin'
And skankin' was the thang
Until the music scene back home sold out
That's when me and my crew decided to show them what it's all aboutFor the Old Skool we were late, we put down the skates
Started grabbin' guitars horns drums and the bass
Kickin it live inside the garage
Hittin' them with a lyrical barrageBut it's like we're trippin' tips shit got drastically
Of a sudden the need to play bombastically
We lost sight of what is real
It took us this long to get back on the reel to reelWe call it Jive

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