

# 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 illusion But 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 way We'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 satisfied No 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 able We call it Jive Don'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 day Just 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 illusion We call it Jive Well, 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 capri Back 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 about For 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 barrage But 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 reel We call it Jive

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