

Alex Kotch (2007)

Mashup Lyrics and History

All historical information in quotes is from our beloved Wikipedia.

Lyrics in bold are the ones actually used in this mashup. *Some are explicit.*

“Fortunate Son”

Creedence Clearwater Revival, 1969 (from *Willy and the Poor Boys*)

“John Fogerty says that the song was indirectly inspired by David Eisenhower, the grandson of President Dwight David Eisenhower who married Julie Nixon, the daughter of President Richard Nixon in 1968. (Eisenhower later enlisted in the Navy Reserve.)

“The song symbolizes the thoughts of a man who is being drafted. This spoke out against the war in Vietnam, but was supportive of the soldiers fighting there. It is sung from the perspective of one of these men, who ends up fighting because he is not a ‘senator's son’ or a ‘fortunate one.’”

Conveniently, the title is also that of “a controversial biography of current American president George W. Bush by J.H. Hatfield.” The history of Bush, Hatfield, and the aftermath of the book’s publishing are fascinating, grim, and relevant to the mashup in a number of ways. The book was released in 2000 during Bush's candidacy in the United States 2000 Presidential Election.

“The book alleges that Bush received preferential treatment throughout his life, from his early schooling at Andover, Yale, and Harvard, to his business connections in Midland, Texas and his personal ownership interest in the Texas Rangers baseball team, to his candidacy for Governor and President. Hatfield argues that Bush succeeded in life not on merit, but on family connections alone, as a member of a modern oligarchy.

“It generated headlines primarily with its controversial allegation that George H.W. Bush, had been instrumental in covering up his son George W. Bush's 1972 arrest for cocaine possession in Harris County, Texas. Three unnamed sources claimed that a judge had expunged the younger Bush's record in return for the younger Bush performing community service as a favor to the elder Bush. It is alleged that Karl Rove was one of the sources.[citation needed]

“Soon after the book's release, The Dallas Morning News reported that Hatfield was a paroled felon who had been convicted in 1988 of paying a hit man \$5,000 to murder his former boss with a car bomb. It was also revealed that Hatfield pleaded guilty to embezzlement in 1992. Hatfield at first denied the allegations when his publisher confronted him, but he eventually owned up to his criminal history.

George W. Bush stated, regarding Hatfield:

Obviously if he's a convicted felon, his credibility is nothing, but his credibility was nothing with me to begin with because his story was totally ridiculous...

“Hatfield stated in a later interview that, the book had been "carefully fact-checked and scrutinized by lawyers" before the Bush campaign brought pressure to bear, as publicly stated by St. Martin's Press.

“Due to the revelations of Hatfield's criminal past, and the damage to his credibility, in October 1999, Hatfield's publisher, St. Martin's Press, recalled 70,000 copies of *Fortunate Son* and left an additional 20,000 books in storage. Even so, the book had already reached the New York Times bestseller list. The book was later republished by Sander Hicks' publishing company Soft Skull Press. Hicks had previously gained some degree of notability as a New York punk rock musician.

“Hatfield died on July 18, 2001 in what was apparently a suicide, dying of an overdose of a prescription drug. Police reports cited the events occurring in the aftermath of *Fortunate Son*'s publication as a reason for taking his own life. It is alleged that reprisal over the book contributed to his suicide.”

Lyrics:

**Some folks are born made to wave the flag,
Ooh, the red, white and blue.
And when the band plays hail to the chief,
Ooh, they point the cannon at you, lord.**

**It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no senator's son, no.
It ain't me, it ain't me; I ain't no fortunate one, no.**

**Some folks are born silver spoon in hand,
Lord, don't they help themselves, oh.
But when the taxman comes to the door,
Lord, the house looks like a rummage sale, yes.**

**It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no millionaire's son, no.
It ain't me, it ain't me; I ain't no fortunate one, no.**

Some folks inherit star spangled eyes,
Ooh, they send you down to war, lord,
And when you ask them, how much should we give?
Ooh, they only answer more! more! more!

It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no military son, son.
It ain't me, it ain't me; I ain't no fortunate one, one.

It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no fortunate one, no no no,
It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no fortunate son, no no no,

“Black Water”

The Doobie Brothers, 1974 (from *What Were Once Vices Are Now Habits*)

I'll let the title speak for itself (think mercenaries).

Lyrics:

Well, I built me a raft and she's ready for floatin'
Ol Mississippi, she's callin' my name
Catfish are jumpin'
That paddle wheel thumpin'
Black water keeps rollin' on past just the same

Old black water, keep on rollin'
Mississippi moon, won't you keep on shinin' on me
Old black water, keep on rollin'
Mississippi moon, won't you keep on shinin' on me
Old black water, keep on rollin'
Mississippi moon, won't you keep on shinin' on me
Yeah, keep on shinin' your light
Gonna make everything, pretty mama
Gonna make everything all right
And I ain't got no worries
cause I ain't in no hurry at all

Well, if it rains, I don't care
Don't make no difference to me
Just take that street car that's goin' up town
Yeah, I'd like to hear some funky Dixieland
And dance a honky tonk
And I'll be buyin' everybody drinks all round

Old black water, keep on rollin'
Mississippi moon, won't you keep on shinin' on me
Old black water, keep on rollin'
Mississippi moon, won't you keep on shinin' on me
Old black water, keep on rollin'
Mississippi moon, won't you keep on shinin' on me
Yeah, keep on shinin' your light
Gonna make everything, pretty mama
Gonna make everything all right
And I ain't got no worries
cause I ain't in no hurry at all

I'd like to hear some funky Dixieland
Pretty mama come and take me by the hand
By the hand, take me by the hand pretty mama

Come and dance with your daddy all night long
I want to honky tonk, honky tonk, honky tonk
With you all night long

“Stars and Stripes Forever”

John Phillip Sousa, 1896

The song is “a patriotic American march widely considered to be the magnum opus of composer John Philip Sousa. By act of Congress, it is the National March of the United States of America.” Sousa also wrote patriotic (imperialist) lyrics to go along with it, available online.

“Bullet the Blue Sky”

U2, 1987 (from *The Joshua Tree*)

“The song was originally written about the United States' military intervention during the 1980s in the El Salvador Civil War.”

Bono apparently had Ronald Reagan in mind when he wrote the passage: "This guy comes up to me / His face red like a rose on a thorn bush / Like all the colors of a royal flush / And he's peeling off those dollar bills / Slapping them down."

Lyrics:

In the howling wind comes a stinging rain
See it driving nails into souls on the tree of pain
From the firefly, a red orange glow
See the face of fear running scared in the valley below

Bullet the blue sky

Bullet the blue sky

Bullet the blue

Bullet the blue

In the locust wind comes a rattle and hum
Jacob wrestled the angel and the angel was overcome
Plant a demon seed, you raise a flower of fire
See them burning crosses, see the flames, higher and higher

Bullet the blue sky

Bullet the blue sky

Bullet the blue

Bullet the blue

This guy comes up to me
His face red like a rose on a thorn bush

Like all the colors of a royal flush
And he's peeling off those dollar bills
Slapping them down
One hundred, two hundred
And I can see those fighter planes
And I can see those fighter planes
Across the mud huts where the children sleep
Through the alleys of a quiet city street
Take the staircase to the first floor
Turn the key and slowly unlock the door
As a man breathes into a saxophone
Through the walls we hear the city groan
Outside it's America
Outside it's America

**Across the field you see the sky ripped open
See the rain come through the gaping wound
Pounding on the women and children who run into the arms of America**

“Shame on a Nigga”

Wu-Tang Clan, 1993 (from *Enter the Wu-Tang: 36 Chambers*)

I used the song because it describes extreme, retributive violence (and it's got some great lyrics and excellent delivery). There are also some racial/military/exploitative issues at hand.

Lyrics:

[Chorus:]

**Shame on a nigga who try to run game on a nigga
Wu buck wild with the trigger!
Shame on a nigga who try to run game on a nigga
Wu buck- I FUCK yo' ass up! What?**

(HUT ONE, HUT TWO, HUT THREE, HUT!)

[Verse One: Ol Dirty Bastard, Method Man, Raekwon the Chef]

**Ol' Dirty Bastard, live and uncut!
Styles unbreakable, shatterproof
To the young youth, ya wanna get gun? Shoot!
BLAOW! How you like me now? Don't fuck the style
Ruthless wild!
Do ya wanna getcha teeth knocked the FUCK out?
Wanna get on it like that, well then shout!**

Yo RZA, yo razor!
Hit me with the major
The damage, my Clan understand it be flavor
Gunnin', hummin' comin' atcha
First I'm gonna getcha, once I gotcha, I gat-cha
You could never capture the Method Man's stature
For rhyme and for rapture, got niggaz resigning, now master
my style? Never! I put the fucking buck in the wild kid, I'm terror
Razor sharp, I sever
the head from the shoulders, I'm better
than my compeda, you mean competitor, whadeva!
Let's get together

(Shame on a nigga who try to run game on a nigga
Wu buckwild with the tri-BLAOW!)

I react so thick, I'm phat, and YO!
Rae came blowing and blew off ya headphones black
Rap from yo Cali to Texas
Smoother than a Lexus, now's my turn to WRECK this
Brothers approach and half step, but ain't heard
HALF of it yet, and I bet you're not a fuckin vet
So, when you see me on the real, formin like Voltron
Remember I got deep like a Navy Seal!

[Chorus:]

(Shame on a nigga who try to run game on a nigga
Wu buck wild with the trigger!
Shame on a nigga who try to run game on a nigga
I'll **FUCK YOUR ASS UP!**)

[Verse Two: Ol Dirty Bastard]

Yo...!
I come with that ol' loco
Style from my vocal
Couldn't peep it with a pair of bi-focals
I'm no joker! Play me as a joker
Be on you like a house on fire! Smoke ya!
Crews be actin like they gangs, anyway
Be like, "Warriors! Come out and playiyay!"
Burn me, I get into shit, I let it out like diarrhea
Got burnt once, but that was only gonorrhoea
Dirty, I keep shit stains in my drawers
So I can get fzza-funky for yah
Murder, taste the flame of the Wu-Tang RAHH!
Here comes the Tiger verse Crane!

Ow, be like wild with my style
Punk! You playing me, chump, you get **DUMPED**
WU! Is comin **THROUGH!** At a theatre near **YOU!**
And get funk like a **SHOE!**
What?!