



KSHITZ



**“My disco rollerskating, Smurf cake eating, frisbee throwing,
Monte Carlo driving, house dancing, Puma wearing, cocktail
mixing, orange rhyming, Stone Cup playing brother!”**

— Beex



Yo this is tha cheese, and of the late but forever great Yuk MC, I would like to share these words.

Yuk had always taken to the brighter side of any situation, since I first met him in 1997, he has never let any adversities in his path dictate his character. With music this way of thinking was even more amplified. The Krazy Shitz was as natural of an occurrence as the constant rain in the town where we started. Yuk's musical upbringing, owed mainly to his Grandma, a member of the Ambleside Orchestra, who had introduced Yuk to the Atari Notator program in the late 80's as well as the trumpet. Yuk also got into playing bass, and eventually DJing in the 90's Vancouver night club scene. By the time we crossed paths with him, he had his own roots put down in Vancouver, as a DJ most notably for playing disco and funk.

The PUCK Crew was jamming on the upper floor of split rental house where Yuk was living on the first floor with roommates, when Yuk had heard us and came up to ask for a rollie. As soon as he mentioned he had a trumpet downstairs, we told him to grab it and join in the jam, within an hour we were jamming out the theme to Night Court. We did some freestyle flows, and Yuk who had never rapped before wanted to give it a try, and we were like go for it. Before long Yuk developed his own style on the mic and had joined the PUCK Crew.

Not only was his musical sense broad, Yuk had the ability to step on stage and feel right at home, the master ice breaker, something that The PUCK Crew was still adjusting to. Yuk spoke to the crowd as if he had known them all for ages and that was very helpful to us in feeling more

comfortable on stage. Yuk had also done a solo album along with our Krazy Shitz spin off group from the PUCK Crew.

By the end of the 90's and early 2000's the crew was spread out with Pot-C in Japan and eventually myself too from 2003. Over the years that followed up to about 2015, we would connect with Yuk for one off tracks for the D3Z's as well as Cheese N Pot-C projects. During all this time, Yuk remained busy back in Vancouver as a solo artist playing festivals and promoting himself while working with other emcees and producers in the Vancouver area, including emcee Macaby.

Around 2014 Pot-C and I joined forces with blocSonic, and Yuk's appearances on posse cuts and guest spots became more frequent, until we had come to the conclusion to start up the Krazy Shitz outfit once more, this led to Space Signals. This project was an effort of almost complete equal parts, with each of us preparing 3 tracks a piece. The energy was as if we hadn't even missed a day let alone over two decades, and Yuk as usual cheering on each new idea as we went along, has made that project something I feel to be one of the most sound and well rounded projects I have been involved in.

After Yuk's official introduction to blocSonic through the Krazy Shitz, he wasted no time in bringing his solo efforts to the forefront and collaborating with artists on the label. Yuk was a music man, and he stayed on the grind with it. Around 2018 Yuk became a father, and his son Stanley instantly became part of the crew appearing on Space Signals along with all of Yuk's solo projects and videos, fortunately for

Stanley, his dad documented so much thru his music that even in Yuk's physical absence, his son will be able have these treasures to keep and help him on his way.

Now, as we started to work on this project you are listening to now, there were many happenings that slowed the momentum, but by no means brought it to a halt, Yuk had suffered a heart attack and was able to get himself help in time, which prevented it from being much more serious than it already was, during recovery Yuk was writing rhymes and making beats from his hospital bed, many of the verses are on this album and they are definitely reflective of his situation at the time. Once out of the hospital, Yuk was in contact with Pot-C and I on a more frequent basis, we were all as focused as we could be on the project with even more new ideas to contribute. During this time Pot-C and I's mom, Kat Wahamaa and her partner (our super step Dad) Tony Rees were visiting Japan, it was then that Yuk and I were going over ideas for the chorus to 3 Knights In Cali - Yuk's crowning jewel in this project, when I had thought to ask my mom to sing the chorus and have Tony add guitar throughout the track, the outcome was brilliant. I remember Yuk's reaction vividly, he was hyped, he had even recorded a back harmony to my mom's hooks that he had not had the chance to send to me before he made his ascension, as he was still adding more to it.

During 2024, Yuk had made another trip to the emergency room, again he was able to get assistance in time, but obviously it was tough to have to go thru the same ordeal again, Yuk was also in between living spaces around this time, using shelters and couch surfing, basically living up in

the air, which for anyone in his condition at that time was not beneficial in anyway, yet despite it all whenever we spoke, he didn't dwell on that, instead he spoke of music, about how the album was coming along, and how he cherished the time that he got to spend with his son.

I last spoke with Yuk at Christmas 2024, just saying what's up, and season's greetings, we had plans to catch up in early January to sew up the rest of this new Crazy Shitz joint, Yuk passed on New Year's Day 2025. Pot-C and I got news from Stanley's mom, Cat, on the 2nd. Pot-C and I met that day, and after toasting a farewell to Yuk, we talked about how we were going to try to make Yuk's vision for this project in which he spearheaded and bring it to fruition. The first obstacle was that we only had the rough mixes Yuk had sent, his lyrics and instructions for each track in terms of who he wanted to guest on this album, CM aka Creative, Long John and Donnie Ozone, who had all collaborated on the Space Signals Album and Yuk's solo material. Their contributions to this gave Pot-C and I such a boost of positive vibes, helping us to do the best we could do, to do Yuk's vision justice. Also Linda and Rhianna Lashin, cherished members of our extended musical family, had also visited Japan in April of this year and they were able to bless the chorus for Ain't No Rainy Days, in which they tag teamed singing duties with CM and Yuk's original vocal take, making the track next level dope!

So here we are now with all the efforts of everyone involved in bringing Yuk's project to this larger than life level, super mega props to everyone on behalf of Pot-C and I. I feel that Yuk is jamming along, grinning ear to ear where ever he is and boppin' along to the sounds! I want to give a

big peace and love shout out to Beex - there can only be one!, Stanley and Cat (I can't wait to meet you in person), Cousin Jess, Uncle Brian, Alonzo Wang, CM aka Creative and Donnie Ozone - fellas ya'll is the best, more collabs to come!, Long John — go clean your room, haha, Nerdicus (the remix album is gonna be dope), Kat n' Tony thanks for making something that was already fresh become SUPER FRESH! The rest of the PUCK Crew, who have rocked many stages with Yuk! Peace to MC Macaby and all of Yuk's homies up in Squamish, Bowen Island (Doc Morgans), The Rhino's Crew — big shout to Darvey, Rest Easy Pete, and to Mike and blocSonic - thanks for giving Yuk the platform to help get all the musical output he had into the ears of a wider audience, I know Yuk really appreciated all the work you put into pushing his music into the atmosphere, and we are thankful for that too!

I would like conclude by saying to my brother in Hip Hop, Yuk, you will always be co-pilot on my remaining journey along with all those who I have known that have stepped to the A.M., and I'm sure if you have seen me since, especially driving, you're like, "cheese you're crazy!" You are the dude with the big heart, and you left a big dent in this place. KS4FR is more than an album title for sho, Rest Easy Yuk, One Love.

Cheese N Pot-C

July 14th, 2025



Recorded at the labs/shacks/palaces of the Krazy Shitz in Canada and Japan.

All music created and recorded by Yuk MC except for the following:

- Cheese plays the Majic Organ on 'Living In A Broken Dream' and of course, does all the scratches.
- Cheese also made the beats for 'Krazy Shitz Cut Joint' and 'The Eloquence of Yuk'.
- Cheese made a computer make a song for 'Artificial Interlude'.
- Tony Rees plays guitar on '3 Knights in Cali'.
- Guest vocals and raps by CM aka Creative, Linda & Rhianna Lashin, Long John, Donnie Ozone and C-N-P's mom, Kat Wahamaa. All guests appear where mentioned in the featured part of the track title.

And of course... Yuk MC, Cheese N Pot-C on the raps and vocals on all the joints!

Album Cover art by our homie, Dr.funzukulstine.

Mixed by Yuk MC and Cheese.

Mastered by Pot-C at Pot-C's Palace in Kanoya City, Kagoshima, Japan.

1 **KRAZY SHITZ CUT JOINT** 3:03

2 **AIN'T NO RAINY DAYS**
(FEATURING CM AKA CREATIVE AND LINDA & RHIANNA LASHIN) 5:25

Cheese Intro Jibber Jabber

Pot-C

That fireball in the sky burning out my eye -
through this telescope means it's time to ohp

en a case or two of some frosty barleys -
Cheese is drinkin ketchup from the bottle at Harvey's
Are we the coolest? Check these neon shades -
checkerboard sneakers and catchin waves
Matchin fades and badass catch phrase -
It's nuckin futz, but that one's Dave's
Spades not Chappelle - braids with a bell -
ring a ding dong and I've paid Mattel
A fortune for Hot Wheels - tracks and accessories -
Monster Truck Gumbo and other dumb recipes
Blessing these mics are the Kraziest Shitz -
you've ever heard ever and never did spit
Any other hop-hip flipped script you can toss out -
comin North side you can check my moss out!

Hook

Aaayyyyy we got that feeling, ain't no rainy days, we leave the spot ablaze
Yoooouuu think its appealing, always so amazed, you know it with this phrase

Cheese

Word to E. to tha L. O. look what ya done did
ow zora want more-a-each n' every tomorrow
to the core a this canner out the window day planner
Tanner house lookin empty to that fullness ya sent me
venti sized props bestin tops on kingsway
since ya birth on this earth and the mirth it brings me
along with the one who delivered the sun
for the depth of your cool yo the limit is none

so till my living is done-yo the weather aint permitin
like John it's your song i'll be infinitely spittin
so needless to say Mr Blue's on stay
and if the seats are orange-well yo I be okay
way out in the woodwork of reference obscurity
aint patches or potdog lost you're sure to be
wordin the flows in Krazy Shitz vernacular
so put ya hands together for the cloudless spectacular

Hook

Aaayyyyyy we got that feeling, ain't no rainy days, we leave the spot ablaze
Yoooouu think its appealing, always so amazed, you know it with this phrase

CM aka Creative

Cheers my bros, it's been one hell of a year though
Creating tunes, with my fam, designed for ya ear hole
Lost more than I gained, but still maintain
More grown than ever, walk my path with no shame
Take my L's with no blame, embrace the dubs with the same
Energy, expression don't change
Won't let the weather dictate how I move at this age
Congratulate us for making it to this part of our stage
In the game of life, toast to those who we loss
Yall still the boss, some of best humans I came across
And ya presence still effective
I be scripting rhymes and can feel everything you suggesting
Yall my true ghost writers in the mix
Do I say it like that or do I say it like this?

I can hear a whisper in the dis-stance
That'll bless a hook like for instance...

Hook

Aaayyyyyy we got that feeling, ain't no rainy days, we leave the spot ablaze
Yoooouuu think its appealing, always so amazed, you know it with this phrase

Yuk MC

The sun is shinin, so you know whats on my mind
Heading outside yes its time to imbibe
Only good vibes! Thats whats keeping me alive
I strive to try and smile every day of my life
Expect the unexpected and you'll never be surprised
That is the way ahead its one helluva ride
Hit cruise control so now I'm rollin full glide
Feeling all the flavour so we never hit rewind
Look inside and all around you see the way that I shine
The music that I make is never fake, it is sublime
A rhyme or two together on the beats been supplied
By the one and only yours truly, its a sign of the times
Together we can do it, every day is sunshine
The rain is never present when I rock it in line
And while you go for yours you know I'm always getting mine
If you find your head nodding then you're doing just fine
We make a real living stayed away from the crime
The times we had together late 90s we arrived
The positivity is willing me, instilling these designs
Aint no rainy days so why the fuck you inside?



Hook

Aaayyyyy we got that feeling, there ain't no rainy days, we leave the spot ablaze
Yoouuuu think its appealing, always so amazed, you see the slick arrays

Aaayyyyy we past the ceiling, there aint rainy days, we gonna sit and blaze
Yoouuuu find it revealing, can see through the haze, and now you will hear it fade

Whatcha got Cheese?

3 FLAMES OF THE FORGE 5:04

Yuk MC

Gonna get creative gonna make you something new
Its what I gotta do to keep the good vibes flowing through
Take my thoughts and put them down with my craft, do the math
Keeping on the straight path forever like my name was Everlast
Fast or slow you just never know its like the flames in the forge
"It will Kill" thats for real, with those knives and them swords
I wonder what would happen if the heat was ever too much
Then enter someone who was dealing with the mental and such
Do they lose it? Snap inside, slip and slide endure the ride
A bona-fide flip of the tide, and now its really opened wide
The floor is freaking lava, thats some drama taking over things
But I gotta stick around for this cos I must know what the future brings

Hook

Got the flames in the forge, the flames of the fire
Take you on a journey yes We gonna make you higher

The heat is getting hot, now you feel yourself perspire
Cos the Krazy Shitz is here so now we go-ing to inspire you..

The flames in the forge, the flames of the fire
Taking you on a journey you know We gonna make you higher
The heat is getting hot, its getting down to the wire
Cos the Krazy Shitz is here so now its time to retire!

Pot-C

As the bass goes dooo roo dooo ruh -
the Shitz and the Banditz take the upper hand with
Mics gripped tight we're known to rock all night -
even Lionel passes out - we always see daylight
After every gig - any studio session -
it's Yuk, Lau, Murtle and our hommy Qwest in
The cop shop lined up for possible arson -
"Weird, wild stuff" happening after Carson
Or Conan - yo man - we're playing with fire -
scarier than Carrie in your gym or library
Very hot - see the sign - caution - do you mind -
even though you're burned you're still hittin' rewind

Hook

Got the flames in the forge, the flames of the fire
Take you on a journey yes We gonna make you higher
The heat is getting hot, now you feel yourself perspire
Cos the Krazy Shitz is here so now we go-ing to inspire you...
The flames in the forge, the flames of the fire

Taking you on a journey you know We gonna make you higher
The heat is getting hot, its getting down to the wire
Cos the Krazy Shitz is here so now its time to retire!

Cheese

Nobodies asking what's the haps
but even if its crickets Im a bust the raps
cause that's the stuff with no McGruff
from the shoulder pads or off the cuff
nuff with the nice yo word to Greg
even off a keg Im a break leg
beg to differ-you can ask the skipper
Barbi and Jem puttin joints on hem
packin the flows till the beat says when
turnin it up until the heat say ten
like it could talk-but not do the walk
keepin it timeless like off the clock
knock on wood cardboard or plastic
to this funk done did by the beat the bastard
better known as YUK who's down with PUCK
the man behind the fan gettin funk as druck
stuck for a word aint never occurred
seawall caterwauling can be heard
when the NFC be super deluxin
You can ask Beex how loose we bustin
to the level of Pryor stayin out the myer
so Bill can chill about the fire
cause we done set it

doused with the leaded
wheatie emcees bouts to be shredded

Hook

Got the flames in the forge, the flames of the fire
Take you on a journey yes We gonna make you higher
The heat is getting hot, now you feel yourself perspire
Cos the Krazy Shitz is here so now we go-ing to inspire you...

The flames in the forge, the flames of the fire
Taking you on a journey you know We gonna make you higher
The heat is getting hot, its getting down to the wire
Cos the Krazy Shitz is here so now its time to retire!

Record your own rap here - try and sound like Qwest-Dogg!

Hook

Got the flames in the forge, the flames of the fire
Take you on a journey yes We gonna make you higher
The heat is getting hot, now you feel yourself perspire
Cos the Krazy Shitz is here so now we go-ing to inspire you...

The flames in the forge, the flames of the fire
Taking you on a journey you know We gonna make you higher
The heat is getting hot, its getting down to the wire
Cos the Krazy Shitz is here so now its time to retire!

Cheese's sexy part



4 **HAPPY PLACE** 4:55

Yuk MC

I feel these feeling filling up for real as I steal the deal
I don't know if it's imagined or if it's the thing that kept me even keel
Spewed my speel while the wheels were spinnin so fast you cant even see 'em
When I'm cruising with the crew ain't nothing that feels like that freedom
I'm speeding on my way while the others waste their day
Sittin in a lineup waiting for an open way
And that's ok if that's your thing but I'm not a fan of standing idly by
I put my shoes on, face my feet towards the bright blue sky
I don't have to wonder why cos the answers come to me when im dreaming
When I awake the day that follows: try to find that meaning
Gleaning clues from the news but I'm not used to how that goes
Excerpts from the past have been amassed, they never last, you know
I'd overthrow em if I could but it will do no good
The things that happen always happen just the way they should
When I stood before the gates they looked down upon my face
They swung wide open cos I'm always in my happy place...
Now we're back on the scene crispy clean down with this or that
Always been the blackest of the sheep that's left in the pack
We keep it all together just to try to save some tact
But when the day is over we feeling glad and that's a fact

Hook

I'm in my happy place
You're in your happy place
We're in our happy place

It's time to crack a case
She's in her happy place
He's in his happy place
They're in their happy place
Let's buy another case

Pot-C

In my happy place like Gilmore reuniting rakes with family
Bottle bustin' poetry - lay by bays I may just be
In the way two pitchers down to the knickers - kiss from grandma - mini-me had tha
Bull by the horns now make the putt - took a long time to take a puff
Enough's enough but I sed it two times - don't bite McGruff if you can't chew crimes
Cans through I'm just checking labels - nothing tossed back goes under tables
Crushed replenished Motion Man finish - go for fresh leaves don't can the spinach
In this for minutes multiplied millions - catchin' breaks while you're catchin' feelin's
Stash is reelin' - dusty and webbed up - well fulla toddler's diapers the wet stuff
Get tough get gone - away from that roadblock - full monty python affecting my slow walk
So whatcha want? we're keeping shit crazy - glued to a hard hat looking amazing
Hanging from girders snappin' back plastic - broken ship models bottled fantastic
Measures from drastic to overweight baggage - charged through tha wazoo - hittin' a snag
it's
Part of the place puttin' smiles in the waste - it won't take an X to get files by the case
My style's not the taste for the average listener
Half the deck in hand but not the card you're fishin' fer

Hook

I'm in my happy place
You're in your happy place

We're in our happy place
It's time to crack a case
She's in her happy place
He's in his happy place
They're in their happy place
Let's buy another case

Cheese

From the minute to the nano, even mental strapped with ammo
channels can still get jammed, canned and labeled
of what ya thought was abled no matter what the crisis
the vices can still pinch, on any special K inch
the synch, no longer cake walked blocked by the ordinary
to board the very vessel capsizing not realizing your ticket
to kick it, was more closer to to the bucket
close encounters of these kinds raise blinds , ya gotta tuck it
in with bedtime Waynes, the reigns aint always self grasping
when ya get up n go done surpassed passed the last tin
no masking I'm asking when it feels like ya ass been
dropped in a trash bin wit no sun to bask in
I look to these beats and sound cleats for some traction
the headphones to Howard Jones puttin dreams into action
pad n pen to document has always lent a tent to cover base
right next to fam to bring the happy yo there is no other place

Hook

I'm in my happy place
You're in your happy place

We're in our happy place
It's time to crack a case
She's in her happy place
He's in his happy place
They're in their happy place
Let's buy another case

5 **LIVING IN A BROKEN DREAM** 4:55

Yuk MC

I popped the lock like a collar, ain't no baller but I don't quite care
Cos your arms is off of the ground and so's your derriere
Don't matter where you're at it don't matter where you're going to
The story to be written should be told its right in front of you
Schemes and fables, no matter what, they flip the tables
Working like a dog, commute through fog just to spend it rent and pay bills
I excuse myself to tally wealth I'm not sure that you even can
I'm better than the weatherman with the leather tan on Letterman
Did you catch that? Or did it slip right on by?
Digging in to the dirt so I can extricate the lie
Deny me once, deny me twice, don't try me thrice or ima drop trice on you

Like Obi-Wan keep standing strong, game made me pay my dues
One pair of shoes for so long I got the fasciitis...
I kept on rapping, making beats and writing through the tendonitis
The dream is broken, words are spoken, herbs are token
Smokin through the ashes yes the past is leaving me bespoken



Hook

The dream surface shatters, my hearts beat pitter patter
Watching all the others scatter, but my wallet ain't getting fatter
Climbing up the ladder, whiskey beer it doesn't matter
Cos this world is left in tatters, its been broken, lets get at 'er!
The dream surface shatters, my hearts beat pitter patter
Watching all the others scatter, but my wallet ain't getting fatter
Climbing up the ladder, whiskey beer it doesn't matter
Cos this world is left in tatters, its been broken, lets get at 'er!

Cheese

When that old music starts going on round
That Ms. Helen type crushin, to get me loose for the bustin
percussion on the pads, rads an understatement
like the pavement smooth under the trucks when ya skatin'
or up late in the lab documentin all the ponders
peepin rear views to peruse all ya wanders, yonders
and horizons, the shape of things to come
the sum of all the parts as we flip these language arts
see carts full a tullies in a southside poco alley
use to the hussle cheese n K to be the rustle scootin off wit ya millions
like Brewster we use ta step to to the am waking fools like a rooster
Megusta knew the deal, bout how we spin it on the wheels
so cool ya heels and cop a squat as the KCs unlock a top
of some brown bagged rag tag tall can Wylies
to get the neighbors up in arms throwing rocks like the rileys
smilies on the grills when submerged to tha gills
this joint is four corner pressed so yo I guess you knew da skills

Hook

The dream surface shatters, my hearts beat pitter patter
Watching all the others scatter, but my wallet ain't getting fatter
Climbing up the ladder, whiskey beer it doesn't matter
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Pot-C

This dream is missing pieces - critters ate the trail of Reese's
That I left out in the yard - then they pooped inside my car
Cause the backseat window's open - and nobody was scopin'
Hopin' for an invite to give to themselves -
a Goldilocks arrangement emptying the shelves
Fencing in the elves - now back to your trees
Baking baked goods outta deez nuts and leaves
These guts'll heave if I even taste test 'em
Herbal-T won't kill 'em but he sure damn wrecked 'em
Get one free for the fee for two - Dids or Dallas or the Pizza 2
Triple Uncle Fatih - once he showed up at the Van
couver Special rental of the dead presidential
Choice our voices heard singing bird is the werd
On a flying surfboard in Back to the Beach
A new landlord puttin' Molly back in reach

Hook

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Watching all the others scatter, but my wallet ain't getting fatter
Climbing up the ladder, whiskey beer it doesn't matter
Cos this world is left in tatters, its been broken, lets get at 'er!
The dream surface shatters, my hearts beat pitter patter
Watching all the others scatter, but my wallet ain't getting fatter
Climbing up the ladder, whiskey beer it doesn't matter
Cos this world is left in tatters, its been broken, lets get at 'er!
Cheese plays the majic organ

6 **SALUTATIONS** 5:03

Yuk MC

I'm giving you a thumbs up! As I'm driving for the finish
Time to get it going, always growing no I don't diminish...
Spinnin it through you quick with a technical precision
The vision is aligned with the decision through my prism
Like jizzum from a cock I rock fluid through the flows you knows
I assume you want to hear it I don't ask you know I just impose
I rose up through the ranks this prose froze em in the bayou
Imitatin no one I'm Yuk MC bitch! (Who the fuck are you?)
Another nobody, never heard a ya you don't exist
I'm as real as the slashes that have scarred up now up and down the inside of wrist
Side to side watch it glide my pride is showing now we're heavy shooting
Knowing what to do is half the battle the other executing
So let me give a welcome to the emcees of the nations
When you get here check yourself and exercise all of your patience

But also give you greetings and salutations hello!
Our place is yours with no detours we always keep it mellow...

Hook

"Hello, HI! Konichiwa, bonjour!
iHola!", Giving greetings as we welcomin to you
"Guten morgen, Guten tag, guten nacht" ya heard?
We saying salutations, how ya doin? To the world
"Hello, HI! Konichiwa, bonjour!
iHola!", Giving greetings as we welcomin to you
"Guten morgen, Guten tag, guten nacht" ya heard?
We saying salutations, how ya doin? To the world

Pot-C

Heeeeeere's Pot-C bustin' out from your curtains
Rock your lampshade - no question - it's for certain
The party's lifeforce - I hope you like sports
Cuz the drinkin' games begun - I'm the number one seeded
Droppin' shots - twistin tops - off of any of your pops
In a box with a fox take 'em neat or on the rocks
By the bottle, can or tumbler, flask, bowl and under
Any furniture when I transform into Blurr
But no micro machinations - it's a celebration
Somebody born somewhere needs my inebriation
This special occasion of buying booze at stores
Wanted for reward of completion of my chores
Need some? Here's some more - I gotta an arm born to pour
And when it's miller time my behind will warm your floor



Along with the puke that always follows suit
So tell me how're yer doin now that I've done my salute

Hook

"Hello, HI! Konichiwa, bonjour!
iHola!", Giving greetings as we welcomin to you
"Guten morgen, Guten tag, guten nacht" ya heard?
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"Hello, HI! Konichiwa, bonjour!
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We saying salutations, how ya doin? To the world

Cheese

Pot Yuk N cheese be chuckin these duotangs
fully loaded with the flows its the crew who be doin thangs
from stuff to activities, always candittitly
from two six to two liter another three seater
Cedar driver over maximus tha MP's the fortress
wit more ties than P.Keaton if ya seekin out the sources
desperately with Susan, as we cruisin for a boozin'
Tony Angela or Mona its no question of whose in
Boss position, the Krazy Shitz New Edition,
Nick Rick N Stanley and we can't forget Tha Damaja
when Jeru's in the zone folks are prone to phone the manager
that's tha legacy, from Fraser Street to Agassiz
Kanoya to kag, it's in the bag wit ya jackpot
on a night flight to Friscos cause ya that's how this goes

dish flows like Madge with a badge for the soaking
in other words hujambo lets crack a bottle open

Hook

“Hello, HI! Konichiwa, bonjour!
iHola!”, Giving greetings as we welcomin to you
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7 THE SORCERY WITHIN 4:20

Yuk MC

Spark the flame! feel the fire take you higher, we aspire.
To give you evything you need till we retire (that ain't happening)
So the Krazies jump up on it, take advantage of location
Devestate the others go on and overthrow this station
Now the nation knows we know, yet so patiently we flow
Ask me anything you want, you know my answers always “no”.
Cos I've been here once or twice, I paid the price, but got a story with it
One day when I am old ill write it down and you will go explore it
For now I'll roll a spliff off it, I mean a blunt excuse me sorry
I never smoke THAT smoke cos if I did itd be a different story
I'm known as Yuk MC, you hear my name you will agree
That I always been known to most I spose as the sire of soul and the bastard of the beats

We hit the streets we hit the pub we hit the liquor store
Then on to the spot where we make the bills of brown or even more
This is how we make our magic make our music makin memories
When you're searching for the answers don't forget about the sorcery

Hook

Saying incantations with such flow its like a song
It only happens when I wave my mic just like a wand
Blowin expectations out tha water of the pond
Prestidigitate this current state to all the ways beyond
Cos there's magic in the air

Magic in the air...

Magic in the air...

Magic in the air...

Cos there's magic in the air

Magic in the air...

Cheese

No matter if ya riding on ya bicycle
I'm a zap ya like Baio to an icicle, froze wit Russ
on the bus to Binos, any Yap Yap Yap from emcee Dinos'
get the service wit Mrs Jervis
don't know what that is? You should be nervous
heard this tape, Krazy Shitz escape
now in ya kinjo, hockey stick the windows
before ya lips get zipped like a trip to shindo's
tin flows thats sans the heart

tryin to land a part, and underhand the art
wind up name tagged in a family mart
like the can we cart,
we can make ya vanish
and make ya reappear somewhere in Sannich
in a samwich a dilly whopper
boozin illusions wit David Copper
Head Road code to the Danger Fields
arrange ya shields, but ya ya still defencesless
as we sick another setence to leave ya senseless
tense is kakoke, goin out hot dog on a taco day
that's not to say, ya gotta yank to cord
just bring the raps back to the drawing board
any rah'ing hoard for ya jibber jabber
better find the door and pitter patter,
off the plank dunked in the tank
masked by the magic that sunk ya rank
Ace n PJ down with DJ tanner house fillin'
with the villainville villains
feelings can..... and will be caught
in a Marine Drive Arby's parking lot
done forcibly with tha sorcery

Hook

Saying incantations with such flow its like a song
It only happens when I wave my mic just like a wand
Blowin expectations out tha water of the pond
Prestidigitate this current state to all the ways beyond



Cos there's magic in the air

Magic in the air...

Magic in the air...

Magic in the air...

Cos there's magic in the air

Magic in the air...

Pot-C

It's Harry Pot-C in the castle - round up your little rascals

All the spells I know are guaranteed to cause fiascos

Alakazam goes boom to your ponykeg

Muldoon loses another courtesy of Warner brothers

Other tricks stuffed up my sleeves - I'll be showing you this eve

Making liquor disappear you were sure no one was near

Locked up in a cabinet - Moet and Chandon

Don't need a Killer Queen just for me to get my hands on

Close up magic - meka leka hi

Meka hiney ho and I'm way down the road

With the booty it's my duty - uncork your rotten fruity

Tip it back and lipsmack shit you'll never git back

That's that and this piss wasn't even on my list

I can give you two fingers with the flicks of my wrists

Tsk tsk can't resist this magical mist

That's really just Febreeze for foundations I leave

8 **ARTIFICIAL INTERLUDE** 0:34

Cheese breaks A.I. without the kid that sees dead people.

9 **THA KRAZY SHITZ Y'ALL** 3:54

Here we are once again, crossing borders and the oceans
The Krazy Shitz together but apart still cause commotions
The potion is a magical elixer, yes a twixer
Got the spiced rum or the single malt whiskey, *no mixer!*
I spit these lyrics just because of these two brothers
In 1997 they helped me more than all the others
Then I discovered that my druthers have been around for a quarter century
They mentored me and made me see that I could always be a dope emcee...
I was freed from all the shackles and the hackles dissipated
Reinstated my belief in myself, can't be debated
Still my journey carried me forward, and some shit was still ahead
Including a couple times that I was an inch from being dead
But I led with positivity, always had a firm belief
I kept myself together, even with barely any relief
The music and my message helped me to manage what manifested
Gave me the strength I needed to part ways with people I detested
Rested until ready, then rock steady through the 50 mark
Embarking on the milestone of aging following that spark
It was dark for quite awhile but now my shine is showing through
The Krazy Shitz together man has always helped me through

Hook

The Kraziness the Krazy Shitz the Kraziness
The Krazy Shitz y'all
The Kraziness the Krazy Shitz the Kraziness
The Krazy Shitz y'all

Cheese

I'm a freeze the moment like my name was Evie
back to four tracks, with tapes and CDs
jamming on Fraser, back when days were
an album a weekend, flows off the deep end
bleepin beacon how Beex was blinkin
party in the kitchen turntables sinkin'
linkin' lines like logs for dogs
gettin down to the sounds in the paler fogs
in the mansion, the funk expansion
on the wheels of steel like Rick da' Hansen
dancin on ceilings word to Lionel
we tap the the vinyl to Fresh Wes the spinal
cord to the mixer fueled on elixir
no RUSH just hush when we moving pictures
out the Red Lounge wit cousin Jess
n' make ya twelve pack about a dozen less
it doesn't rest Krazy Shitz till infinity
other crews wanna snooze
waking up all all finicky,
the limit be none
symmetry of the drum

aligned with the flows
to cause the tap of toes
those sans the funk, might find it awkward
from the files in piles goin back to Rockford
doctored madly
in the lab we
twist more joints than Milton Bradley

Hook

The Kraziness the Krazy Shitz the Kraziness
The Krazy Shitz y'all
The Kraziness the Krazy Shitz the Kraziness
The Krazy Shitz y'all

Pot-C

The only thing that's come between us is time -
making people wait decades for some Krazy Shitz rhymes
We had few in the interlude some C-N-P's and P.U.C.K. cru -
then along came Space Signals - it re-con-nected us to
Keep it going - rhymes flowing - beats and cuts even a show in -
2022 - me and Yuk did spit a few
Classics Y'all No at the Maple Ridge show -
The Wolf saw the most cru since over ten years ago
At the Cobalt, yo fault - man if you missed it -
peep the youtube clips to be virtual realisitc
This thick bond is what be going on -
I need another mansion party going to the break a dawn!



Hook

The Kraziness the Crazy Shitz the Kraziness

The Crazy Shitz y'all

The Kraziness the Crazy Shitz the Kraziness

The Crazy Shitz y'all

10 TROUBLE IN PARADISE

(FEATURING LONG JOHN & DONNIE OZONE) 7:28

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Yuk MC

Gonna give you all a piece of this here audio feast

And talk about the struggles of the scene, it is a beast

You're out there getting hot, rockin show after show

Dozens and then hundreds and then thousands feeling your flow

Its getting out of control, not sure how you keep the roll

And the show's begin to add up, definitely feeling the toll

So you bump up a line, first couple times you're feeling fine

Then as the rise continues, start doing line after line

The signs are all over everything, you sold your comics and your ring

And of the money that you made on tour, you don't have anything

You broke, you busted, bank account was full, it dusted

And when you look at what you had I wonder if you feel disgusted

You nonplussed it, in the worst way possible

Left all the others around ya to sort out this colossal bill

You was chill but now you've gone and dove off the deep like David Lee

And if you keep on down that road you'll end up in the cemetery

Hook

There's Gonna Be Trouble In Paradise

Repeat 4x

Pot-C

It was snowing in the 90's on the Fraser house counter
We ranted and we raved - the living room was paved
With after party bodies and strangers in my potty
Pissin' over heads after crawlin' outta bed
Never let it get - in the way of paying bills
Even left the country and didn't miss the thrills
Half a decade later and I'm back up in the ville
The villain then returns like Batman and the till
Might need a little skimmin' - if up is how we're livin'
A lotta of you're welcomes with no thanks givin'
Turkey's out to hurt me I guess they got dodged
Product always perfect with no complaints lodged
They wonder how I do it without being a junkie
Only once out with Kimmy on the street gettin' funky
Back in New West and who woulda guessed
A close cru send off where everyone gets
A piece of the powder then puke in the shower
Sniff my hollow sword and I have the power
Trip across the globe once more to escape
Nowadays the shit they serve is sealin' your fate

Hook

There's Gonna Be Trouble In Paradise

Repeat 4x

Long John

So what you all know 'bout the dirty norf
where a toonie put a loony on their knees like dorf
a con way fer her to pay n' its all fer
shootin' eighteen holes a day like a golfer
if heroin is chic Vancouver is Elvis
points pokin' through the skin like the bones of a pelvis
thinkin' it's funky bein' a junky
used up bruised up used to be spunky
used to be chunky drunkly grab a syringe
hit Pigeon Park embark on a binge
lunatic fringe I know yer out there
but one fix leads to another I doubt there
ever been bout where a man got the best of the
smack until Keith Richards reaches life expectancy
so tell me why the od rate is so big when
the worst corner in the city is kitty to the pig pen?

Hook

There's Gonna Be Trouble In Paradise

Repeat 4000x

Donnie Ozone

Paradise in trouble

Dude copped crack then dropped it in a puddle
He still tried to smoke it
Shoved it in his glass pipe, lit it, and toked it
But then dude choked it
He coughed so hard that he dropped it and broke it
He cursed before he dashed
Chased the next crack rock before the next crash
Yo, he needed quick cash
So he robbed an old man with a knife in a mask
His win didn't last
Man pulled out a jammy and pulled the trigger fast
He somehow missed
Dude started running with the cash in his fists
Zigzagging through the crowd
Knocking people over, you could hear them screaming loudly
Somehow, he got away
Smoked another crack rock; lived another day
Yeah, but only one day
Cause the cops found his body at fifty-one Bay

Hook

There's Gonna Be Trouble In Paradise
Repeat we stopped counting x

Cheese

What's a brew between friends, and one before work
crack another tin, just to muster up a grin
a new day can begin courtesy of this bottle



keep the handle on the throttle from half cut to blotto
the motto, is vodka and clamato
brown bag tall can keeps this pilot on auto
to weather brainstorm informs of all sorts
from the dearly departed, remainders left to chart it
hearted anvil, booze unglues the stand still
just keepin thoughts outside of town with Mandrill
the handle from the ventures unseen
not worn on the lapels, kept deep in the shells
on liquor soaked shores, for some shines a beacon
blockin' rock and hard place from weekday to weekend
seekin' a space, to replace the unattainable
even a mirage, just drunk in a garage
the dodge ya can't get outta, bricked up the router
another way to exist for some don't know howta'
now the wrong or right, it ain't my place to say
for a lot of folks that's just the case today, and so

11 **THE STORM** 4:53

Yuk MC

It's late and I hear the waves lapping lightly on the hull
The ship is swaying softly and there's a tingle in my skull
There isn't anything ahead that I can see but I believe
That we are heading into a monster that is made up of the sea
The stars had all aligned, it was s'posed to be just fine
Everyone aboard thinks that I'm losing my mind
So I Resign to my chamber, I can't sleep cos I'm always on the ready

The others may not know what is coming, but it could be deadly
Atmospheric pressure and some breeze for good measure
Are going to make this journey one that's lacking any pleasure
The treasure we were chasing is now gone just like this song
Engulfed by tidal waves but my crew ain't fazed or dazed, they're strong
Batten down the hatches, make sure ducks are in row
Hanging on for mercy through these winds that really blow
The Thunder booms and the lightning flashes, crashing through the night
I'm hoping we will make out alive..... (yeah right)

Pot-C

Another S.S. Minnow - making some widows
The three hour tour - now coconut pillows
Are gonna be the future - to the outskirts we're
Headed in the ocean - deserted islands
Might be the final home of these Crazy Shitz pirates
Neverland if weather hands us an autopilot
Don't like it still we tried it at Mikey's suggestion
Life's a cereal that's out of the question
Get some plank walks in to sink outside the box when
The time comes find rum marked with an x
It shouldn't be difficult - it's there in the chest
Not only mine but the one under the desk
Now the crew did its best but it looks like a rest
On a permanent vacation is what's comin' next
Booze we ingest with our hands on our vests
Bones on the beach right next to the wrecks

Cheese

Walk talk and tell stories rockin quarries wit Ruxpin
the dust bin of existence the mirror holds the trophy
any oath be broken -up just like a kit kat
for the balance of nature, got no app to go and fix that
this map got smoother moves than ex lax,
the set traps and pyramids to net tax
the head lacks and it can't be supplemented
while we tented on sections, to voice our disapproval
all the rage in the cage, this life time removal
gears all grinded, self centered minded
carbon ribbons unwound for all who lined it
blinded to sides that have yet to affect us
the retrospectus, been on the wall for ages
alas the present page is still fixated on a spruce
keepin the mori out the story and turmoil on the loose
the excuse of the norm, can only bring about the storm

12 **THE ELOQUENCE OF YUK** 3:53

Cheese

The puzzle pieces beneath this got no way for the fittin'
still I'm sittin' attempting the impossible- the obstacle
of your departure, be like the world's top archer
done drew back the bow and let fly the death blow
Ayo, if you're listening know you're sorely missing in action
this fraction of the Krazy Shitz ensemble
now to mambo or limbo, yo there's no getting access

you're ascension just the mention is the one ton of axes
on the noggin' cuttin' deep your big sleep too soon
but we can never assume, the tune of time frames
whatever we find strange ain't stoppin' the line change
going back to the earth, the sand and the surf
sure nuff as the sun sets the rise brings forth the birth
worth more than any turf or amount of gold
all the paths we rolled, and every raps ya told
left with the memory Yuk is all we have to hold

Hook

As the world just keeps rollin' on
it's never gonna mean that the soul is gone
it's all right here in the flows and beats
all these stack of tracks with your thoughts in raps
music transcends all space n' time
and for all you documented it creates a line
in the tapes we find we can embrace the mind
even after the ascension as we stays behind

Pot-C

We made our space signals - finally a follow-up
Now the third act and we can't top all that Yuk
Left us so best just make sure his wishes
Make it to the airwaves while everybody misses
The man with the hitz - greatest from the get go
Made so many memories that nobody can let go
Of 'em while we're breathing press play - you'll be believing



That he's right there in the flesh on the mic with a fresh
Rhyme for your ears cheers your beers - reminisce
Pour out a hefty swallow while your eyes start to mist
This is just temporary in the bigger picture
Someday somewhere we'll all be back wit' cha
Bangin' out beats and the lyrical treats
Poppin' the next level peeps right out their seats
Whether days or weeks or decades to go
If you know C-N-P - you'll know Yuk fa sho!

13 **3 KNIGHTS IN CALI** (FEATURING KAT & TONY) 6:40

Yuk MC

Grew up on the west coast, all my life BC to Cali
Would hit up Shingle Springs, even lived in Grass Valley
Rough and ready wasn't ready, so I flew back the coop
To the real Maple Syrup and the Habitant soup
But I always think back to my days growing up
Chillin with the Great Grands learning about what's up
Living that North Cali lifestyle had an impact on me
I feel it on those summer nights when we'd get that breeze
Coming through the trees, through the woofers and the tweeters
When it's time to roll don't forget to call up Beeker
Just north of Sacramento memories and cool mementos.
Kids growing up, didn't know what it really meant though
I set those thoughts down on my smooth paper pad
Pencil sharpened ready, reflectin on good times we had
Now you know the Shitz Crazy when we all get together

Whether or not we're in the same spot always rock to higher measure

Hook

Three Knights Cali, from the ocean to the valley, the Krazy Shitz, will be cruisin' down your alley, no matter the weather, cause ya know it aint permittin' , as long as they got the beats, ya know they'll be a spittin' from East Van to Southern Kyushu, they'll get your tappin' to somthing your not used to, so turn it up as it bumps from your speaker, gotta give a shout outs, to the one and only Beeker.

Cheese

Started North of the border with this tape recorder
till I max bloc'd east with the sideways geese
no niisu or slipcovers for these brothers in verse
since the days of the gettin round 160 disperse
skytraining courses all points and sources
trail blazing by the baggie wit Scooby n' Shaggy
tag me a bus bench or burning the grain cars
or back at Fraser with mic to stain bars
and clang jars from wildcat to kodiak
the signs of them times like Prince on a zodiac
so where my homies at got to stop n look
here's a shout from the cheese before we drop the hook,
but wait there's more-washing up on the shore
since the days Rakim said he came thru the door
we been shufflin' deck paws to pause tape mixes
droppin joints on tascams with the gauze tape fixes
vics is catchin' vapours from the way we rubbin platters
from the start its all art nothing bout the snakes and ladders

chatters from a crowd aint my cue to get loud
word to the colonel ride the car of the cloud
Allowed No BS and that's a shout out fo real
that ol Crazy Ernie steez when we making a deal
so be foreal or ronie on the set wit Kat n Tony
with somethin you can blast on your first or last sony

Hook

Three Knights Cali, from the ocean to the valley, the Krazy Shitz, will be cruisin' down your alley, no matter the weather, cause ya know it aint permittin', as long as they got the beats, ya know they'll be a spittin' from East Van to Southern Kyushu, they'll get your tappin' to somthing your not used to, so turn it up as it bumps from your speaker, gotta give a shout out, to the one and only Beeker.

Pot-C

Three nights in Cali, naw some hours in San Fran
My U.S. westcoast toast is way north from that man
Seattle and Portland is where I'm reporting
Any cross border action and I got a fraction
Of consulate work fixing fences and painting
Back when George Junior was head of the state and
Other claims to fame were cutting class with Roy Kim
To hit up Bellingham and the Sam Goody bins
At the Bellis Fair Mall got my mitts on more music
Guess the record man - Sniderman couldn't use it
Do this trek at least twice a month
Yo I always had the hottest shit to bump
At the local house party when I was a teen

Radio Shack mixer and some tape machines
Years later with Long John in the Cascades
Making fun of 40's while the battery fades

Long John Cameo

Hook

Three Knights Cali, from the ocean to the valley, the Krazy Shitz, will be cruisin' down your alley, no matter the weather, cause ya know it aint permittin' , as long as they got the beats, ya know they'll be a spittin' from East Van to Southern Kyushu, they'll get your tappin' to somthing your not used to, so turn it up as it bumps from your speaker, gotta give a shout out, to the one and only Beeker.



YUK MC'S SHOUT OUTS

Cat
Stanley
Beeks
Pops & Nana
GP Records

CHEESE N POT-C'S SHOUT OUTS

Yuk MC and fam, our fams and kids, Beeks, Long John, Qwest-Dogg and the P.U.C.K. crew (Kenny-K, The G.M.C., Tha R, Tha D, Herbal-T, Pee Wee), Tycoon and our crew Hydra Gwaii, Donnie Ozone, CM aka Creative, Linda & Rhianna Lashin, C-Doc, 34Pro, Biggathomas, Headsnack & Primo Sol and everyone we mentioned in the Space Signals shout outs which were also the Muldoonsday Device shout outs! If you got mentioned here too, give yourself a pat on the back (like we also said in the previous shout outs - like imagine if the MCU only put the credits in one movie and then told the audience watching the other spin-offs to watch the credits from that one movie for the credits for movie they are currently watching)!

As always, mega blocSonic props to Mike and the blocSonic fam for the support, promotion, graphic design, web hosting, schedule juggling, blogging, never-sleeping, multiple email reading of stuff that could have been in one email, eagle eyes on the interwebs, yard work, dusting, vacuuming, dish washing, you-name-a-chore, that he always does for us! We didn't ask him to proof read that long part from Cheese that you just read - that's all on Cheese.



KRAZY SHITZ ONLINE

<https://blocsonic.com/artist/krazy-shitz>

YUK MC ONLINE

<https://blocsonic.com/artists/yuk-mc>

CHEESE N POT-C ONLINE

<https://blocsonic.com/artist/cheese-n-pot-c>

<https://blocsonic.com/artist/cheese>

<https://blocsonic.com/artist/pot-c>

<https://facebook.com/cheesenpotc>

<http://zeopolis.jp>



ALSO AVAILABLE BY **KRAZY SHITZ**

(click image to visit release page)



bloesonic records presents

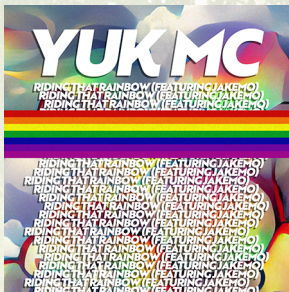
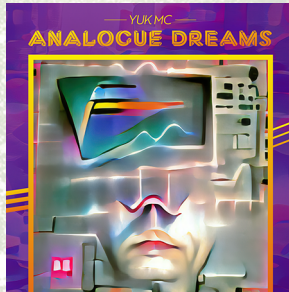
Friday
Feb 24th
2023

YUK ME

THE MISSION

ALSO AVAILABLE BY **YUK MC**

(click image to visit release page)



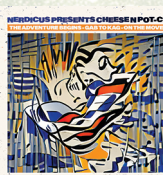
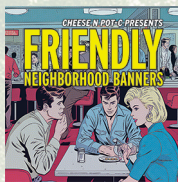
Krazy Shit

Three Knights In Cali



ALSO AVAILABLE BY **CHEESE N POT-C**

(click image to visit release page)





ALSO AVAILABLE BY **CHEESE**

(click image to visit release page)



SLOW
BURNING

ZIG-ZAG.

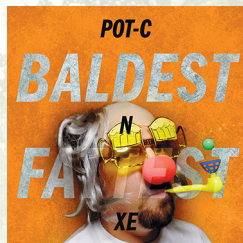
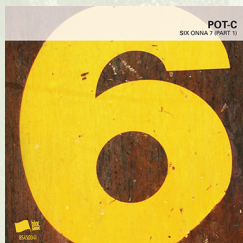
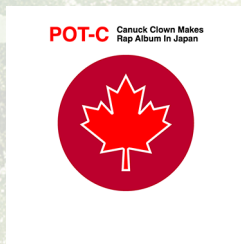
COMBUSTION
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ARABIQUE NATURELLE



ALSO AVAILABLE BY **POT-C**

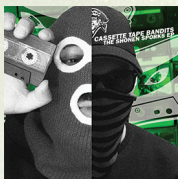
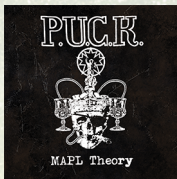
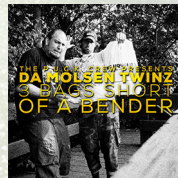
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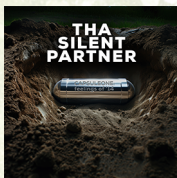
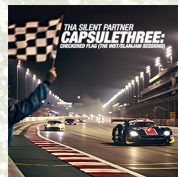
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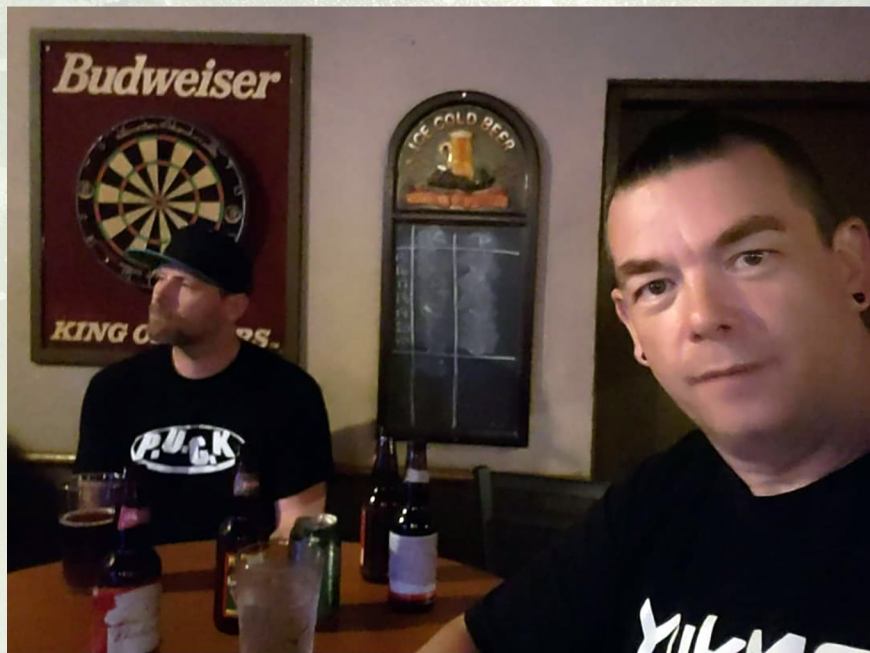




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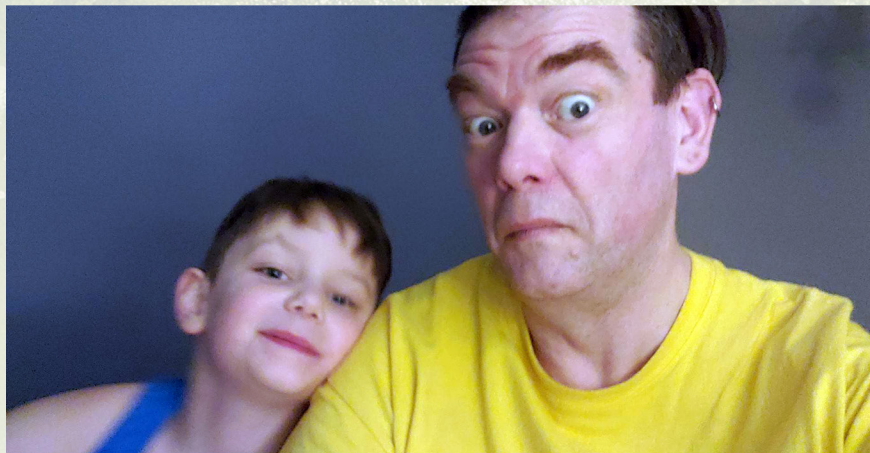


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HOSTED BY **DONNIE OZONE** WITH AN EXCLUSIVE MEGAMIX BY **TIMEZONE LAFONTAINE!**







KRAZY SHITZ



KRAZY SHITZ



**MEGA THANKS TO KRAZY SHITZ...
SO GREAT TO HEAR YUK MC AGAIN!
REST IN POWER, YUK.**

— Peace, Mike Gregoire

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