

Tzu

"Who?"

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[Joelistics] + (Seed MC) First off, I'd like to offer you all a warm welcome from here in Melbourne where the sun shines seldom (right?) You might be anywhere at all in this world B-boys and B-girls, we're bringing gems and pearls And like you we're unique in the treasure we speak and this music we make cultivates our belief So, let me kick an introduction on the drums and get beginnings begun and role call the components My name is Joelistics (I'm Seed MC) Paso's on the scratch and Yeroc works the beats [Chorus: 2X] We are T-Z-U How do you do? Do you do what you do cause you love to do what you do? We do [Seed MC] We started off on street sides with hand drums Upgraded to this, we're the grandsons of diggers and widows, immigrants, engineers gamblers, jazz collectors and fishermen on piers Our roots are panoramic, looser than pan-jamming From Syd' to Melbs, New Plymouth to Pakistan You could be on the bus daydreaming out the window or walking the bush track, it don't matter what you're in to We've been chopping beats talking bout what we've been through Now we've done the mic check, let the show continue [Joelistics] Cause these four fellas are Terence McKenna storytellers Telling our tales and leaving trails like entrails Tipping the scales until the cloud cover clears and these weird ideas move minds and rears From earliest beginnings to these current proceedings From trees down to seedlings, we age well like Riesling So while we're breathing people keep breeding Tzu's mission statement is to keep on keeping [Seed MC] For the cats with no cash or the folks in the mansions We formed the band for the thinkers and dancers The one's curious looking for answers [Seed MC] + (Joelistics) The instrumentalists (rocking the jamming shit) The gold medallists (or the swimming-in-dam kids) The old settlers (or the tribes whose land it is) The pub rockers (and the bar staff) The fruit vendors (and the art smart bohemians) The whole damn demographic This band stops traffic from backstreet to paddock (We put it down for the addicts and the fiends and the friends who feel the soul of the music) [Chorus: 2X] Da-da-da-da-dum, da-dum, da-

dum Da-da-da-da-dum, da-dum, da-dum Da-da-da-da-
dum, da-dum, da-dum [Paso] + (Seed MC) We...
(Alright, here it goes, here it goes) Can I come in?
{*Scratches by Paso*} "Who's there?" Hang on

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