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THE PUBLIC WEAPON

THE BRANE TRUST news service

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The Public Weapon

INTRO: We know the trickster is real. We are too familiar with his handiwork to doubt his existence. But what if the devil's greatest trick was convincing you that your power doesn't exist? Making you believe the most dangerous tool in your arsenal is no longer effective. Tomorrow will soon be the past, so you have to decide. Are you built for life or are you only strong enough to die? You are under no enchantment. The weapon is real, the choice is yours.

Born with the spirit of the drum. Mother Earth's daughters and her sons, came from different lands with different tongues. Set upon so viciously, taken by an unfamiliar enemy and transported to the unknown. In a floating death carrier, thinking back I wonder what was scarier? Confined with the tribes of warring areas, shackled by the legs fighting sickness and hysteria, banging on the walls to overcome the language barrier. The closest thing to burying us all alive. Away at sea, every fear was magnified. They let us sing, thinking we were pacified. Unaware the melody was just a rally cry. Boom boom, boom at a steady pace. We knew what it meant when that beat would accelerate. On the top deck make a break at the first mistake. Either cut their necks or we leap to the Gods' embrace. If you can stand it, aware the very moment that we landed, our newest family would be disbanded.

But those who would make it, would maintain a bond that was sacred. A covenant of rhythm to escape with. All they heard was error, ignorance whatever. Gullah had a purpose our dialect was clever. Fighting was forbidden so we mastered capoeira, movement and music in symphony together. From afar we could strategize and break out because they hear the parts not the messages we take out. Shining stars used to guide us to a safe house, patterns in our braided hair would navigate escape routes.

Passing info to runners wasn't simple. Especially because it was unlawful to assemble. But surely as the wind blows, when that sorrow song hit crescendo, you knew to put that lantern in the window. Then hide me underneath the floor, quiet as a mouse sits, our communication kept the enemy confounded. Now we scream and shout it, everywhere surrounded, all available at the convenience of a mouse click. Pray we don't forget the lessons, as everything evolves may we never lose the essence. Because even when the public hears the call, the power doesn't lessen but the chain will never fall until the merging of it all is a weapon.

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The Brane Trust, DeJuan Gillespie,
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THE TRUTH ABOUT COCAINE!



Coke Crazy Negroes

Before the trap, before we cooked it into crack, before it set us back, before it infiltrated rap. In Peru if royal people had an aching in their back they would chew a leaf to stimulate the dopamine synapse (cocaine). Europeans slowly ventured across the map, fascinated by its properties they took the coca back. Focused on the key ingredient and isolated that to produce a stronger substance from the chemical extract (cocaine). The versatile compound had believers, to the U.S. it arrived people used it for their leisure. Manufactured into wine, even local anesthesia for the rich and the refined not emancipated people (cocaine). But on the docks it had another benefit. As a powder it was cheap so if workers took a sniff it provided them a lift, just enough to maintain and that started everything. Ni**er come and get this cocaine.

The Black man in America would live a life of terror, due to all the lynching after Reconstruction's era. A tool of the oppressor to monitor behavior while they reconciled his freedom with the current need for labor. Drugs were available and legal for "deserving" civilized whites strong enough to handle urges. The colored man was banned from touching opium or bourbon, left without a choice he turned to coke for recreational diversion. Trying to ease the pressure, he used to dabble for relief from all his thankless efforts. But in the paper coppers said they faced a more aggressive Negro attacker, a single shot could never back him up they had to raise the caliber. Freedom and vigor what a deadly combination, even worse if he saw a white woman he would rape her. Guess the drug awakened demons that a savage can't contain. At least that's what they claimed. Ni**er don't you touch that cocaine.

The propaganda proved to be convincing. Ironically the public still believed in intervention. But calculated fiction of the violent and afflicted turned the junkies into criminals and demonized addiction. Targeting the core black and poor was the basis. Calling it a "war" yielded more incarceration. Politicians pander while their policies betray us. Nancy told us "Say No" but her husband said hello to Noreaga. He put us up the creek but turned and looked away. When the Contras that he sponsored went and put it on a plane. Then 30 billion dollars in our country gets exchanged, when they put it in their nose, or put it in their veins. Put it in perspective why the sentencing would change, if you put it in a pipe you get a hundred times the rate. They put that in the law, to put us back in chains and told us once again. Ni**er come and get this cocaine.

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BEWARE! "GOOD" WHYTE FOLKS



Good Whyte Folks

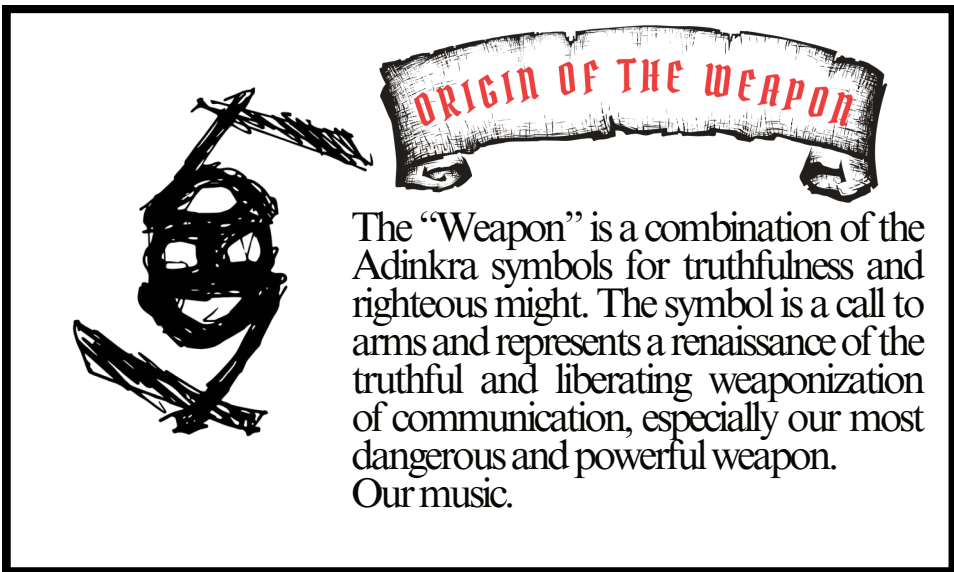
When I was about 8, grand pops looked me dead in the face and told me never trust a peckerwood, hey hey. But no I can't discriminate within the circle that I'm running with because I'm cool, so anyone that comes in my circumference is down too. Still with vigor he persisted warning me of consequence if I don't listen. And though I never did I could dig his disposition he remembered stepping off of sidewalks, his experience was different with them. But after while I overstood his intuition, the undertone in every compliment I start to grasp. Because even when you get accepted if every attribute is an exception there's some questions that you're bound to have. How does it honor me exactly? Defying expectations about my blackness makes you happy. You celebrate my differences or tolerate them actually? And I'm talking to my good whyte friends because I know y'all never ask me. Good whyte folks. Not quite separated but they're never too close. The good whyte folks. Slow to give a hand but they're quick with a quote. The good whyte folks. Stayed inside while their own neighbors strung up the ropes. The good whyte folks. Dedicated to the one who need to hear it the most. The good whyte folks.

You work hard, skin never got you in. Yeah society is flawed and you don't pretend. But there's a sea of voices what's the point of weighing in and God forbid you say it wrong the criticism's withering. And that's a shame, especially considering your great gramps was a second generation immigrant who overcame the very same thing or equivalent to build his name off of blood sweat and adrenaline. But then again in Europe he would suffer through the class and border wars, on our shores he soon discovered. American experiment produced a newer structure that created "whiteness" to bridge the gap between their cultures. So lady liberty would whisper when they come, that no matter where they landed on the economic rungs. They were never lower than her dark sons, the privilege of every whyte man, even the good ones. Good whyte folks. Not quite separated but they're never too close. The good whyte folks. Slow to give a hand but they're quick with a quote. The good whyte folks. Stayed inside while their own family strung up the ropes. The good whyte folks. Dedicated to the one who need to hear it the most. The good whyte folks.

A nation in a hurry to declare exoneration like we buried every sin at Barry O's inauguration. Now it's post racial is a fact they wrongly assume and pat each other's back as if it happened in a vacuum. And they all agree we don't need them color politics. This was validated by the Black one they consulted with. Claiming that you missed all those incidents like they don't exist, but you ignored it for convenience, you ain't really ignorant. Struggling to fix what took centuries to ruin. Black love, Black pride were the tools that we were using to put ourselves together but you had to misconstrue it saying "all lives matter" when you never want to prove it. Wouldn't take a side when they tortured and neglected us. Turned a blind eye when the law disrespected us. Survived every kind from the violent to the lecherous, but good whyte folks, y'all gon' probably be the death of us.

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THE WEAPON IS REAL. THE CHOICE IS YOURS.



Born with the spirit of the drum.....

FOUNDERS OF NI**ER FACTORY EXPOSED!

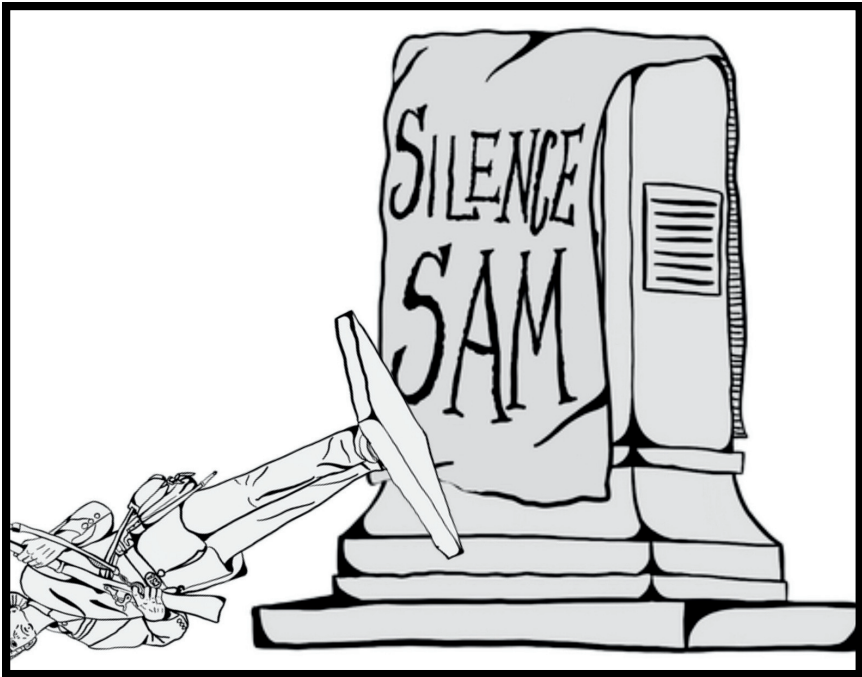
Ni**er Factory

They told us by decree my people had received emancipation. By degrees we slowly made our way to integration. But the key to finally reaching any destination on the freedom train had to be with better education. We were all so simple then, bright eyed, eager to be listening, young minds ripe for some conditioning. Training us to be the future scholars they started out with fables of the figureheads that decorate our dollars. They would often mention cherry trees, adolescent honesty, but rarely touched upon the backbone of their economies and commandeering land had been a factor, yet whenever Natives battled back, they would label that a massacre. Thievery and viciousness, woven into images presented as a necessary portion of our lineage. What's our definition if we never got percentages but they received the benefits? We know what that meaning is. Lincoln always thought it was beneath him to debate one. Washington would chase 'em, Jefferson could rape one. Portraits of the "gentlemen" whose minds that it sprang from. Founders of the factory that showed us how to make one.

I was a young black gifted kid fortunate to get a private school education through diversity initiatives. I wondered, were they paying penance? Perhaps the brochures needed melanin to modernize their image hmm. Could I be a test case for racial mixing? Were they grooming me to be the type of Negro I resented? Ain't no way, but I embraced whatever role it represented because what better game to play than a scrimmage with the privileged. I'm taking steps. Earning my respect mastering advanced concepts and foreign social etiquette but what got me perplexed, not the lessons I was learning, but it's what my peers were not that I truly found concerning. So I spoke up and asserted, the fact we should address the black hole in our curriculum and waited for the verdict. But their energy converted and a part of my discernment was they never said the term, but I knew it when I heard it (know your place ni**er). History would always change the narrative to frame 'em. Martin was a safe one, Malcolm made them hate one. Then it got more troublesome because Baldwin said there ain't none. That's why he left the factory that showed him how to make one.

I used to think that fairy tales were for kids but I remember freshman year. Carolina blue skies, walking campus with my peers. Elevated he appeared and what fell upon my ears were the legends of a statue that had stood so many years. Looking down on everyone Silent Sam was on his shift and his rifle would go off it there were virgins in his midst. Or at least that was another of the many playful myths but the truth of his arrival was a fact they'd rather skip. They never told us he was meant to honor white supremacists and about a stone's throw away a black woman had been whipped. So enslaved we laid the bricks, then we hung up championships, for our pain and sacrifice the school rewarded us with this? Made no sense. Why would they protect a monument attacking me? Unless it was the symbol for a new brutality reminding me of a past I only thought was still in back of me. Support staff, students, and the faculty. It's still a ni**er factory.

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5 Heartbeats

I caught the flicker of a scene but it's not a dream. It's the sting from a memory I've never seen. Crack a window so the elements can intervene, no instrumentals just the whisper from a gentle breeze. I hear it, creeping out until it's clear and loud somehow deeper than a sound, I can feel it now. Put some words with the image that was coming down, pretty eyes, short locs, and a gorgeous smile. Sandra Annette Bland look how you commanded the eyes of the world focusing on our advancement. You see the change that was made through your circumstances? We needed everything you gave but we wanted answers. Sandra, coast to coast we depicted it, they tried to slander but your character resisted it. The voice they tried to silence became ubiquitous. Preserved it in your own words it felt like you predicted it. You saw the killings in the streets where they're dropping us. You know the sentences increase when they're knocking us.

You knew the beast was waging war on the populous. You know that when they're stopping us it's never been innocuous. And understanding what it takes to attack the reasons and how internalizing hate got us fighting demons. You had to battle yours too, but you gave it meaning by giving everyone the truth, trying to build your Queendom. The love is mutual, the very same love is the fuel that moved you. The spirit of a revolutionary flowing through you. It's funny how I never met you but I always knew you, Sandy. And the idea is not the same as the woman who exists but I cling to what remains because that presence is a gift. And I always say her name because it lingers on my lips thinking about her last 5 heartbeats, on nights like this. Thinking about her last 5 heartbeats, on nights like this... thinking about her last 5 heartbeats, on nights like this... thinking about her last 5 heartbeats... thinking about...

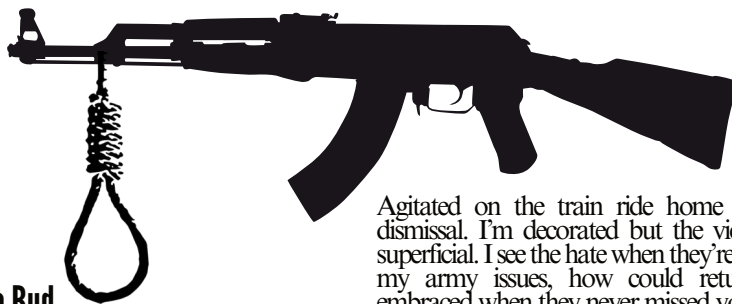
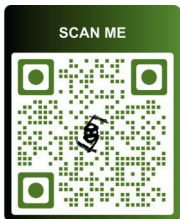
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Statement:

By DeJuan Gillespie
"The End Word"

The hateful establishment of the word nigger is so deeply embedded in society, that credibly redefining it would require a suspension of consciousness. And though nigger does have a positive alternative, we haven't changed its meaning, we only added to its definition. Do we only express nigger with positivity? No. Because the original use never left, and now it's an inescapable part of our lives. The abolition of its use is too inconvenient. Maybe in our attempt to survive, we unwittingly ensured this word's survival... The Public Weapon.

SUPPORT. SHARE. LEARN.



Nip It In The Bud

We heard of tragedies abroad, that threatened to reach a global peak. We suffering at home a foreigner's grief, it can't compete. The thought of peace in a nation is based on their belief, the second that illusion bursts at the seams the country weeps. Despite the white sheets and all the white feet we fell beneath the theater of war, needed more actors to make the show complete. We were just fighting in the streets now we in a fleet on our way to see where the edge of the horizon leads. A foreign shore, slaving for a couple months, assigned to labor corps stationed on the western front. This ain't what I want, but it's what the cause needs so we on a beach digging trenches until our palms bleed. Artillery exploding so loud we could touch the sound. In the path of harm but taking up arms, not allowed. Glory wasn't meant for colored men in the rank and file. Numbers thinned as the bodies piled, now the fight is ours. A crimson flood, a nightmare of earth and blood. Suffocated by the mud we held the line and never budged. All of us, wide eyed and terrified pushing through an ocean of bodies until we turned the tide. On the day the treaty was signed, our mothers prayed for us. What awaited back in the States was no escape for us. The feelings on that journey away, see that was dangerous, because everything we found in that place, they ain't gon' take from us.

Agitated on the train ride home after our dismissal. I'm decorated but the victory was superficial. I see the hate when they're staring at my army issues, how could returning be embraced when they never missed you? A law official investigating local crime stepped aboard, points at my bag, demands to see inside. It wasn't me so I declined, looked him in his eye. I'm the one with stripes on my arm, so why is he surprised? I earned release papers from dodging missiles shredding tissue like a meat grater. He never saw his friend drop and caught the smell later. He never had to wash his body in the filthy stinking waters of a shell crater. So he ain't qualified to question, or to command and I'm not honoring suggestions. Pushed off his hand, he reprimanded my aggression, I struggled and ran. Then I was violently arrested, now here I am. Relegated to a cage as the word travels and bad news spreads faster than the sharpest shrapnel. But I bit the apple, so ain't no cost high enough to take away from the freedom that my actions bought. Drifting in and out of that thought, the voices woke me up. Sledgehammer busted the lock, my cell was opened up. Dragged by my throat down the block my body hoisted up. I fought for their life but it's me these crackers roping up. Hanging for the bravery I learned in a foreign land. In the same uniform where it all began. I told myself, I'd return a Man. Prevention was the best cure, they nipped it in the bud before I got a chance.

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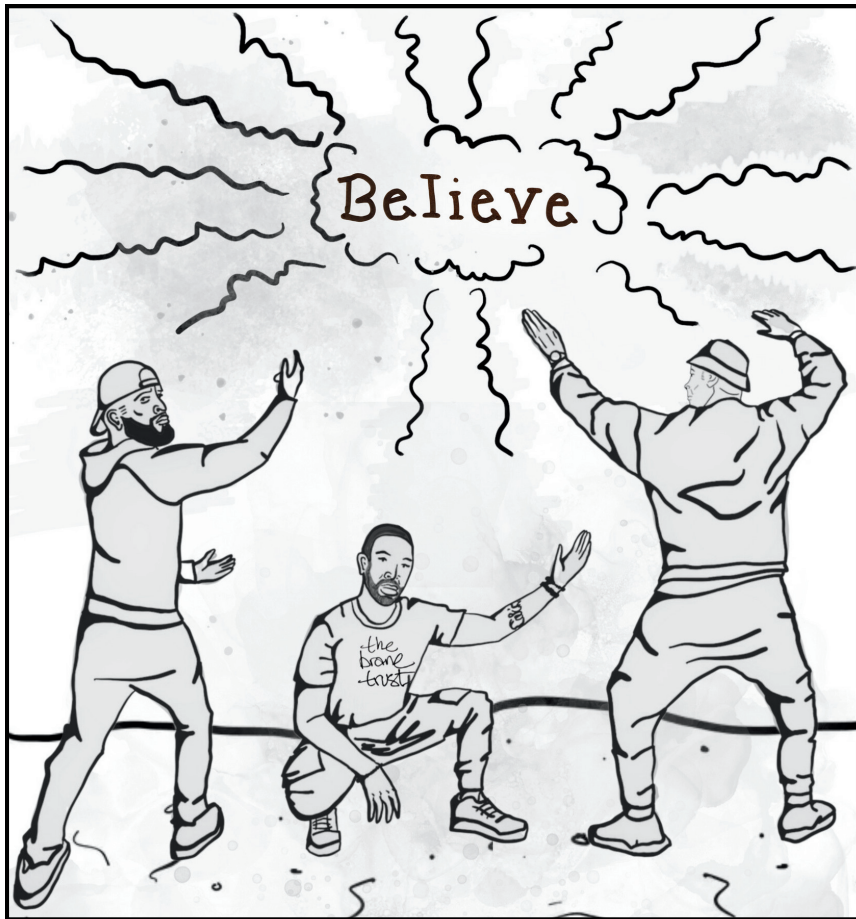
Age of Believing

Staring at the dark sky. Where did the sun lie? Every night it died, resurrected by the sunrise. Movements turned to patterns that we organized, bright stars turned to Gods that we glorified. Catered to our own pride based on a sacrifice. We built shrines to guide us to the afterlife. A main line, divine and terrestrial, humility declined into revenue and spectacle. A temple that was powerful so by the rifle and the sword they were tasked to expand for survival. To their shores we were dragged and we learned on arrival that the only thing stronger than the lash was the Bible. Suffering for years we endured the hard pressure because we hear and revere voices from our ancestors. By the time we were free we observed a new religion so I wonder, who received all the prayers that we were sending? It's the Age... What is "to believe?" Who do you believe? I want you to believe. I need you to believe.

Moses came down the mountain with the words engraved on a tablet. Paul caught a vision on his travel to Damascus. An Angel in a cave gave Muhammed all his lessons, the Creator picked a sage that was here to spread the message with no audience's presence. No corroboration but no challenge was accepted for holy revelation, and that vessel was the essence of their indoctrination. From a poet to a prophet to the pastor's congregation. The shepherd had the key to every universal truth, but man does not create all the weapons that he's used. Science is a tool just to illustrate the rules but they told us any man pursuing knowledge was a fool. Now they threaten you if the word is ever tested and call it "mystery" to insulate them from the questions. If blessings through another man is true are you really asking me to believe in the "Most High" or you? It's the Age...

Who can take the pain of living from us? Who sprinkles down the rain and fills the planet with abundance? Who animates the strains of our fingers on the congas? It's natural to wonder if he ever walked among us. Clinging to the world, terrified of what we're losing we dwell on who deserves all the bounty that we're using. But if we see it truly, preserving is our duty, the only way to serve is to contribute to the beauty. Before we started wars over who we choose to worship. Before the greed of any single person could usurp it. The verses of creation were presented with a purpose and written on the surface in a language we could never misinterpret. I see it in the stars of the evening. I see it in the smallest weed creeping through the cement. I hear it in the ocean's melody and I feel it in the breeze so the only blasphemy is pretending to believe. It's the Age...

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The only blasphemy is pretending to believe.

MARY MAKES BEE-LINE TO DC!

Mary's Day Off

No exact date or time anyone could trust. Just a Black girl born in the southern dust. Touched by the ancestors she had to be, if you show her anything she could draw it back accurate from memory. Mary was a prodigy, they say baby girl blessed. In another life Mary would have been the best architect or animator with the coolest sketch. Mary was enslaved so they trained her as a seamstress. Serving to survive Mary had to hide her real gift and spend her days sewing dresses for a mistress. In spite of this with every garment she would knit Mary gained a reputation for the magic in her fingertips. Despair lingered everywhere but she fought hers, saved enough money for her freedom then she bought hers. Years Mary used to pray to escape but she wouldn't move away without her friends and her family. One day at the height of the Civil War doing chores the confederate she worked for had a visit with a military engineer discussing top secret plans, they don't care if Mary hears. The rebels took a ship called the Merrimack covered it with steel and transformed it into an ironclad. The Union never knew they were capable but they left the blueprint available in Mary's view. True error, Mary she would dare to carve the image in her brain while she overcame the terror. For her dangerous endeavor she requested time away. Made a beeline to DC and made it in a couple days. To the military base and calmly asked for a meeting face to face with the Navy brass. What she had? A treasure trove of intel, a weapon from the enemy with illustrated details. A vessel that could sail through the barricade threatened to invigorate the strength of the south's brigade. So they made their own for the open sea, fought them to a stalemate, Mary saved the whole fleet. Black preachers spread the word under lamplight, Harriet was taking people on a night flight. Nat Turner had a gun he was battling. Mary's Day Off she was out traveling. Young boys ran away to the northern army, grandmothers patched the wounds on their broken bodies. David Walker risked it all to spread Appeal copies. Mary's Day Off she was busy saving everybody. Mary's Day Off. It was Mary's day off.

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Don't forget the ones you followed.



Follow Back

Thinking about a life in public service she tried her hand, but she was nervous. I observed it in her mannerisms. Now resurfacing with purpose and a newer brand, philosopher on instagram that never keeps a man or woman. But God forbid you misunderstand, clever when she's clapping back she's quick to issue reprimands. Until a change of plans, social climate shifting now that consciousness is prudent it was time for reinvention and she on a mission. Hash tagging with a vengeance, dragging public figures for the slightest of offenses. A touch of uplift, just to give a whiff of evenness but when it's more disparaging she's sharing it with eagerness. Fighting for justice, truth that's a different thing. Facts are secondary if it fits inside a meme, for convenience it would seem. So my hesitation's showing when she told me follow back, because I wonder where she's going. Follow Back.

Smart, diplomatic, confident, charismatic, and ambitious so he's careful how he crafts his image. When presented with an opening he used his talents to start a movement, soon he started losing balance. A fatal flaw within his language "I" instead of "We" he was mistaking the arrangement of working for the people. Saying for his service they should thank him, while his speeches start to reek of entertainment. Claiming he could save a million men if they would wake up. I asked him had he ever heard the tales of Ella Baker? Because she saw the error (era) of elevating leaders knowing weak people only rise as far as you can take them. But he believed the proof was the easing of their sorrows so they benefitted too from the glory that he borrowed. Hmm, not exactly true but that's a lesson for tomorrow so continue doing you. But brother don't forget the ones you followed. Follow Back.

Easy targets for the talking heads in primetime, criticized for philosophies we weren't sharing. Because indicated by the violence on our timelines. It was obvious, we are not our grandparents. The humble marching and the singing they'd rather we adopted as the product of their teaching. Respectful disagreement, we express our freedom every time we punch a racist in the face and live stream it. Because after all the horrors and abuses we uncovered, we summoned up our strength and said there'd never be another. And we refuse to suffer in silence and contempt, but as a consequence we had the gall to think that we were tougher. Then I remembered back on Fannie Lou when she was signing voters in her trek across the south and I'm reminded. Of danger she accepted because the second they confined her they beat her half to death. I just hope I would have been behind her. Follow Back.

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ATTENTION



Sunset by DeJuan Gillespie

How I love that blood orange tint of light as the sun sets. Even a moment of forced contemplation feels sublime. You feel like this magnanimous soul. A poet. I find myself wishing for a sort of death of consciousness. A selective amnesia. To cast those heartbreaking memories into that sea of forgetfulness. If only I had my people again. The few that remain. I just want to be me. The one you've joyfully seen, and not this shadow. But you will see me again. I will rise. I just want to be me. I just want to be me.

Hell Is What You Go Through. BUT HEAVEN'S WHAT YOU MAKE IT!

City Called Heaven

That shining city on a hill left a cold feeling. The decline in it's appeal had a slow building. Sick and tired of the sorrow and the self dealing. Searching for a new tomorrow I'm a poor pilgrim. Now I'm scheming on an exodus, just to keep my excellence intact. With my vision staring east to where my origins are at. I'm not overthinking whether my location is exact, ain't no 23 and me, it's just my finger and a map I'm going back. To a place that always existed where we're on the same page, all my folks believe different, uplift, achieve different, energy receive different. You can exhale, with freedom in the air you breathe different and I need it. I can't wait to dance and carry on. Every custom, every taste, I'm embracing as my own. When it's family in every new direction you can roam you don't have to trace a single chromosome to know you're home in The City. Ain't no place we're running from (We were getting tired of the same song). Nothing and no one to fear (Haunted by the past with the future coming quickly). You know where I'm coming from (Thinking we might never make it home). We know where we're going from here (So we found it where we made one, now we're in The City).

Before we were led astray, we were scholars, warriors, and lovers giving nature praise, worshiping the land and sky above us. Women had a place right inside the local power structure supervising trades, well respected aunts and Queen Mothers. We reflected on how our family union came untethered, reconnected the arteries intruders tried to sever. Resurrected, tradition with our future merged together in our neighborhoods and homes, now we run it all together. Taking necessary steps, changing how we strategize, we don't go for self, the collective is prioritized. First we had to purge the crooked system that we idolized, claim our resources now our commerce is de-colonized. I buy your products simply, at prices you demand. You need a service come and get me, I appreciate the chance. But if you never spend it with me, I understand it quickly and it still will come around because that money always circulates The City. (Hook.)

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I thought it had to be a Shangri-La. Golden sandals walking golden beaches. Golden cobblestones, Golden Lady blaring out of speakers. I was thinking wrong, we don't need a line of golden steeples it's the fact we own everything and all the land beneath it. We repeated the cycle when they kept us separated now we're leaving, to Native land without no reservations. To conceive it and see it through for current generations, then we pass it to the next and complete the restoration. Building nations with our hands, our principles and image. Respect is mandatory, we command it and we give it. The laws protect the vulnerable, not just money interests. We don't write them down in concrete, because we're not monolithic. Man it's not The City for you if you don't have the patience. It still requires "want to" and self determination. Because when problems happen, they do, we happily debate it. We know Hell is what you go through, but Heaven's what you make it in The City. Before tomorrow's come and gone. Nowhere else the time is here, Somewhere in the golden sun. Everything we need. We're here. In The City...



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You don't have to trace a single chromosome to know you're home in The City.