

# Five Songs Created in the New Sounds Lab

## Audio Transcript

### 1. “Marianas Faluwei” (Marianas, My Homeland)

The song begins with strumming on a single ukulele. A chorus joins in, singing first in Chamorro then Carolinian languages, along with an electric bass line. After a few vocal lines, steelpan drums join the melody, following the voices as they reach higher notes. Two plucked electric guitars fade in, on high and low scales, followed by short lines on a trumpet. The song concludes with the chorus stretching out the final few lyrics as the tempo slows. The ukulele and trumpet add final trills, and then there is a sudden round of cheers and applause.

Chamorro:

*Gaige yu' ta'lo nai guini gi tano-hu*  
*Sesso siente todo siha man minagof*  
*Ti bai para bumira yu' magi gi tano-hu, Marianas, saga-hu*  
*Marianas, tano-hu*

Carolinian:

*Ya bwaal sefaliti falawaay,*  
*Ya bwaal mafi alongaal schaay me llo! meseigh,*  
*I sobw lighiti yaay sefaliti falawaay,*  
*Marianas, eew samwool*  
*Marianas, falawaay*

(Source: [The Islander](#))

### 2. “Quédate Tranqui”

The song opens with a fast, steady electronic drum beat over a sound resembling radio static or falling rain. Andes MC begins to rap in a mix of English, Spanish, Quechua, and Aymara languages.

*Ayo, what's up, D.C.!*  
*Ayo, what's up, Bolivia?*  
*Folklife, uh. Check, cheque.*  
*You know lleno de rimas el paquete*  
*Check it out, y'all, uh. Check, cheque.*  
*You know lleno de rimas el paquete*  
*Sonamos en CD, en digital hasta en casete*  
*Valora lo que tiene, el flow del otro no lo flete*  
*From Bolivia to D.C. pa' que respeten*

*Atento a lo que viene, cumplan todo lo que sueñen  
A cada acción reacción que tus actos no te condenen  
Trasciende, mente, cuerpo and espíritu  
No busco lucirme busco tranquilidad writing my lyrics  
No limit, sudando en el proceso  
Artistas locales seguimos sin ganar un peso  
Sin importar eso, continuamos trabajando duro  
Si quiero que suceda la mente la configuro, te lo aseguro  
Siempre rayando muros conservamos un real hip-hop en estado puro  
Expertos en la materia  
Escuchan nuestros nombres y saben que es cosa seria  
That's the real hip-hop, you know  
That's the real hip-hop  
That's the real hip-hop, you know  
A donde sea esto es un live nadie los planea  
no seas bandera hazlo con cautela look to the side  
que ahora estas en la favela puro good fella ve con cuidado te darán candela  
acá nada es gratis tirando flow que suena nasty  
rodeado con amigos dando vueltas aquí por chasti  
sonamos en barrio en las aceras ven quédate tranqui  
ya voy pa casa I am under but she call me papi, jaja  
yeah I'm under, but she call me papi  
no te distraiga  
No te distraiga, enfócate, la vida aquí no es fácil  
Se que mis sueños no logré aún pero ya casi  
Lo que es fuera de lo común eso pa mi ya es basic,  
Si encuentras algo aca es for real, for real*

Charles Fisher tags in to rap in English:

*Yeah, the feeling here is so right  
We so blessed to be here  
We love it here, it's Folklife  
Yeah, the feeling here is so right  
We so blessed to be here  
We love it here, it's Folklife  
Yeah, OK, the feeling here is so right  
We so blessed to be here  
We love it here, it's Folklife  
Come on, yeah, it's Folklife.  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, OK Folklife, yeah.*

After a few seconds of the beat and pleasant melody on the keys, the song ends abruptly.

### 3. “Whassup Whassup”

The track opens with turntable scratching sounds, quickly followed by strummed acoustic guitar, keyboard, bass, and a simple beat. Maqash comes in with a slow, casual rap. (Note that some lyrics and lines are missing because they are indiscernible.)

*Baby, am I feeling me?*  
*What’s up, what’s up, what’s up, am I feeling me?*  
*Baby, am I checking me?*  
*What’s up, what’s up, what’s up, am I checking me?*  
(Chorus repeats)

*Baby, am I feeling me? Checking me?*  
*Tall looking handsome man, rich data, heaven or hell, presence is failed.*  
*Bogota, Accra, D.C., everywhere I be, still be the same*  
*My ID shows I’m the real ID*

(Chorus)

William Diaz-Contreras jumps in singing, his voice split into two tracks, as if echoing himself.

*And I look so good (so good)*  
*Kansas gonna love (from the heart, baby)*  
*Got the right kind of look (kind of look, you know?)*  
*And I know what she wants (just what she wants)*  
*And I walk so good (and I walk so good)*  
*And I come from the hood (and I come from the hood)*  
*Oooh (oooooh)*

Maqash’s chorus repeats twice, then William closes out the song, crooning passionately.

*And I feel like a bad blood*  
*I want you to feel me*  
*Oh can’t you feel my heart throb*  
*When I’m, when I’m with you, baby, oooh*  
*And don’t you feel me now?*  
*And I’m feeling so good*

### 4. “It Can Only Get Better”

The rock-tinged song opens with a melody on guitar and electric piano and a steady beat from a drumkit. William Diaz-Contreras begins to sing, an air of frustration and desperation in his voice throughout.

*What's wrong with the roads in D.C.?  
Beat up trucks with no AC.  
Pavement so hot it's smoky.  
Road rage, babe, is low-key.*

Laura Disciullo joins William to sing the chorus as the music gains energy:

*It can only get better.  
You can't wear a sweater  
In this hot, hot, hot weather*

Williams sings the next two verses.

*Got overtaken on the shoulder.  
You can't get your stuff if you're too slow.  
DC drivers, Getting bolder, not getting older,  
I got places to go.*

*Temperatures are rising, no one is smiling.  
Temper is hot. Hit the gas with all you've got!  
Temperatures are rising, no one is smiling.  
Temper is hot. Hit the gas with all you've got!*

The two singers repeat the chorus. When the vocals end, the music slows, and the song ends on a coda from the piano.

## **5. Stax & Rebel Song Academy**

The song opens with a chorus of voices repeating “Oh, oh,” with a smattering of percussion faintly in the background. A piano, bass guitar, and drumkit quickly fade in, and the verses begin, starting with a female vocalist with high reverb. Note that some indiscernible lyrics are missing.

(Chorus)  
*Everybody wants somebody,  
And I just wanna be somebody.*

*Everybody wants somebody,  
And I just wanna be somebody.  
You just wanna love me, but I just wanna go.  
You just wanna hold me, but I...  
Please, ... 'cause everybody has a plan.  
But you and I are much ... get a second chance.*

A male voice follows, echoing the last lyric in a rap:

*Never get a second chance, yeah.  
Okay, listen, I said back home,  
They lock up lives like it's a trade,  
Falsely convicted, our people just led astray,  
Colored skin labels us guilty,  
Yeah, we say it's on sight,  
Another life taken, wrapped up in these damn lies,  
Names get buried, yet these stories ...  
Yeah, they better turn it right, okay,  
I said they'd rather turn they heads than exposed to disgrace,  
Listen, yeah, okay, yeah,  
I said they false educate,  
Fill heads with deceit,  
Build walls with the fiction that we told to believe.  
History twisted, y'all call this s\*\*\* safe?  
Tell us who's holy, yeah, we paint these criminals as saint.  
They hide the truth, textbooks go closed.  
They teach us through the tainted prose.  
They shape young minds with ...  
Okay, listen, yeah,  
America ain't a dream.  
It's just a dark machine.  
Come on.*

(Chorus)

*Yeah, one, it's gotten to a point I don't even know what to say.  
I'm about to be 19, take me back to the days  
When I was relaxing, looking for action,  
Finally got some bread, but no satisfaction.  
Man, I had to look at myself to find a man.  
I still ain't figure out, I got no friends to respect.*

*I had to talk to God just to show me what's next.  
I'm losing the pages to this rap thing.  
I wanna drop something new, but I'm stuck on some old things.  
I feel like I'm just maturing.  
I find myself right, but at the same time this rap thing I'm not yearning.  
You would feel the same way.  
I pushed back a album just a year 'cause I knew that I was gonna be late.  
I don't wanna fall back on the fate that I let go of, but I'm trusting myself  
It's gonna be okay, the door is open but I can't walk in.  
I've been stuck in my way since I was 10  
I used to have a dream like Dr. King.  
I thought, maybe when I got older I could stick to the dream,  
But life happens, suckers just want action,  
Forgetting about the dream that they had back then.  
You could still wander and dream farther  
And don't care about your deadbeat father, I'm gone.*

(Chorus)

The refrain of "oh, oh" returns after the chorus, and then the song comes to a sudden end.