

“Life in Descent(s)”: The Interlude

EP Credits + Tracklist + Lyrics

Life in Descent(s): The Interlude By K.A.

All songs written, produced, recorded, and mixed by Kevin Anglade, unless noted otherwise.

1. The First Home
2. Captive (Chained)
3. The Revolt (Dave’s Rebellion)
4. You Are (Blk Wmn by Felicia Henry)
5. Don’t You Cry (Reprise)
6. Got Me Stressin’ (Life Is Testin’)
7. The Broken (Home Is by Jermaine Meadows)
8. The Lost Story (Nothin’ To Lose) feat. N.B.A. Demon
9. What You’ve Done (America 2x)
10. Wonderful World (This Could Be)

## Song/Production Credits

1. “The First Home”  
Recorded at Peanutty’s Studio  
Written, Mixed, & Produced by Kevin Anglade  
Additional vocals by Jesse Henderson
2. “Captive” (Chained)  
Recorded at Castlewood’s Studio  
Written, Mixed, & Produced by Kevin Anglade
3. “The Revolt” (Dave’s Rebellion)  
Recorded at Peanutty’s Studio  
Written, Mixed, & Produced by Kevin “Peanutty” Anglade
4. “You Are” (Blk Wmn by Felicia Henry)  
Written, Recorded, Mixed, & Produced by Kevin Anglade at Castlewood’s Studio  
“*Blk Wmn*” poem written and performed by Felicia Henry
5. “Don’t You Cry” (Reprise)  
Recorded at Castlewood’s Studio  
Written, Mixed, Produced, & Keyboard Programming Arranged by Kevin Anglade
6. “Got Me Stressin’” (Life Is Testin’)  
Recorded at Peanutty’s Studio  
Written, Produced, & Mixed by Kevin “Peanutty” Anglade  
Background vocals by Sean Sampt
7. “The Broken” (Home Is by Jermaine Meadows)  
Recorded at A.Q. Overbrook Studios  
Written, Produced, & Mixed by Kevin Anglade  
“*Home Is*” poem written and performed by Jermaine Meadows
8. “The Lost Story” (Nothin’ To Lose) feat. N.B.A. Demon  
Recorded at Peanutty’s & Castlewood’s Studio  
Mixed, Produced, & Keyboard Programming Arranged by Kevin “Peanutty” Anglade  
Written by Kevin Anglade, Kalil Walls & Sean Sampt  
Additional vocals by Sean Sampt
9. “What You’ve Done” (America 2x)

Recorded at Peanuttty's Studio  
Written, Produced, & Mixed by Kevin Anglade  
Background vocals by Sean Sampt

10. "Wonderful World" (This Could Be)  
Written, Produced, Recorded, & Mixed by Kevin Anglade at Castlewood's Studio  
Additional vocals by Danielle Griffiths

### ***“The First Home”***

Narrator (Jess): You know, they often say there's no place like home. And no matter what part of the world you live in today, that saying still rings true. The fact of the matter is prior to the transatlantic slave trade Africa was a continent full of prestige. From the great civilizations of Kush, to Axum, Mali, as well as great Zimbabwe. Many African nations were gold mines which to an infiltration of sorts upon the land. The people were a proud people. Filled with pride, heart and enchanted spirits that acknowledged those that came before them. Through many languages, dialects, tribes, societal structures as well as intellectual developments, nothing in the atmosphere had given signs of what was yet to come. After having many of their cultures stripped and destroyed possibly forever, they were then transported to a new world. One in which their lives would be in descent. This is a story of men that lost sense of the journey. This record by my man K.A. is an encyclopedia for those attempting to comprehend their origins in order to understand where they are going. With that being said, I now present to you, *Life in Descents: Story of the enslaved and youth captured.*

Outro (K.A.): You heard my man, Jess. Let's get it.

***“Captive” (Chained)***

Intro: Where am I? What is this place? I’m chained. Shackled. I have no idea where I’m going. I have a funny feeling things are going to change forever. No escape. For some reason I’ve been disconnected. Lost my heritage. No way out. Can’t go back.

Verse: I can feel the change in me/stepped onto the ship/This ain’t the way to be/Losing all my hope/The Gods don’t hear the plea/So if I’m on a deck then I won’t fear the sea/Now I am a wreck/Enslaved, I fear for free/Wondering what’s next/as they prepare for me/Keeping me in check/I’m stuck can’t feel my knees/Crick all in my neck/Obtuse, a weird degree/What will be my purpose upon this new foreign land/Highly doubt the ship’s crew will give me a helping hand/Cruising down the shore line we’re nearly upon the sand/Seems as if my presence will help this new place expand/Stripped of all my agency now I must take commands/Moving forward, how much can I truly withstand?

Outro: Welcome to the new world...Soon to be called...America...

***“The Revolt” (Dave’s Rebellion)***

Intro: This the story of a slave tryna make it out in the home of the brave/Living life is what he craved/Wasn’t tryna work the fields for an early grave/Another path he so then paved/This is a tale of the man named Dave

Verse: With those final closing words his mama had done prayed/She then told the boy that he could play in the shade/Stay away from massa plus his son and fair skin daughters/And since those were the orders it was that she forbade/As time kept moving on he eventually grew sad/Five years had just passed and he hadn’t seen his dad/Word around plantation was he tried to fight the nation like those pesky rebel Haitians while he was a lad/The boy had then got older and he had to work the field/Detached from mama’s bosom/No longer had the shield/Slaving for his massa grazing products he would yield/Storing up a harvest for his break, he would unpeel/But massa had caught wind of his out of order sin with the whip he’d rip his skin for a while remained unhealed/From the pain he would squeal/He was blinded so he kneeled til’ the bruises had congealed and his heart had turned to steel/More time had progressed as Dave was now a man/Tired of conditions as he darkened through a tan/Waving all his fingers as the sun would always linger/Then spoke of a rebellion to his closest buddy Dan/Months would then go by as the men took time to plot/Gathered group of men as they prepped at David’s spot/Night’s would be exciting/As the men were all inviting for the pending war inciting/Planned to give it all they got/Winter had arrived and it seemed like the time/For Dave and his men to execute the crime/Once the clock hit midnight and those torches had been ignite/They had all went to the big house and left the folks in slime/One plantation down it was onto the next/Word had gotten round/The white folks were vexed/Then emerged some soldiers/Great artillery they shouldered/It was rocks against some boulders/Dave was perplexed, damn!

***“You Are” (Blk Wmn by Felicia Henry)***

Intro (K.A.): Attention! May I have your attention, please! Today’s public service announcement is brought to you by the lovely, Ms. Felicia Henry.

Verse (Felicia): And when they come, head high/Chin straight, back tall, shoulders square/No fear in your eyes, don’t give them the satisfaction of seeing you cry/You are, Black woman/And so, when they come to pillage and destroy your village and leave generations out in shackles and chains to be slaves of a new nation head high, you are, unbreakable/And when they come to have their way with you as you tend to the fields breaking back for profit, desecrating the sacred, chin straight, you are, resilient/And when they come to demand motherhood for children, you do not birth while robbing you of the privilege to raise those you did, back tall, you are, remarkable/And when they come to box you into the narratives of welfare queen or jezebel and deviant, trapping you in systems of structural violence, shoulders squared, you are unconstrained/You are Black woman, with a legacy to survive, to thrive, to remain alive, they cannot extinguish your flame/You are Black woman, you are Black woman, you are Black woman, so...blaze!

***“Don’t You Cry” (Reprise)***

Intro (Adlibs)

Chorus (2x): I just want my daddy/Don’t know why they hung you/Wanna kill you badly/Now we’ll have to struggle

Verse: Papa, how you doing and he said so-so/Son I gotta deal with that damn Jim Crow/Applied to many jobs but they all shut the door/It’s looking like Jim don’t wanna see me grow/Shooing me away like a damn scare crow/How many times can one’s pride here no/Dealing with the rich when we living life po’/Between you and I one of us gotta go...

***“Got Me Stressin’” (Life Is Testin’)***

Intro: This one got me in my feels like the world’s illz sittin’ on 24 chrome inch wheels, what’s the deal?

Pre-Hook: You know how it be when your momma got them bills up the hills and she tryna break a dollar for the meals for the two kids call em’ Jack and Jill, she got skills but until she use her gills they don’t grow like daffodils

Half-Hook: Life can have you stressin’/Tryna learn the lesson...

Verse: As she’s looking to the heavens/We know she’s gonna pray/For the lord to hold her down in every single way/Air gets warm but the cold keeping enemies at bay/Cause her son about to be a target once the month is May/He been out there hustling with a buzz which led to spray of the block the other day/And plus his name was Ray/Life is not a game but they tried to X and O like a play/So he had to beat em’ with a route that was one way/He been through the pain of the game wasn’t tamed as he built his cred tryna get a name for the fame/But no one to blame/So it makes you wonder in the rain who’s to gain in a cycle that never change but stay the same/Feeling bad for mom like a prom or if Vietnam just had dropped a bomb like Saddam and those killers just as they had stayed calm/They didn’t make it out of a bout from the gout/Even in the fear of doubt with some clout/We hear Ray dissolve in shouts...As he pouts...and wonders what was life about...no route...no way out...you heard them shouts

Hook: Life can have you stressin’/Tryna learn the lesson/Life will be a blessing/Though it will be testin’...

Outro: To be continued on What You’ve Done...

***“The Broken” (Home Is by Jermaine Meadows)***

Intro (K.A.): Greetings everyone. We hope that you’re enjoying Life in Descents. This next public service announcement is brought to you by, Jermaine Meadows. Jermaine, take it away.

Verse (Jermaine): I’m thinking about broken homes/Where those words break your bones like you were hit with sticks and stones/Home where, home isn’t home and you feel alone/Home where, all momma do is gossip on the phone/As a Black man with a dark skin tone/Banging so they could leave you alone/Home where, the prison system took papa/Home where, tears were shed because we didn’t have enough to break the bread/Toxic environments where its hard to clear your head/Internal, we bled/Lives lost from gun spread/Dark clouds when all I wanted was sun-set/Wake up, re-set!

***“The Lost Story” (Nothin’ To Lose) feat. N.B.A. Demon***

Intro: This is the story of the lost/Tryna make it out the hood but at what cost/Fuming from the strain like a broken car exhaust/We’ll start in NYC then take the road like Robert Frost

Pre-Verse: Why am I living in squalor? Shooting cats just to make a dollar, man. Had no choice, I was born a brawler. Before I even look over my collar, I’m hit as the pain makes me holler.

Verse 1 (K.A.): Get it how you live/That’s the motto in my hood/If you ain’t about your business then it’s woulda, coulda, should/Don’t show your cards/life is hard, pain sitting just beneath the scars/ I’m just tryna take my time, figure it all out but if brought up in the hood likely there’s no two way route/Always been a sinner cause I never had it good/Momma had to set the fire cause my papa in the woods/Since they taking fathers, families have been bothered/Demons live inside of me/Got this 50 clip/Yeah, it’s the pride in me/Pride is good for you and me, though it feels like was left on trees/Niggas wanna try me cause they do it for the clout so I gotta keep a pole say a prayer, made em’ shout/Niggas on the block all fear me, Willie Lynch Theory/Poverty around me keeping all of us in doubt ever since we crossed those waters life has been the toughest bout/Momma got me stressin’ cause she hope I make it out but I won’t unite with massa like my name Steve Stoute/Living in NY can get bloody cause its gory/Finna take you to the port, lil’ homie tell a story

Verse 2 (N.B.A. Demon): Fuck with big bro, while I’m with the shit/Got the glock on my hip, hit a nigga in his shit/Slide through the block, let me see that little boy/I’m gonna send some shots/I’m talking straight body/I ain’t stopping til’ I see a fat bitch or a white flag/We don’t do no talking, we straight with the shit/You mad cause big bro done fucked on your bitch?/If you gotta problem come talk to this blick/Damn, we shoot a gang, grab a glock put a 30 in that thing/Catch a opp, you know I’m gon’ bang/Make that lil’ nigga momma sing/My name ring bells, N.B.A. Demon bring hell/Your man died and you ain’t get back/Keep talkin’ bout big bro/You gon’ get clapped, pussy!/Suck my dick!

NBA Demon: Yo, real shit nigga, I got this fifth on me right now, Seanny. What you got on you?

Seanny: I got this 40 man.

NBA Demon: Like, what you on? We out to get them niggas?

Seanny: Fuck it, we out, we gotta get them niggas.

NBA Demon: On some real nigga shit. Cause I ain’t playing no with no more niggas, I’m on that block. Yo, Kev, what the fuck is you on? Bruh, I got this .40 for you.

Kev: Uh, nah, I think I’mma sit this one out bro.

NBA Demon: C’mon bruh, you can’t do that. Them niggas violated nigga. We out man. I do n’t got shit to lose.

Seanny: Fuck it Demon, we out!

NBA Demon: Yeah, we out nigga. Bout to go get them niggas.

***“What You’ve Done” (America 2x)***

Intro: This is a song about America/She got me living in hysteria and now they think that I’m inferior/This country got my momma struggling her name is Erica/But those problems bout to bury her/Son afraid he’ll have to carry her

Chorus (2x): America, America, look at what you’ve done to me/Don’t know who I’m supposed to be/I just wanted to be free

Verse: Just started the day/Couple bands up in my sock/Then the brodie hit my phone/Said its time to spin that block/Momma barely getting by/Making scraps while on the clock/So we posted on the strip like we shipping off the dock/And you know the opps be lurking so I gotta have my glock/See the zone, see your man/Busting shots, protect that rock/And you know them fiends be coming so out here I’ve raised my stock/Leave you paralyzed in shock/Yes the beast has been unlocked/How long can this go on?/Why does this feel so wrong?/Why can’t I tell you how I feel but put it in a song?/Why does this feel so long?/Don’t know where I belong/I’m living life out on the daily as if I am gone/Projects are a battlefield/There ain’t a way for me/Got me stressin’ if this way I live is just the way to be/All the chaos in my hood/Grandma say she pray for me/Keep my head up on a swivel, cause I’m still not truly free/Wondering if I’mma make it out or will I die/Freezing in the crib/Momma heats the stove we get by/Wonder why they tell you as a kid that you can fly/Seems like everything they said to me was a lie...and so I cry...yeah...I cry...will I get by?

Chorus (1x): America, America, look at what you’ve done to me/Don’t know who I’m supposed to be/I just wanted be free

Post-Chorus: What would I be without you?/What could I be without you?/I’m only saying it’s true/Don’t know what to do/What would I be without you?

***“Wonderful World” (This Could Be)***

Chorus (2x): Oh, what a wonderful world, it would be/Oh, what a wonderful world, it would be/Oh, what a wonderful world, this could be/Oh, what a wonderful world, this would be

Verse 1: And so, I always wondered can I be?/With no racism, so I’s free/Kept my nation’s culture/I’m just me/Moving to the bongo’s melody

Chorus (1x): Oh, what a wonderful world, it would be/Oh, what a wonderful world, it would be/Oh, what a wonderful world, this could be/Oh, what a wonderful world, this would be

Verse 2: But I woke up today, not a dream!/Didn’t like anything that I seen/Baby’s fading to Black on T.V./We can locate the cure, World War Z!

Chorus (1x): Oh, what a wonderful world, it would be/Oh, what a wonderful world, it would be/Oh, what a wonderful world, this could be/Oh, what a wonderful world, this would be

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Written, Produced, Recorded, Arranged, & Mixed by Kevin “K.A./Peanutty” Anglade at  
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