

Album Review: Monster Dong hits the spot

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Nine tracks of auditory bliss. That is the only way we at The Clarion can think to describe the debut effort of Jake Dodson, a.k.a. Monster Dong, a former intern with the Brevard College training room who is now trying to make his way through the hard-knocks world of hip-hop music.

The album, "Cock-a-Doodle Do You" features verses laid down by Dong over top of tracks that are surprisingly good, considering that they were most likely made on the synthesizer of one of Dong's younger relatives.

Dong has no apparent grasp of rhyme, slant rhyme, rhyme

scheme, or stressed syllables, but in the words of Offspring, "he may not have a clue, he may not have style, but everything he lacks, he will make up in denial."

Every line Dong spits reflects the life of a hardened criminal who has the Midas touch with the opposite sex. So what if Dong is the pride of the remote hamlet of Rosman, North Carolina? He seems so earnest about his life as a big-city gangster in songs such

as "Running from the FBI" that it does not seem all that implausible for Dong to have previously been a high ranking officer in the Monguls motorcycle gang. Or at least somebody who got arrested for having the wrong kind of porn on their computer.



The artistic summit of the album comes in the form of the title track, "Cock-a-Doodle Do You." With his rhyme "I will fry you eggs and make you bacon, just to get that ass a

shakin'", Dong seems to have invented a new style of rap music, non-sensical pseudo-eroticism. As this album sweeps the nation, keep a look out of the new craze in the hip hop community: young women shaking what their mother's gave them in exchange for breakfast.

While the album is not technically available for commercial purchase, if you want to get your hands on a copy, Andrew Thompson and Joseph Chilton will be more than happy to facilitate Dong distribution.

The Clarion highly recommends that you pick up the album. The worth of the album is best summed up when Monster Dong flippantly states, "I don't have a three foot long dong for nothing, I aim to please." True dat, Moster Dong, true dat. We are well pleased.

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