THE WORLD'S MOST DANGEROUS REVIEWS

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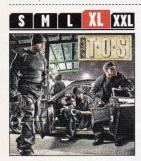


> THE JUMP OFF

G-Unit

T.O.S. (Terminate on Sight)

G-UNIT/INTERSCOPE



Some might say he got rich and stopped tryin'. Others might say it's impossible to stand atop a mountain for too long without occasionally losing your footing. Whatever the case, 50 Cent noticed a definite glitch in the hip-hop matrix. Gone were the days when simply waving a G-Unit flag would result in immediate fan participation at the record (or iTunes) store. By 2006, his once-platinum protégé Lloyd Banks and proven veteran signees Mobb Deep had seen a drastic decline in acclaim and sales from years past. Even 50's own project, last year's *Curtis*, just barely

cracked a milli, which paled in comparison to the 13 million his previous two offerings amassed.

With his top-dog status in jeopardy, the Teflon Don took it back to the streets, recently releasing a trio of well-received mixtapes that confirmed his hustler's ambition was still intact. Following the public ousting of Young Buck, a pared-down G-Unit, consisting of 50, Banks

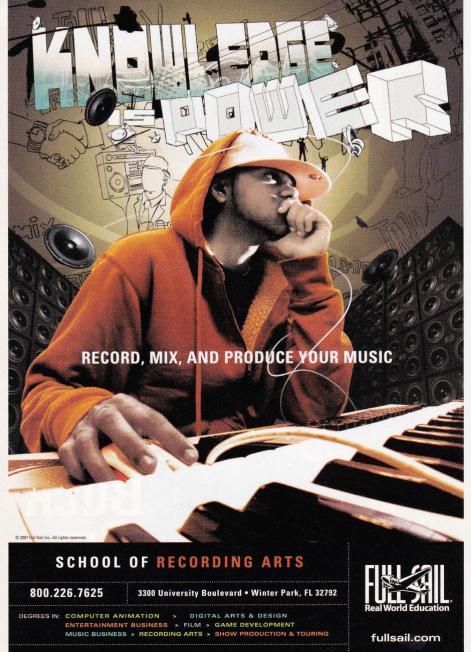


and Tony Yayo, return to the glory of the preInterscope days on their aggressive sophomore LP, T.O.S. (Terminate on Sight). The
call to arms begins with the N.W.A-inspired
"Straight Outta Southside." Ridin' out to Ron
Browz's explosive snares and reverberating
bass line, the Queens guerillas commence
to pop more shit than a proctologist. After
Curtis lets off a stray shot at T.I. on "You So
Tough," Yayo seems to dump a full clip into
Jimmy "Henchmen" Rosemond's character
on the antagonistic "Casualties of War" ("Fist
full of stones, fingers glowin' like E.T./Fake
OG, OG Bobby Johnson/Do your son like
J-Rock, Mossberg pump him").

It ain't no fun if the homies can't have none, and Banks makes sure he gets a piece of the action on the Ty Fyffe-produced title track. The typically laid-back lyricist infuses the record with vigor, juggling stacked bars like, "I don't need a gimmick, I'm the sickest nigga in it/Get it/Upside-down, I twist it/I can promise you a visit/You're a midget." Not one to be outdone, 50 asserts his lyrical dominance over the moody symphony of "No Days Off." Bobbin' and weavin' through the track like traffic, he cocks and squeezes with dead-on precision: "I got the burner, burner, I've come to burn, to burn va/Revolver turn va, call it murder, murder/l ain't smilin', l ain't smirkin', I ain't muthafuckin' jokin'/See if ya think something sweet when ya head open."

The problem with drive-bys, though, is there's a higher probability of missing your mark. This explains the questionable lead single, "I Like the Way She Do It." Sounding like the soundtrack to a sex tape, the coochiecatering cut waters down the bloodbath and regresses the Unit's forward progress. "Kitty Kat," with its overtly vulgar verbiage, falls more in line with their latest batch of murdergrams.

Unlike G-Unit's 2003 debut, Beg for Mercy, and their subsequent solo projects, T.O.S. isn't skewed toward R&B singles and pop sensibilities. Instead, the Southside trio focuses on making undeniably hardcore hiphop with mass appeal. The inclusion of Auto-Tuned mixtape smash "Rider Pt. 2," which worked its way onto national radio playlists, gives credence to the idea of that working. Devoid of any guests, save for reggae artist Movado ("Let It Go") and former Uniteer Buck on four tracks, the album is a welcome return to the gritty sound that originally catapulted 50 and company from industry outcasts to SoundScan killers. Now, after falling back into the familiar role of the underdog, G-Unit appear ready to take it back to the top. —ANSLEM SAMUEL



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