

WATUSI

At the beginning, we were in the same classroom
That school allowed us to play together, it was cool
Leaving, we were supposed to do reggae, then we drifted
Mateo came, said I come from rock and I'm going to shake
One riff was enough and the track was then open
The influences of each one has shown the way,
In our jam session
All thanks to our sacred african cow that we plead, all days

Its Watusi's feeling, that you hear

We got no answer, we got no proof
We got no reaction to our prayers, waiting to get one soon
Without reaction from our god cow
We lost some of our faith everyday
The band was on the brink of separation, and it was amazing!
The signal finally came
During a long day of practice
We felt something sacred coming
The Cow-God listened to us: once out of our cellar of worship, a
Watusi waited, it was miraculous for us

So we play funk, we play jazz, we play reggae and hip-hop
We play soul, we play afro, we play jungle and rock
We don't feel artificial, no tecktonik in our bones
No David Guetta on our headphones
We play what we love of the music of the world