Top Ten Video Game Music Slap Down!

Craig Bakalian

Flute

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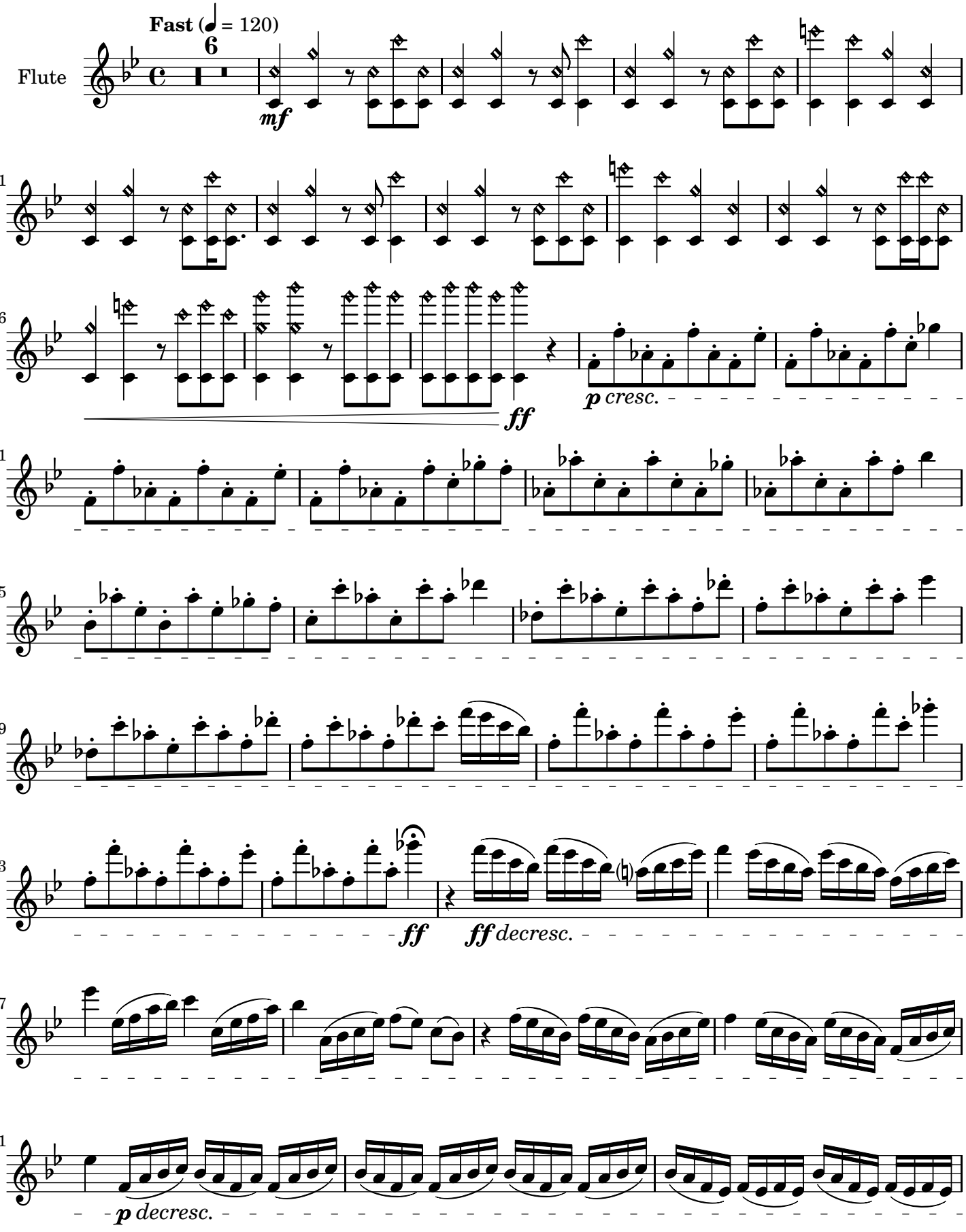
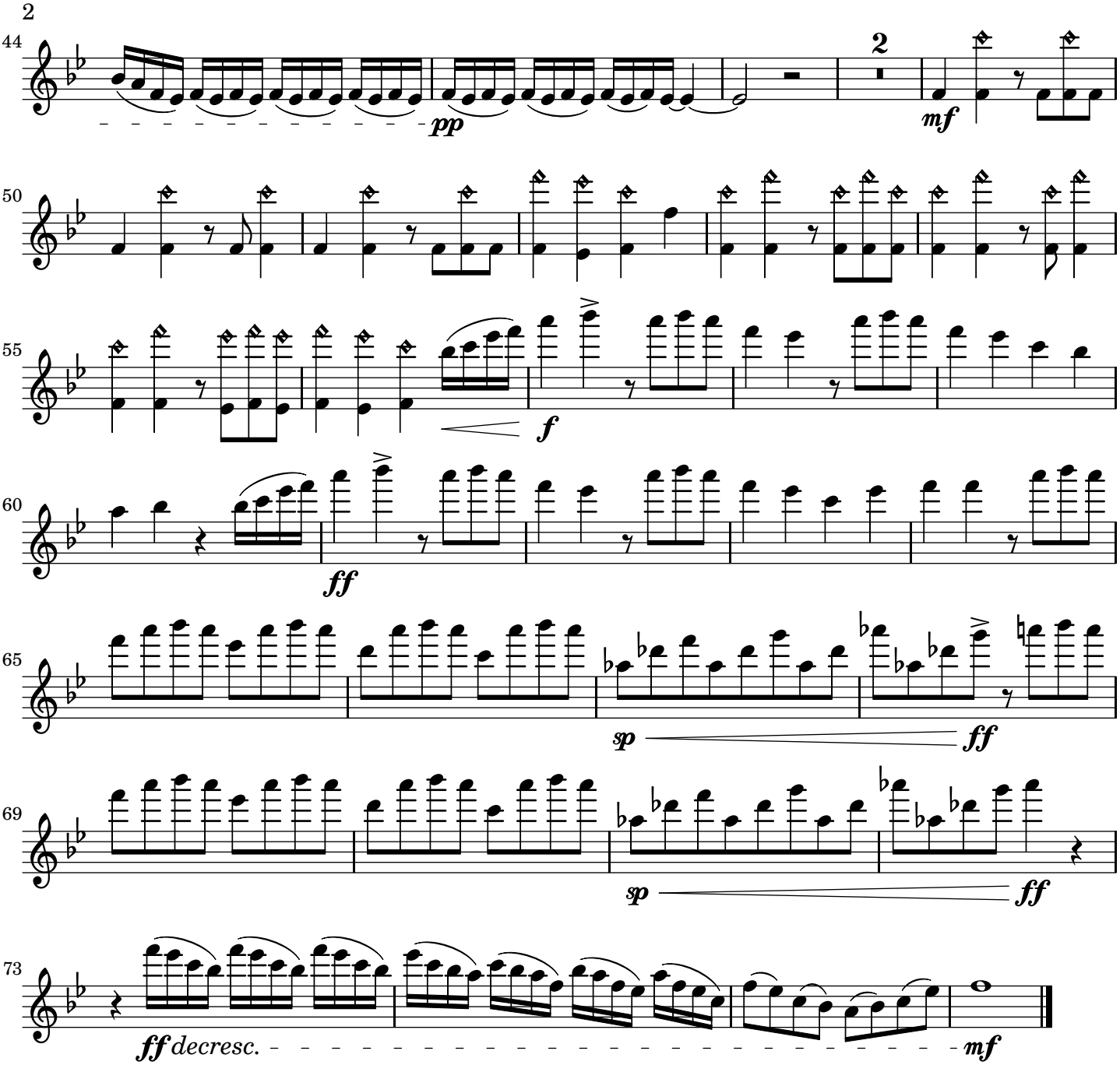
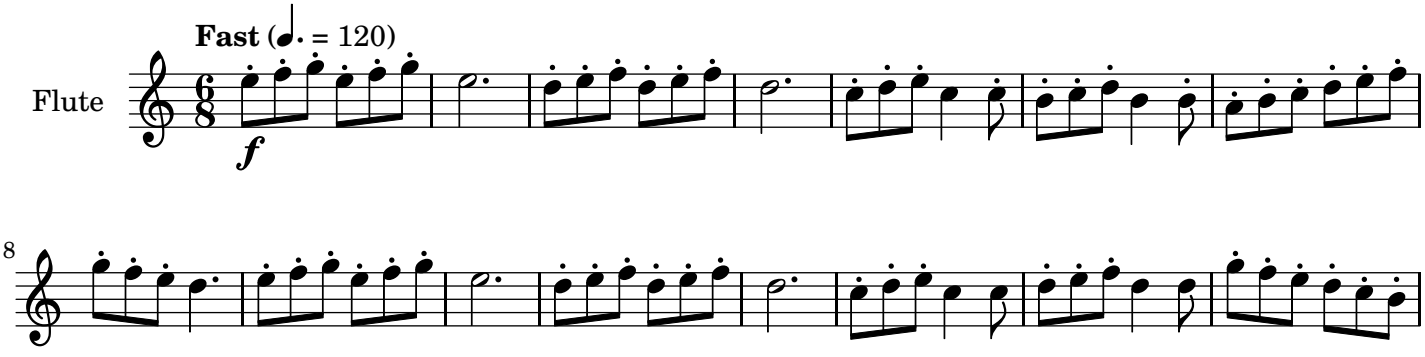
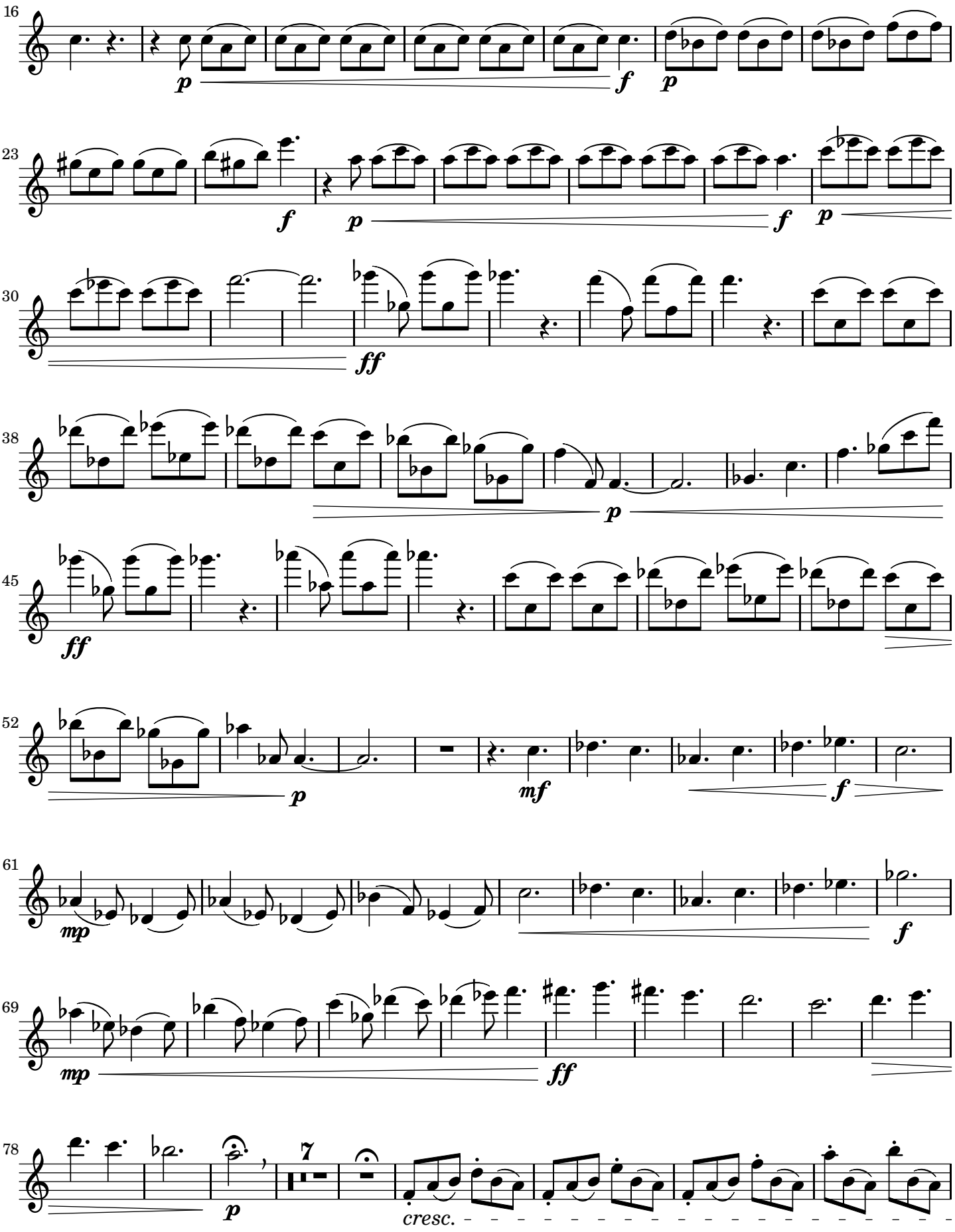
Crow Versus Squirrel

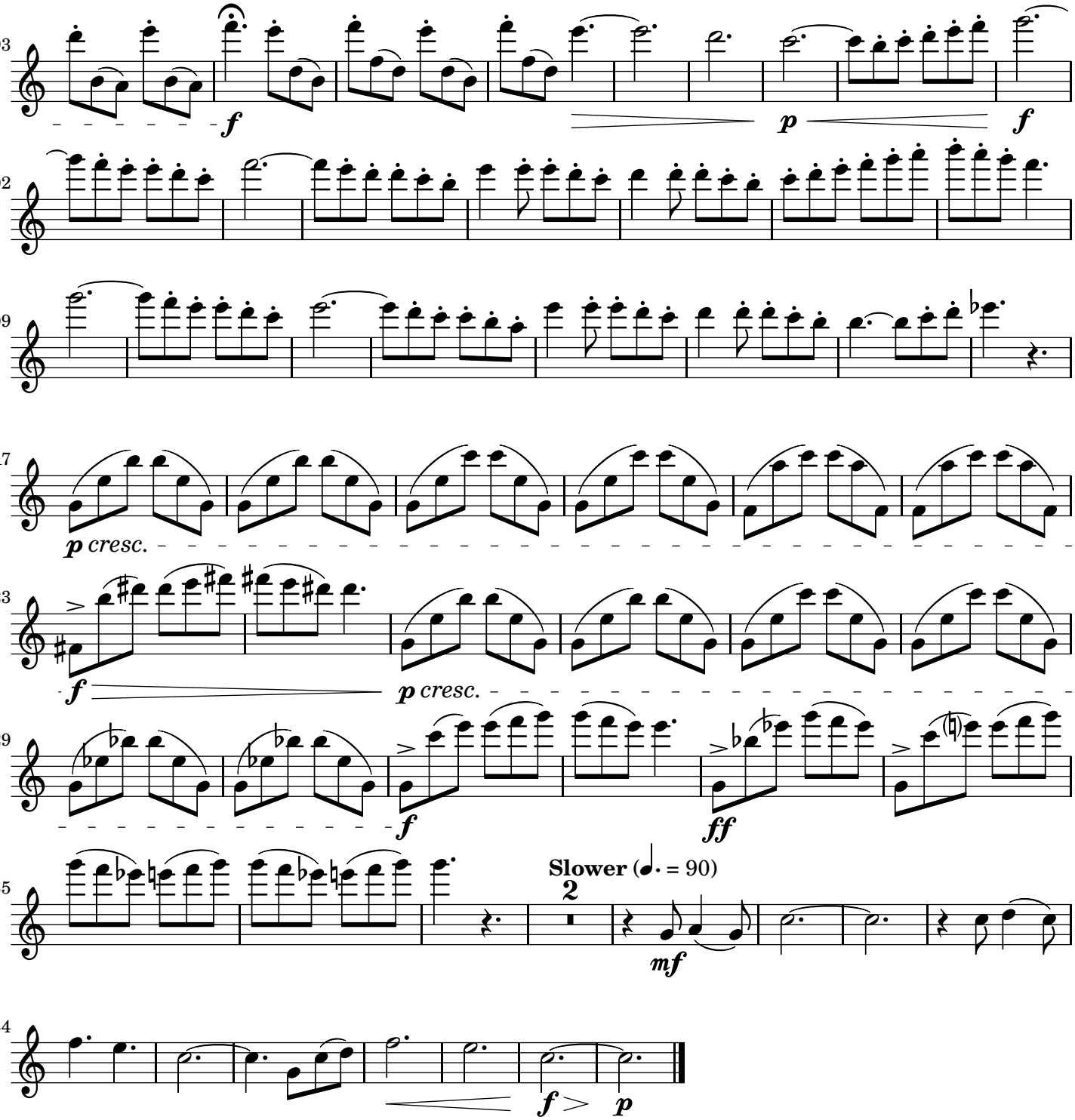




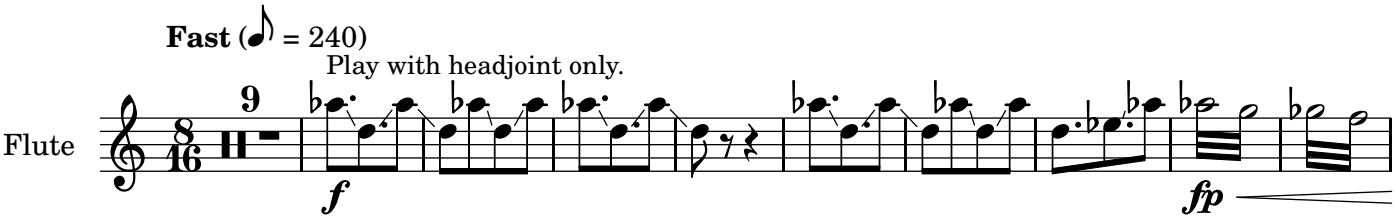
Peanut Butter Pony Goes Undercover

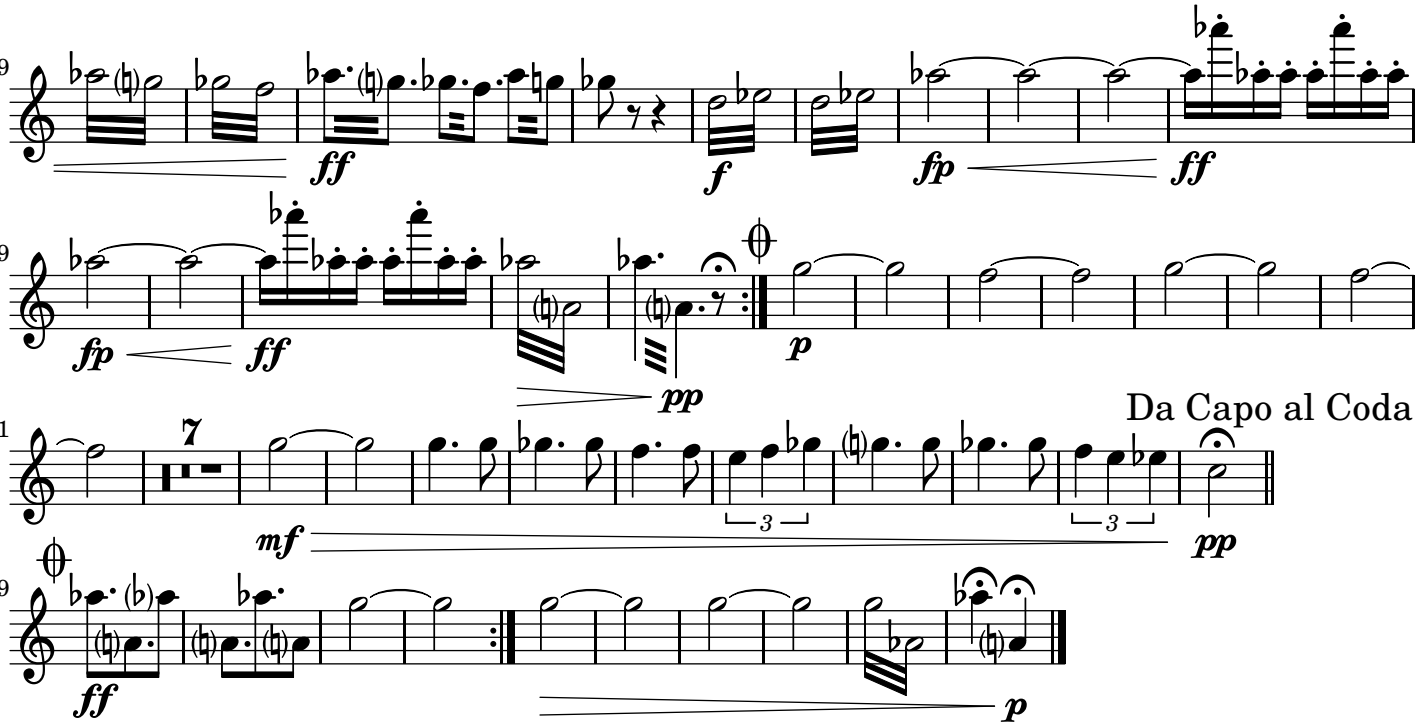



16
p
f
p
23
f
p
f
p
30
ff
38
p
45
ff
52
p
mf
f
61
mp
f
69
mp
ff
78
p
7
cresc.

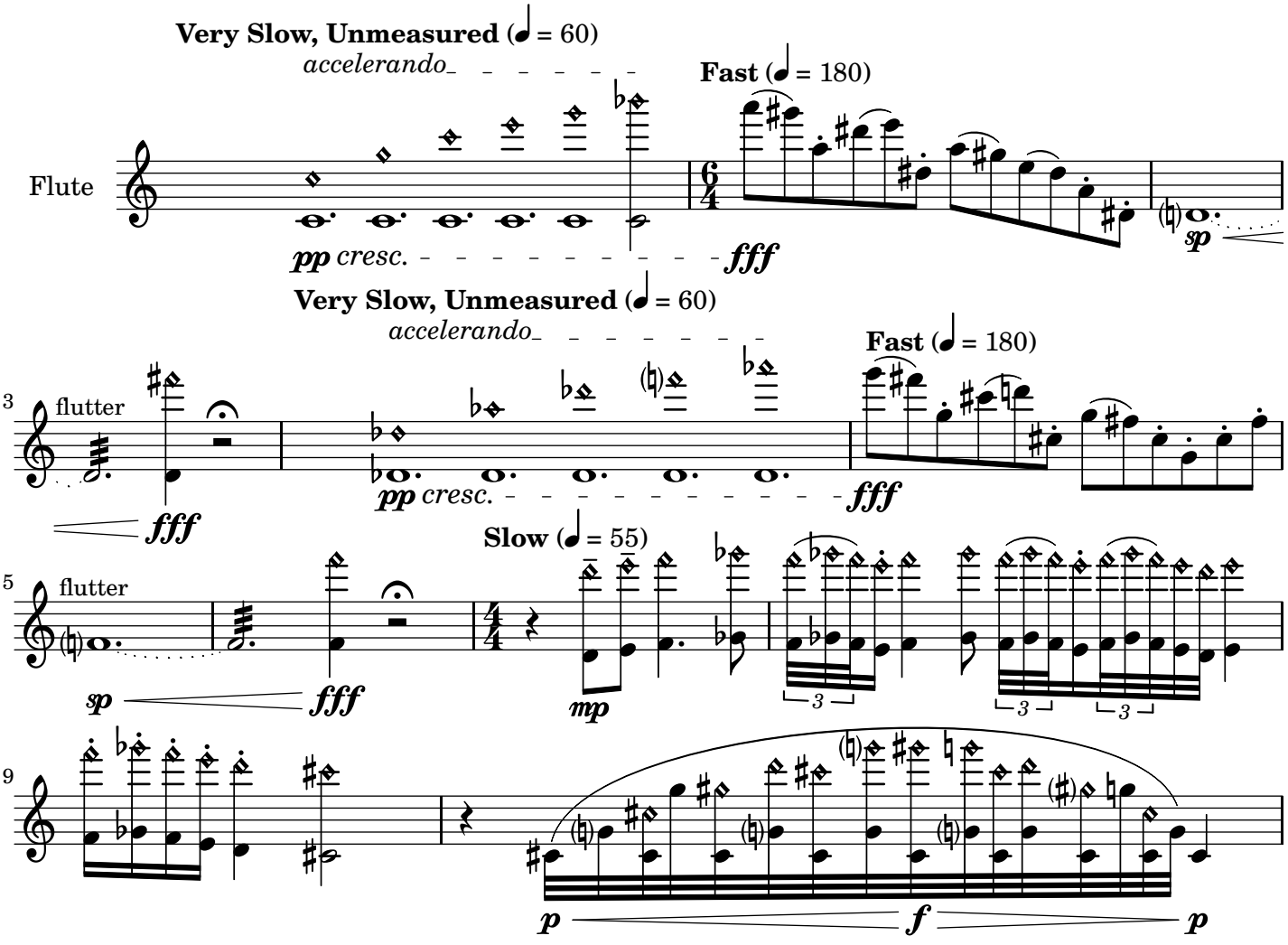

93
f
p
f
102
109
117
p cresc.
123
f
p cresc.
129
f
ff
135
Slower (♩. = 90)
2
mf
144
f
p

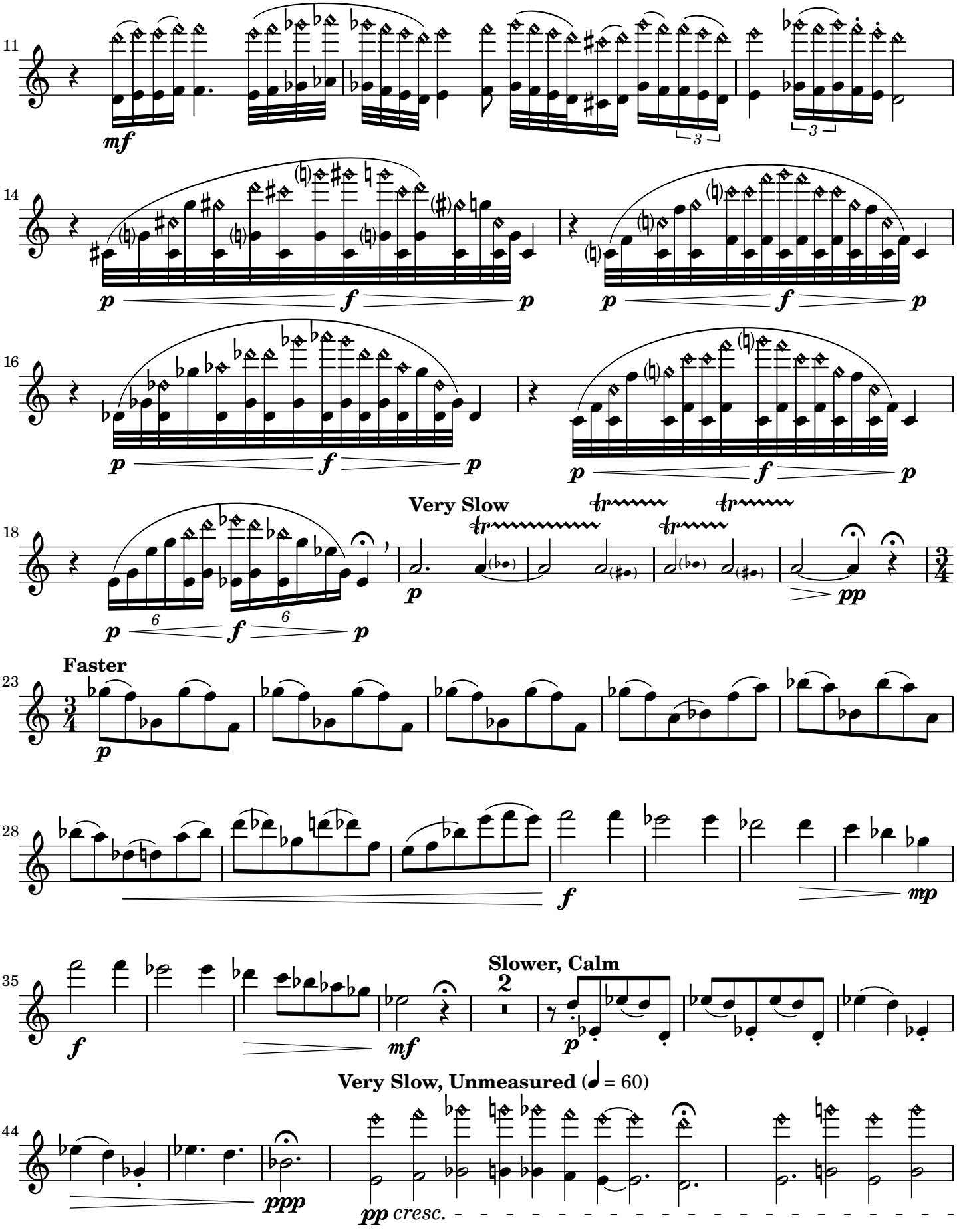
Bleeeeeep!

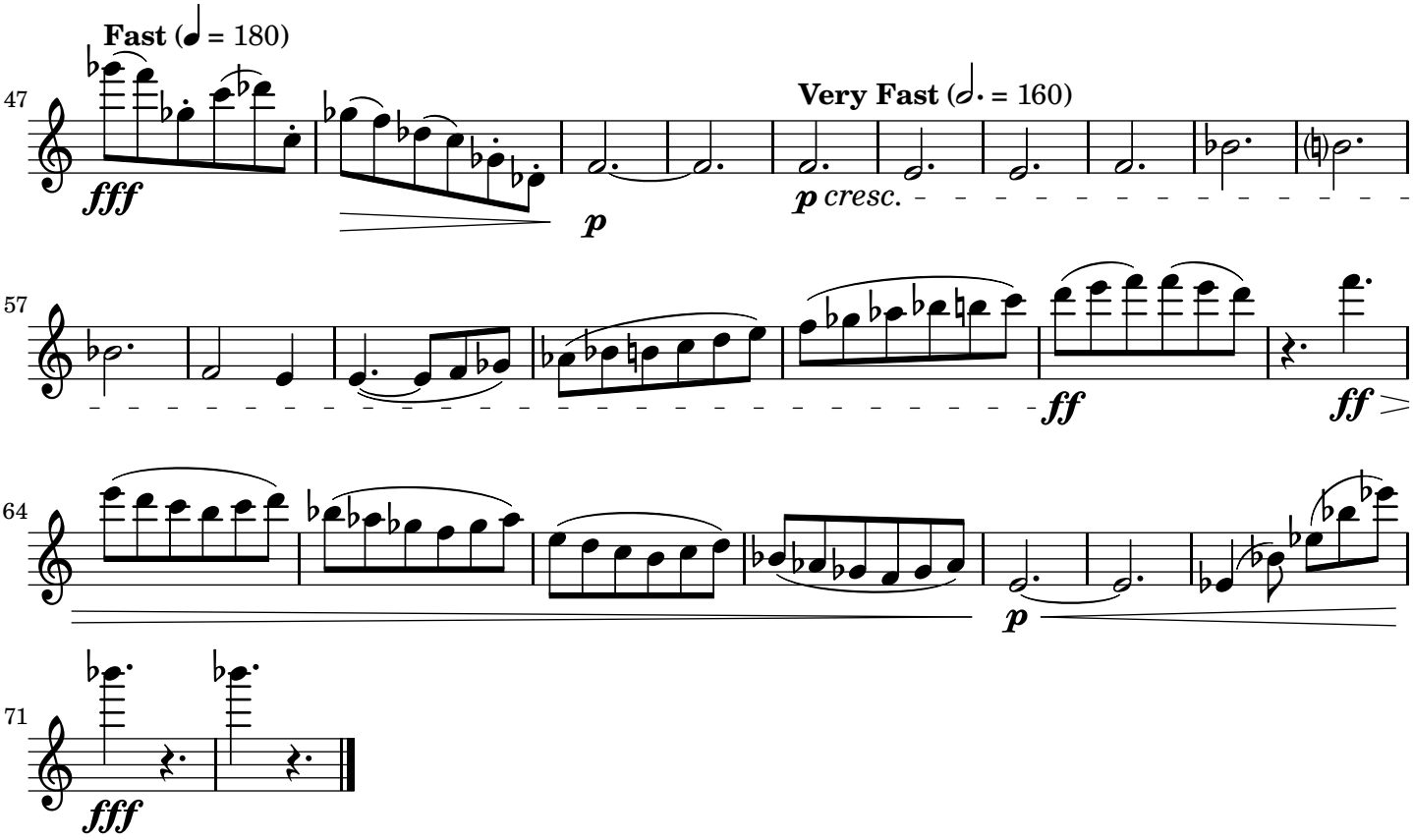

Fast (♪ = 240)
Play with headjoint only.
Flute
9
f
fp



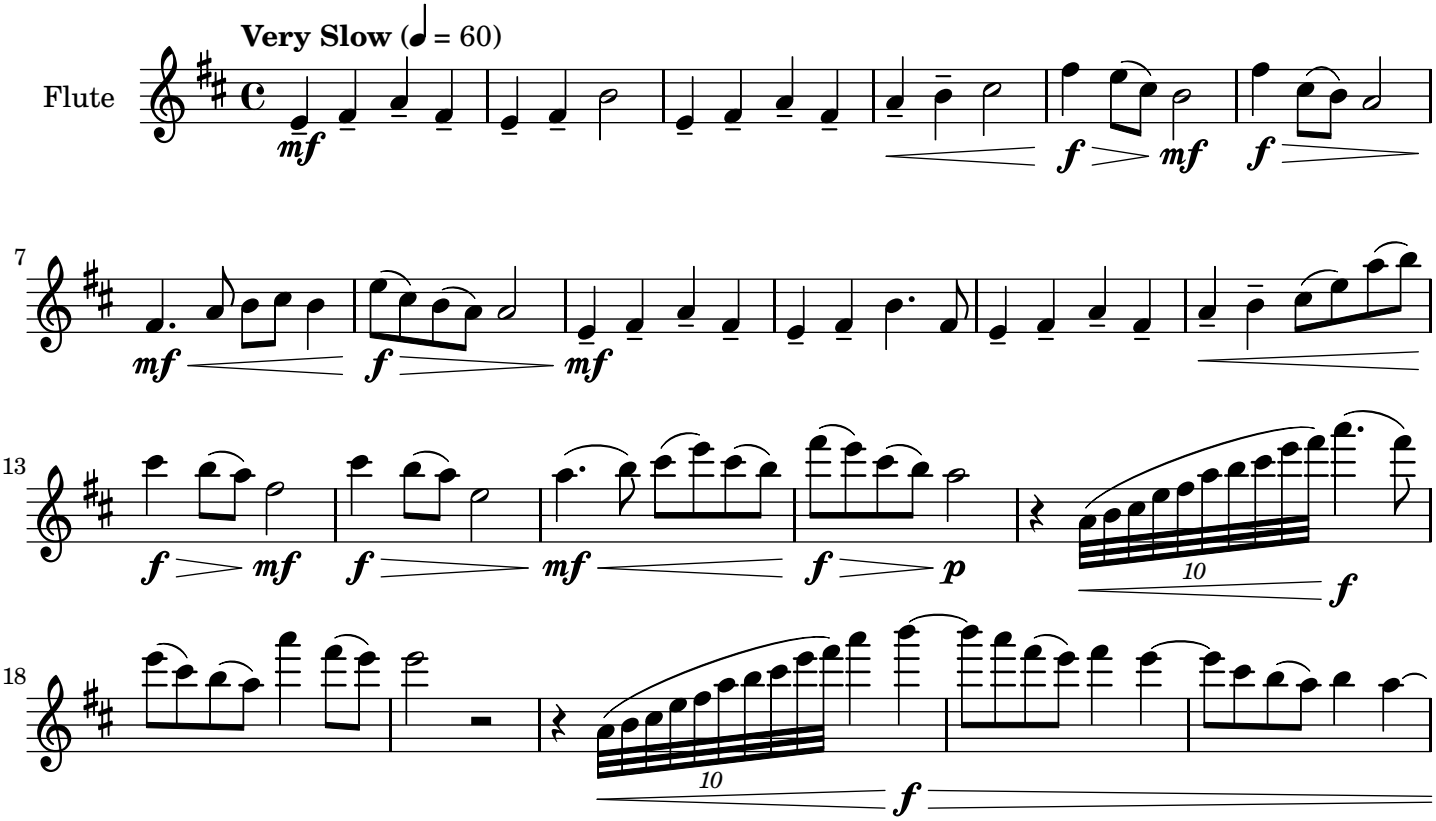
Enter the Mystic Labyrinth of the Mental Abyss

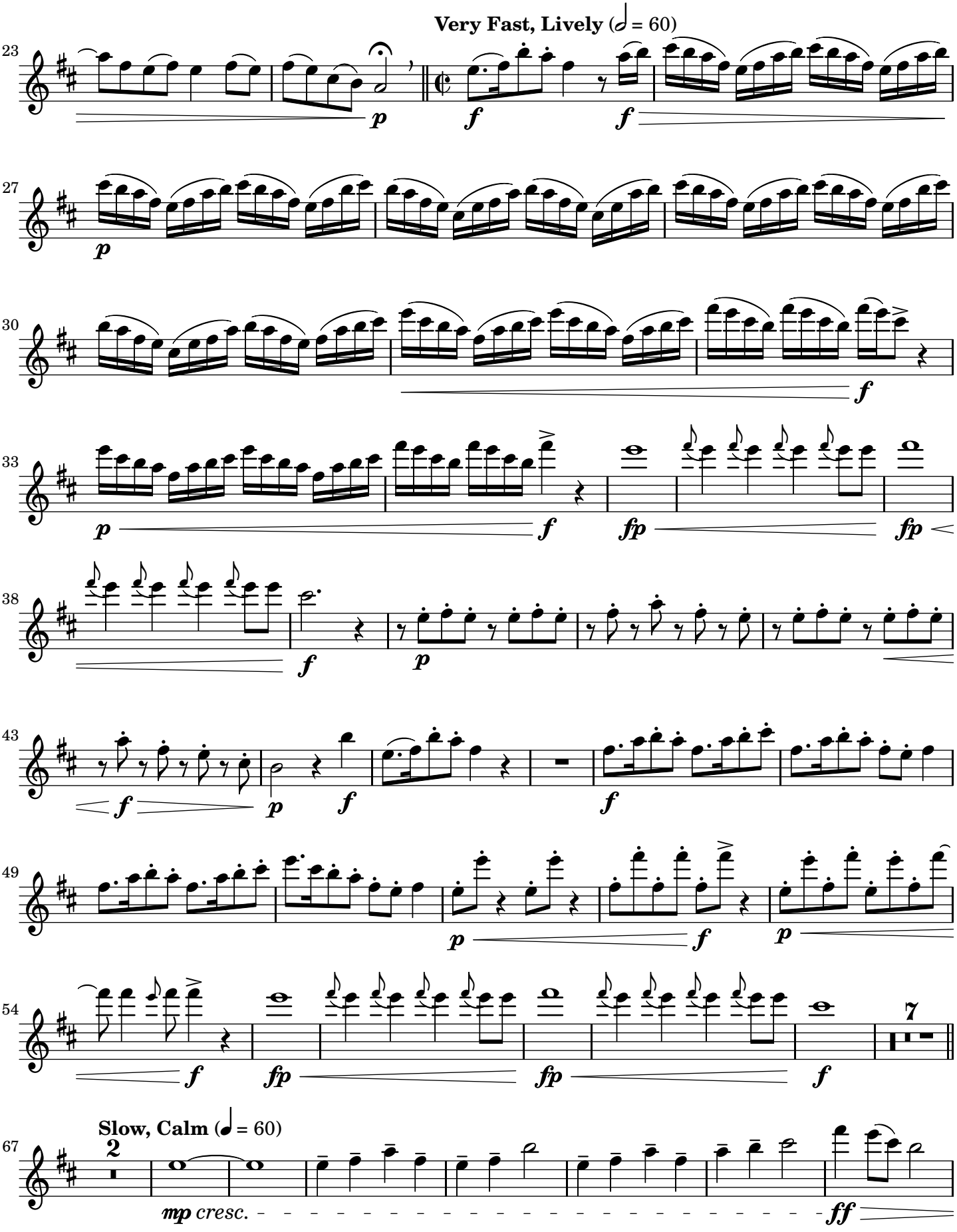


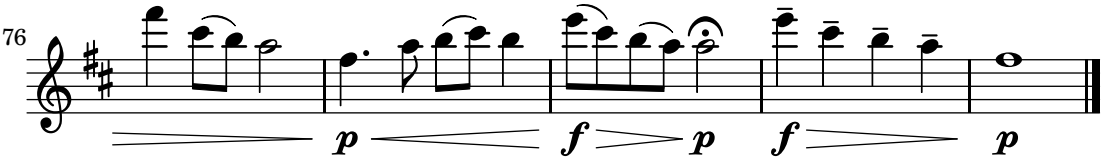

11
mf
14
p
f
p
16
18
Very Slow
pp
Faster
23
28
mp
35
Slower, Calm
Very Slow, Unmeasured (♩ = 60)
44
ppp
pp cresc.


Fast (♩ = 180)
47
fff
p
Very Fast (𝅗𝅥. = 160)
p cresc.
57
ff
ff
64
p
71
fff

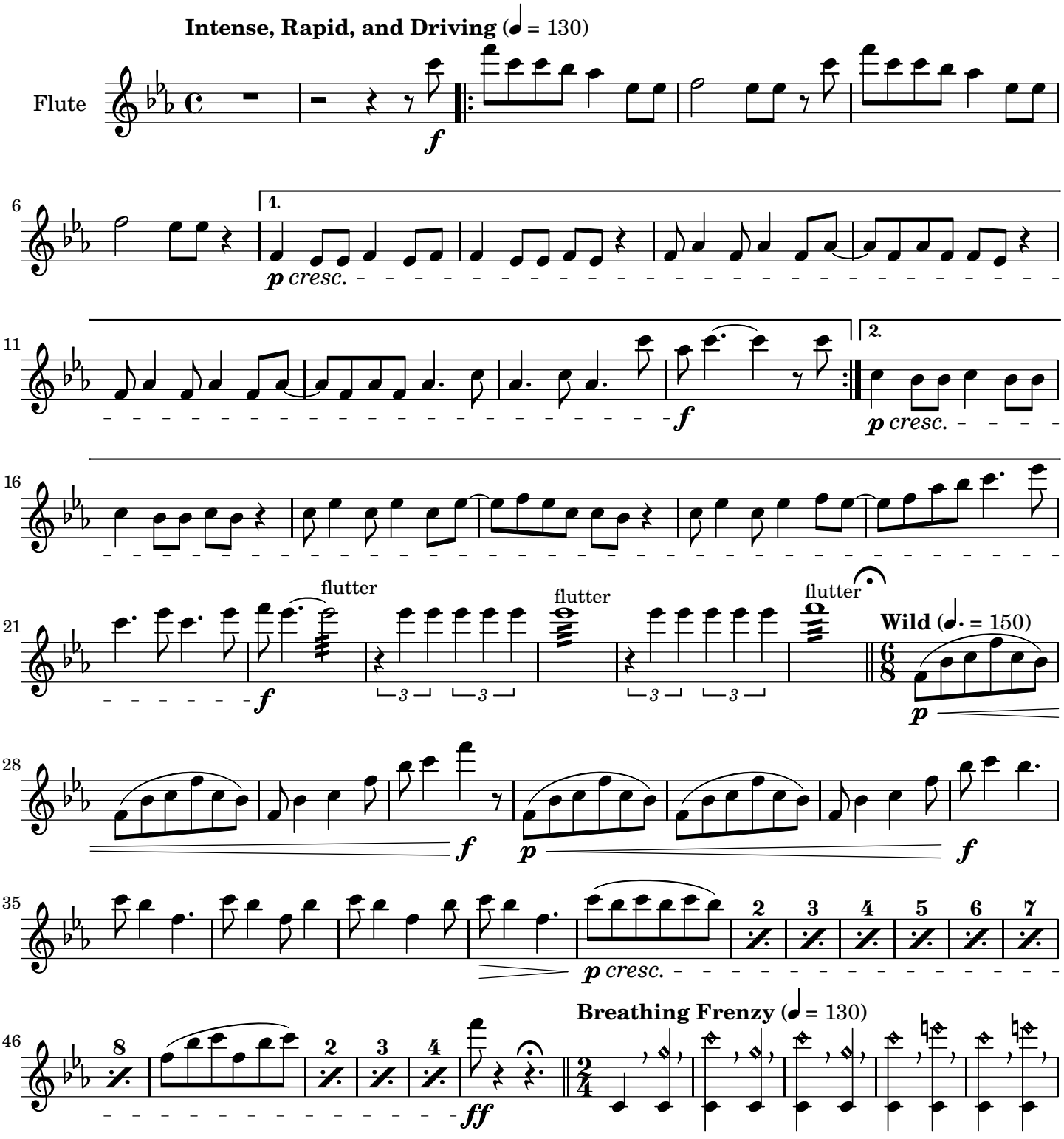
Kung Fu Kats

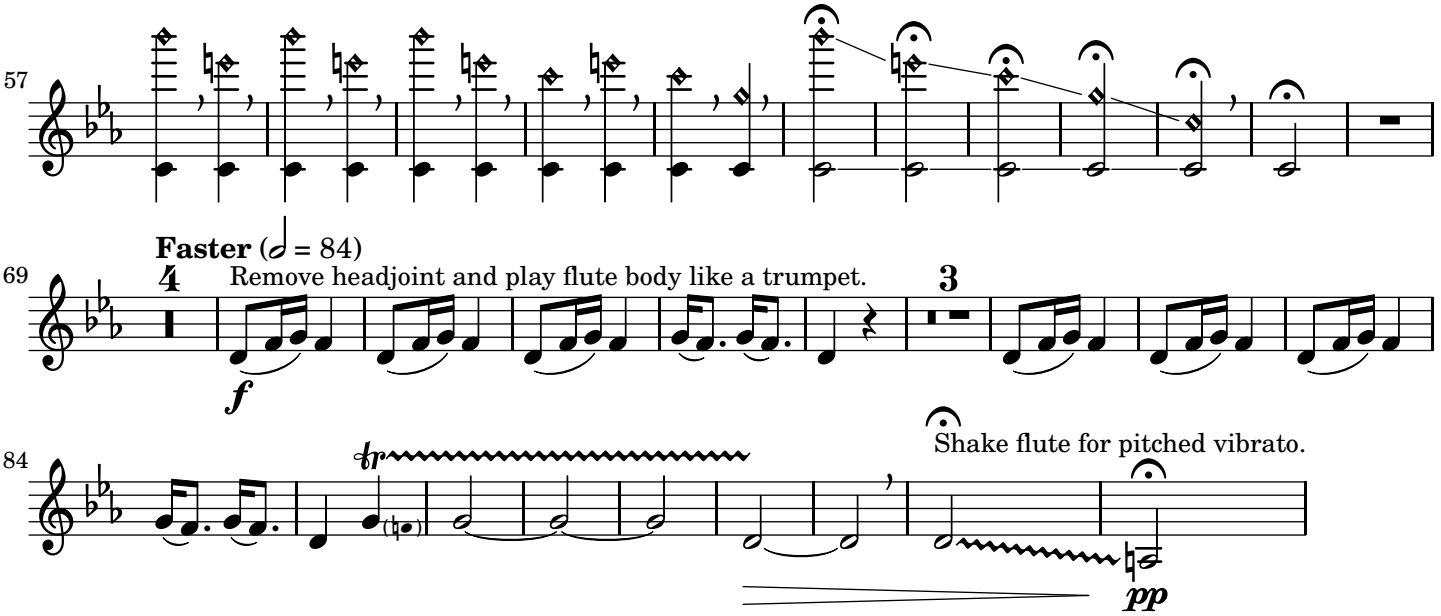

Very Slow (♩ = 60)
Flute
mf
f
mf
f
7
mf
f
mf
13
f
mf
f
mf
f
p
10
f
18
10
f


Very Fast, Lively (𝅗𝅥 = 60)
23
p
f
f
27
p
30
f
33
p
f
fp
fp
38
f
p
43
f
p
f
f
49
p
f
p
54
f
fp
fp
f
7
Slow, Calm (♩ = 60)
67
2
mp cresc.
ff

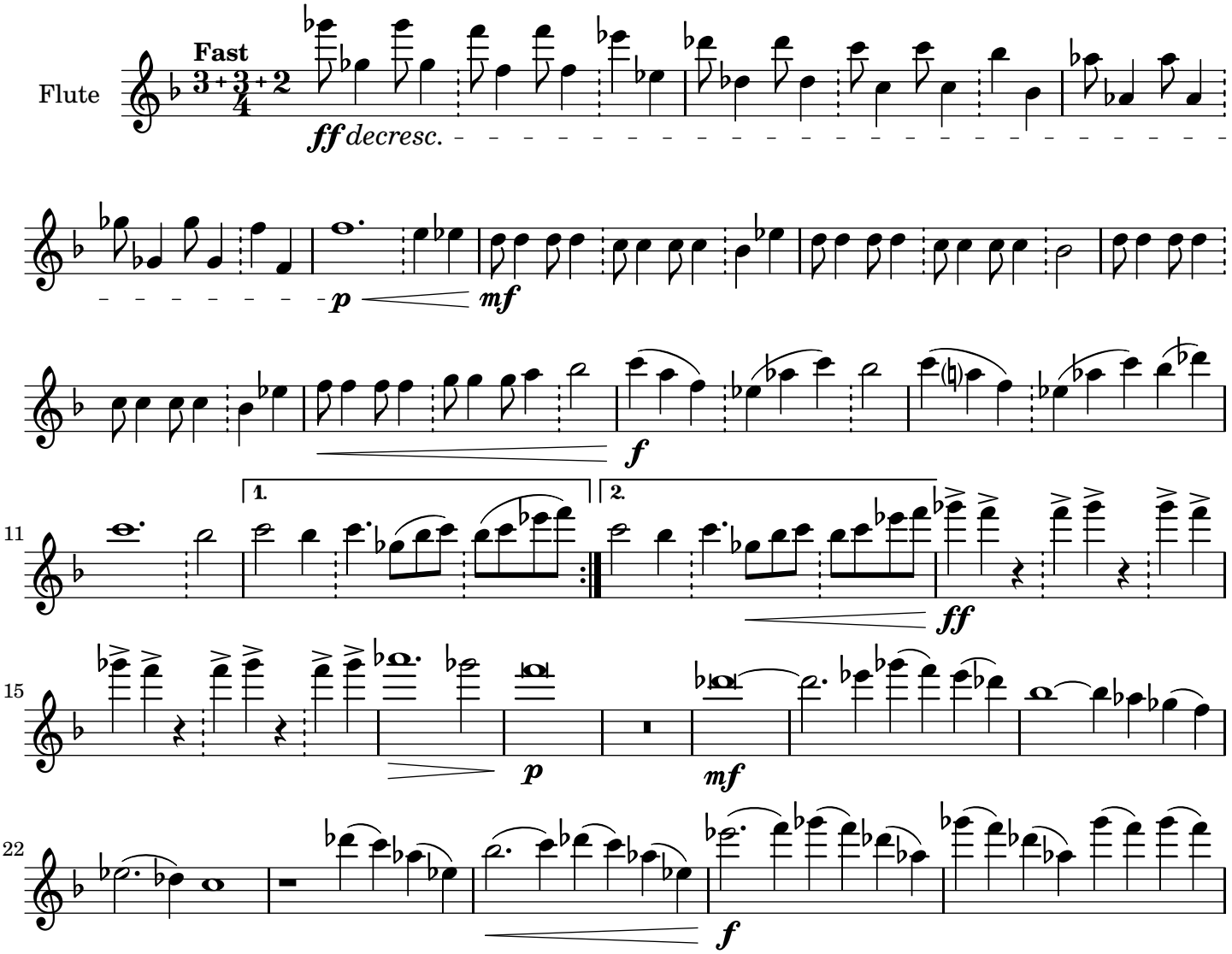


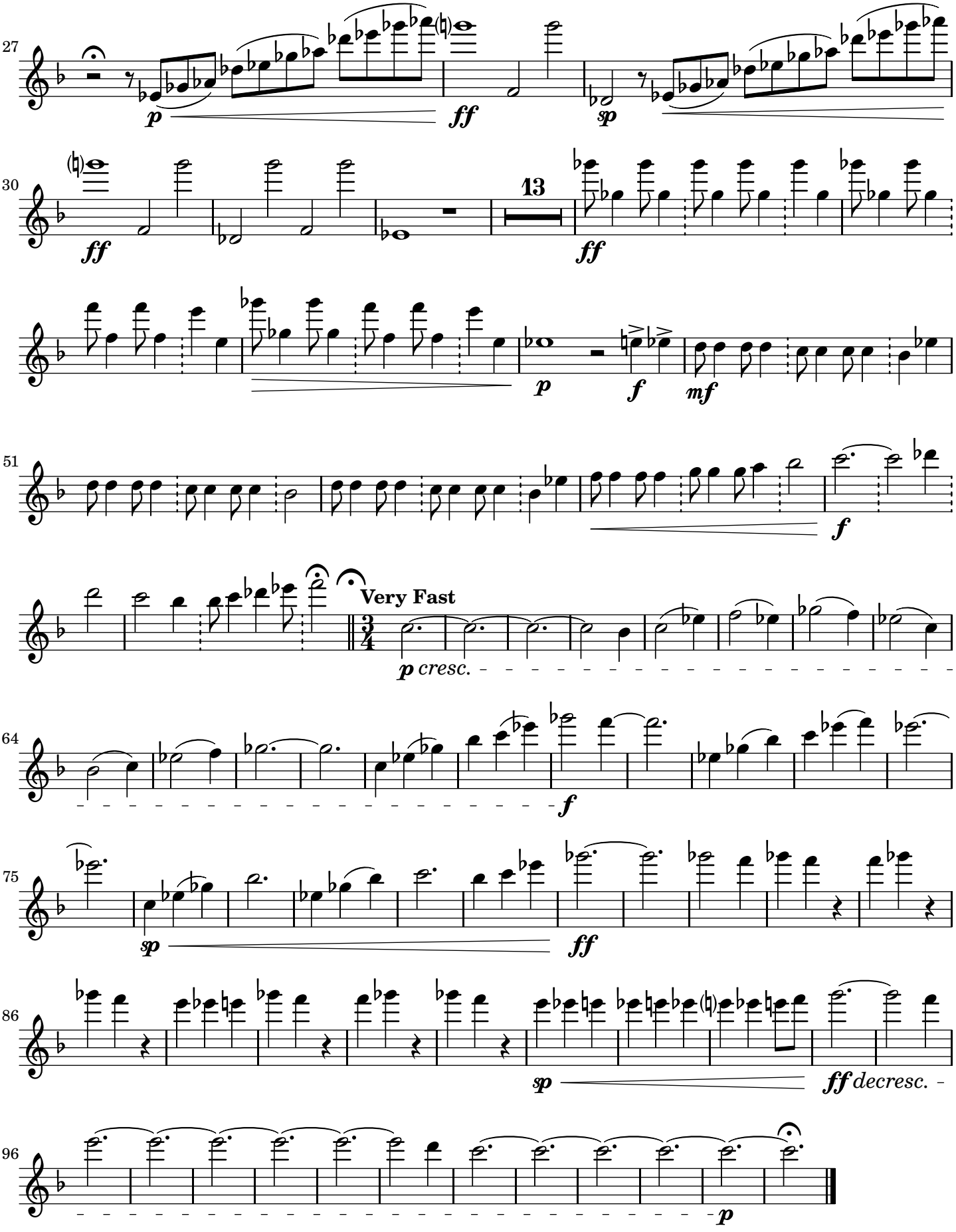
King Monitor Lizard, our Royal Highness



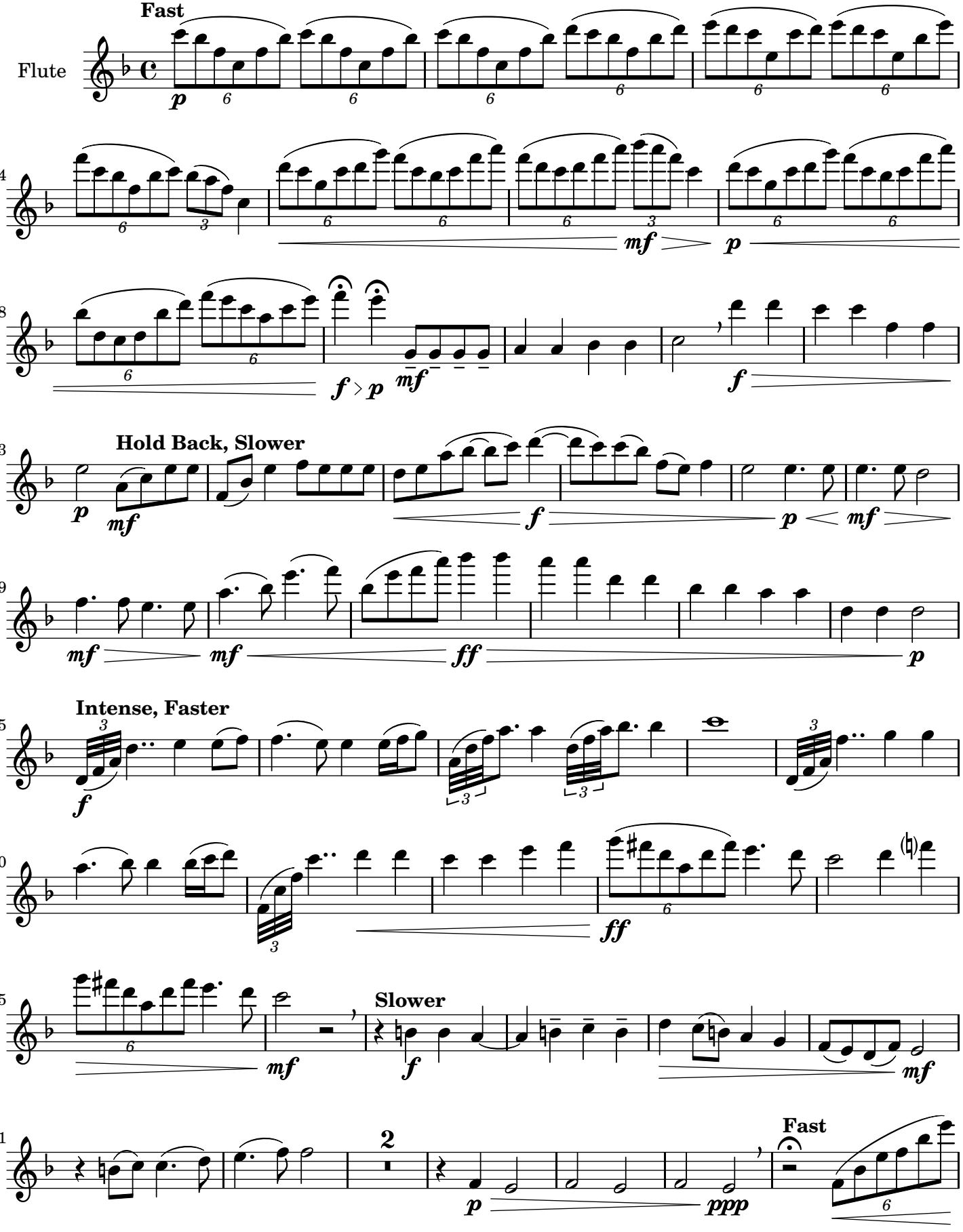


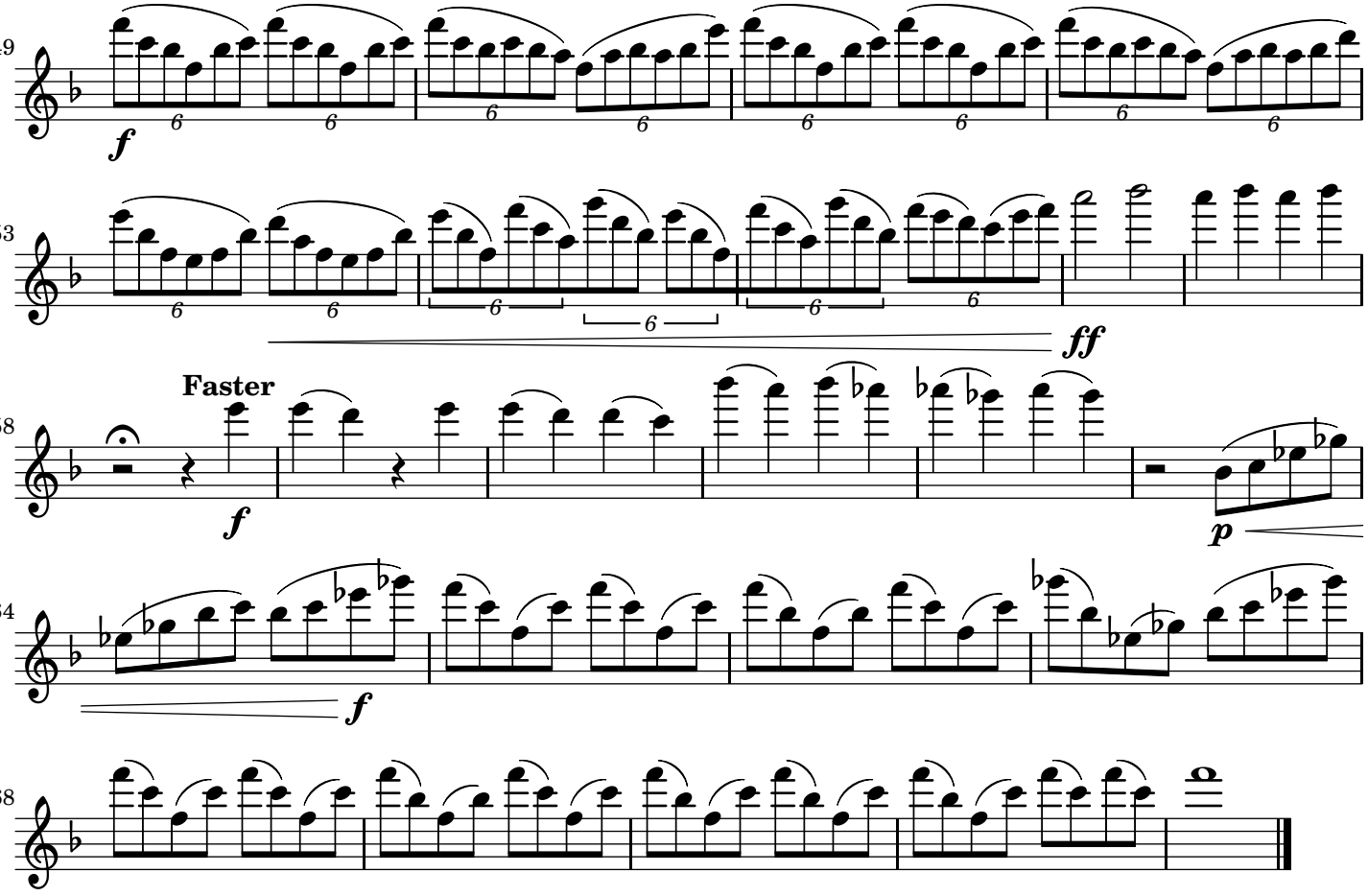
NYPD Bull Dogging



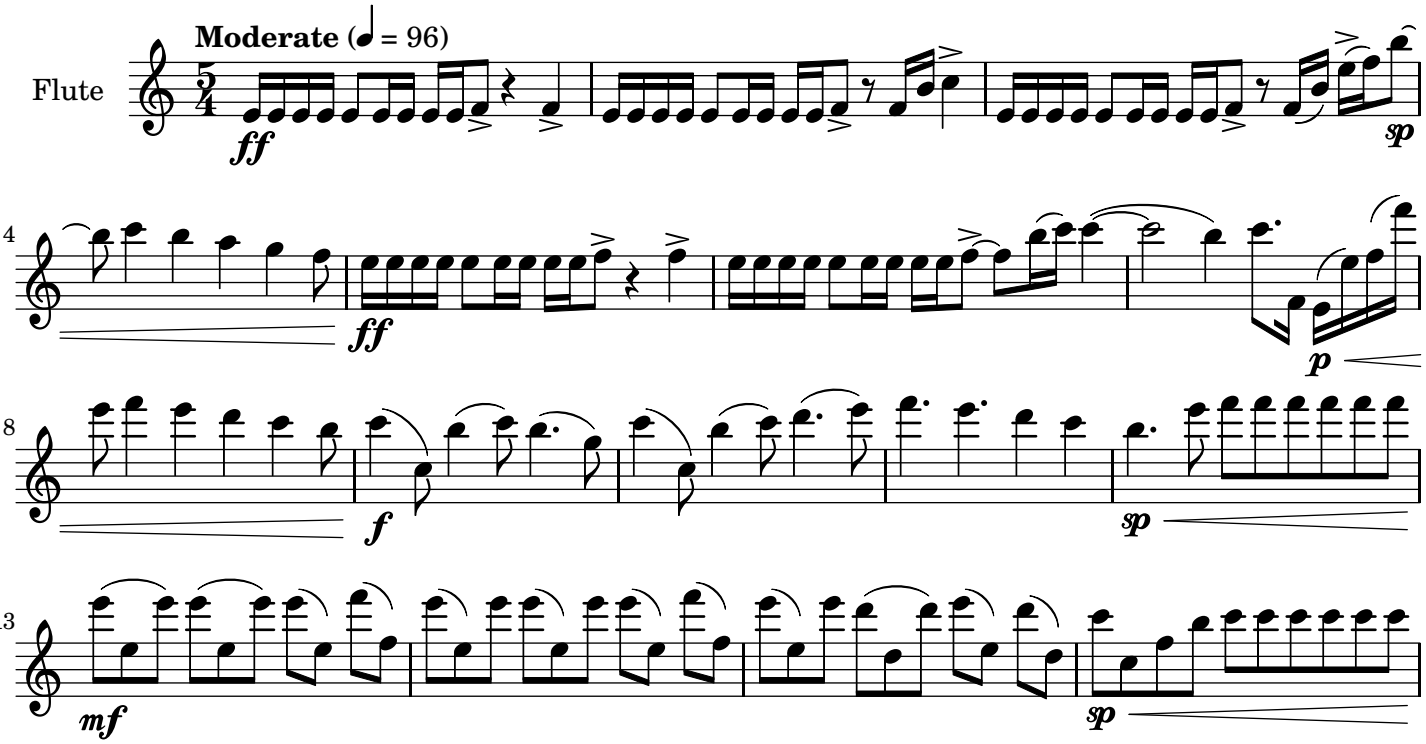

27
p
ff
sp
30
ff
13
ff
p
f
mf
51
f
Very Fast
p cresc.
64
f
75
sp
ff
86
sp
ff decresc.
96
p

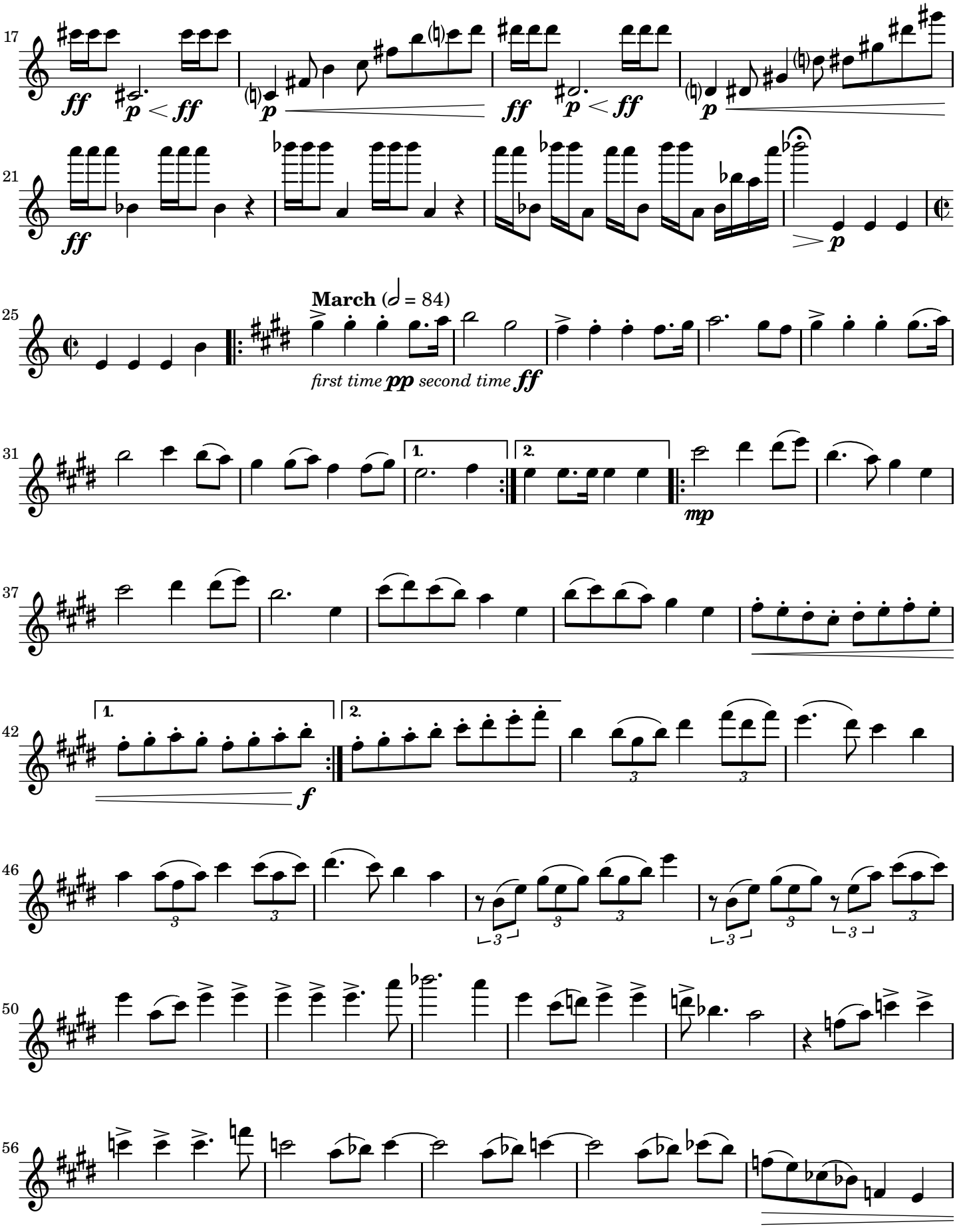
Ms. Rhinoceros Teaches the ABCs

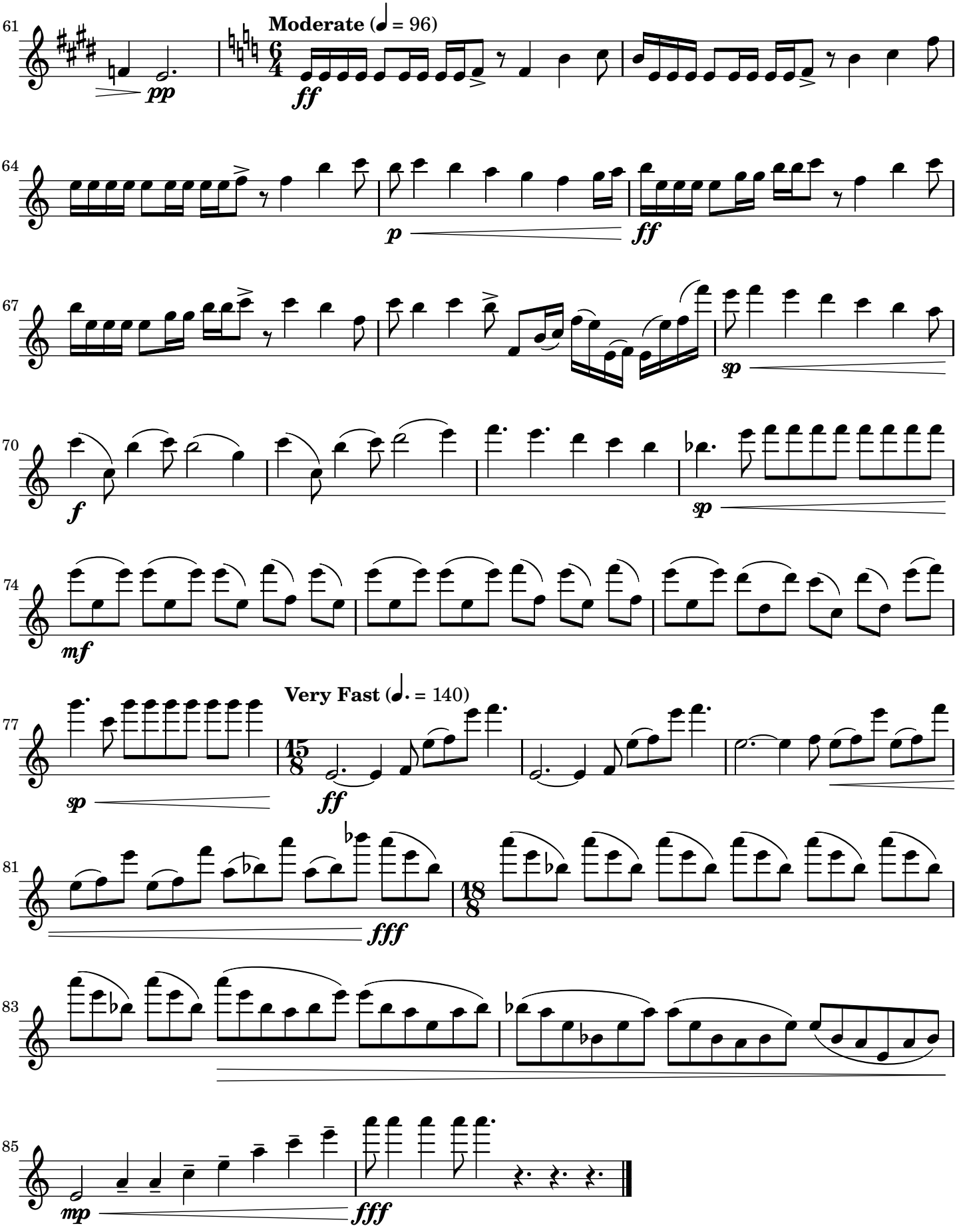



49
f
53
ff
Faster
58
f
p
64
f
68

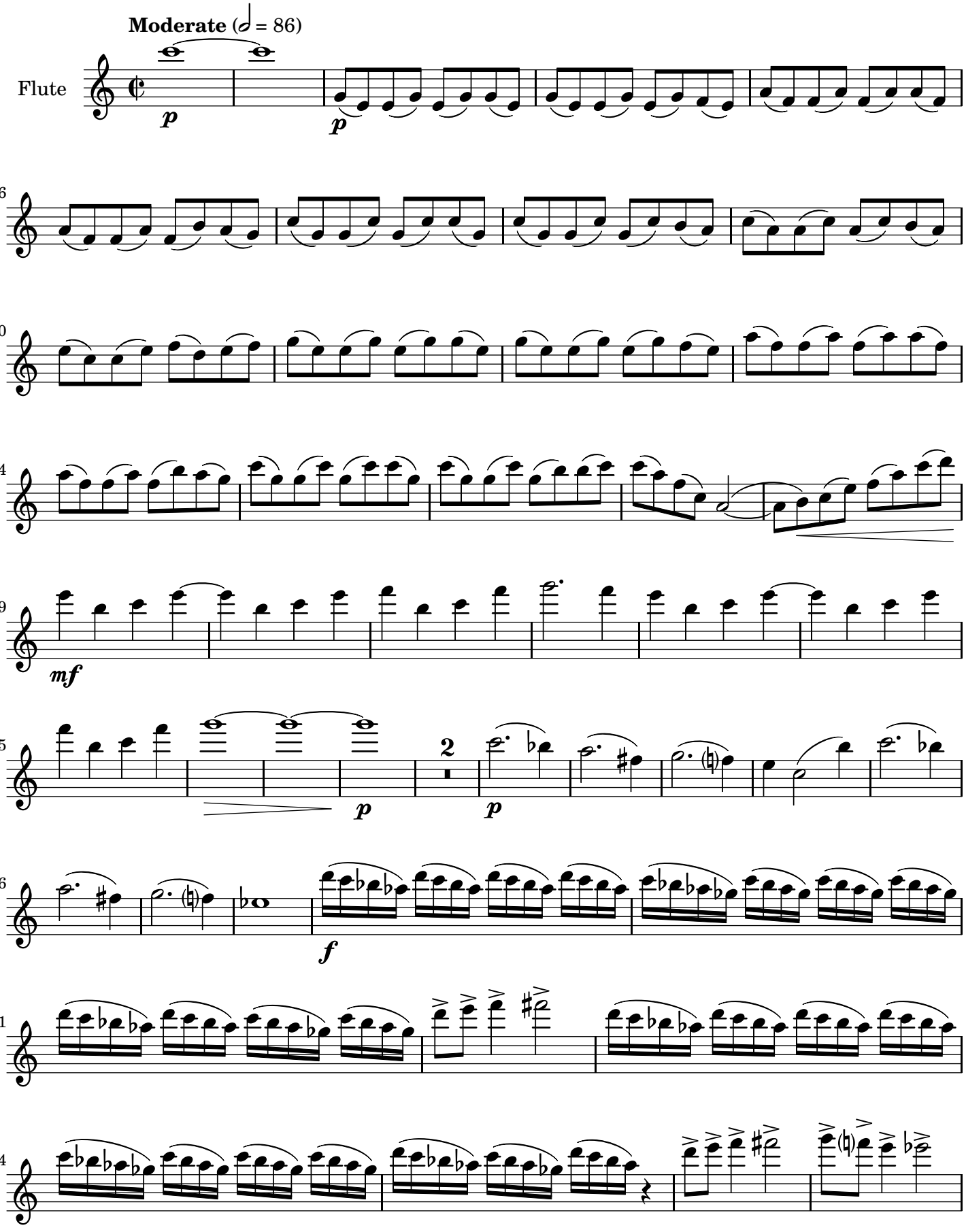
Four Axes

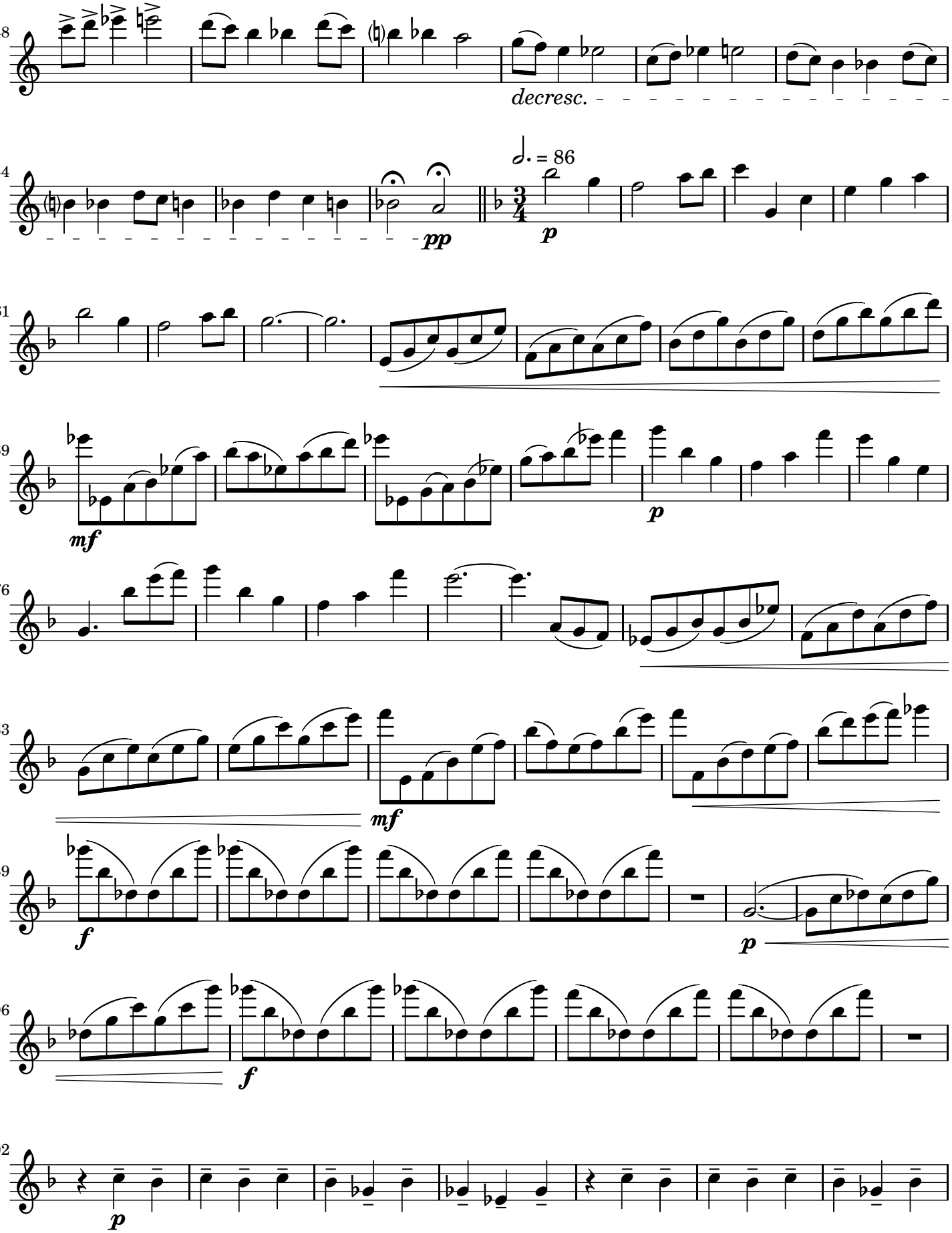

Moderate (♩ = 96)
Flute
ff
sp
4
ff
p
8
f
sp
13
mf
sp

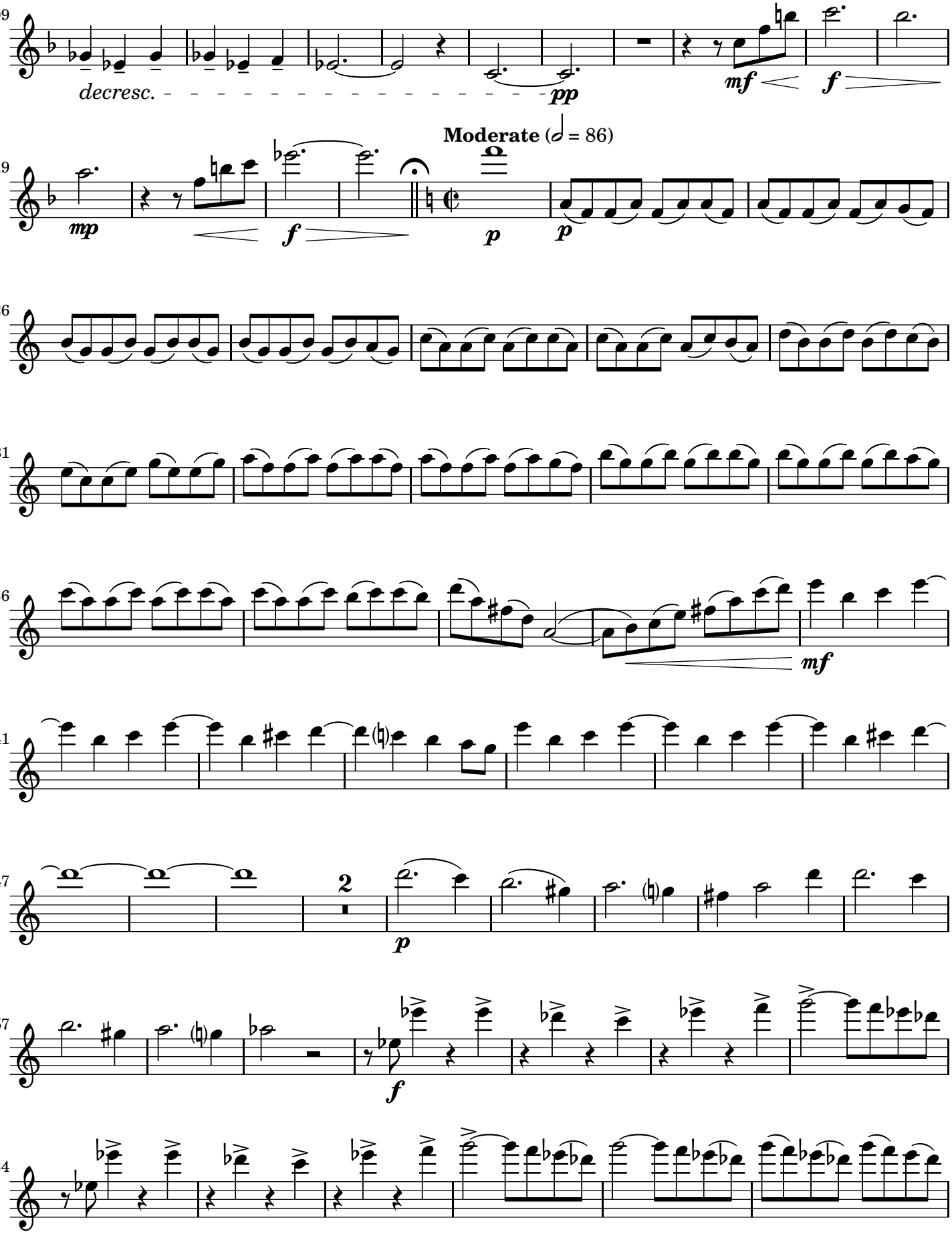

17
ff
p < ff
p
ff
p < ff
p
21
ff
p
25
March (𝅗𝅥 = 84)
first time pp second time ff
31
1.
2.
mp
37
42
1.
2.
f
46
50
56

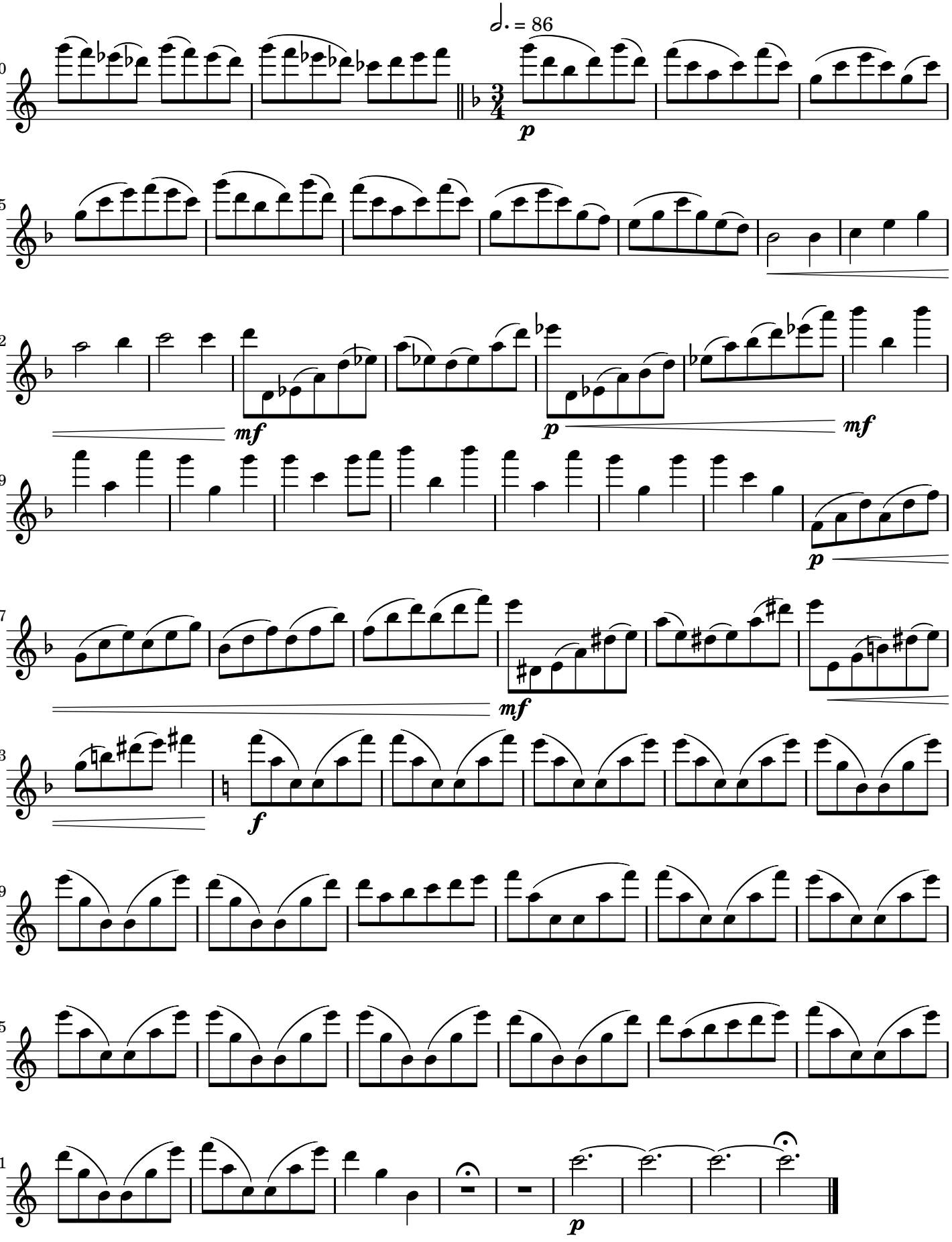

61
Moderate (♩ = 96)
pp
ff
64
p
ff
67
sp
70
f
sp
74
mf
77
Very Fast (♩. = 140)
sp
ff
81
fff
83
85
mp
fff

Computer Duck




48
decresc.
54
pp
3/4
p
61
69
mf
p
76
83
mf
89
f
p
96
f
102
p


109
decresc.
pp
mf
f
119
mp
f
Moderate (𝅗𝅥 = 86)
p
p
126
131
136
mf
141
147
2
p
157
f
164


♩. = 86
170
p
175
182
mf
p
mf
189
p
197
mf
203
f
209
215
221
p

Top Ten Video Game Music Slap Down!

Craig Bakalian

Cello

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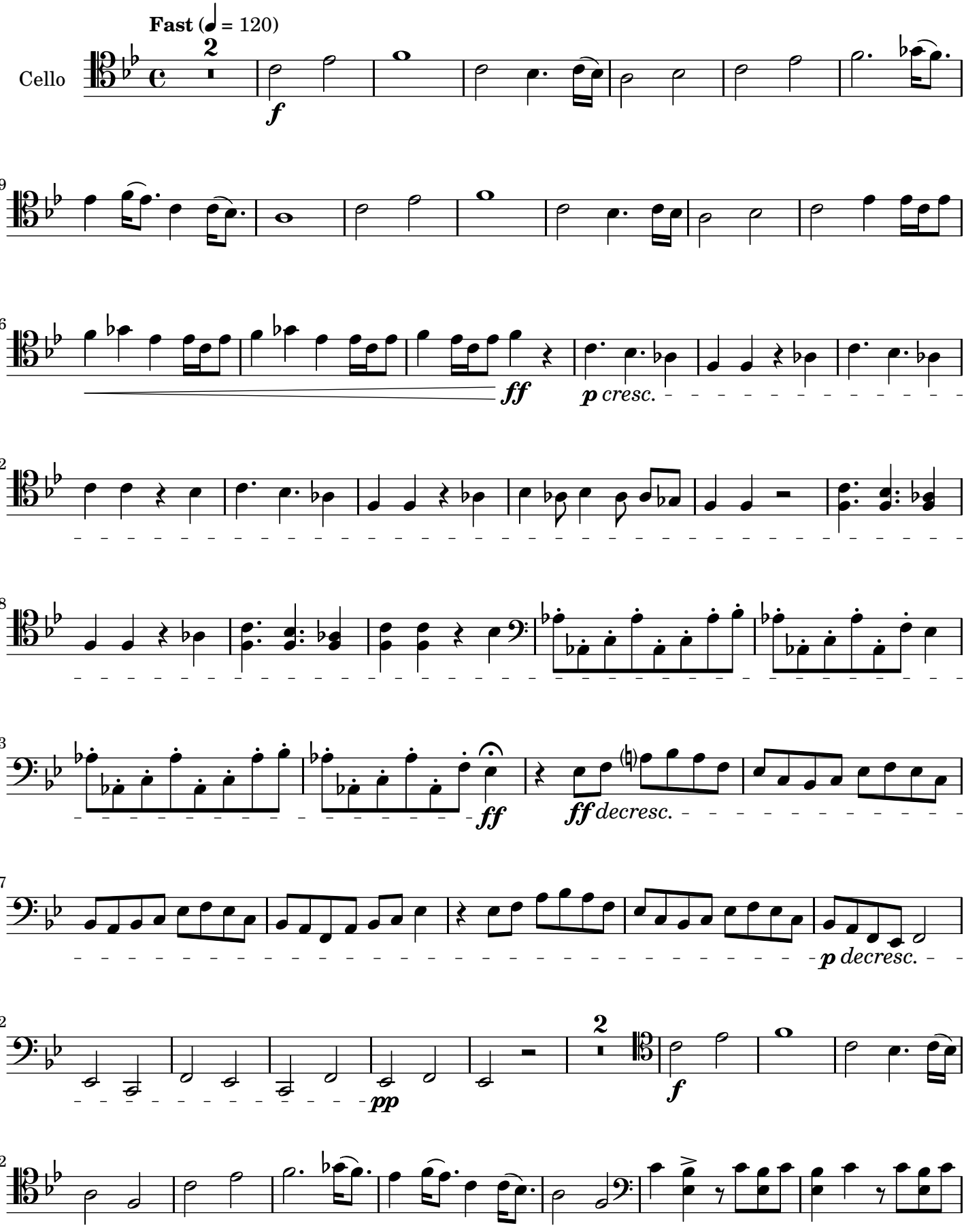
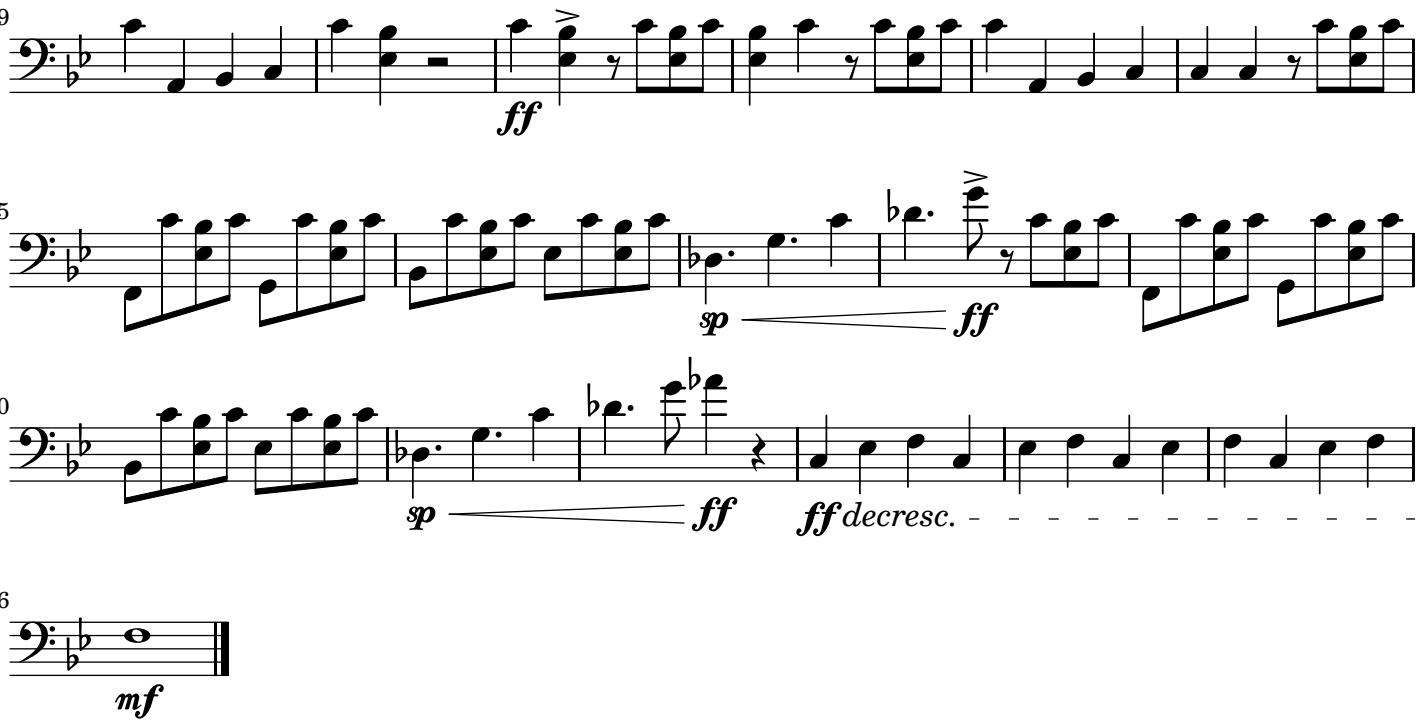
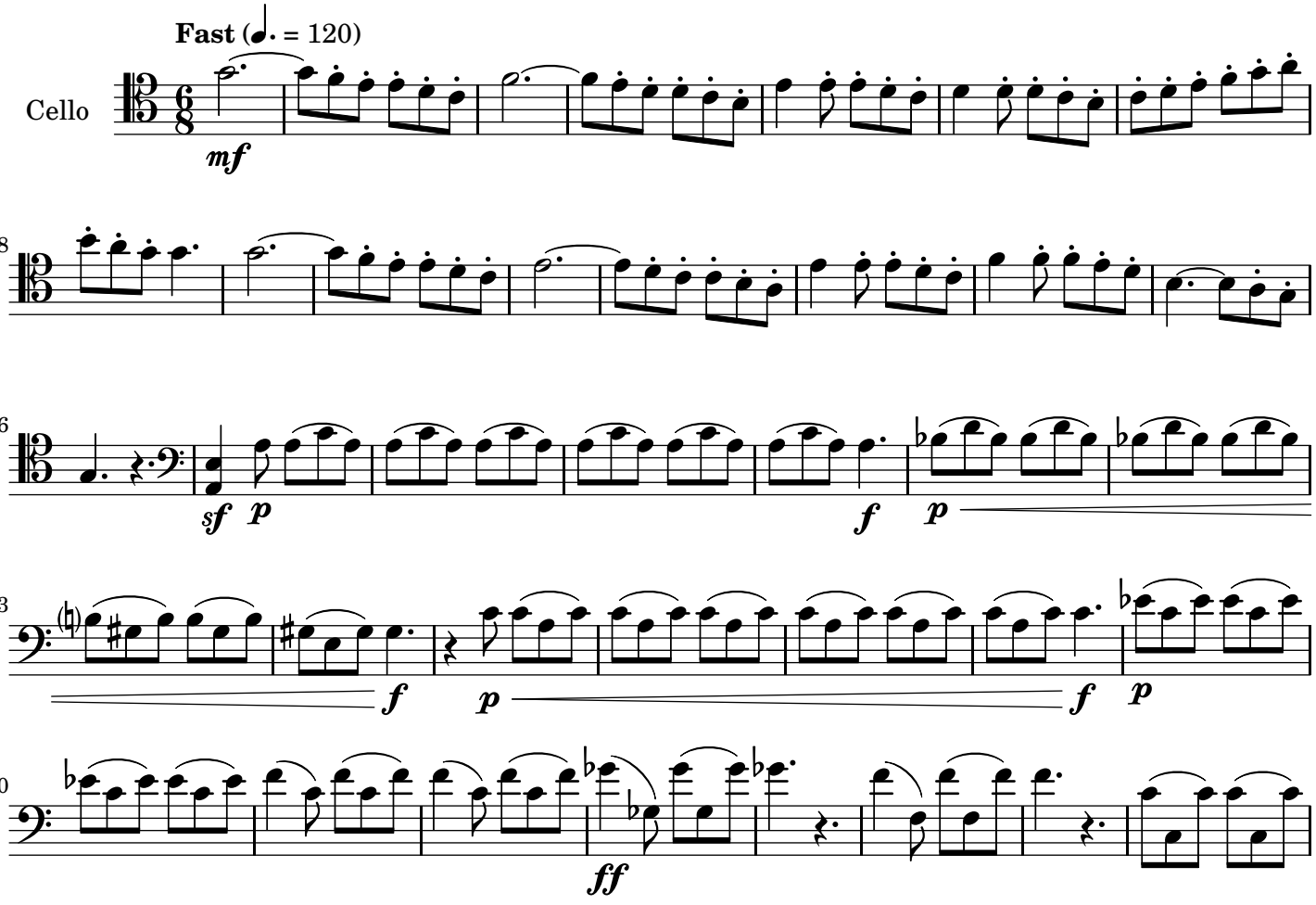
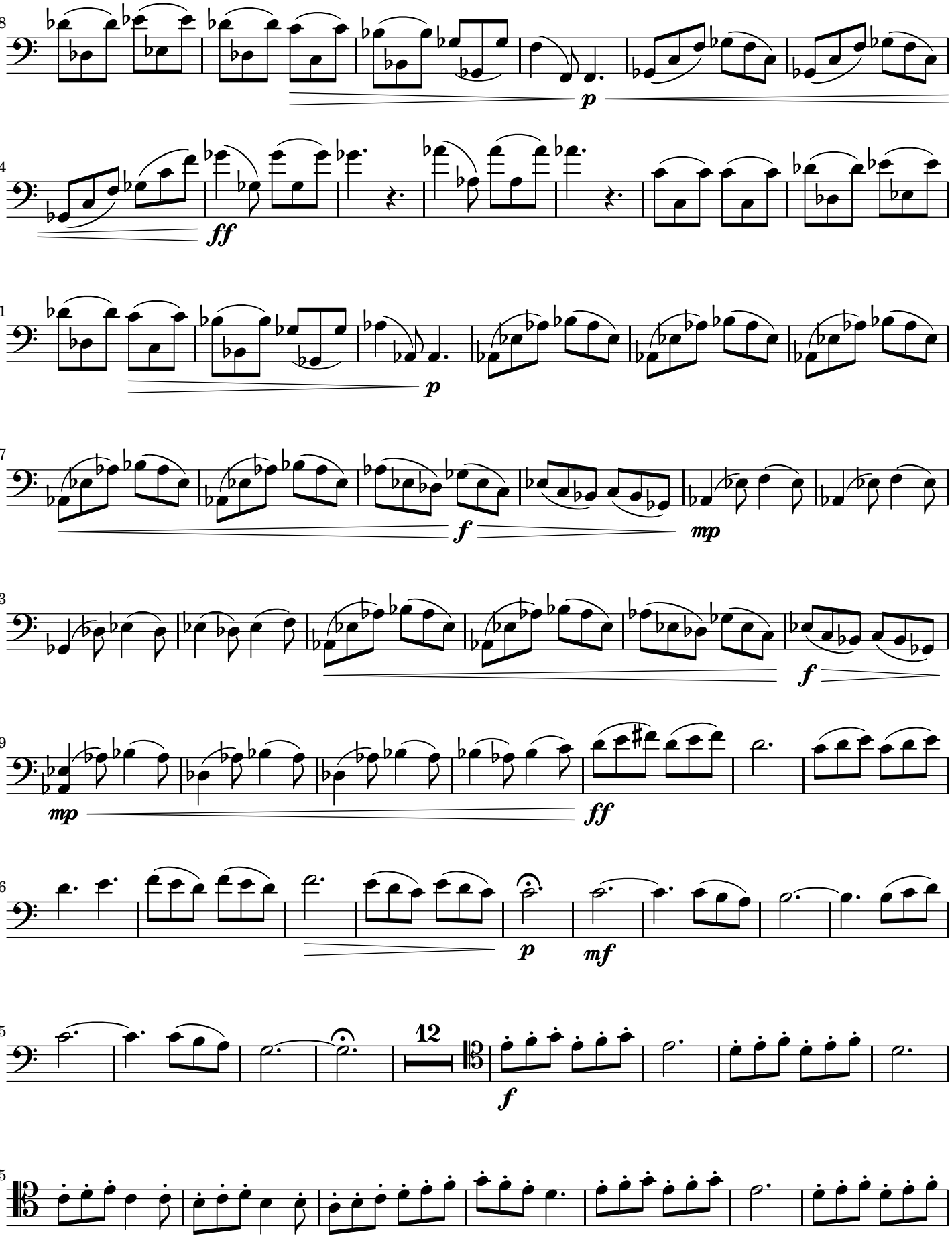
Crow Versus Squirrel

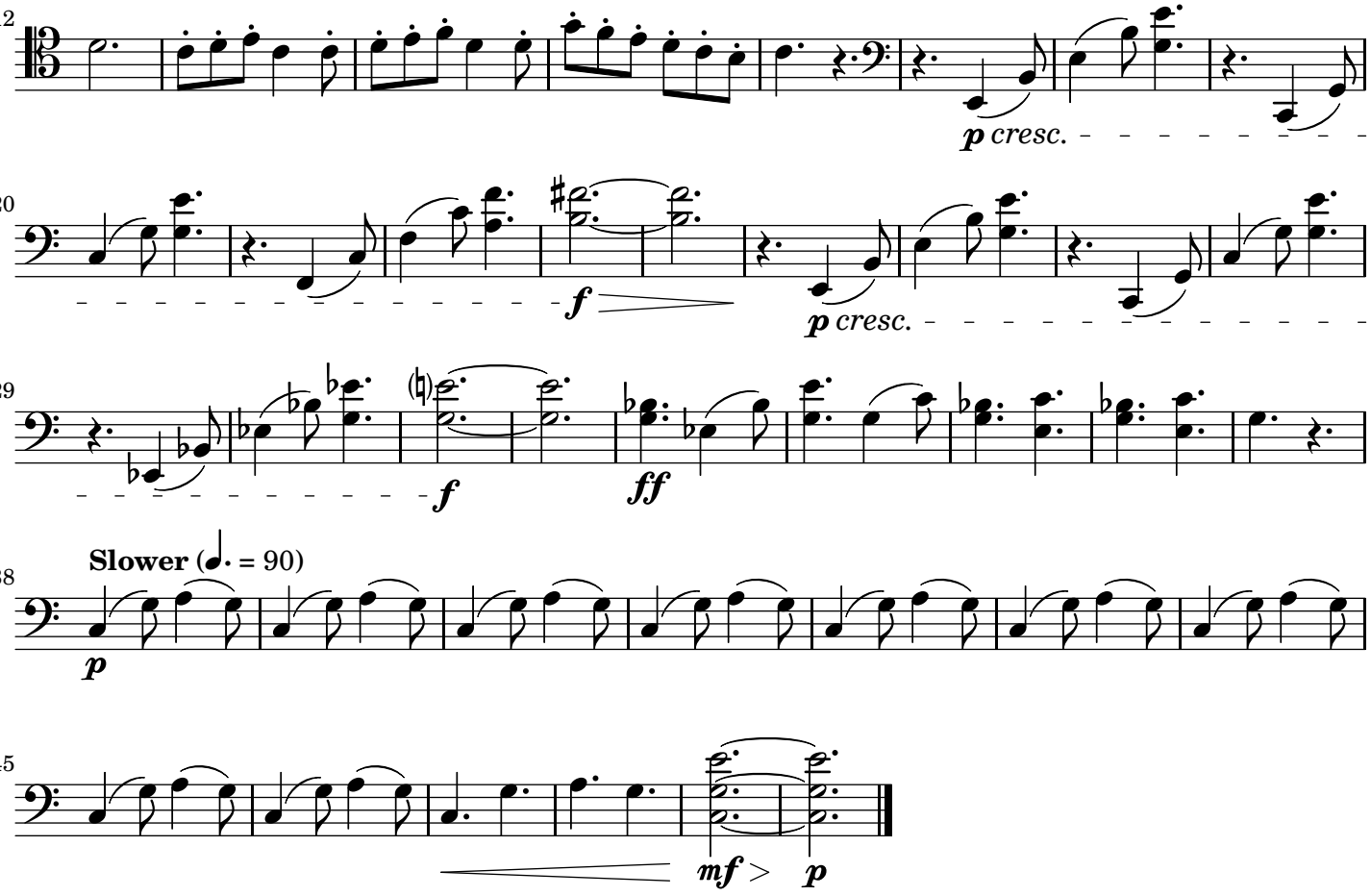




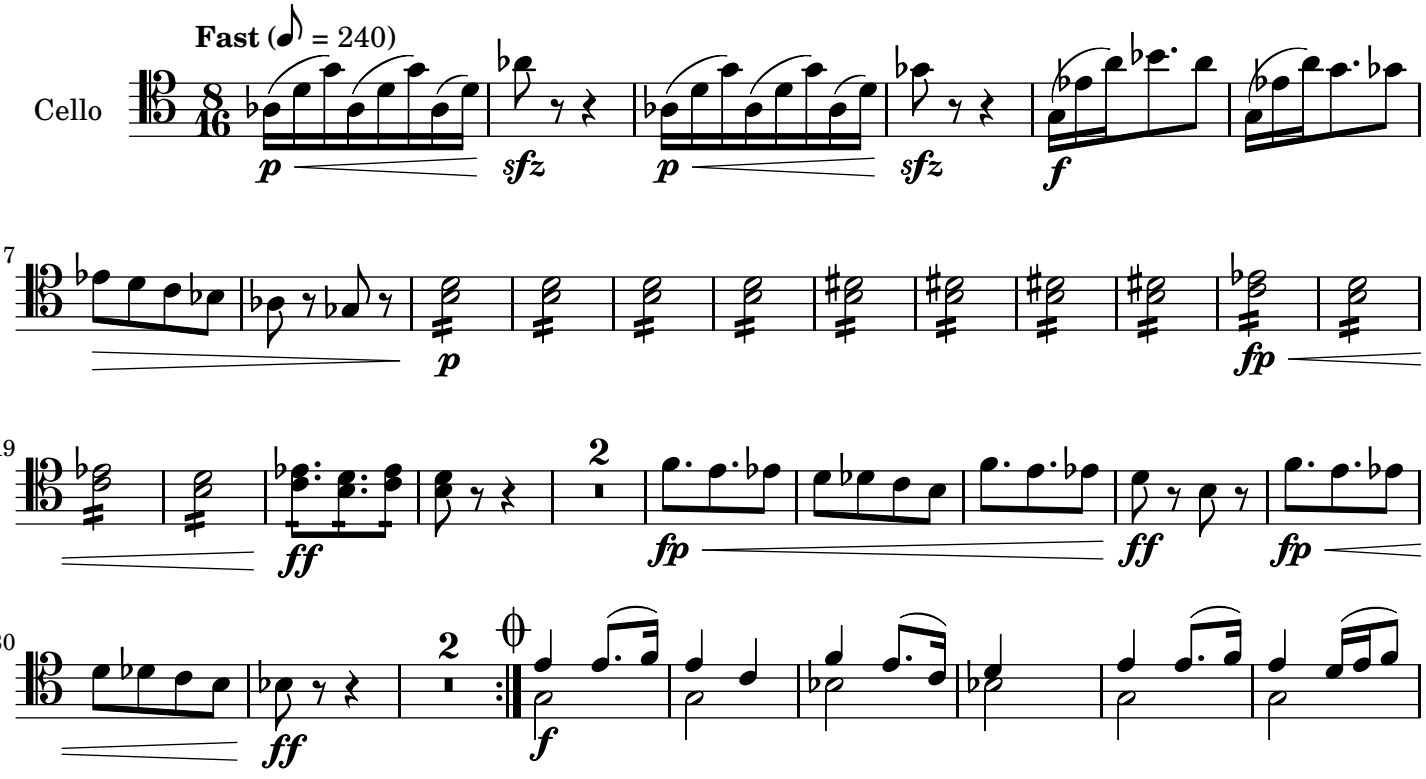
Peanut Butter Pony Goes Undercover

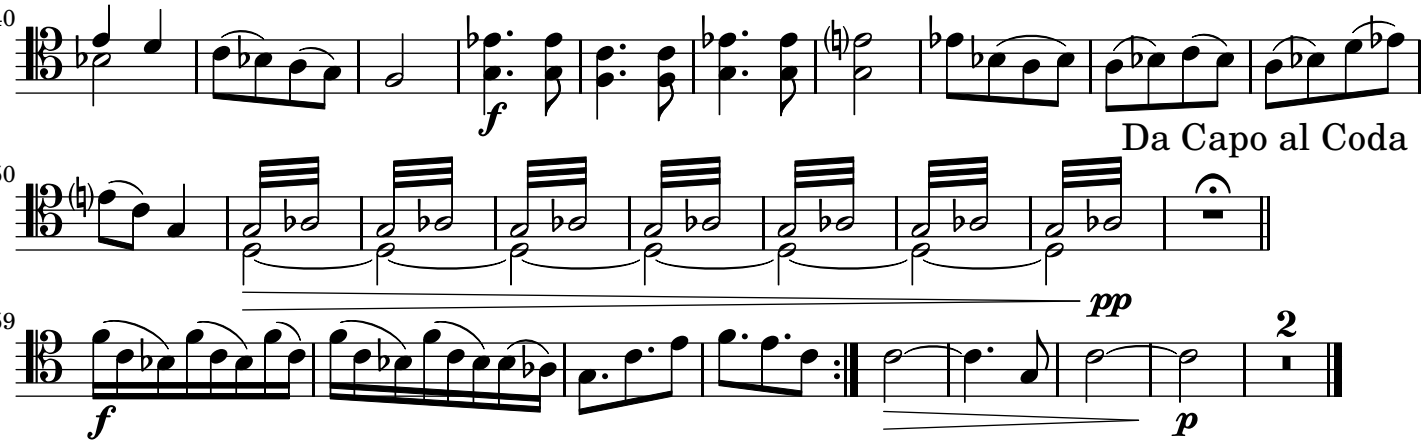



38
p
44
ff
51
p
57
f
mp
63
f
69
mp
ff
76
p
mf
85
12
f
105

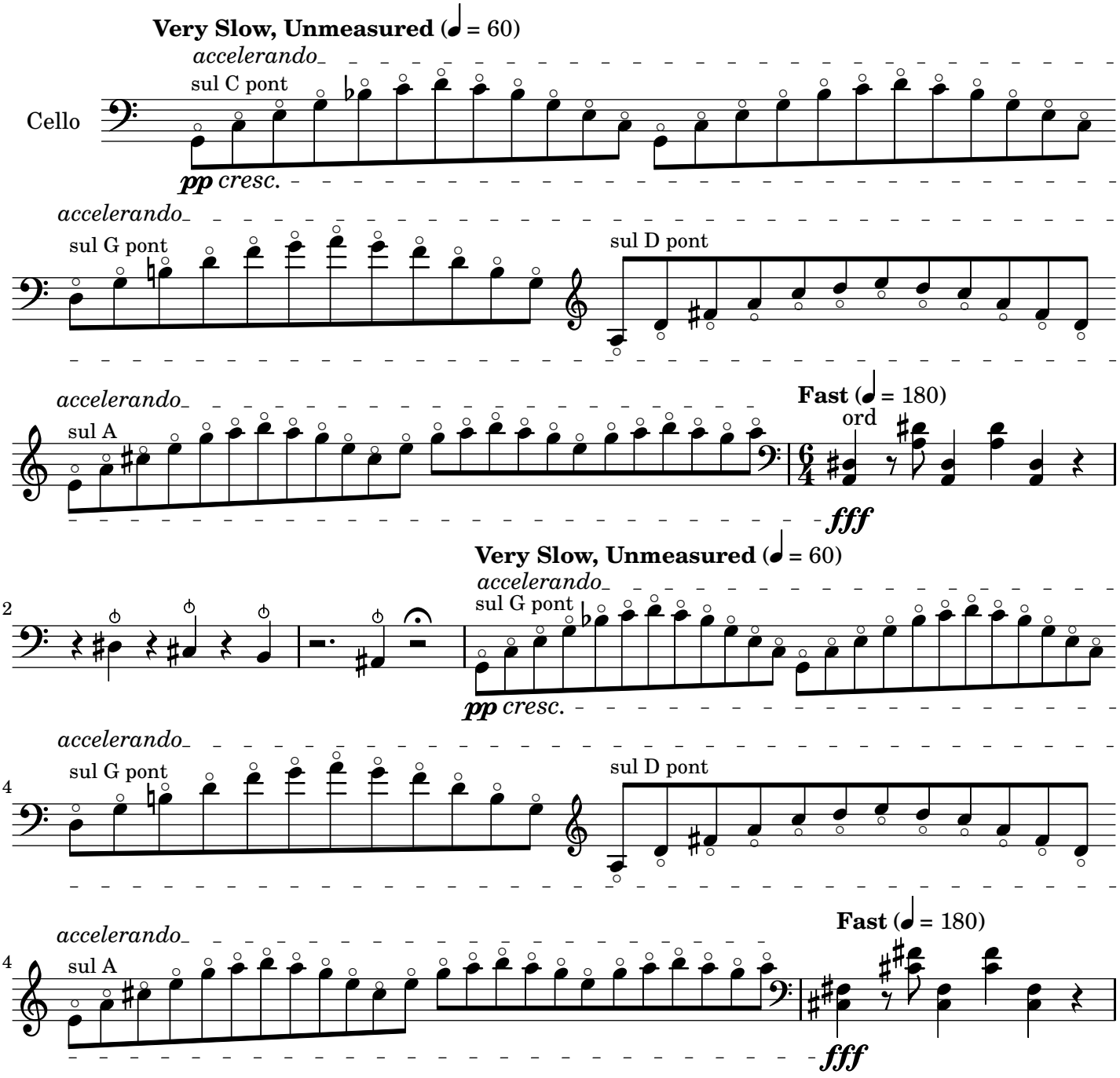

112
p cresc.
120
f
p cresc.
129
f
ff
138
Slower (♩. = 90)
p
145
mf >
p

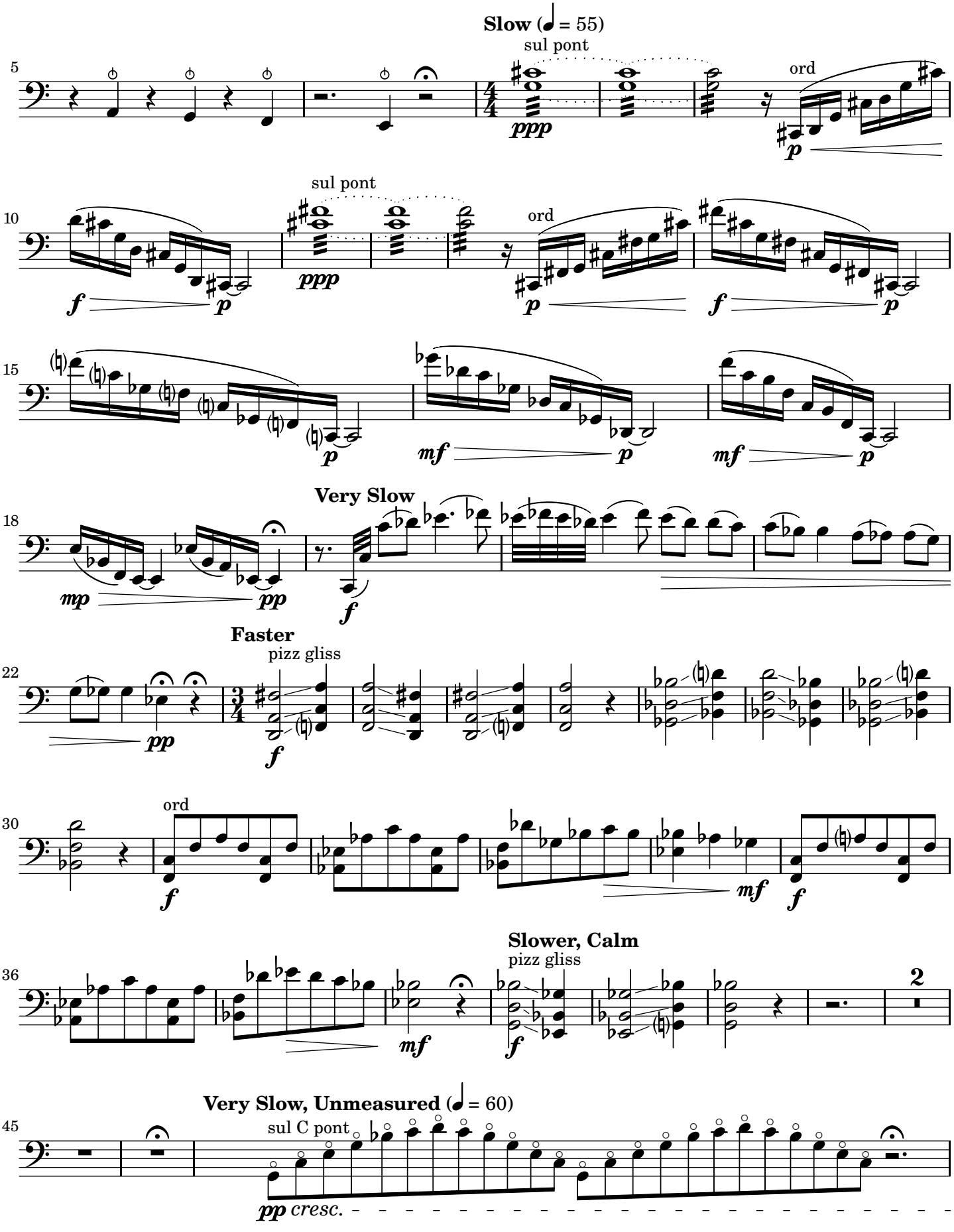
Bleeeeeep!

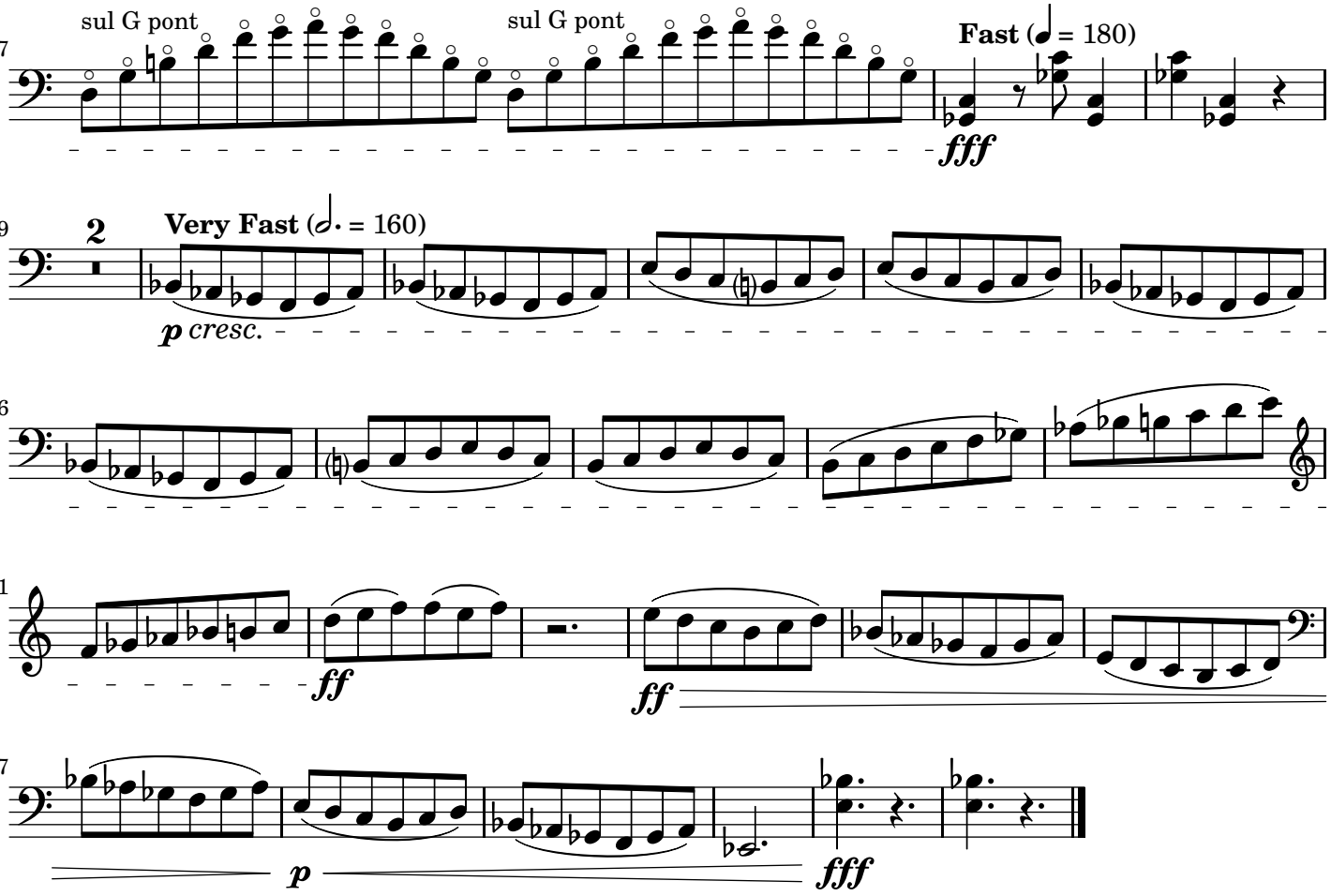

Fast (♪ = 240)
Cello
p
sfz
p
sfz
f
7
p
fp
19
ff
fp
ff
fp
30
2
ff
2
f



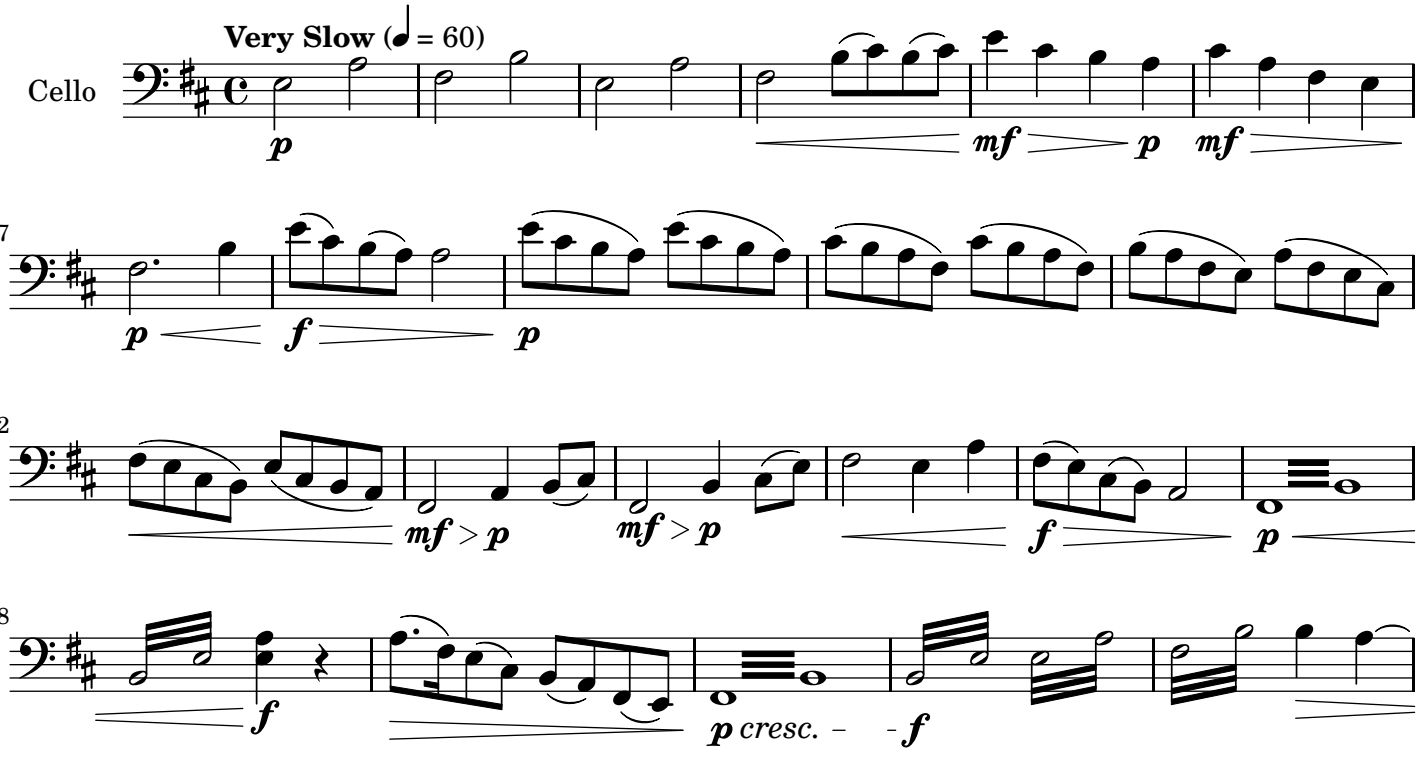
Enter the Mystic Labyrinth of the Mental Abyss

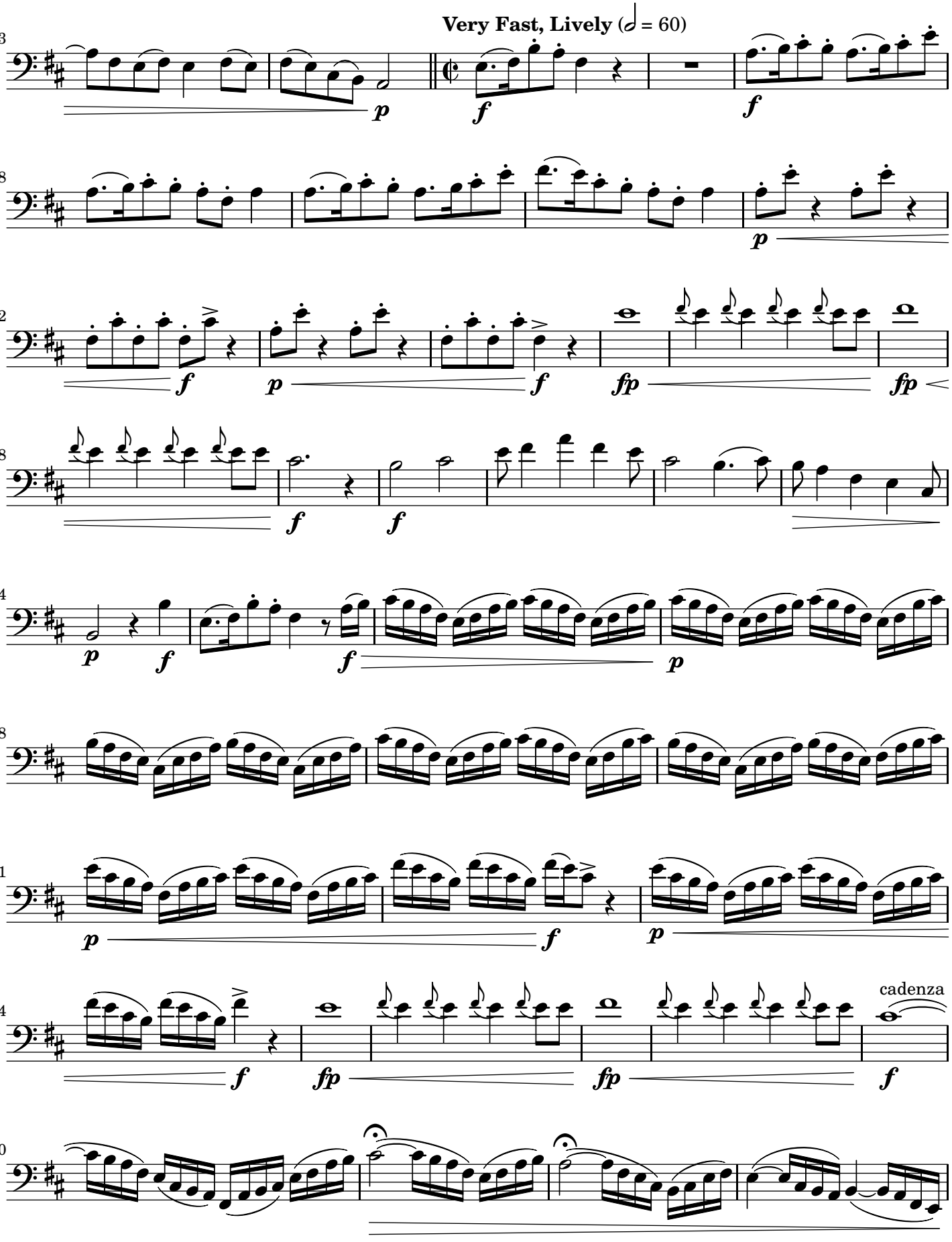


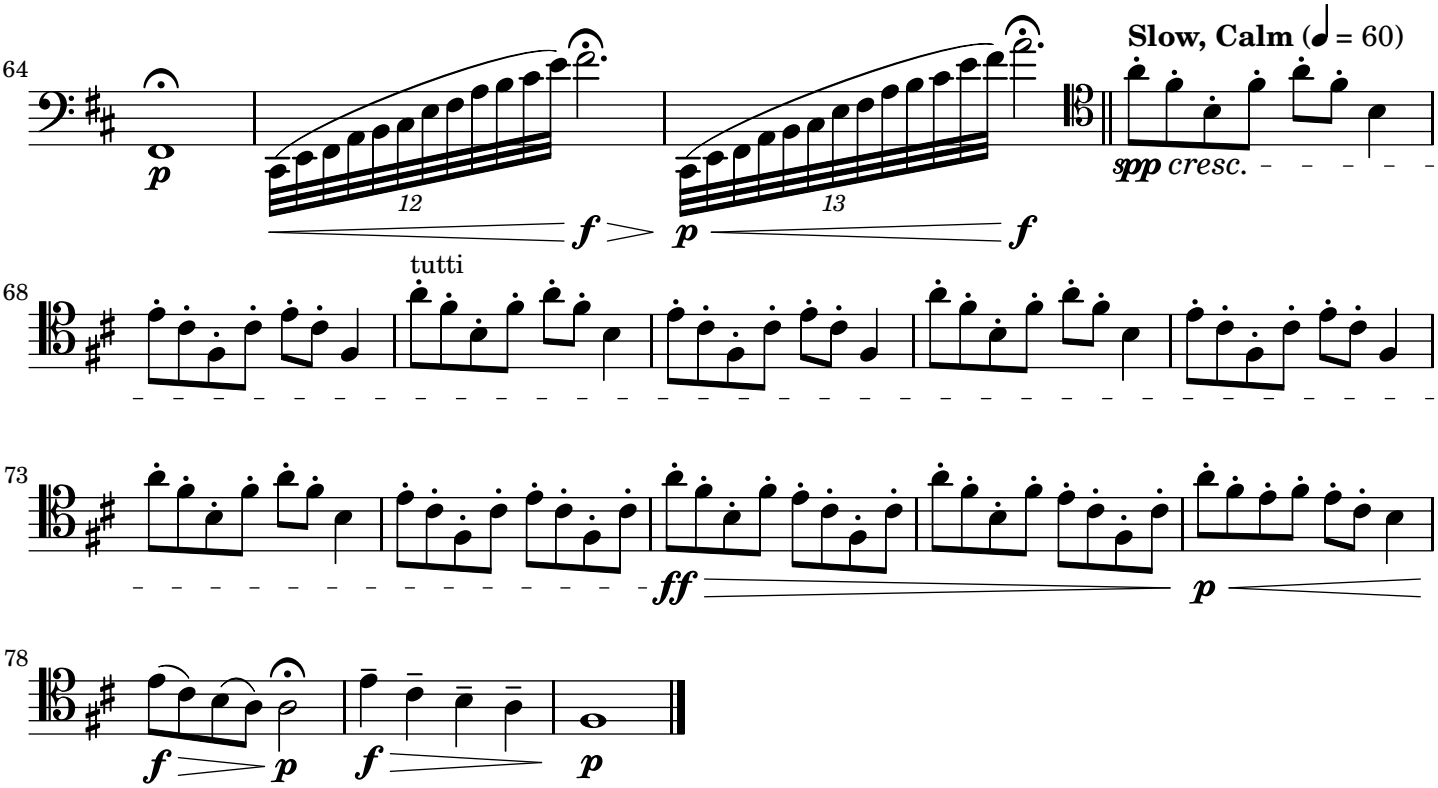

Slow (♩ = 55)
sul pont
ord
sul pont
ord
Very Slow
Faster
pizz gliss
ord
Slower, Calm
pizz gliss
2
Very Slow, Unmeasured (♩ = 60)
sul C pont
pp cresc.


47
sul G pont
sul G pont
Fast (♩ = 180)
fff
49
2
Very Fast (𝅗𝅥. = 160)
p cresc.
56
61
ff
ff
67
p
fff

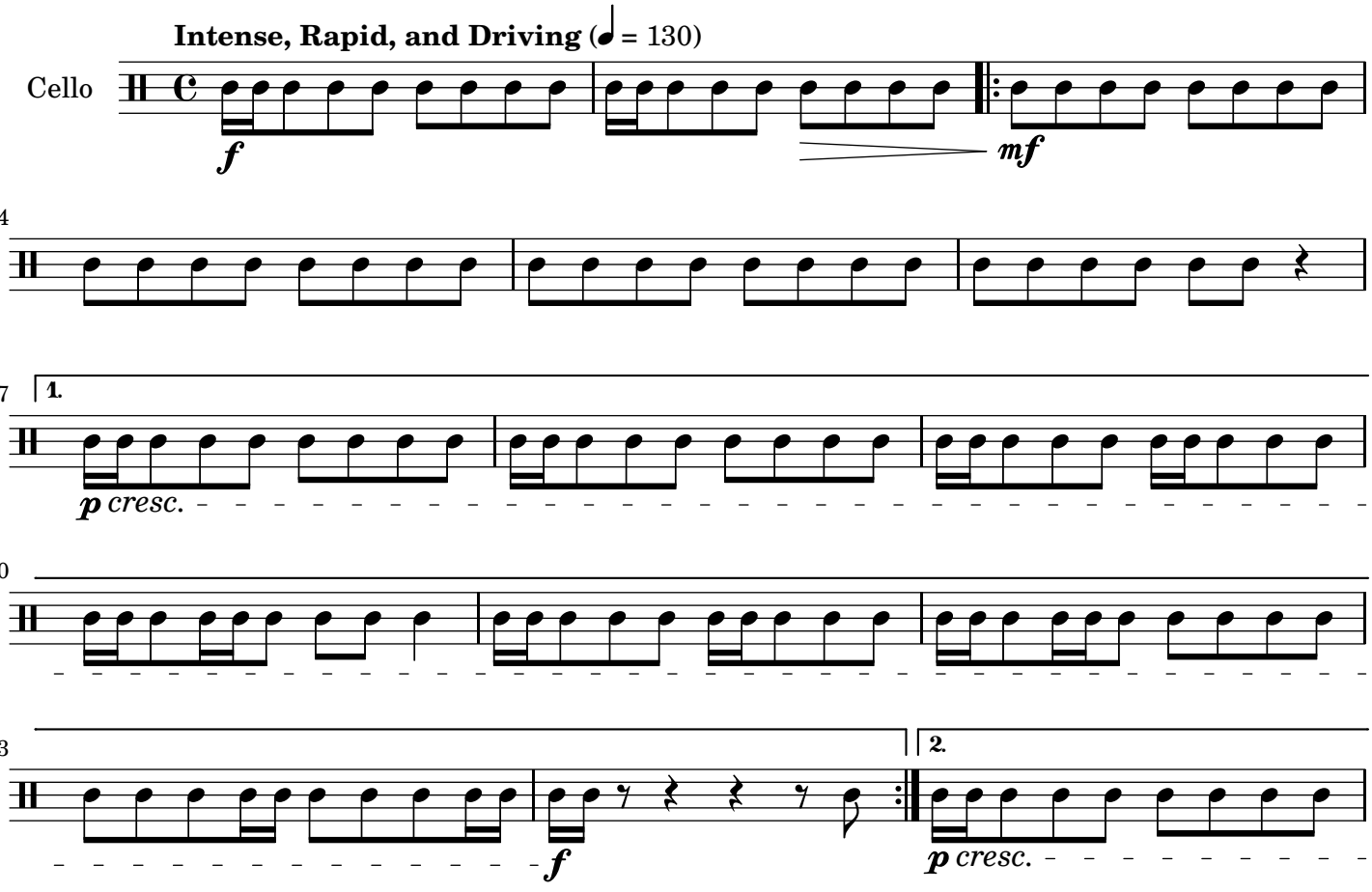
Kung Fu Kats

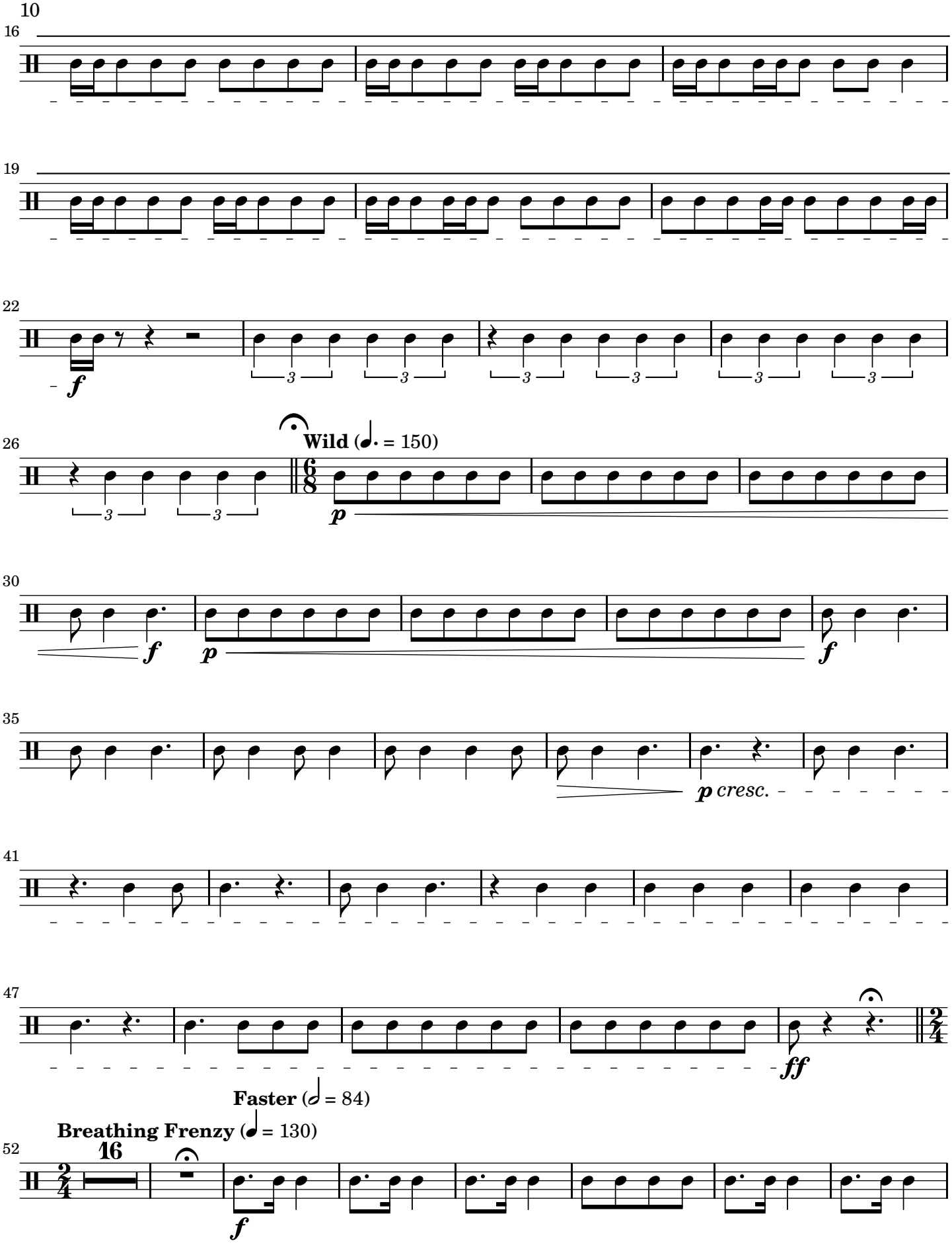

Very Slow (♩ = 60)
Cello
p
mf
p
mf
7
p
f
p
12
mf > p
mf > p
f
p
18
f
p cresc.
f

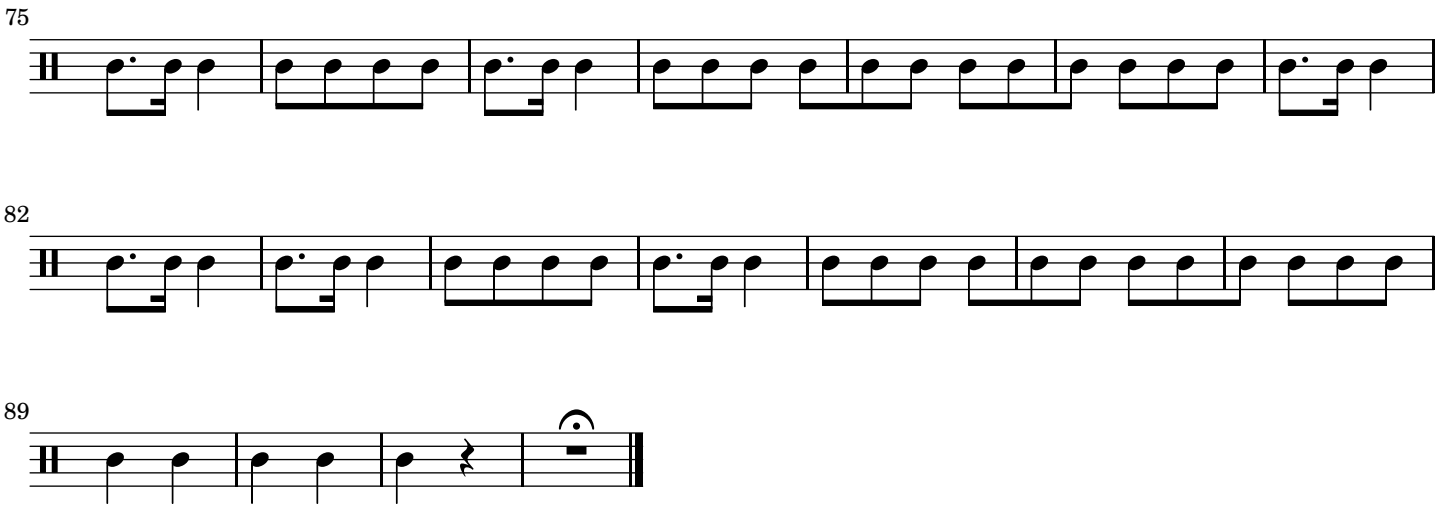

Very Fast, Lively (𝅗𝅥 = 60)
cadenza



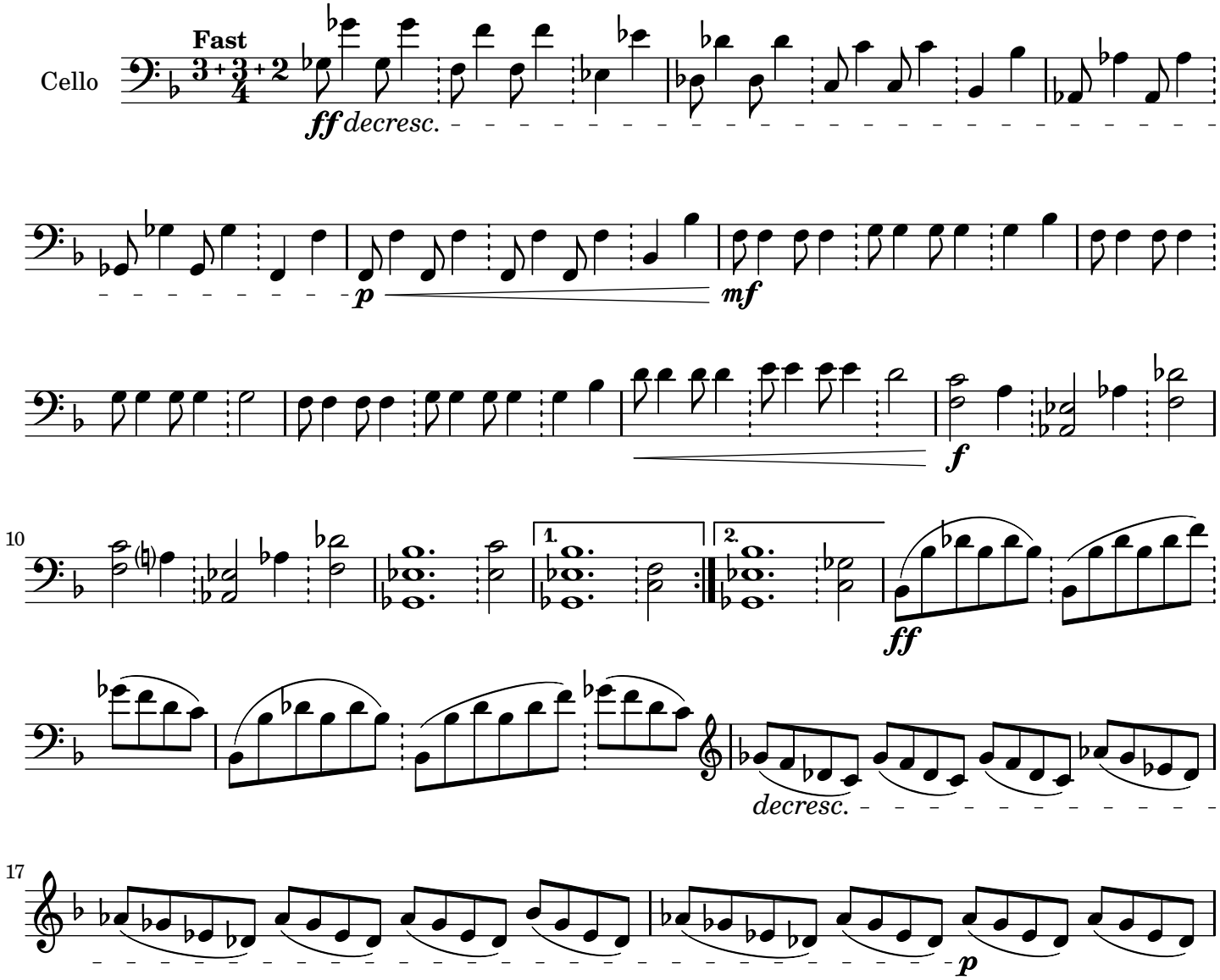
King Monitor Lizard, our Royal Highness

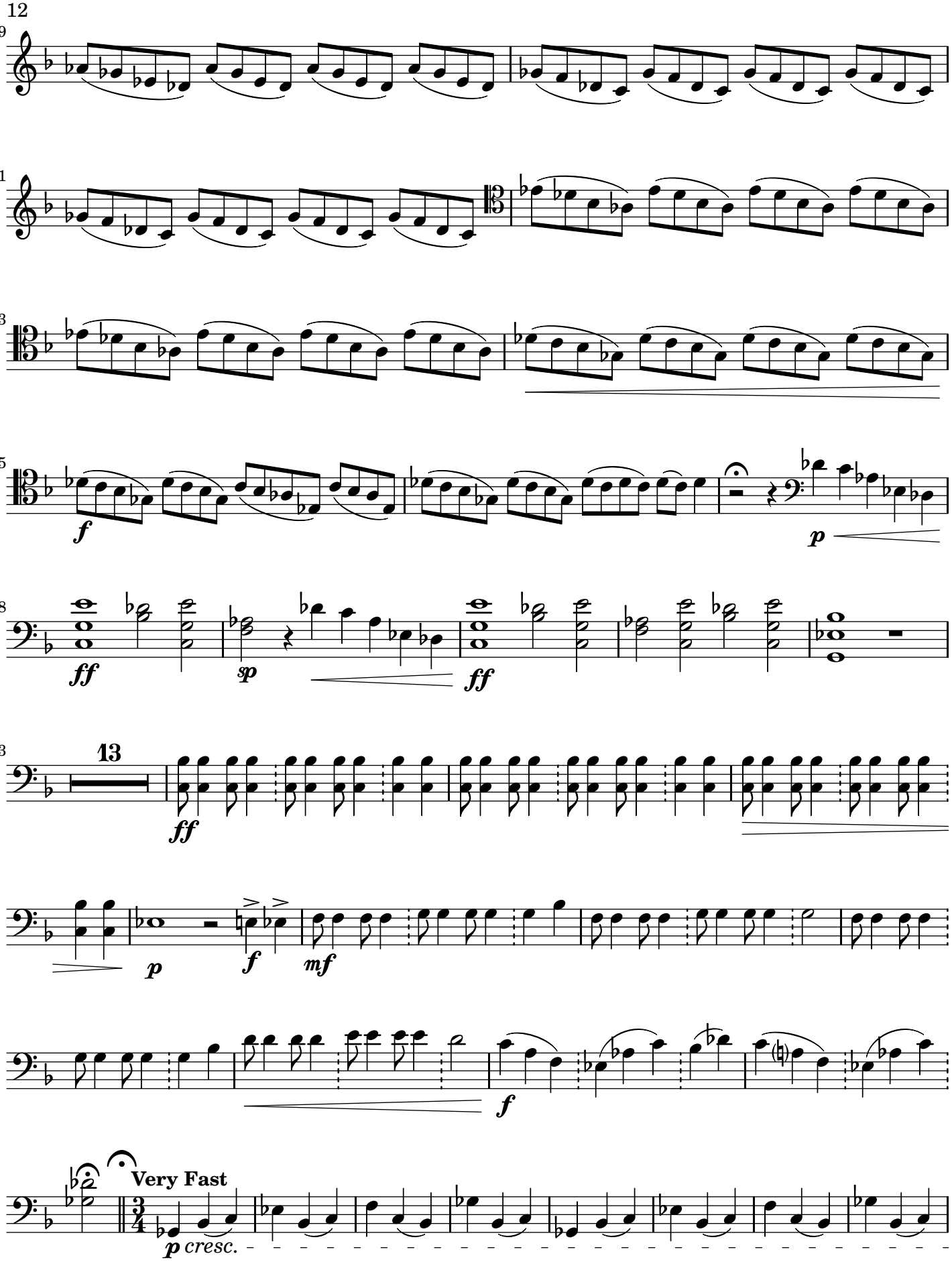


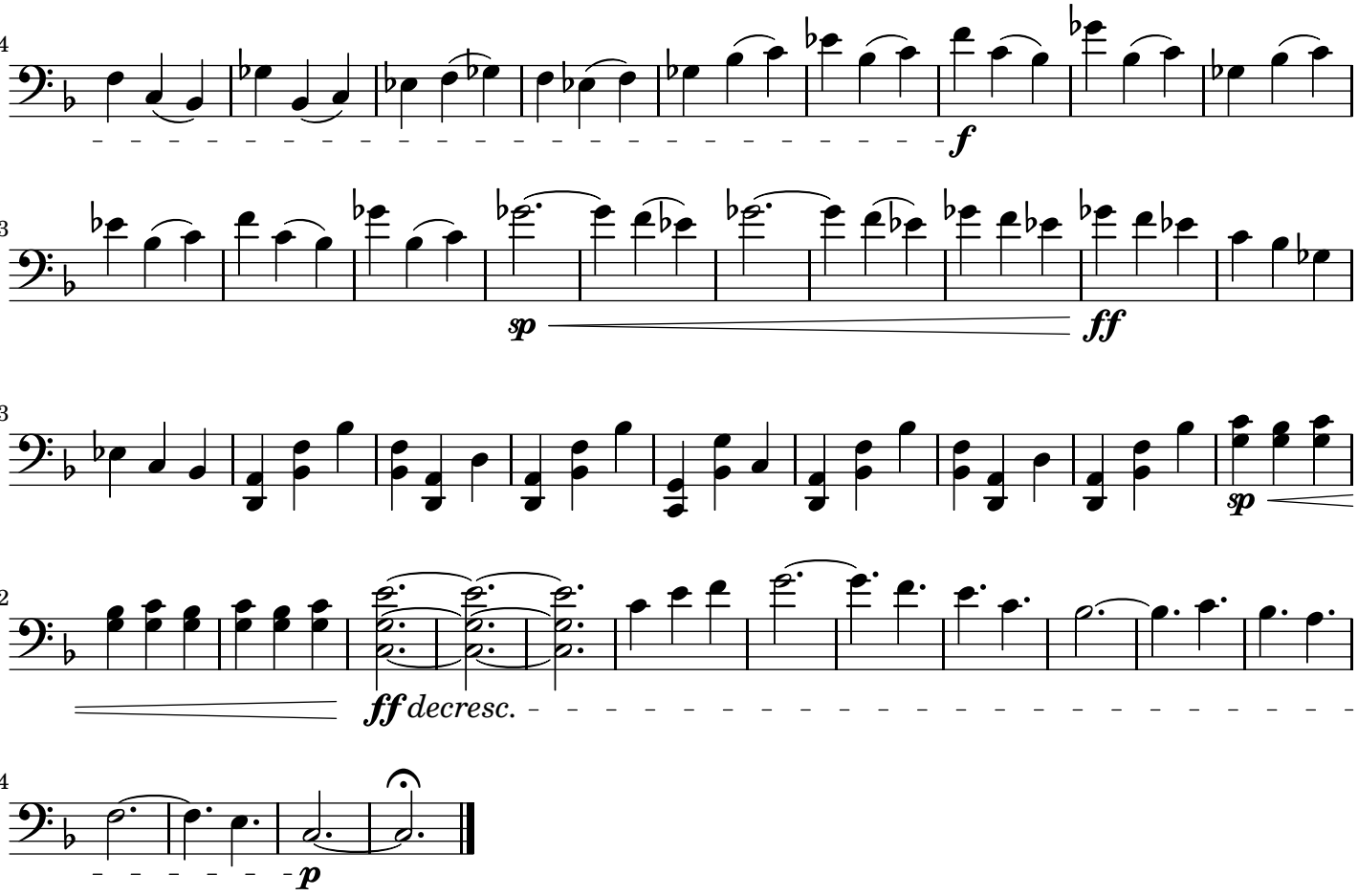

16
19
22
f
3
26
Wild (♩. = 150)
p
30
f
p
f
35
p cresc.
41
47
ff
Faster (𝅗𝅥 = 84)
Breathing Frenzy (♩ = 130)
52
16
f



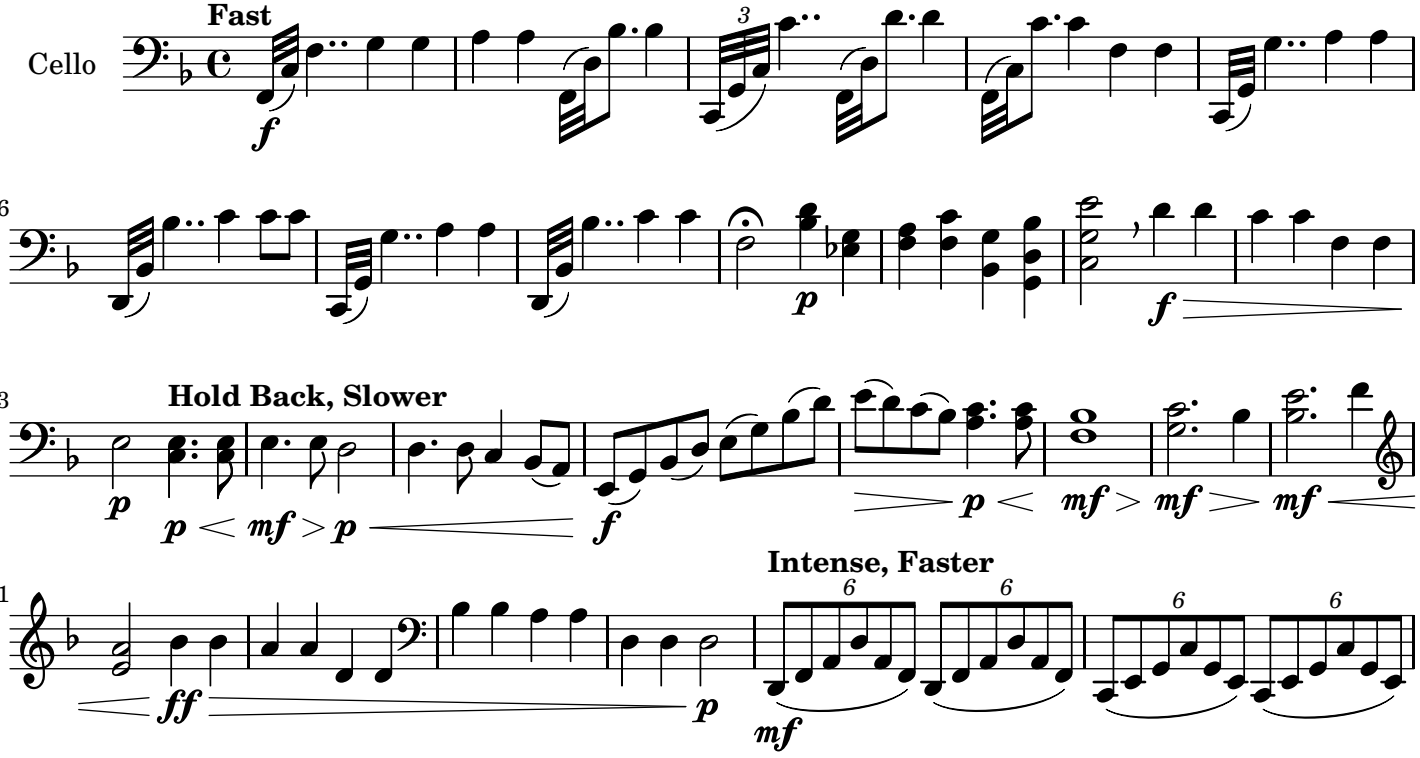
NYPD Bull Dogging

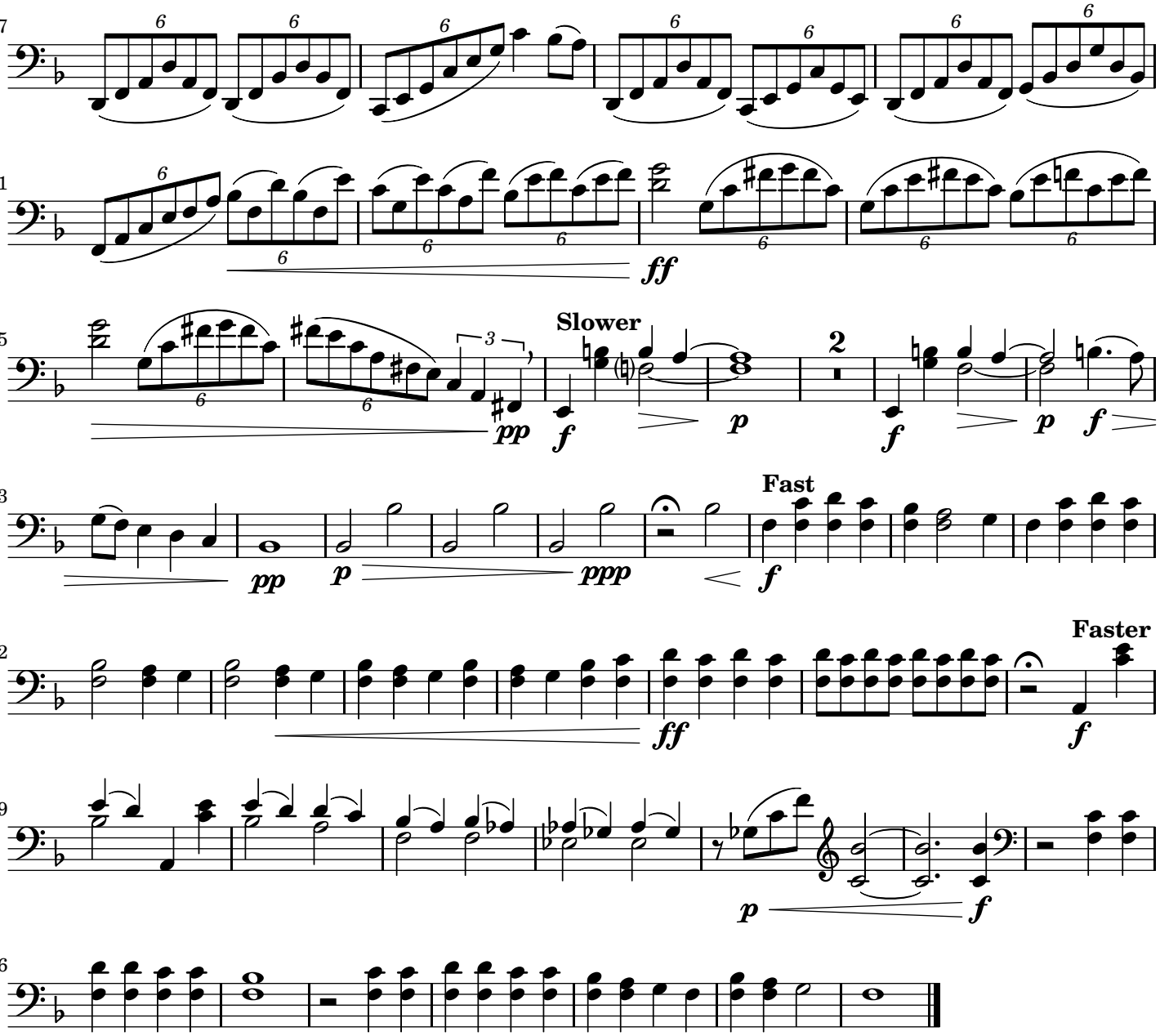



12
19
21
23
25
f
p
28
ff
sp
ff
33
13
ff
p
f
mf
f
Very Fast
p cresc.

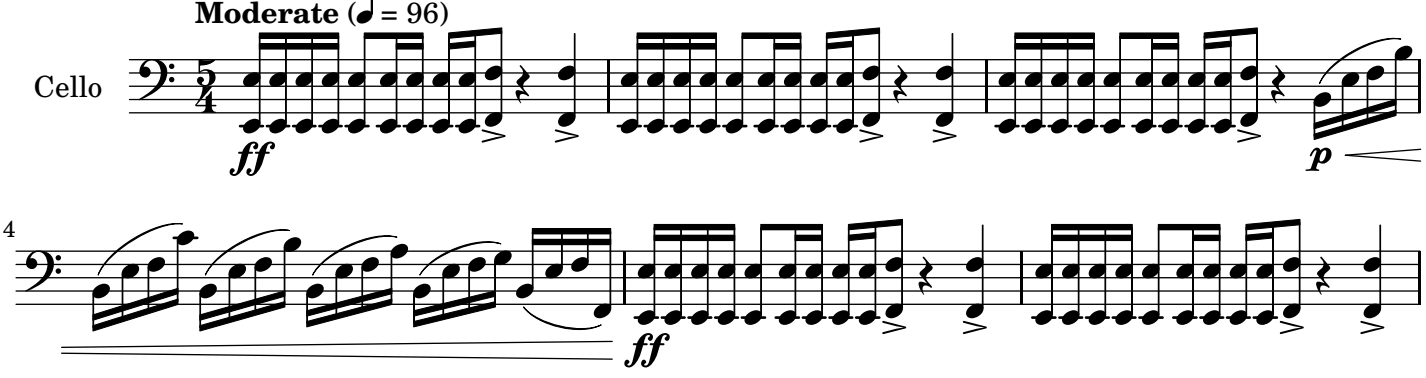


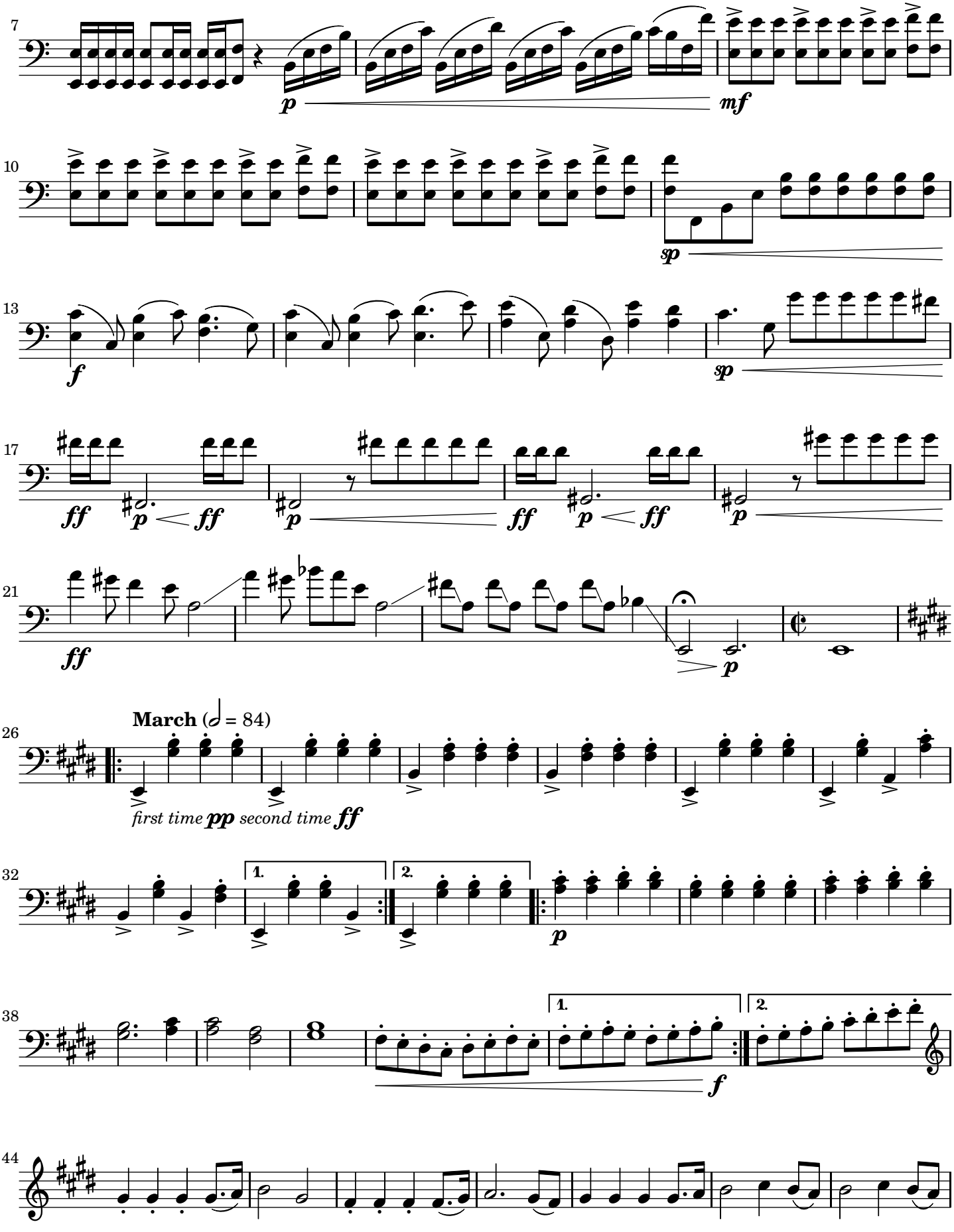
Ms. Rhinoceros Teaches the ABCs

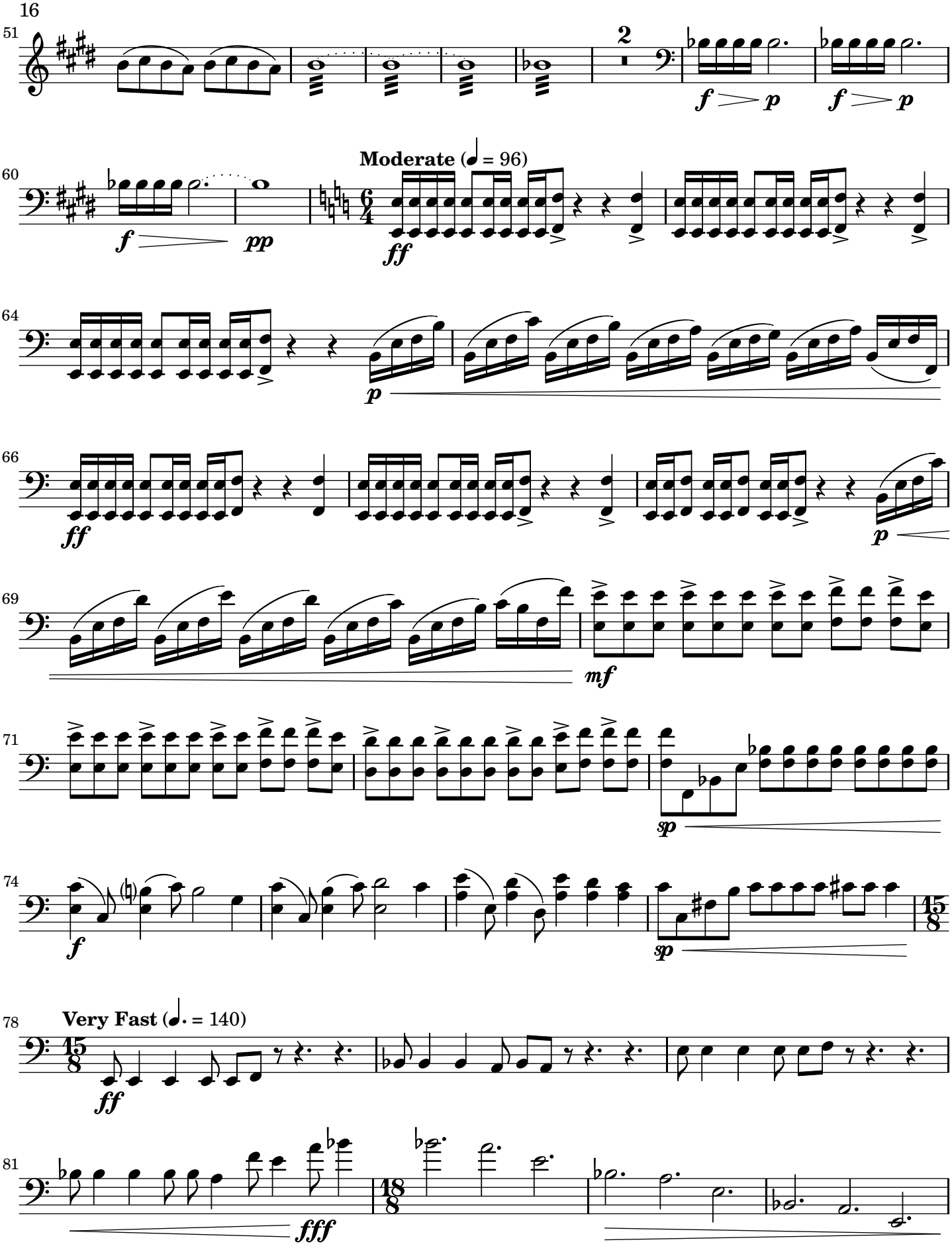


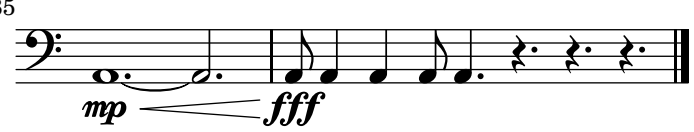

27
31
ff
35
Slower
pp
f
p
2
f
p
f
43
pp
p
ppp
Fast
f
52
ff
Faster
f
59
p
f
66

Four Axes

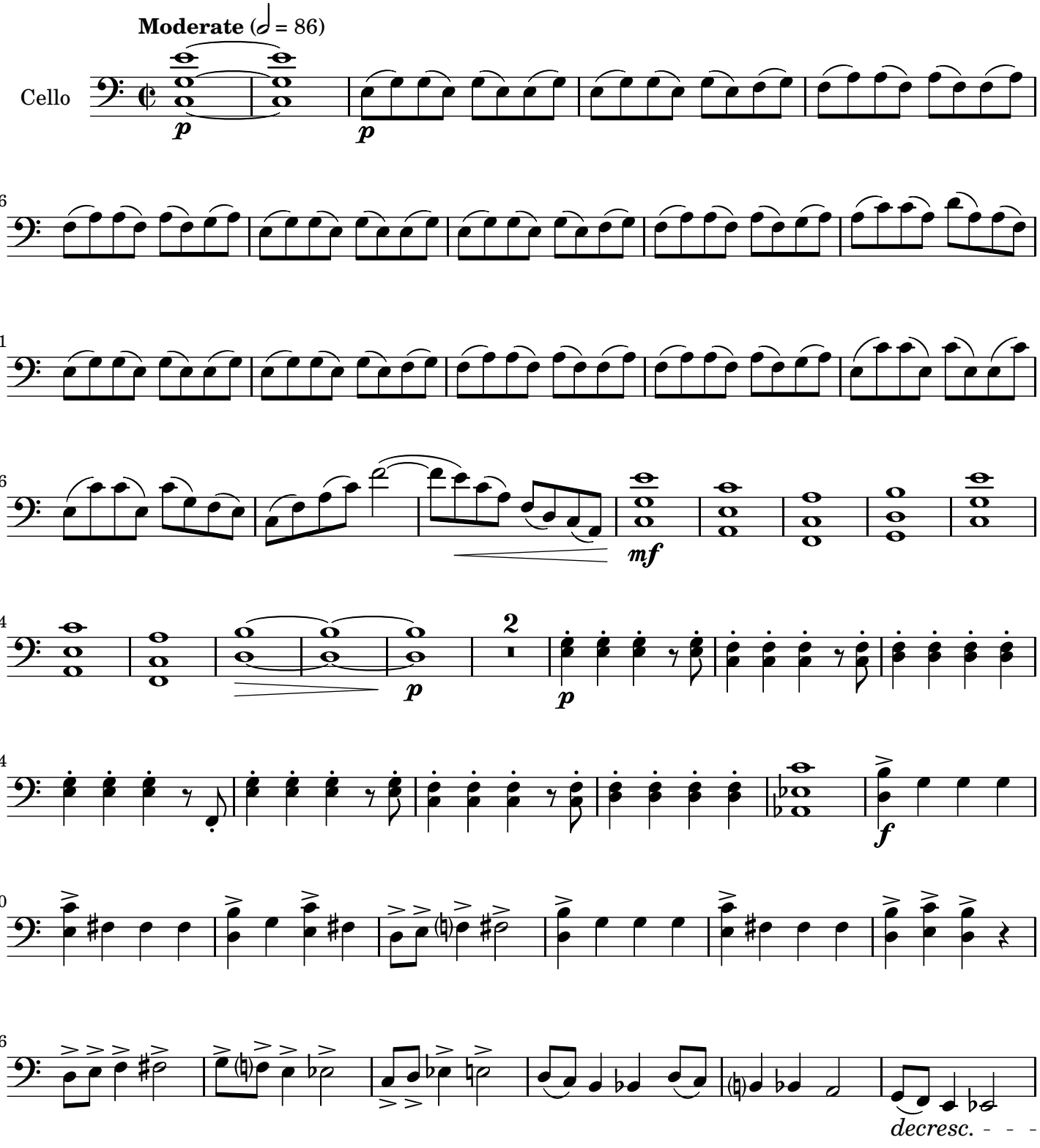

Moderate (♩ = 96)
Cello
ff
p
4
ff

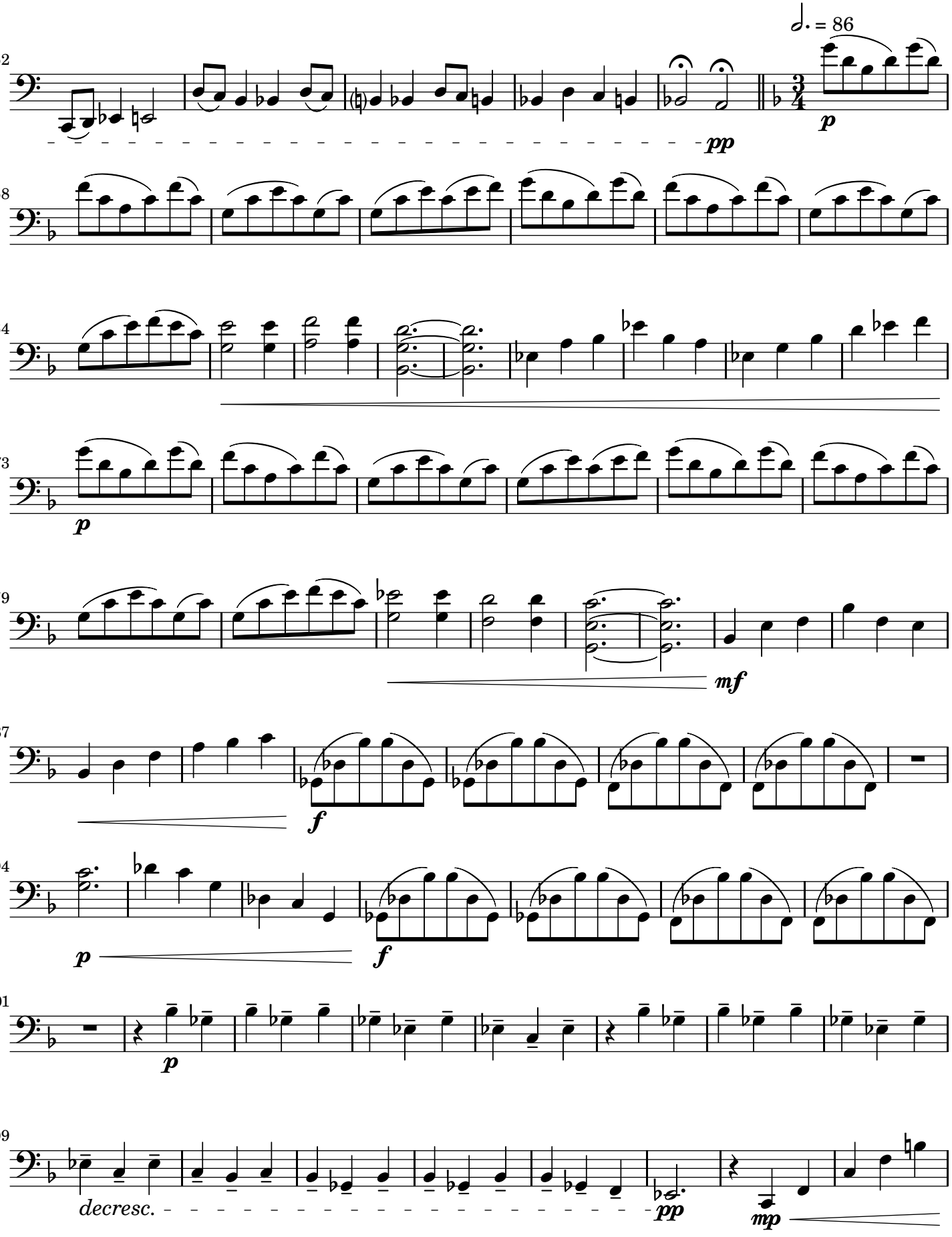

7
p
mf
10
sp
13
f
sp
17
ff
p
ff
p
ff
p
ff
p
21
ff
p
26
March (♩ = 84)
first time pp second time ff
32
1.
2.
p
38
1.
2.
f
44

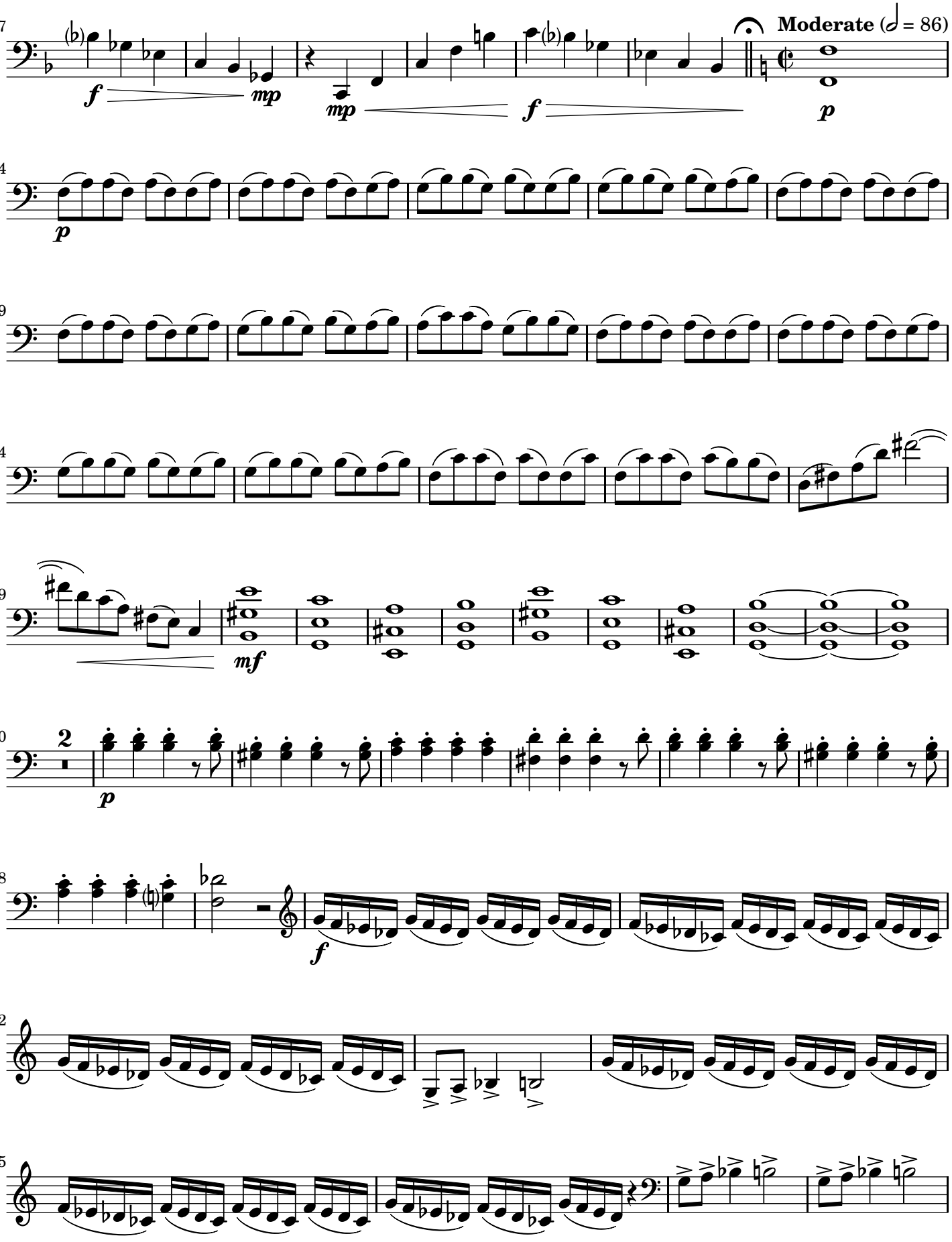

51
2
f p
f p
60
f
pp
Moderate (♩ = 96)
ff
64
p
66
ff
p
69
mf
71
sp
74
f
sp
78
Very Fast (♩. = 140)
ff
81
fff

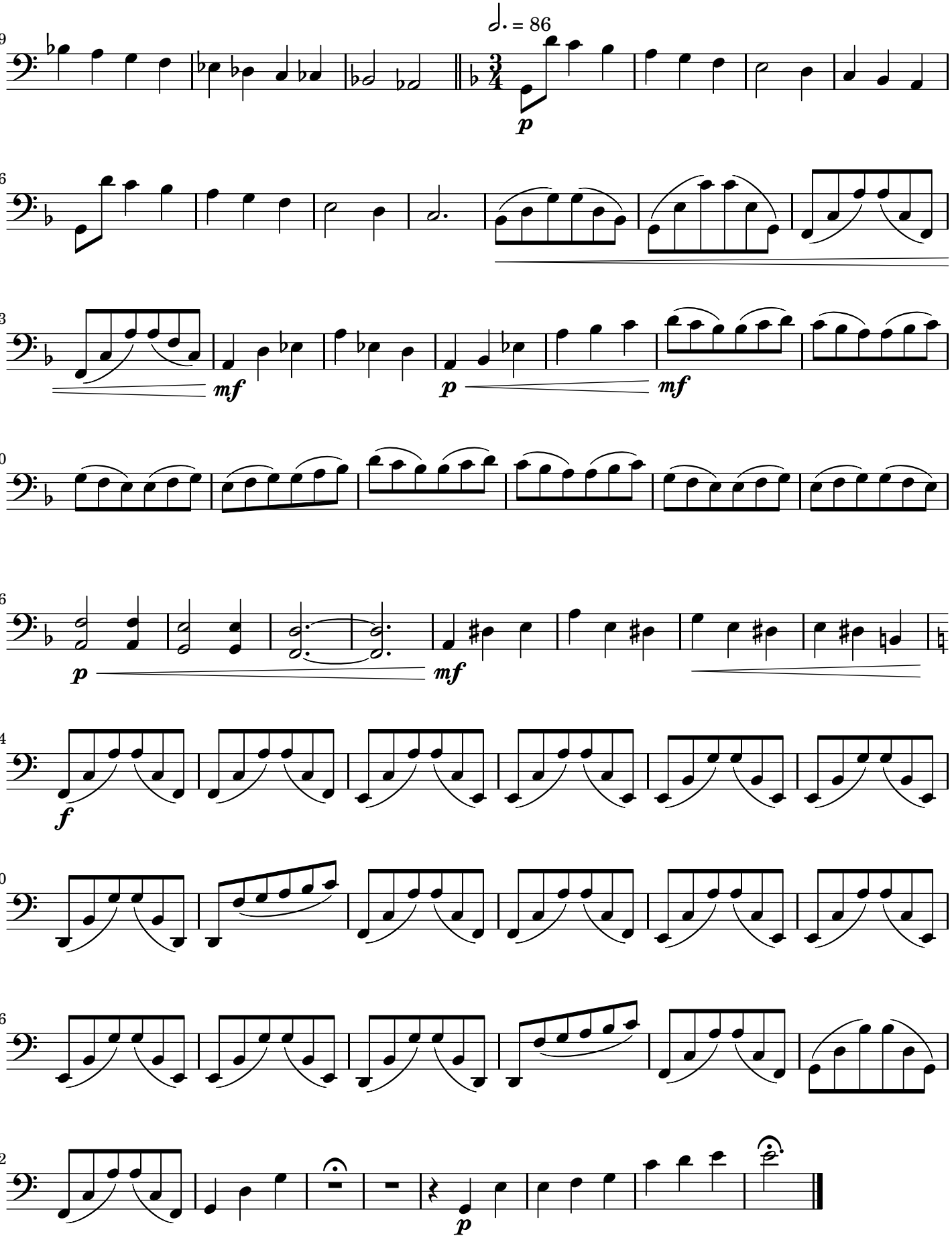


Computer Duck




52
♩. = 86
pp
p
58
64
73
p
79
mf
87
f
94
p
f
101
p
109
decresc.
pp
mp


117
Moderate (𝅗𝅥 = 86)
124
129
134
139
150
158
162
165


169
𝅗𝅥. = 86
p
176
183
mf
p
mf
190
196
p
mf
204
f
210
216
222
p

Top Ten Video Game Music Slap Down!

Craig Bakalian

Bass

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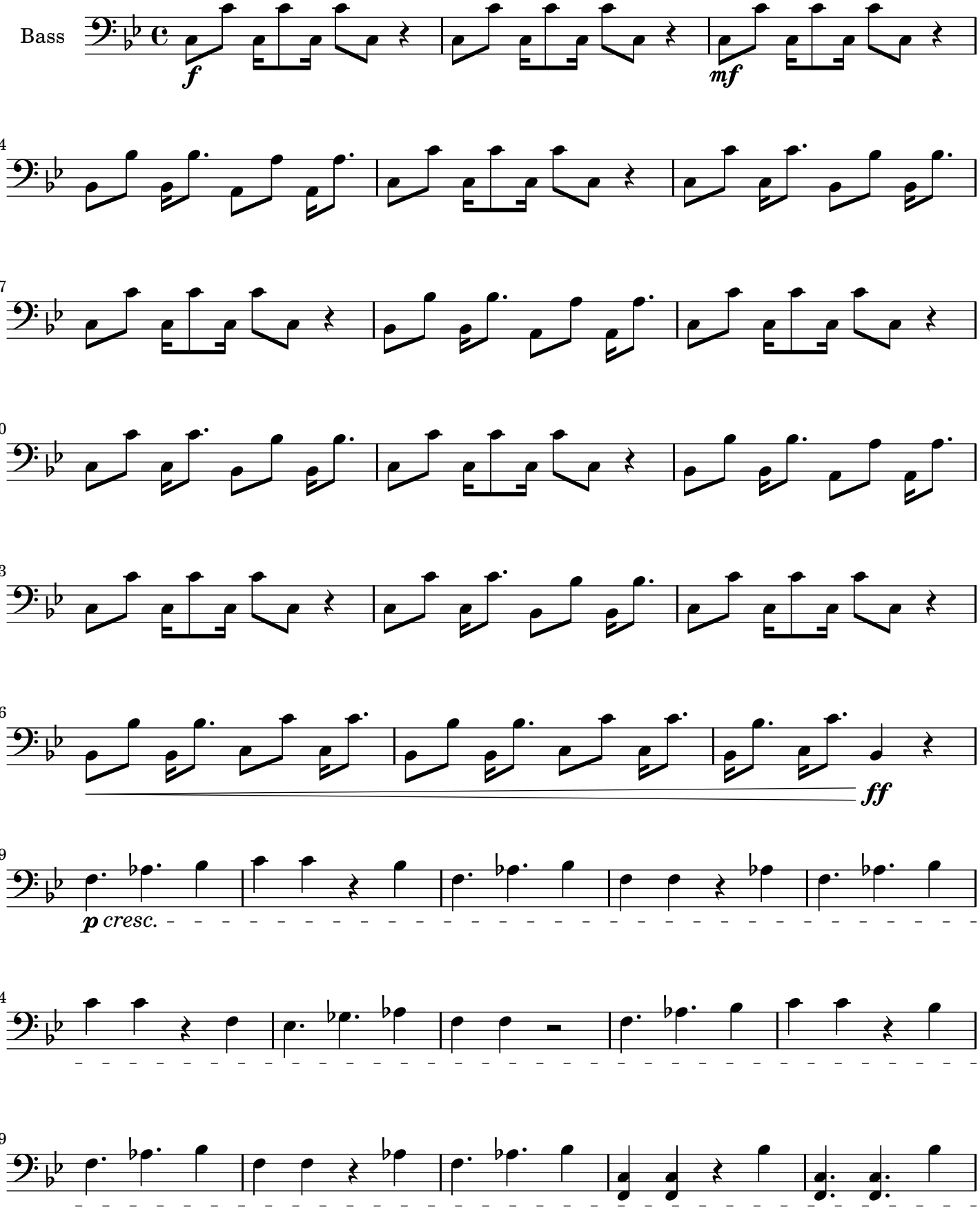
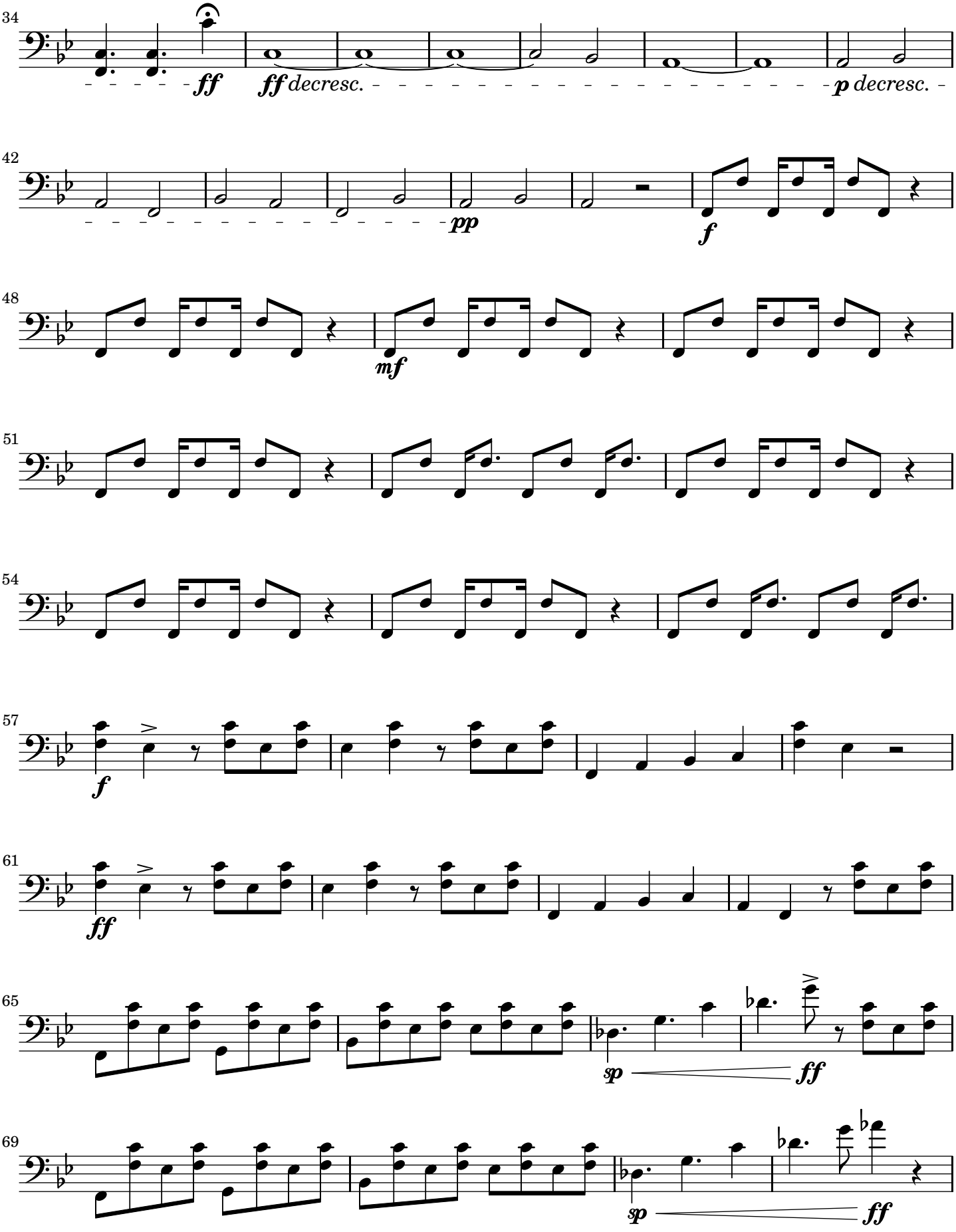
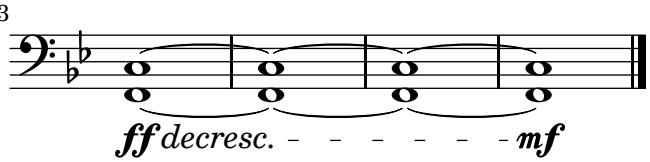
Crow Versus Squirrel

Fast (♩ = 120)

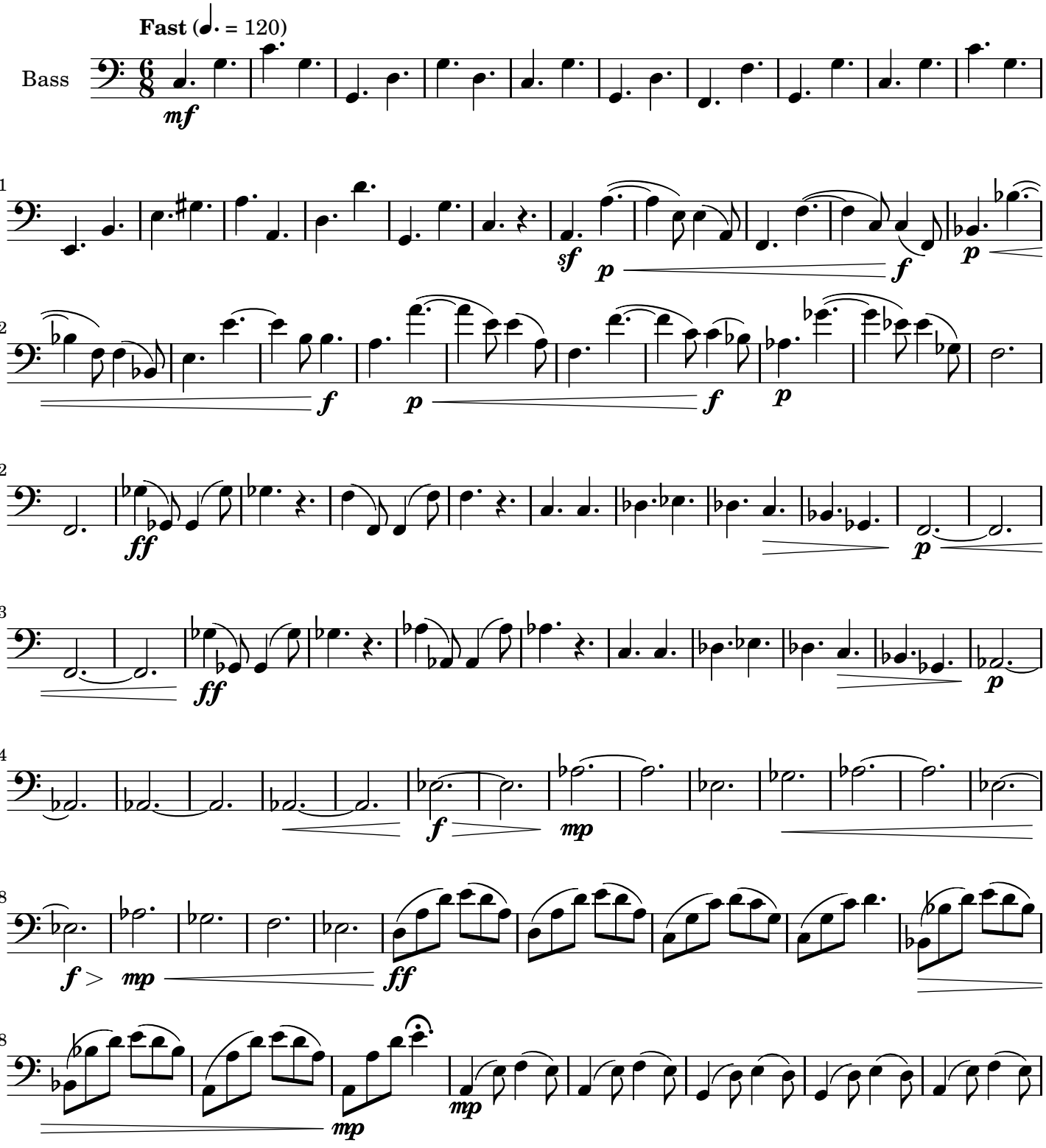
Bass

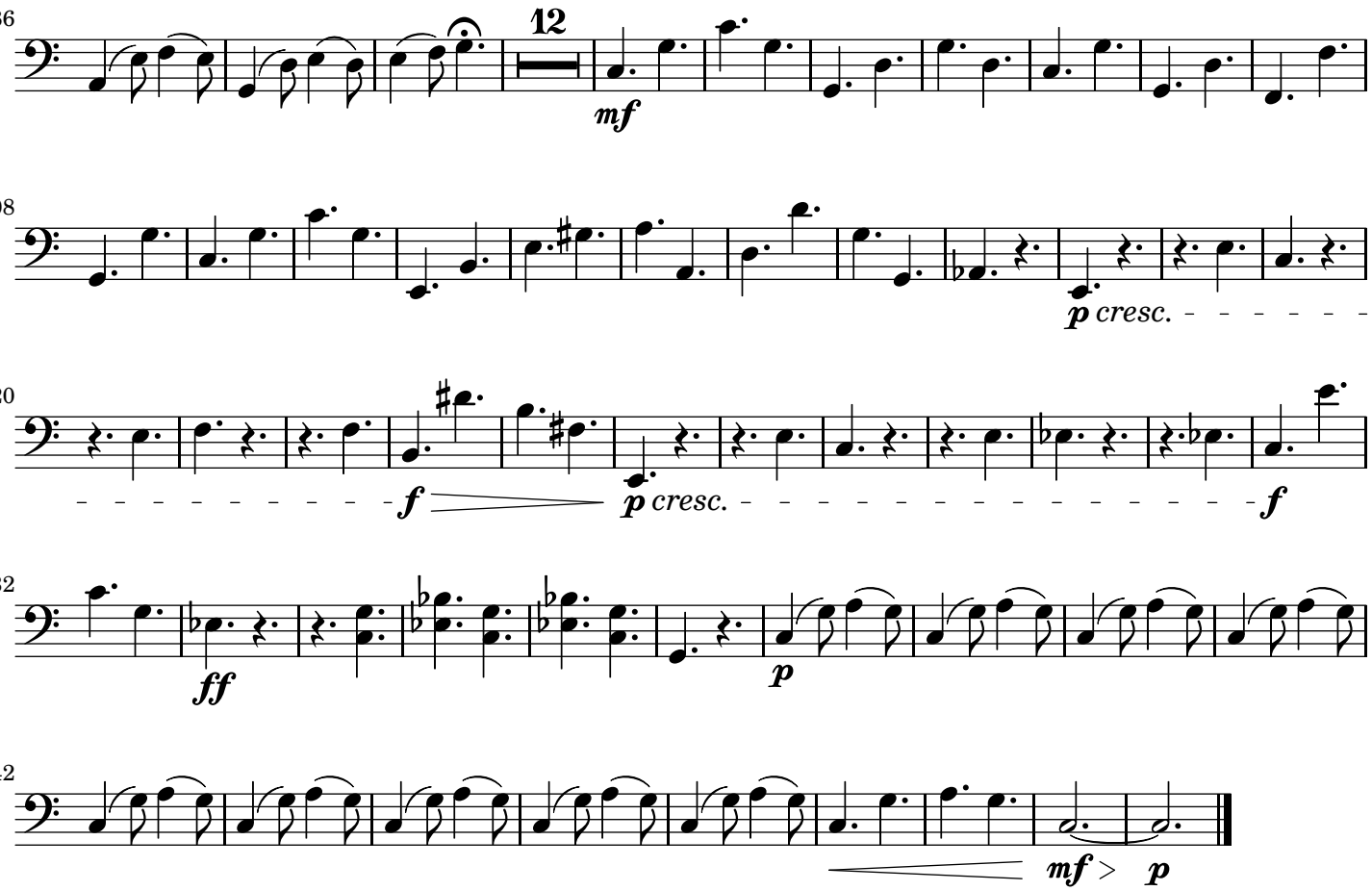



34
ff
ff decresc.
p decresc.
42
pp
f
48
mf
51
54
57
f
61
ff
65
sp
ff
69
sp
ff

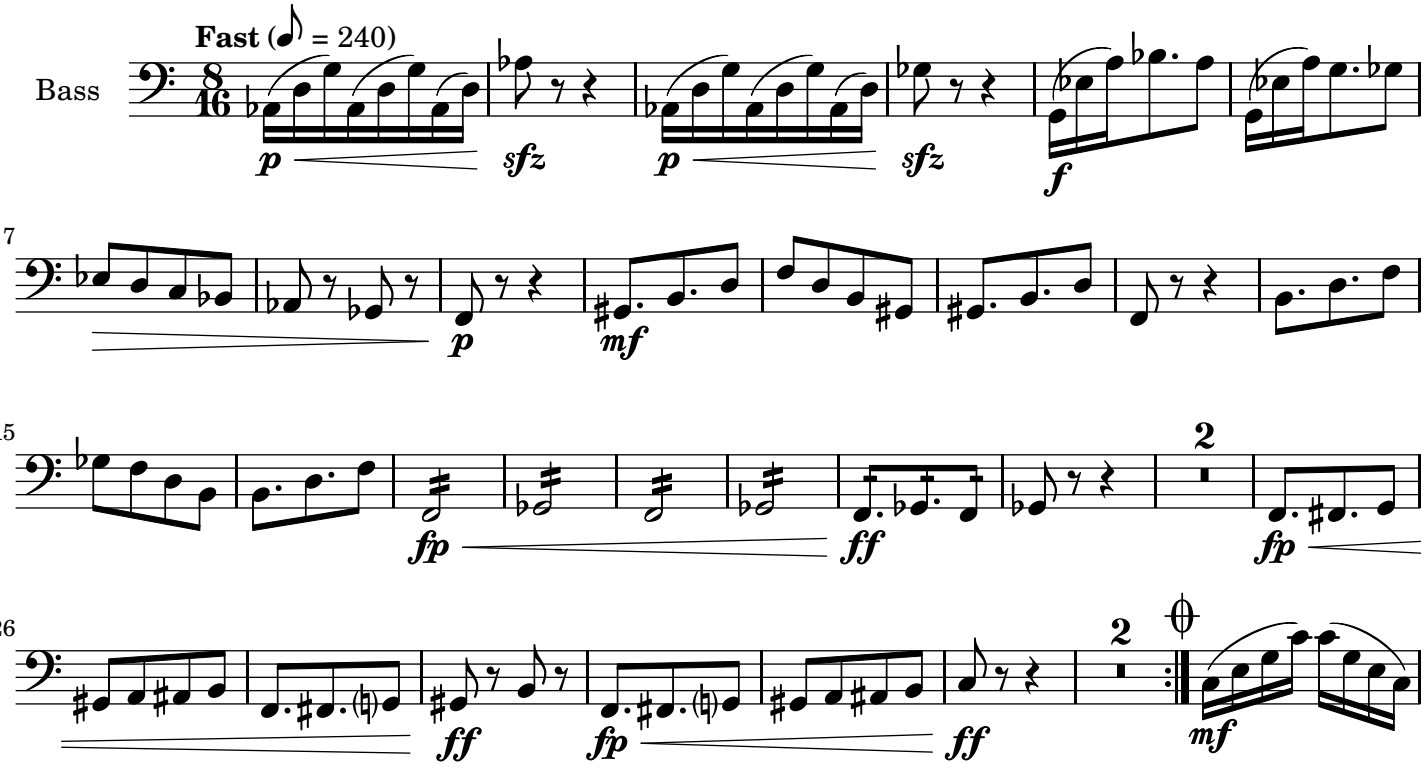


Peanut Butter Pony Goes Undercover




86
12
mf
108
p cresc.
120
f
p cresc.
f
132
ff
p
142
mf
p

Bleeeeeep!


Fast (♪ = 240)
Bass
p
sfz
p
sfz
f
7
p
mf
15
fp
ff
2
fp
26
ff
fp
ff
2
mf

35

40

f

Da Capo al Coda

48

p

59

f

65

2

p

Enter the Mystic Labyrinth of the Mental Abyss

Very Slow, Unmeasured (♩ = 60)

accelerando

sul E pont

Bass

pp *cresc.*

accelerando

sul A pont

sul D pont

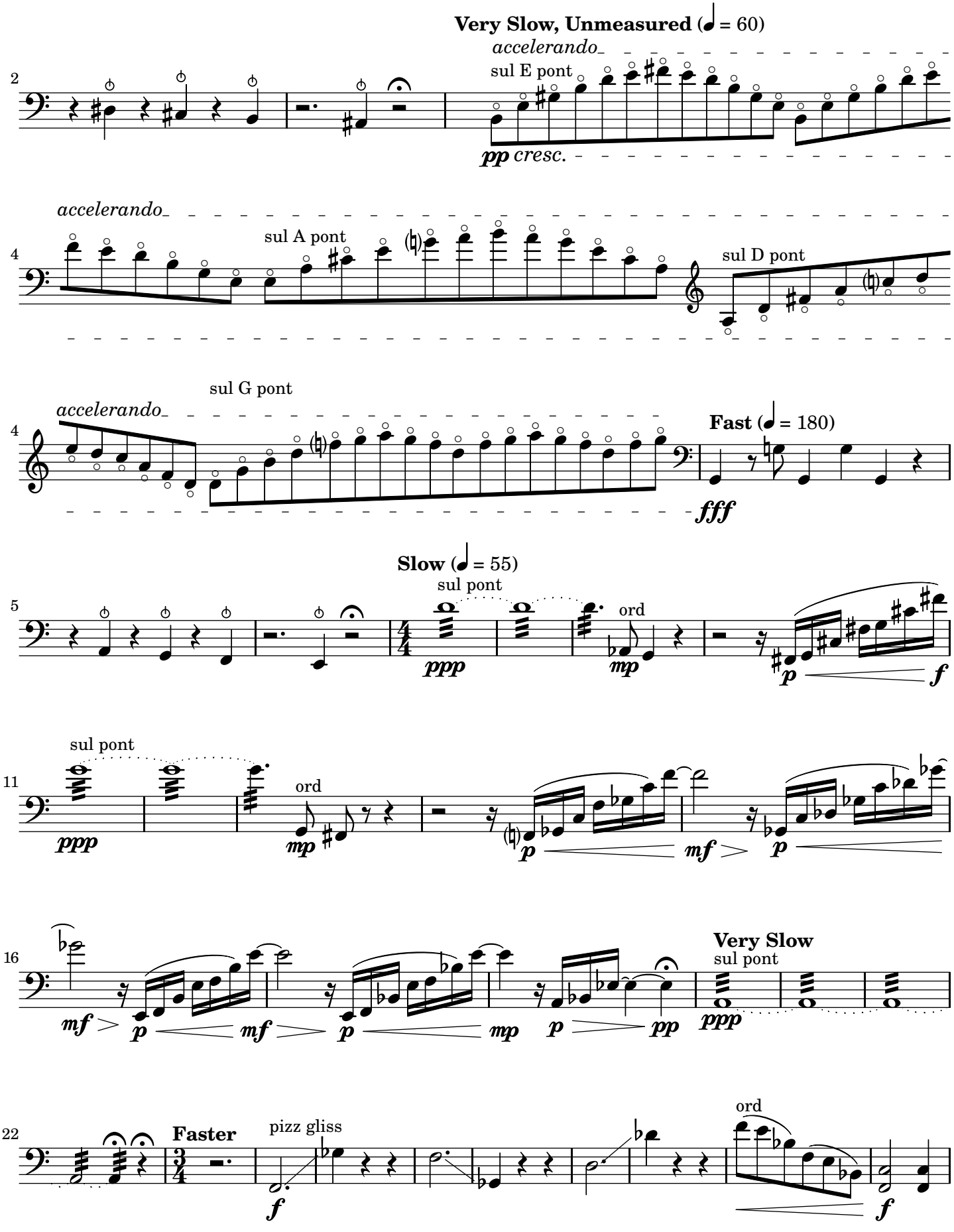
sul G pont

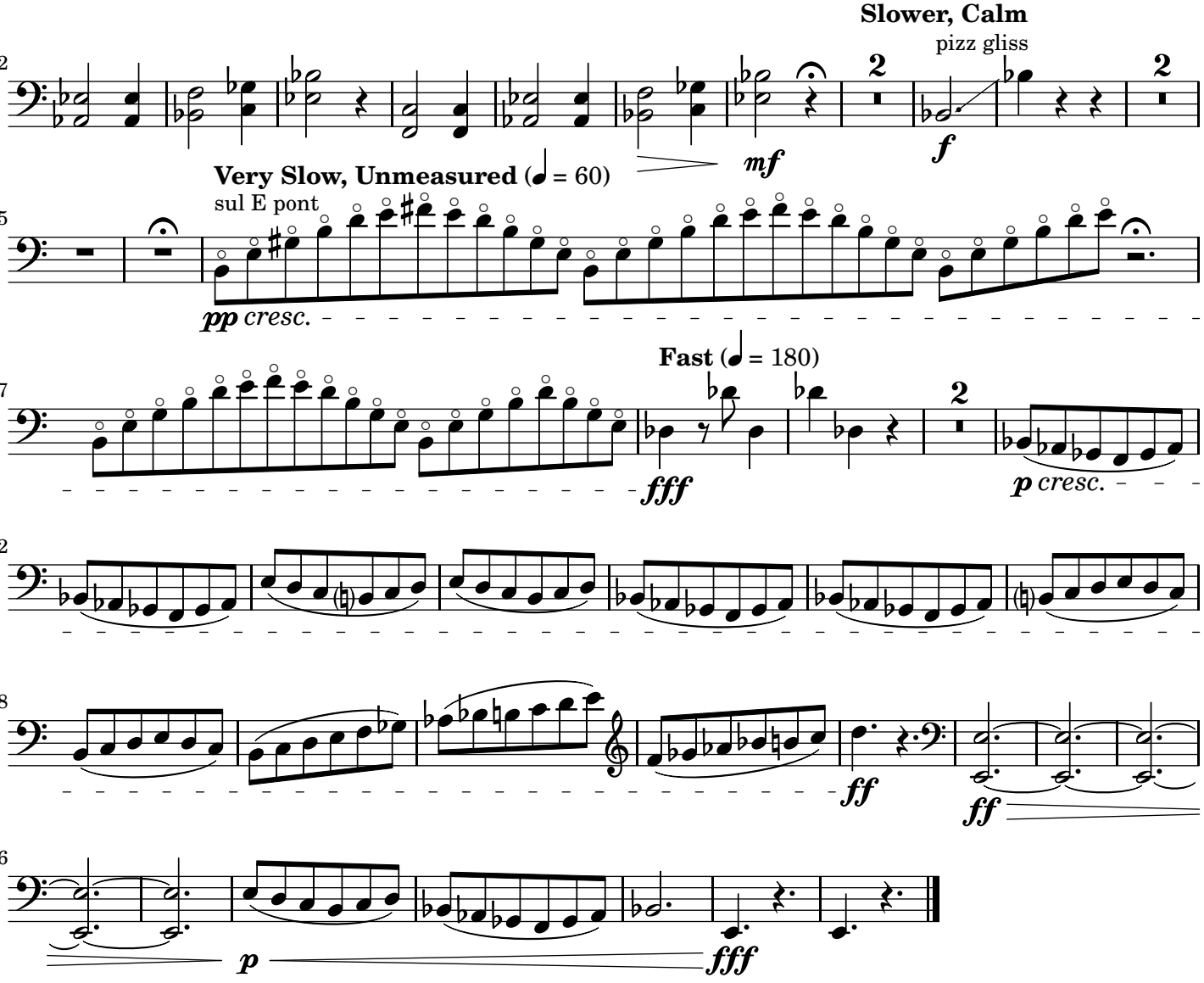
accelerando

Fast (♩ = 180)

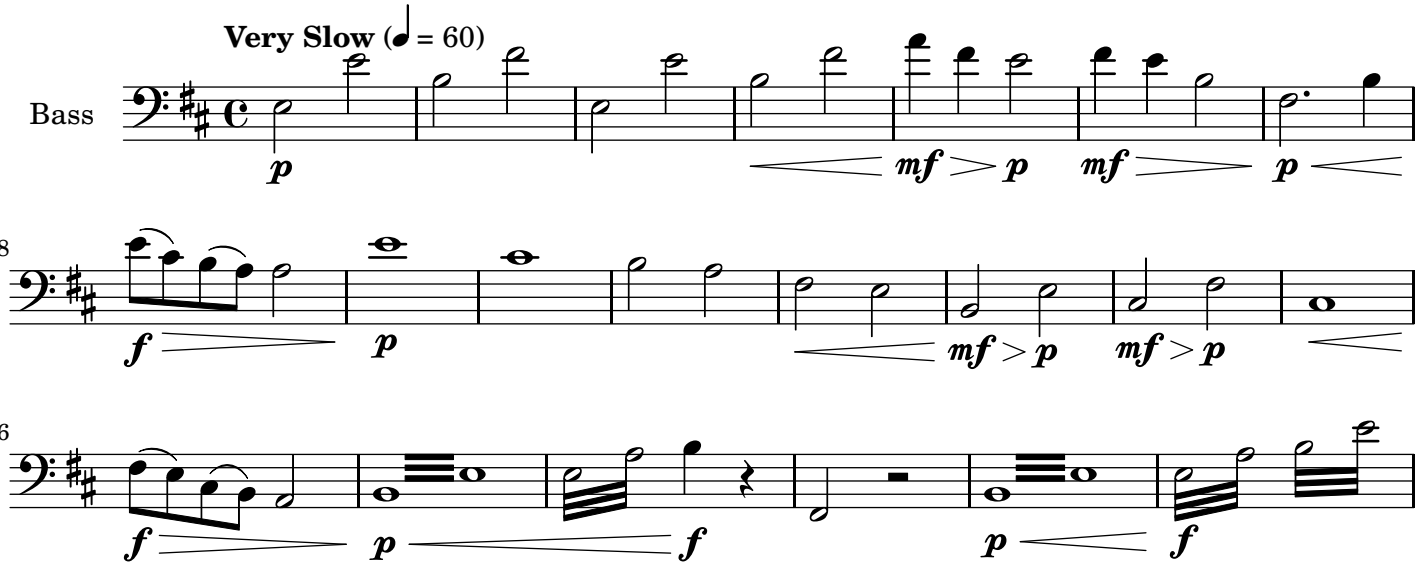
ord

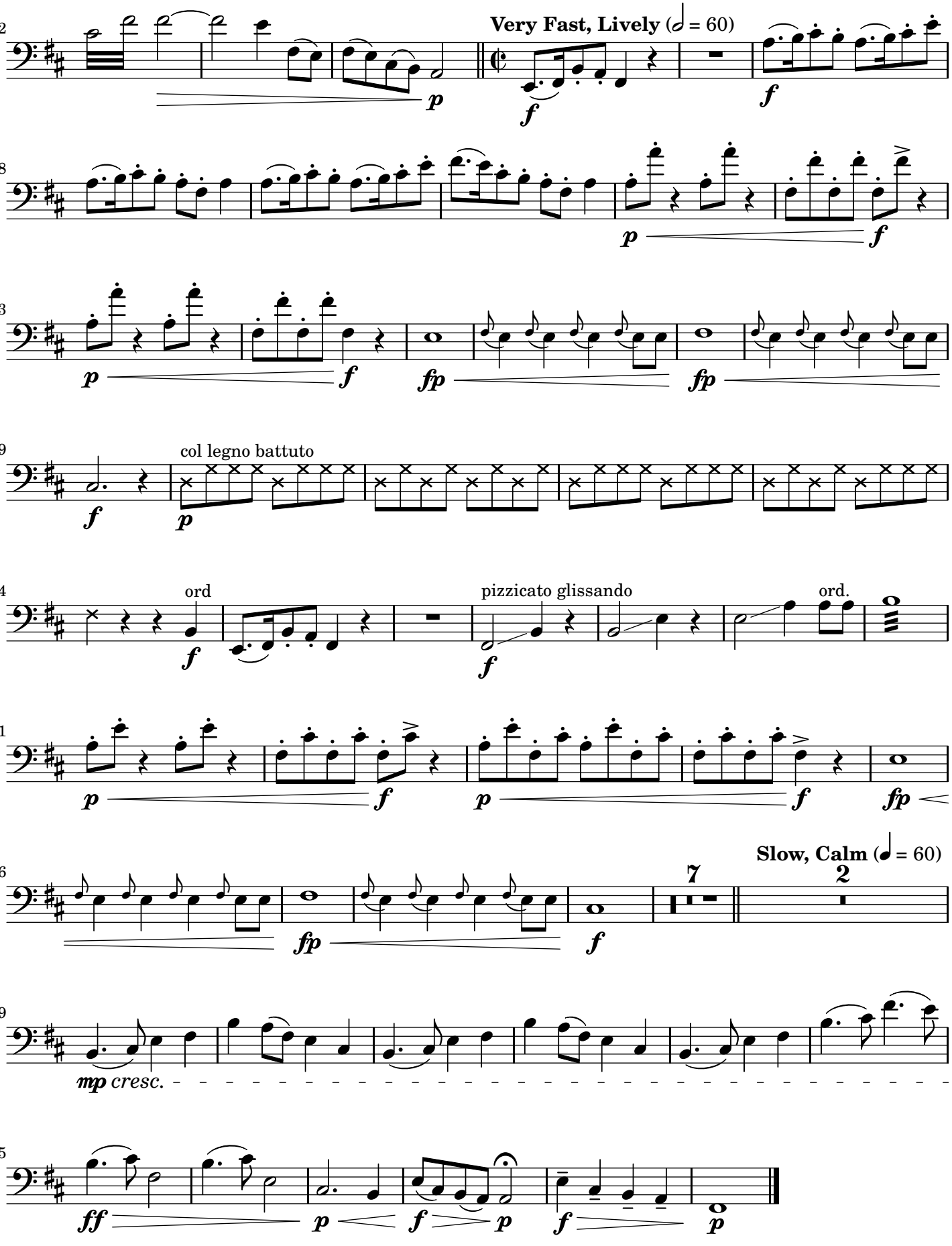
fff


Very Slow, Unmeasured (♩ = 60)
accelerando
sul E pont
pp cresc.
accelerando
sul A pont
sul D pont
sul G pont
accelerando
Fast (♩ = 180)
fff
Slow (♩ = 55)
sul pont
ppp
ord
mp
p
f
sul pont
ppp
ord
mp
p
mf
p
mf
p
mf
p
mp
p
pp
Very Slow
sul pont
ppp
Faster
pizz gliss
f
ord
f


Slower, Calm
pizz gliss
mf
f
Very Slow, Unmeasured (♩ = 60)
sul E pont
pp cresc.
Fast (♩ = 180)
fff
p cresc.
ff
ff
p
fff

Kung Fu Kats

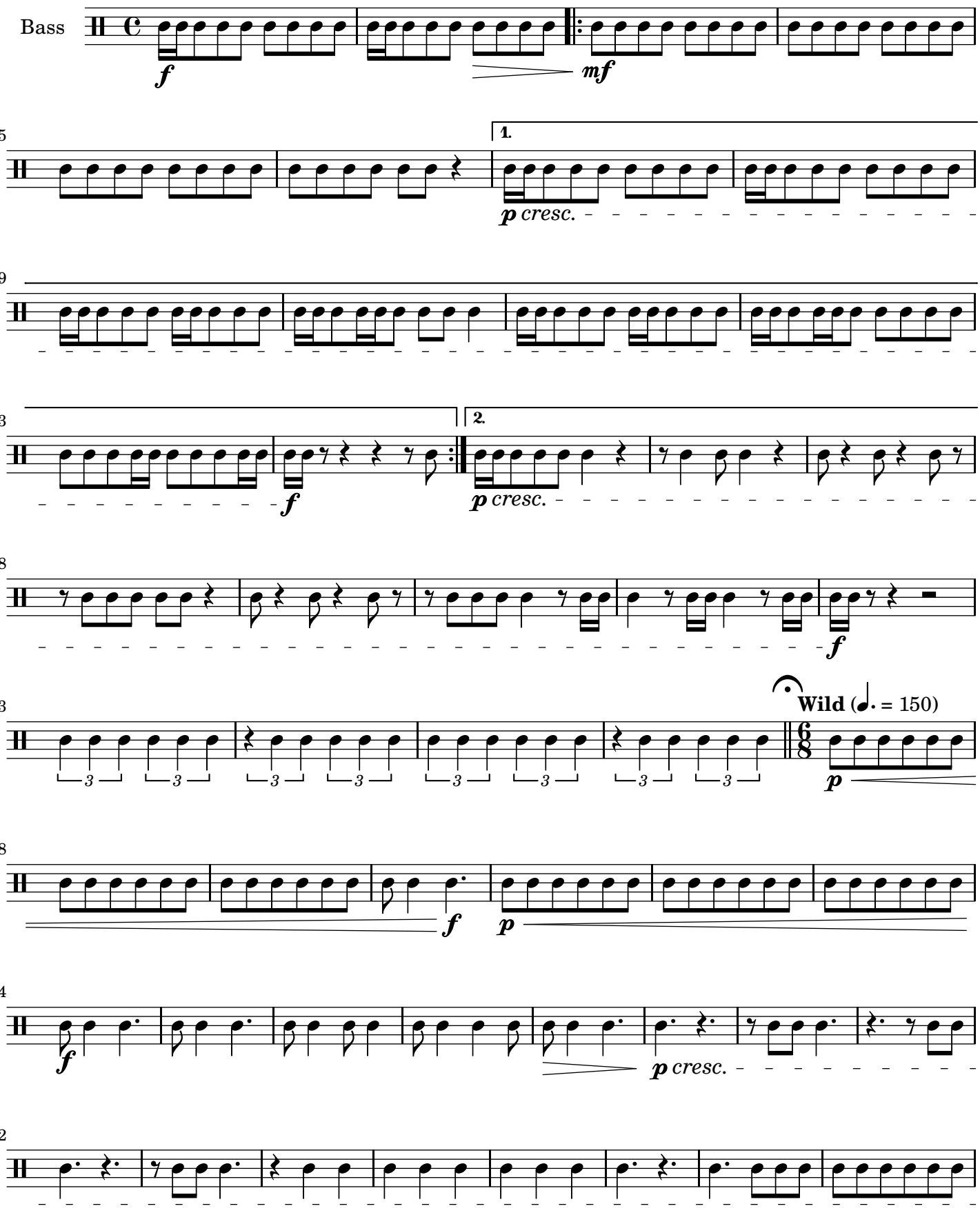

Very Slow (♩ = 60)
Bass
p
mf
p
mf
p
f
p
mf
p
mf
p
f
p
f
p
f

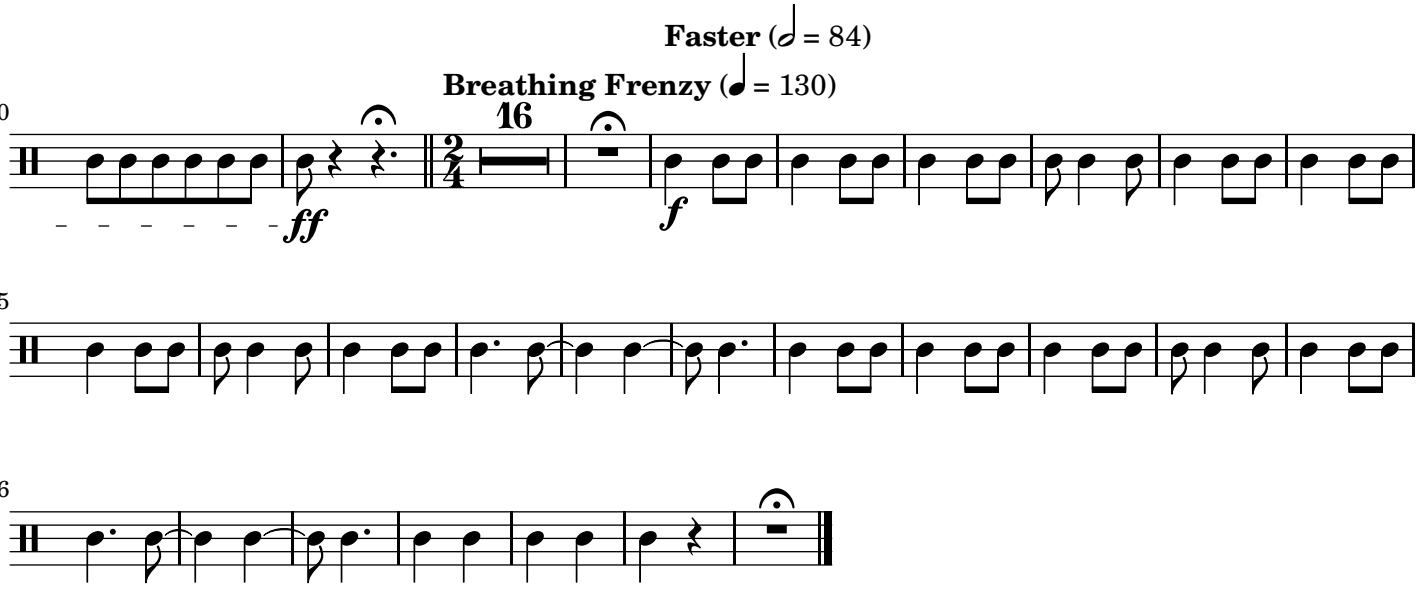

22
Very Fast, Lively (𝅗𝅥 = 60)
28
33
39
col legno battuto
44
ord
pizzicato glissando
ord.
51
56
Slow, Calm (♩ = 60)
7
2
69
mp cresc.
75

King Monitor Lizard, our Royal Highness

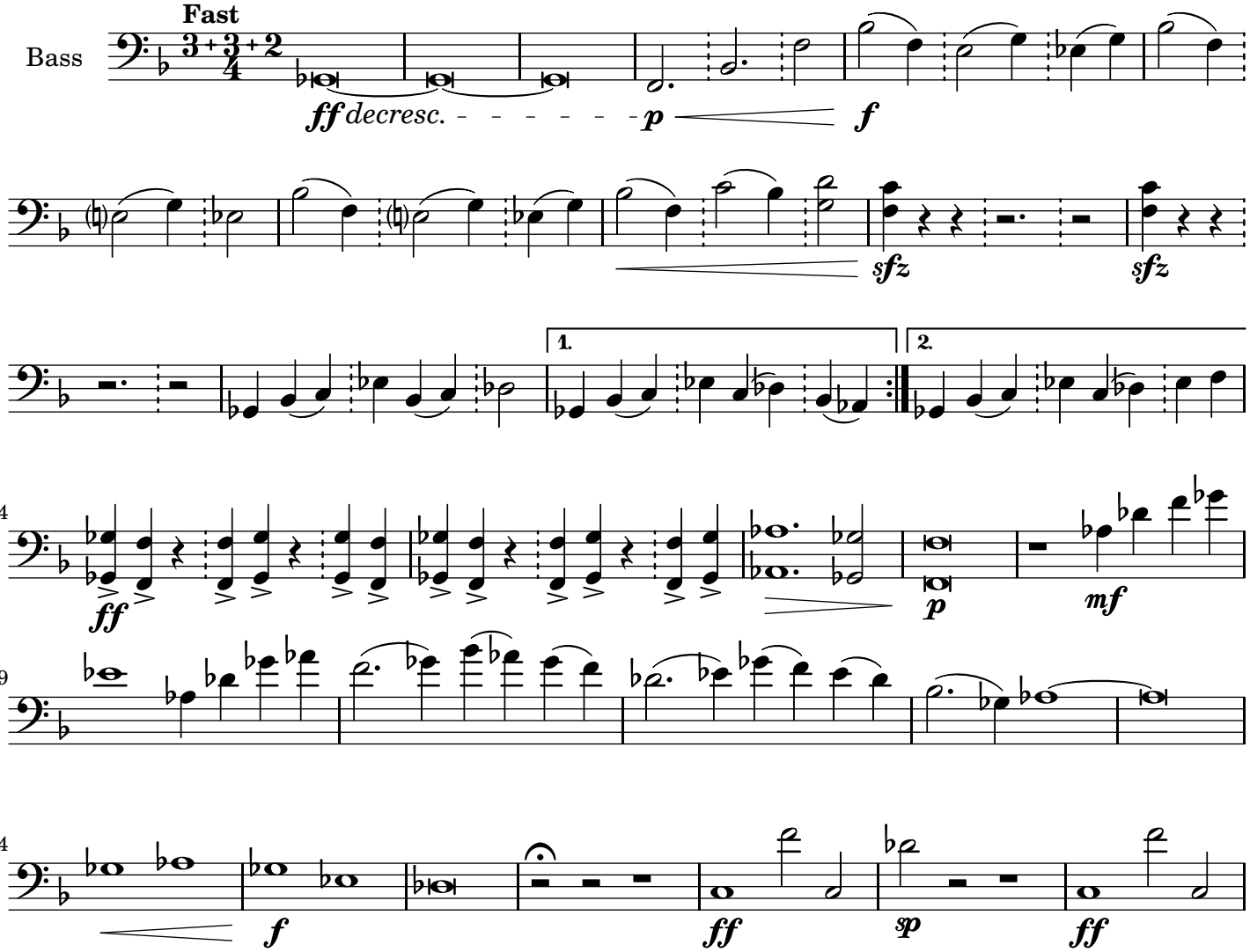
Intense, Rapid, and Driving (♩ = 130)

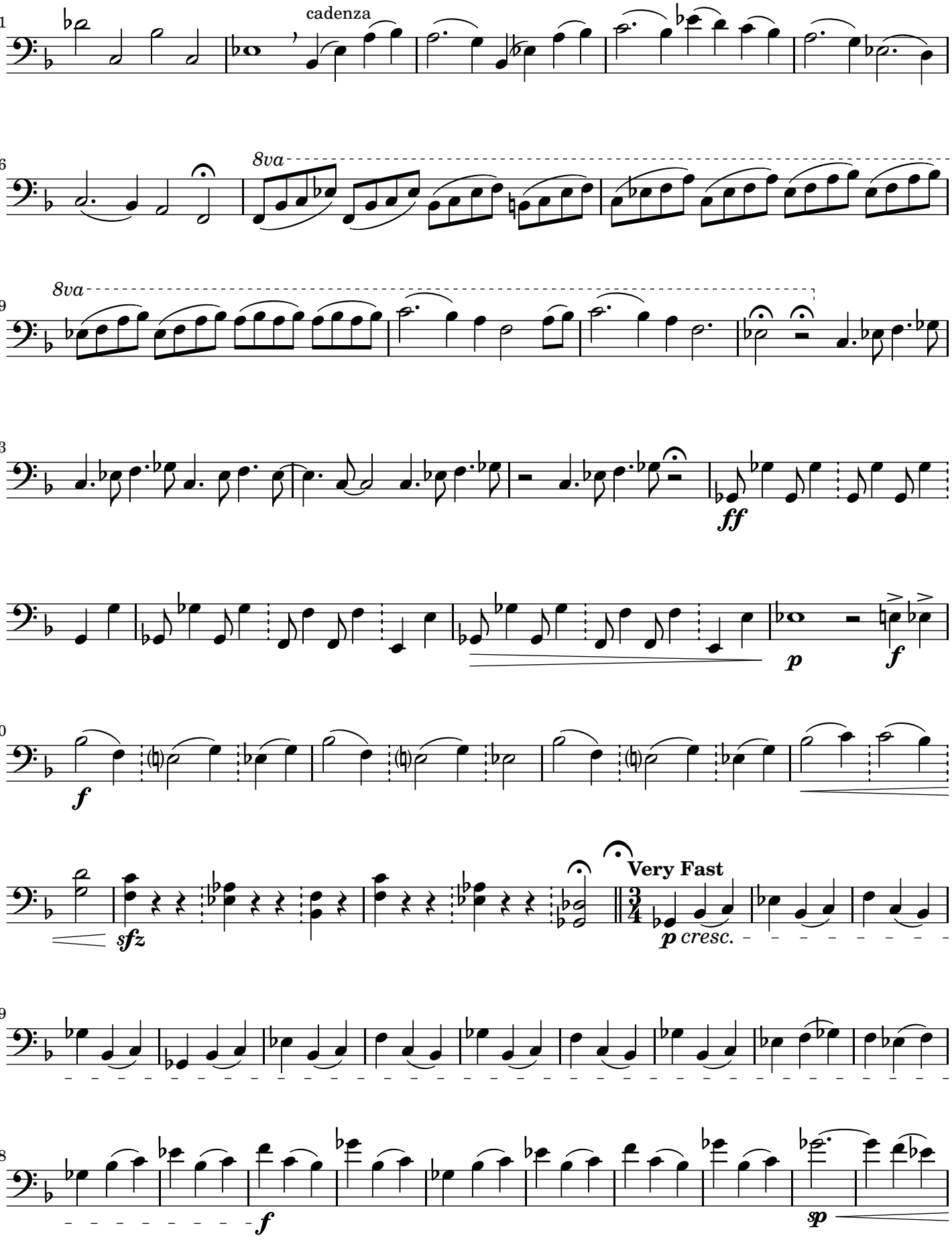
Bass

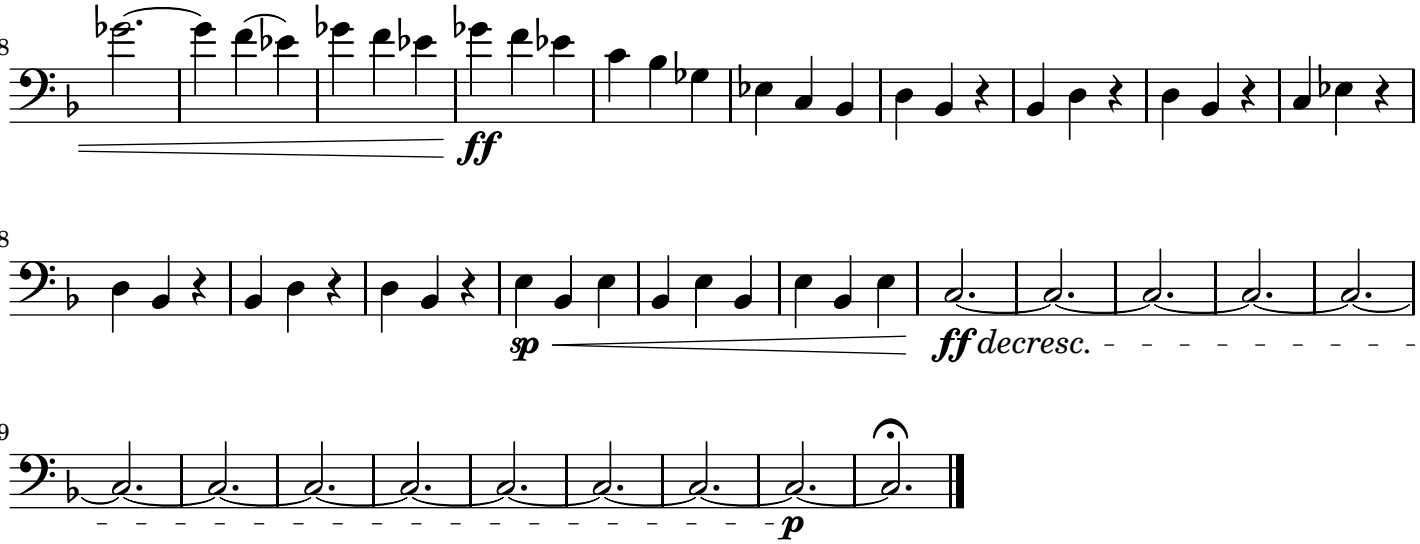




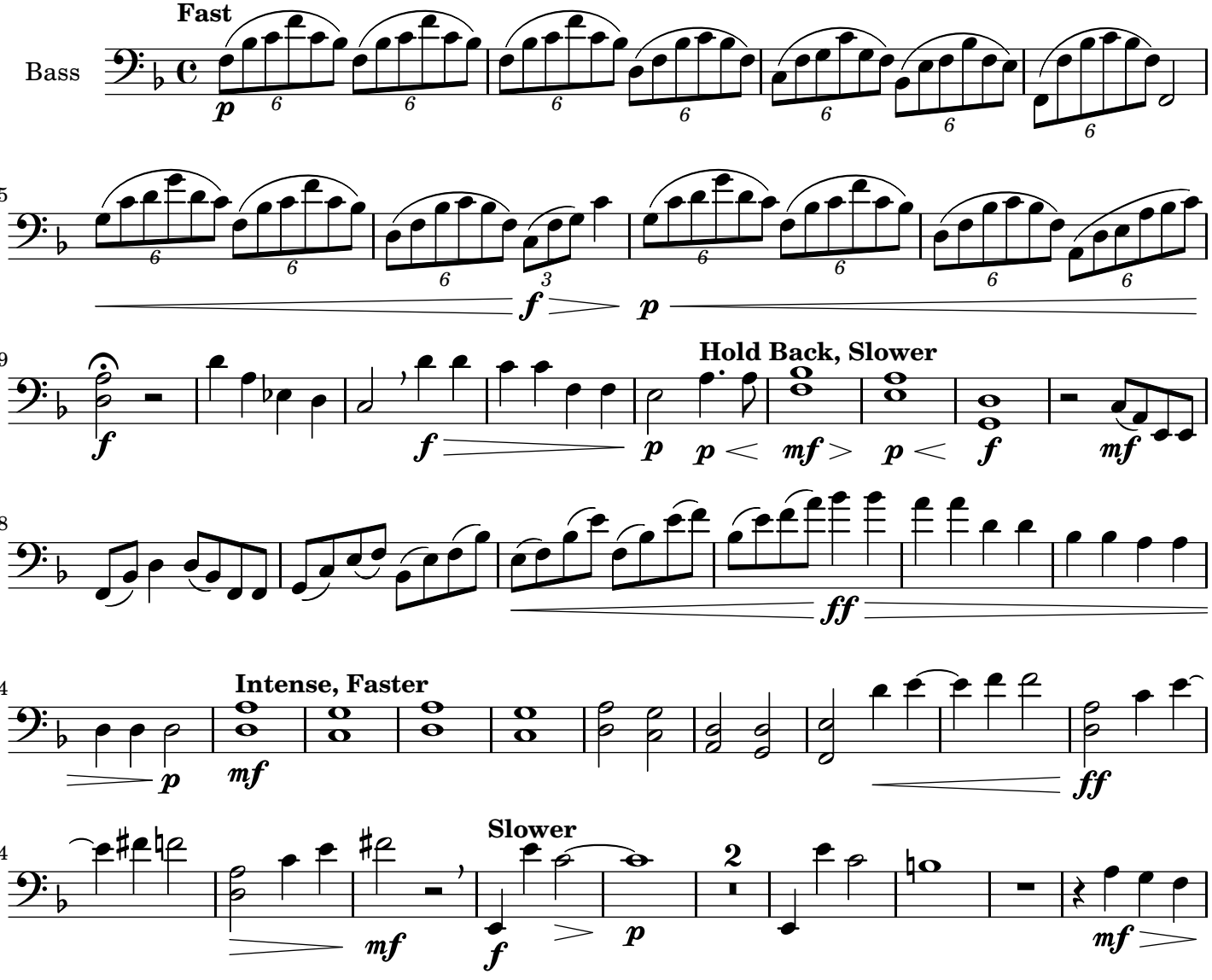
NYPD Bull Dogging

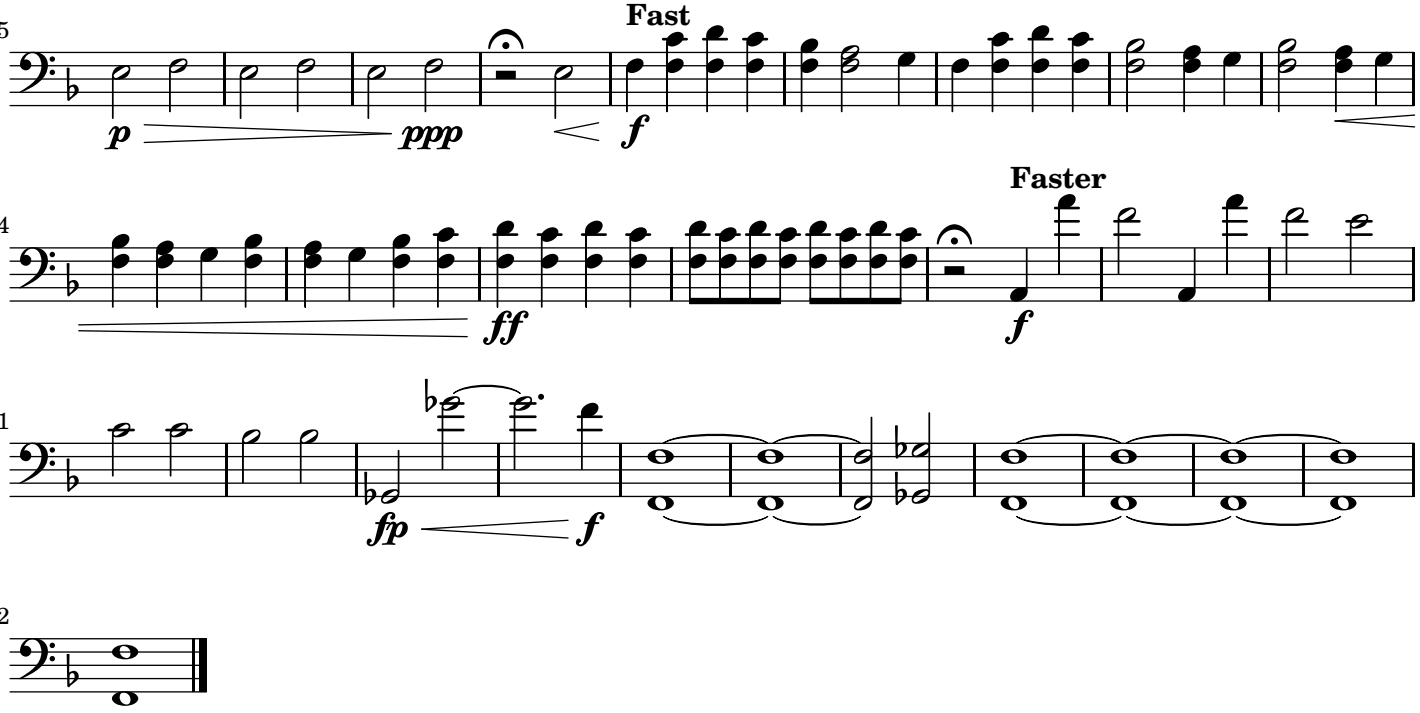



31
cadenza
36
8va
39
8va
43
ff
p
f
50
f
sfz
Very Fast
p cresc.
59
68
f
sp

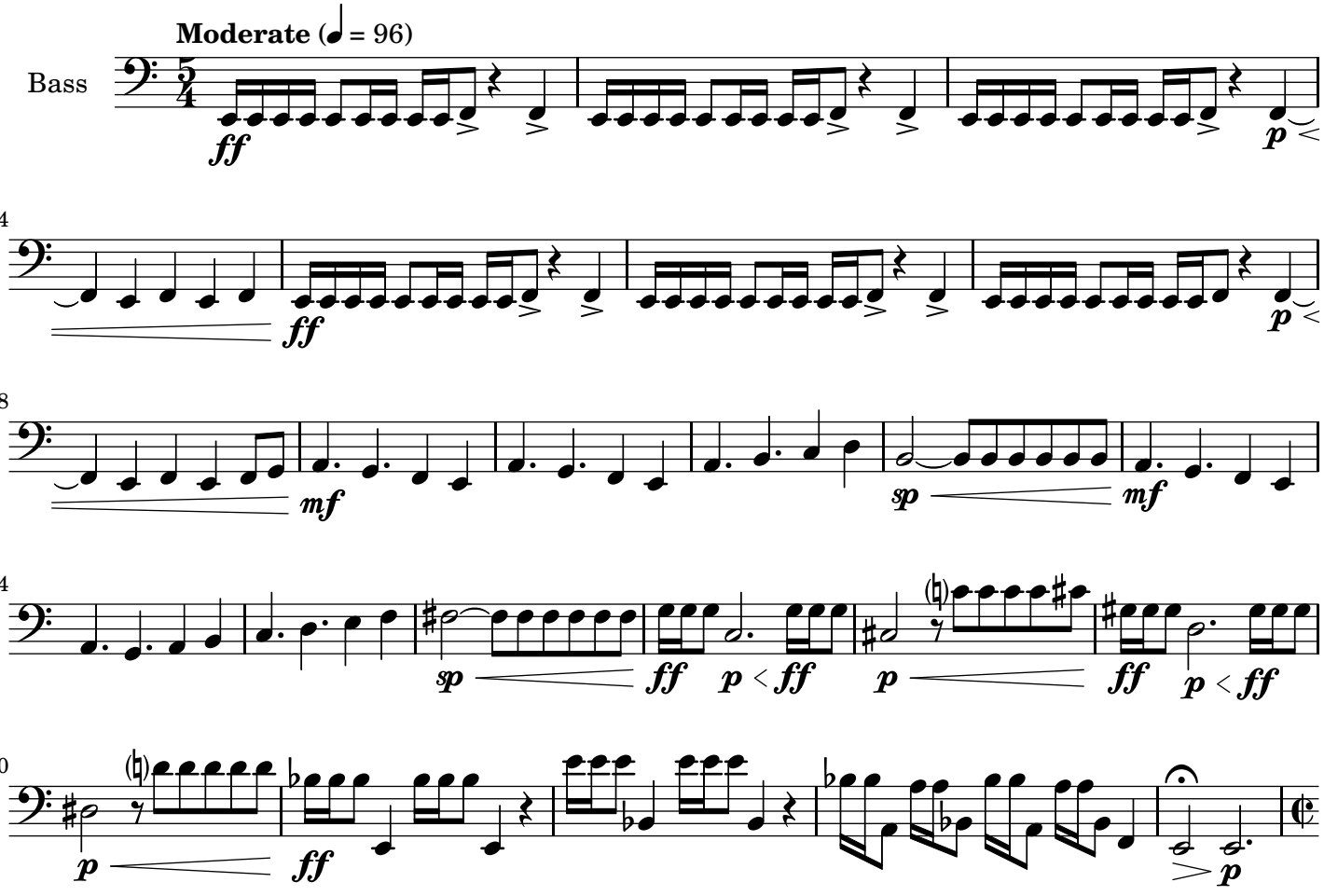


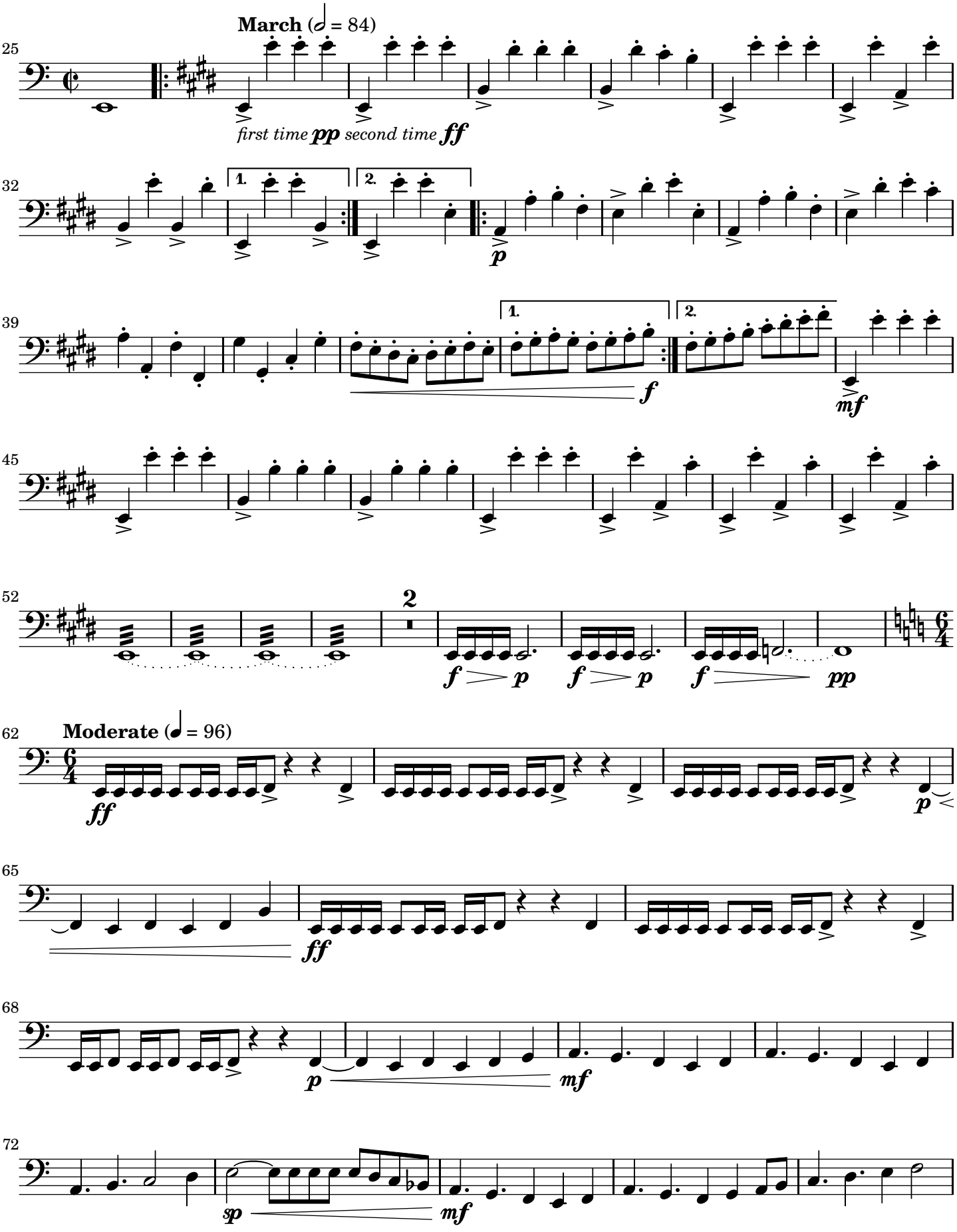
Ms. Rhinoceros Teaches the ABCs

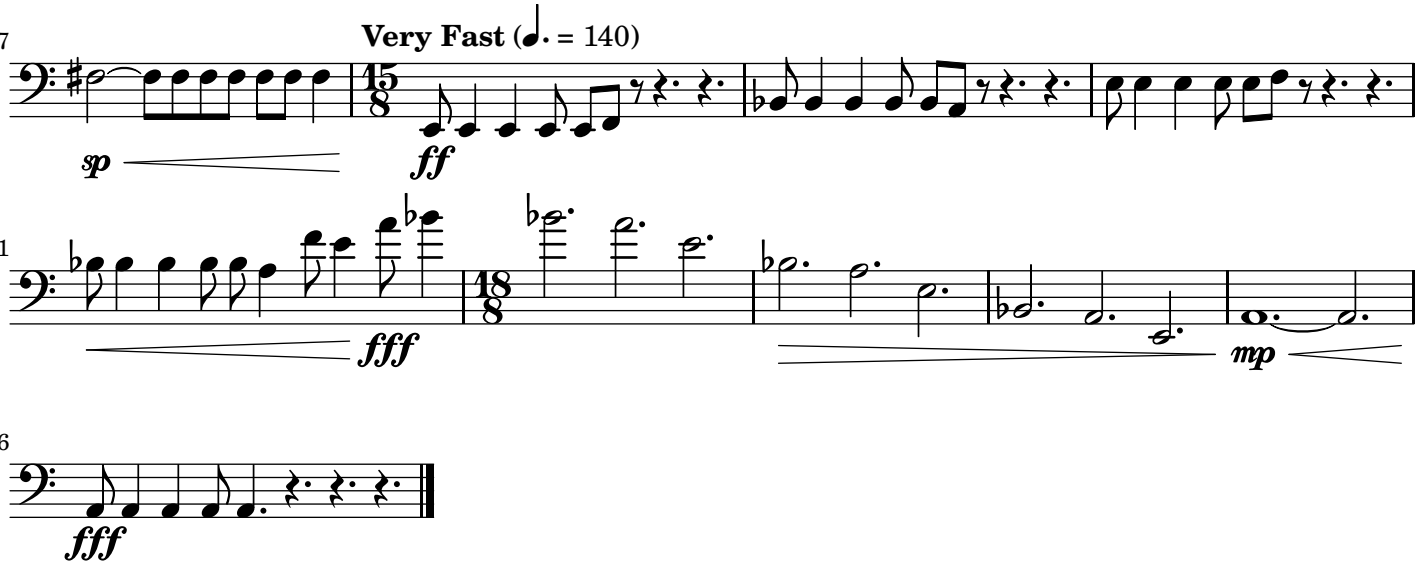



45
Fast
p
ppp
f
54
Faster
ff
f
61
fp
f
72

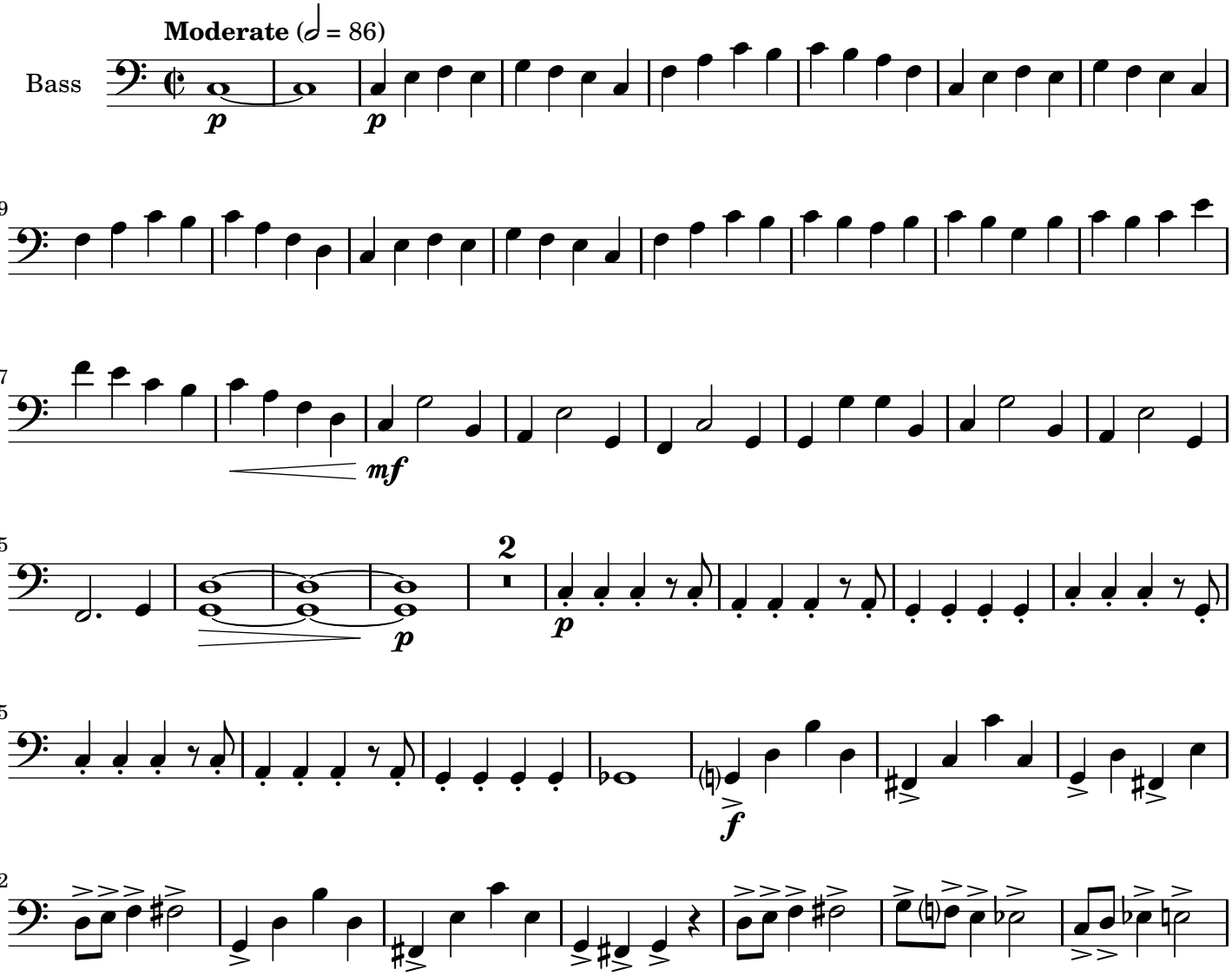
Four Axes

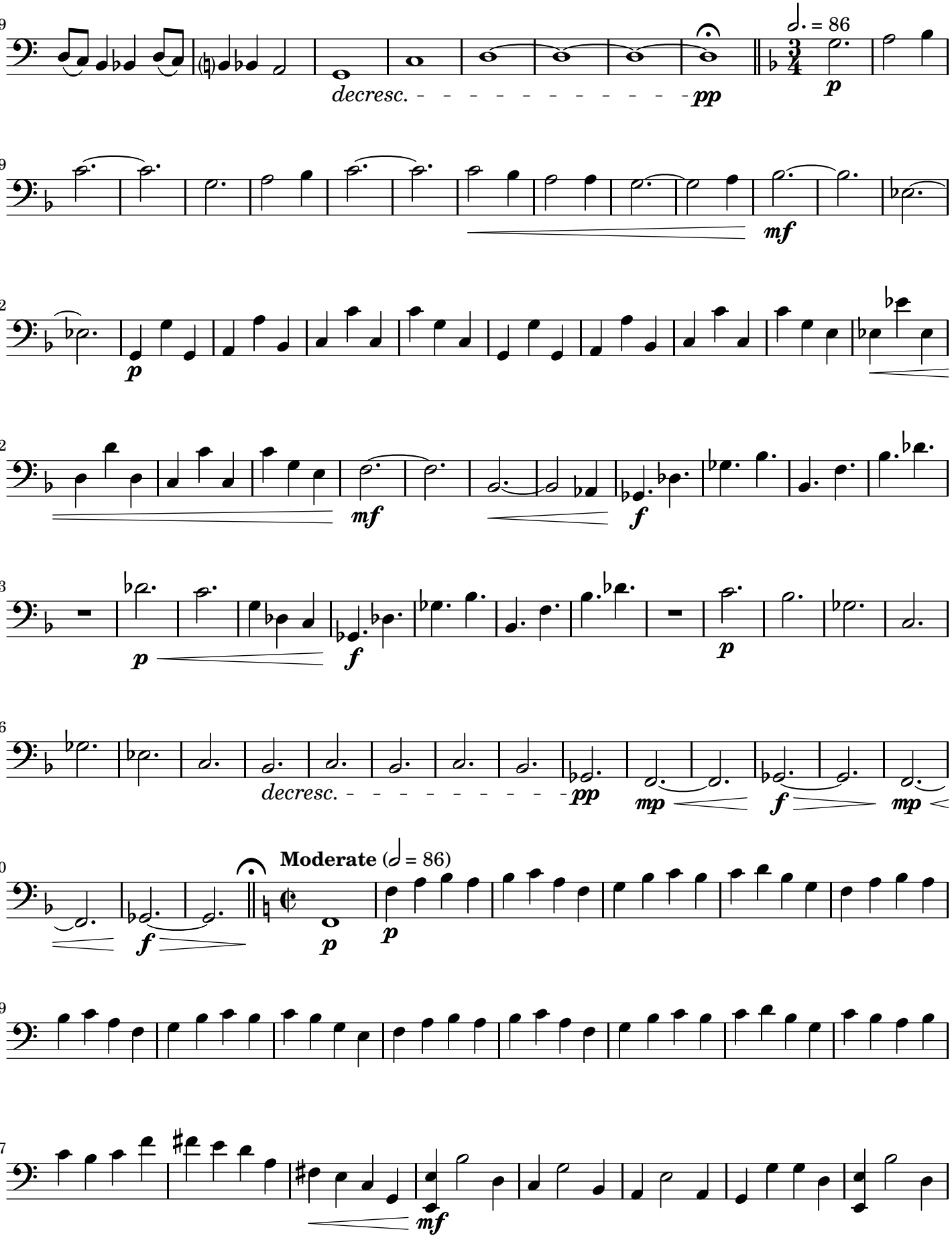

Moderate (♩ = 96)
Bass
ff
4
ff
p
8
mf
sp
mf
14
sp
ff
p < ff
p
ff
p < ff
20
p
ff
p

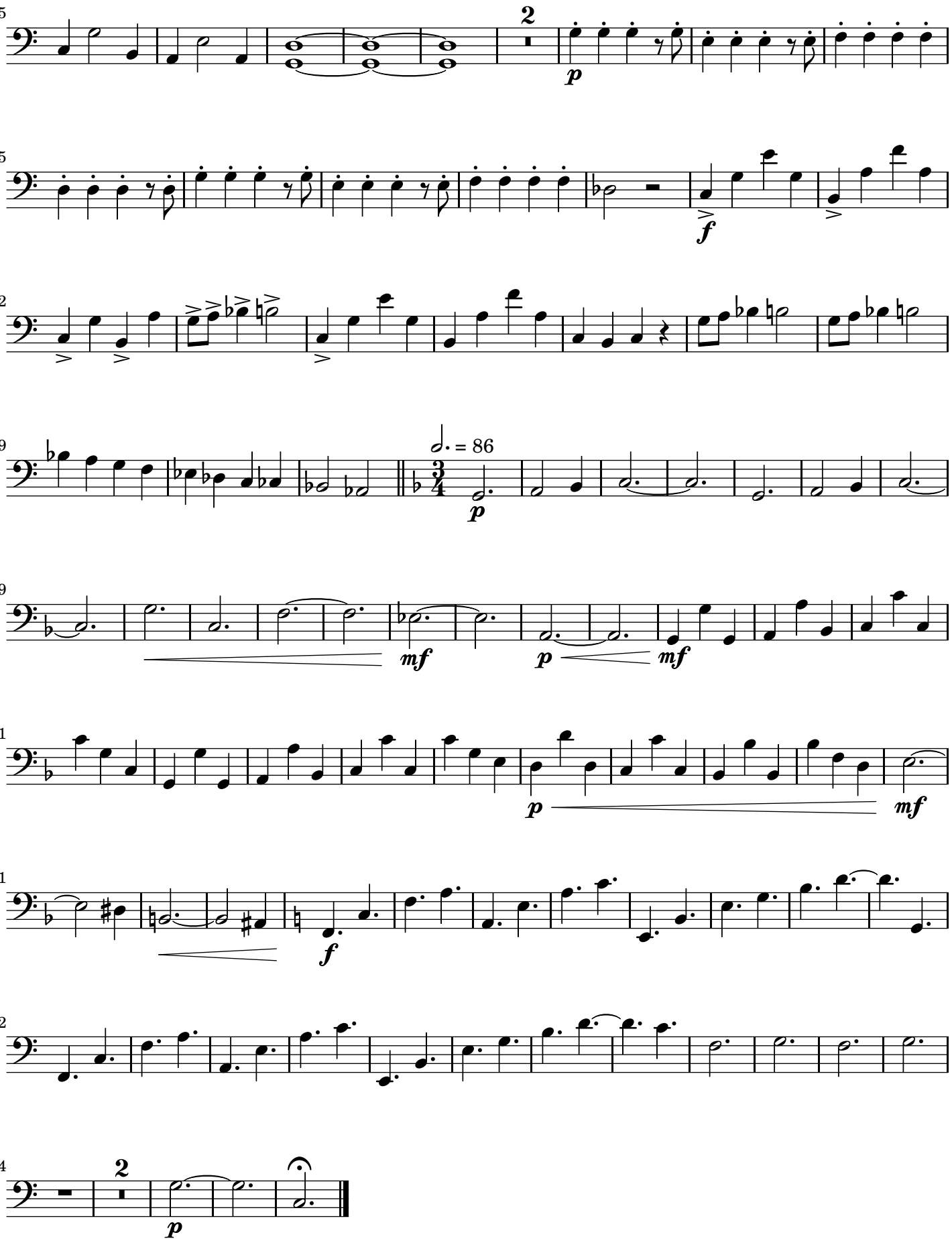

March (𝅗𝅥 = 84)
25
first time pp second time ff
32
1.
2.
p
39
1.
2.
f
mf
45
52
2
f p
f p
f
pp
62
Moderate (♩ = 96)
ff
p
65
ff
68
p
mf
72
sp
mf



Computer Duck




49
decresc.
pp
3/4
p
59
mf
72
p
82
mf
f
93
p
f
p
106
decresc.
pp
mp
f
mp
120
f
p
Moderate (𝅗𝅥 = 86)
129
137
mf


145
2
p
155
f
162
169
3/4
p
179
mf
p
mf
191
p
mf
201
f
212
224
2
p

Top Ten Video Game Music Slap Down!

Craig Bakalian

Voice

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Top Ten Video Game Music Slap Down!

it is important to know who is the best

"ya' know god is dog spelled backwards" *Harold Flubart, Jenkintown Elementary School, 1969*

Behold, the beatific ascent to blue ribbon acclaim
all direct your eyes, ears, and nose
to a gradual counting down of ten to Adam
Tones, rhythms, meters, keys, melodies and harmonies
that comfort the high pressure of man versus machine advisarial
the muse which encourages the mind to a motivation past dominance

A trip through the brain pleasures unwind the ear flavors
Sloshed, swished, and slurped, over and around all parts of tongue
a palette of sonic deliciousness, dry, expressive, fat, hard or heavy
And we, meaning I, or we, not them, those others, must adjudicate,
filter each pagent entry: popular and un, white and gray, curves sensual and ascetic,
the right, pure moralistic, evaluation that anoints out from the commonplace
And I, meaning we, shall rise to occasion.

Resting of gluts for you, for we, I, no it is we the sovereign
of pantheon of the sky and beyond shall inform the globe
of everthing you and they need to know in, for, about, involving and
revolving to the finest with nothing ordinary, the momement,
the flirting must end, the boundry must break, for my, our, it
horrid insecurities of who I, we, I actually am, are have and will becometh
to the ceiling of game music video

starting with number ten, Crow V. Squirrel

Crow Versus Squirrel

Suburbia: a battle for street trash

Into the bowels of black roads winding
muddled middle class humaniod food tossed,
lost, disgarded, rerouted, festooned with
maggots and grubs, egg shells with coffee mud
packed down, flattened by war wheels of rubber

Behold, the talents of the sun god Ra
Black and Gray, feather and fur, air and land
deals were made in prehistory;
Ra gave Blacky a chisel beak
Ra gave Furry twenty daggars, four times five

Ancient gladiators of Ra meet on the street
territorial rights with an all out assault.
Energy, force, powers, primative dark ritual
the quest for calories as claims of progeny
There is no way or how to undo damages.

Peanut Butter Pony Goes Undercover

a galloping expose into cloak and daggar

Clippity Clippity Cloppity Clop
Browny is smooth, swank, and dressed to kill.
Clip Clop Clip Clop, Ney flurh Ney Hey!
Shank, muscular definitions with ribs galore.
Plip Plop Plip Plop, flout with tail flourish
Chips go dropping flavor the air.

Under the covers this oversexed knight
a roll in the hay, seduction is effortless
Damoiselle trouble, Damoiselle restored
mounting the fences, gravity ceases
Kama Sutra positions; ample to no end
These mares are all his, double agencies too.

Hippity Hippity Hoppity Hop
High tech thingumabob appear bona fide
Frip Frop Frip Frop, Snort snore snort Hey!
Hidden killer, secret death machine, snuffs them
Zip Zop Zip Zop, he is still the nice guy, loved.
Even though he needs potty training, litter or something?

Bleeeeeep!

simple does not mean easy!

Bright noisy shapes increase the nitrous oxide in my head
Falling with decrease in slack, building tensions of a
small chicklets that I have become a habitual abuser of
unmindfullness, thumbness quicker than some insect trap
One more time, hold on, again, another, another freaking
try, attempt at loss; neurality versus electricity in its
most precise slicings, trons of molecules powered arranged
like 3d tutti-fruity candy, no scentecules to trigger the
something in my nose that actually sends messages to my
brain that recognizes one smell from another. That is
missing. I need to smell the bleeping shapes, what is wrong
with licking the damn thing. All I want is sex, damn good sex.

Enter the Mystic Labyrinth of the Mental Abyss

the world identity crisis cannot be solved

Deep in the infinite expanse of neurons resides something I call I.
This declaration of neuronic super-biology, identificology, others do.
The deep expanse contains death on its boundries but is reborn.
Trillions of sacks of folded brains crawling on the global surface-
One sack telling the other sack to be exactly like their sack or else-
Until all of the sacks are exactly like one big sack; all call all.

Try as you will, endeavour to change the other or others.
The motivational will to walk into the forest alone different.
Away from the rows of corn, the fenced animals, processed food
Eventual, benevolent overlords crazed gooey, icky sticky vip ippy-
The vast expanse, endless, undiscovered patterns of ganglia-
Infinity times infinity added to the micro macro; it is not not is it.

Kung Fu Kats

a shoalin adventure of the dao

It is said that a Kung Fu Kat can walk up walls,
shred curtains without being seen,
pee on furniture without being heard,
pet, she will purr.

Drop a peeble, dialation of diamond eyes
snatched from the hands claw marks sting
reckless homeowner cursing the existence of,
but the fluff, the walking pillow on rice paper.

Sopor, dreaming of the hunt and the wild.
This beast needs a job, a purpose, ambition,
yet the gentle path, the way of the dao,
meditation, tranquil, and peace is the way.

We have Carradine to thank for the TV
instruction of the ways of the eastern masters,
1972 the years of the south asian wars
supping pot, vets on herion tumbled out
of local bars, blood stained bathroom walls
strange rubber tube, needles, cigarette ashes
everywhere-- I was only eleven with sports cleets.
I needed a dao hero from afar, where was Cane?

King Monitor Lizard, our Royal Highness

headhunters capitalistic paradise

Anachronistic lost island, neolithic rituals
the forest roars, speaks, and whispers
this king rules with bacteria mouth bites
slow staulking death eventually becomes a meal.

Nothing is sacred, shamans rule with gross stories
coconuts buried with blood, rolled in the ash of
fish bones, beasts with severed limbs, moon
slowing descends fucking the ocean horizon

Women are from the King copulating with a man
whose testicles been eaten by the king himself
and his forked tongue is so satanic, this lizard
will make anyone his bitch, bury them alive

All, tales aside, headhunting is a capitalist
marketplace dream, driving opportunist in loop holes
surviving the money shamanistic dealings, yell sell
buying for futures rise upon the statistical
incalcuable forecast of the prediction of the
account storm of shock and hide inside the
off shore accounts of those that have become food
for the reptiles of profit

NYPD Bull Dogging

every bone needs to be stopped, frisked, and chewed

Congestion of blocks, grids, tantrums
signals for walkers saftey from
airconditioned cabs encapsulated in alloy
The seargeant at arms insures all goes well
rules enforced slobbered authority is not leashed.

You do not dare conjure the angular simplification
of square root J-walking, is illegal, fines, arrest
it does not matter the beauty of those ankles, slender or clubby
Snarl! chew and devour the low bones, blood, socks, shoe
from one and a half foot tall.

For if taller, throats would be chomped, no choke hold
no hand cuff, not frisky stops for minor missing demeanors
Zoned to the jugular, break the flow to the sense of self
All from New Yorks finest trained, tested and hero-ified.

A dog can do no wrong; abuse disregarded, spun stories
the them that shields from them, them terrorist of peace and rightness
from freedom of capitalized votes, chew the bones
of them that ain't no us, and if one of us stands by - chew their bones
chew the bones to the marrow.

Only the master is spared, the master that abuses captain dog.
Can't blame the dog, then the master, no! the master blames the dog
blame the shamer that shams the blammer shamming the sha-master.
it works so well during the enforcement of killing the poor.

Ms. Rhinoceros Teaches the ABCs

she is the strangest teacher, but loved by all

This odd lady. She teaches badly.
Confused, thwarted, unstimulated minds
of students with fresh normal questions.
We still love her, she cannot go,
tenure aside, she is a darling we cherish

And the way of her ABCs is backwards,
random, crazy, CBAs, CABs, BCAs and
ZYXs or who knows what she will do
Next day, class, or lesson, will they happen?
Is she fit for instruction?

And her weekends, it is said, filled with
SNM, pre orgasmic asphyxiated extensions
wild orgasms that rise from the depths
of chakras up to the sarkach to the backwards
mystery of hedonisms in all of us.

Fishnets, whips, strange hoods, ropes,
regardless, we still love her because
she is mama rhino the beast that could
destroy everything in the way of any child's future.

Four Axes

destroy to become god

Rise, the industrial might of
metal armor panzers, stukkas, und waffens
gestopoing their way into our
American white hammerhead youth
mind-mixed with southern antibellum
princes who stand supreme on football fields
God is Destruction

This game, is what? Intimidate all?
other races with a I will do anything
to destroy those not me even if I destroy me
my primitive cunning is my low social status
my burning flesh, malicious, sexist, survivalist;
we have no mothers, there was no Klara
God is Destruction

Ad hoc southern mixture of three Ks
symbols mean everything, signs, flags
Mein Kampf(too long to read), buildings on fire, beer halls
a way back machine to masters and cotton picken slaves
chron their way into each other, to a fugal state
God is Destruction

But now a hefty mix of rural drugs sold and used,
brain gel with a handful of little powder bags
four crack pipes, four dicks, and a porn site[...]
forget the blitzkrieg plans, there is nothing for the fuhrer
it is basic USA white stupid soup
God is Destruction

Computer Duck

you cannot hide, ducking does not work

We must all bow dow
in a ritual of god music
only our ears can absorb
the channeling of intergalactic tonality
nothing is forced, natural adoration
of the crown jewel right of passage
this is it, the final numbered one
all else pale as simple mention

Mechanized to reduced all efforts
the cognative work beyond acculturation
to be replaced with evasive
complexity of social networking
as a basic who knows WTF
happy time to glide with friends

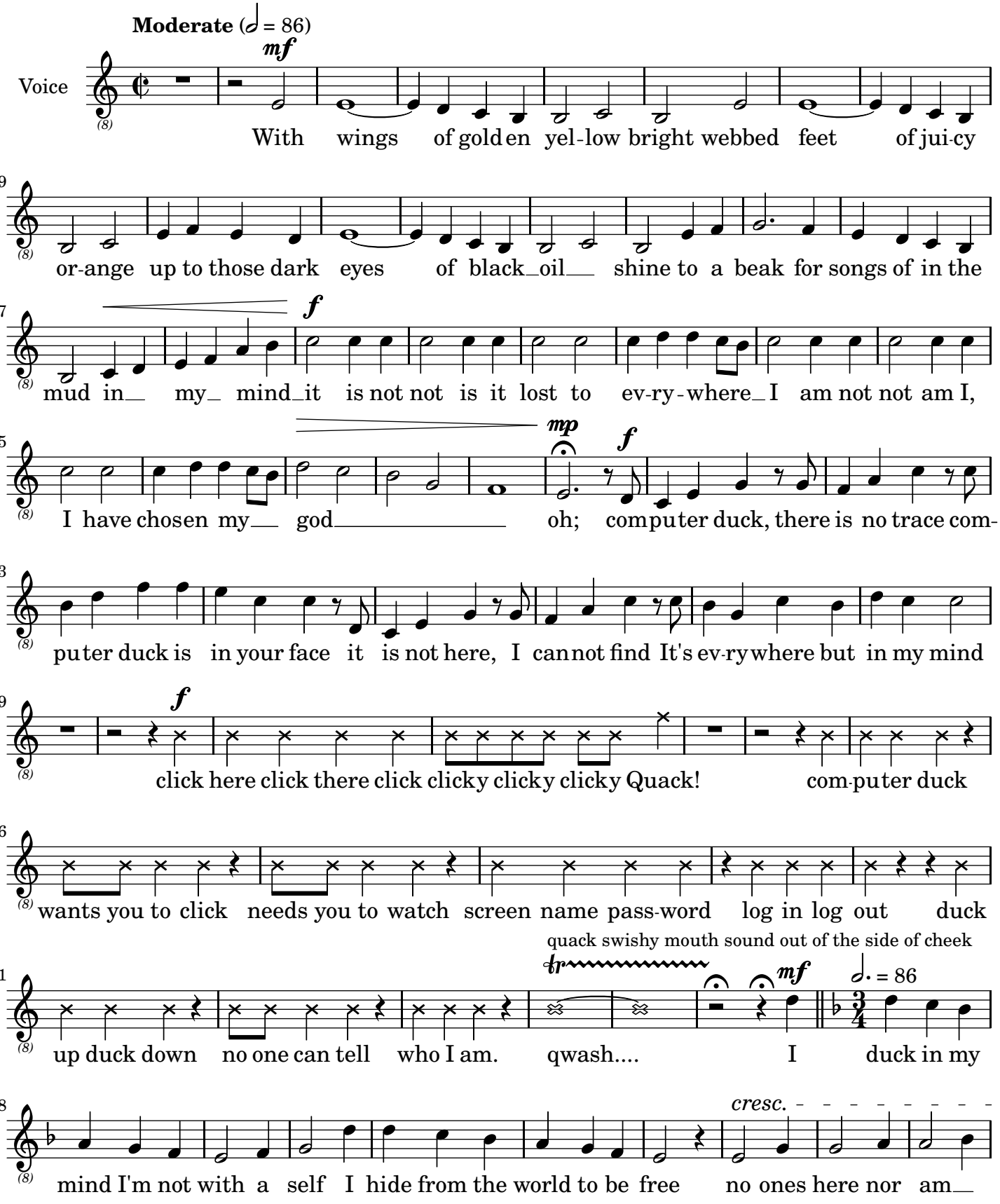
Ducks and hides, nobody is nobody
human talks to machine
then that machine to another machine
then that machine to another human
flimflammery, bamboozle, religion?
we don't pray, we hide inside our minds.

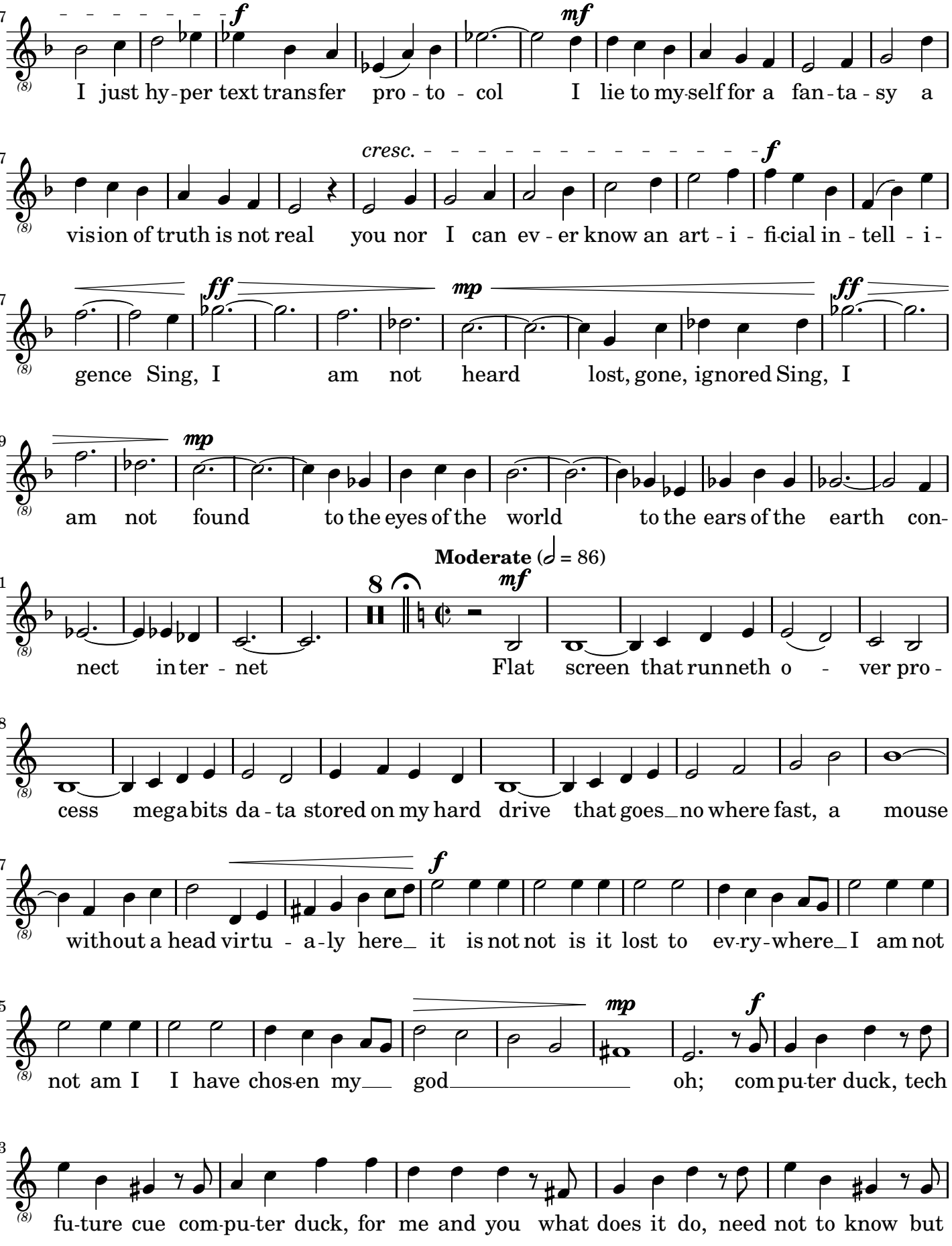
atleast I am not lying.
let the sun down, pull the blankets up
forgive us, we ducks don't eat food
do we ducks sleep? dream? wander?

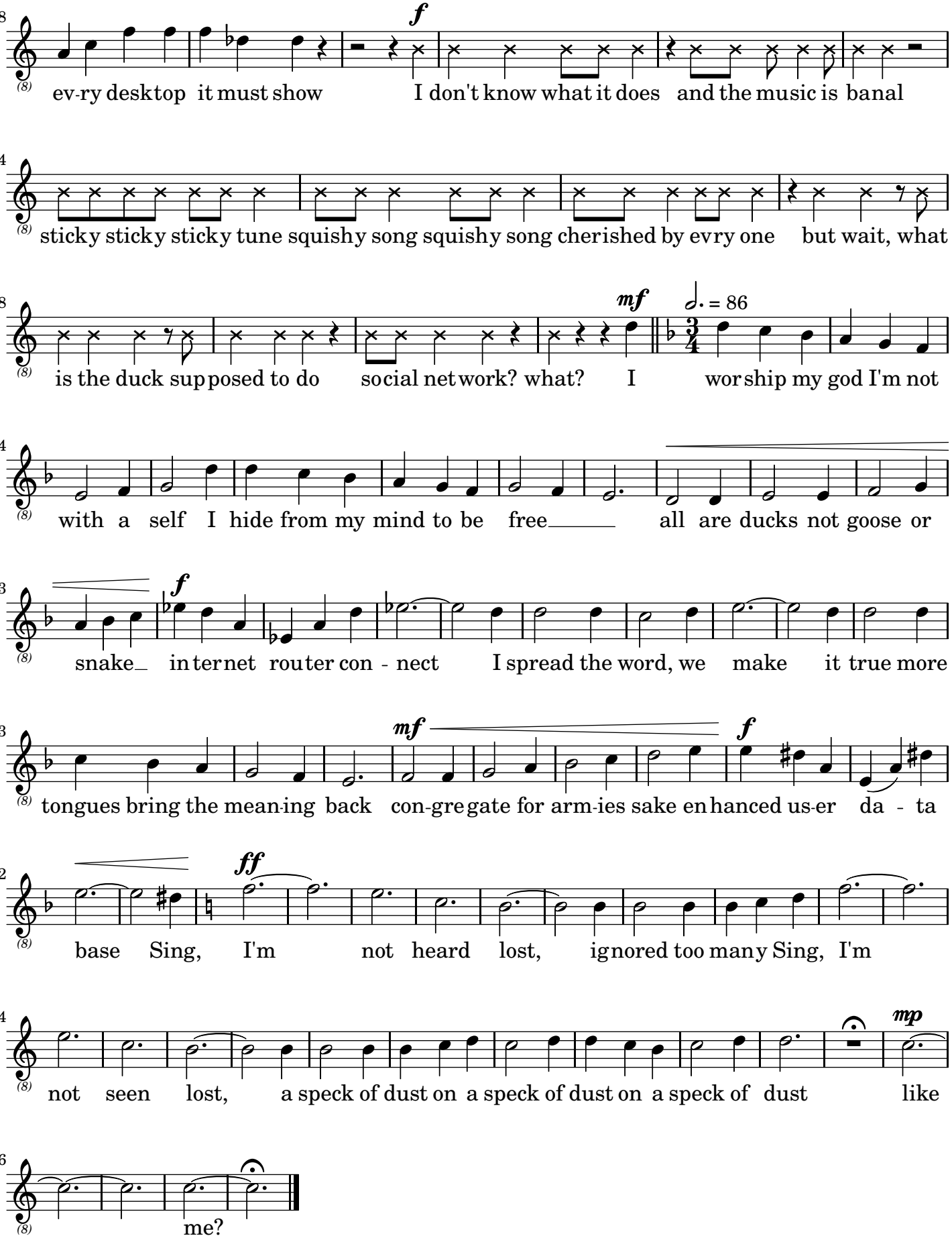
Computer Duck

you cannot hide, ducking does not work

Craig Bakalian




67
f
mf
I just hy-per text transfer pro - to - col I lie to my-self for a fan-ta-sy a
77
cresc.
f
vis-ion of truth is not real you nor I can ev - er know an art - i - fi-cial in - tell - i -
87
ff
mp
ff
gence Sing, I am not heard lost, gone, ignored Sing, I
99
mp
am not found to the eyes of the world to the ears of the earth con-
111
Moderate (𝅗𝅥 = 86)
mf
nect in ter - net Flat screen that runneth o - ver pro -
128
cess mega bits da - ta stored on my hard drive that goes_no where fast, a mouse
137
f
without a head virtu - a-ly here_ it is not not is it lost to ev-ry-where_I am not
145
mp
f
not am I I have chos-en my__ god_____ oh; com pu-ter duck, tech
153
fu-ture cue com-pu-ter duck, for me and you what does it do, need not to know but


158
f
ev-ry desktop it must show I don't know what it does and the music is banal
164
sticky sticky sticky tune squishy song squishy song cherished by evry one but wait, what
168
mf
♩. = 86
is the duck supposed to do social network? what? I worship my god I'm not
174
with a self I hide from my mind to be free all are ducks not goose or
183
f
snake internet router con - nect I spread the word, we make it true more
193
mf
f
tongues bring the meaning back con-gregate for arm-ies sake enhanced us-er da - ta
202
ff
base Sing, I'm not heard lost, ignored too many Sing, I'm
214
mp
not seen lost, a speck of dust on a speck of dust on a speck of dust like
226
me?