

# CHROME0

Chromeo is Pee Thug and Dave 1: best friends since their adolescence, virtuoso musicians, walking hip hop encyclopedias, and the only successful Arab/Jew partnership since the dawn of human culture. After spending the three years since the release of their debut album, *She's In Control*, jet setting, globetrotting, and embarking on an overall sensual conquest of planet Earth, Chromeo headed back to their Montreal lab to put together album number *deux*.

The result, *Fancy Footwork*, is quite simply the most smoothed-out, hook-heavy, unabashed lovers' funk since...Chromeo's last album, actually. What makes this footwork so fancy, you ask? Step the fuck off and open your heart to the finest distillation of Minneapolis groove this side of Mazarati. Dave and Pee are back in the '07 to heal the fractured soul of dance music. Teenage lovers, 20 something blogpoders, 30 something burn-out ex-raver "graphic designers" and 40 something sistas can all finally party under one roof...and that roof has a name, AND that roof is on fire, and the only ones who can put out that funk-fire also happen to be the guys the roof is named after: CHROME0.

Does analog synth wizard P-Thugg still rock nightgown-sized DipSet t-shirts, talk through a keyboard, and have the thousand-yard stare of a well-practiced gangster? You bet he fucking does. Does vocalist and guitarist Dave 1 still dress like a French Lit professor from 1965? Can he still ask you to twerk without coming off like an imposter? You better believe he can.

Chromeo is slick. Chromeo is dripping with reverb. Chromeo is Moog riffs, luxurious harmonies, macho guitar solos and real-deal songcraft. From the dancefloor-ready singles "Fancy Footwork" and "Tenderoni," to the autobiographical Jew-boy ballad "Momma's Boy," to the epic sax-laden album closer "100%," *Fancy Footwork* rolls you through a sleek, melodic world where all you need to worry about is whether you've got your sunglasses on and the right moves to keep up. Remember the debate when Chromeo first came on the scene? The endless back and forth about whether those boys were joking or not? Well, *Fancy Footwork* will put any vestigial haters to sleep forever. There ain't nothing "ironical" about this music. It's Hall & Oates riding on 22's, busting shots in the air with Quincy Jones driving. That shit ain't funny.

So there you have it: Chromeo, the band reborn...the sex, the beats, the dream, the suits, the gloves, the laughs, the tears, the past and the future. All rolled up into one big blunt, smoked up through Pee's talkbox tube and exhaled into your brain. Enjoy.