

## Dead & Gone

Snak the Ripper

With this pen I gain grip, gangrene finger tip, cigarette stained,  
chest pain, dope sick  
Im confused, self abused, no rules or amused on, how the world  
turns, money burns  
everybody's got a little fuckin' story to tell, mines about grow-  
ing up in A fuckin' hotel  
, with dreams to excel everybody's expectations, patiently wait-  
ing, define  
so fuckin' far below the poverty line, had my mind inclined to  
hate mankind  
Macaroni with no cheese, just butter and salt  
seventeen years old, angry, charged with assault  
Countless counts of mischief it wasn't my fault, rap music made  
me do it,  
plus I was sipping the malt  
Nobody gave a fuckin' shit about me back in the day, this cat was  
a stray, lost in disarray, I decay  
Memories from the  
Past don't describe  
Where we at man  
Times change, life  
Rolls on, a strange  
Picture is drawn  
Before we dead and  
We gone now  
Hard times is a part of growing up, smoke inhalation, probation  
breached, never showing up  
The old man's empty cans cashed at the depot, repo my life, it's  
been a fight to feel equal, snatch  
The groceries out your car when you take the cart back, smoke break,  
no pack, fuck every things racked  
I'm trying to change, I'm trying to be a man, a wide range of crime  
seems to be my only plan, I didn't ask for  
This, this asked for me, it's hard to breathe drowning in a sea  
of misbeliefs I've, yet to reach my  
Comfort zone I'm, stuck adolescent in a body full grown, people  
grilling me  
Accurately pre conceived notions of my emotional stability, telling  
myself, things will be okay  
While my other self says fuck life, die slowly!