

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 growing up in A fuckin' hotel
, with dreams to excel everybody's expectations, patiently waiting, 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!