

From the Dirt

Snak the Ripper

(Hook: Snak)

Crawlin' out the forest with these stains on my shirt
I been out here in the bushes, in the rain, doing work
Even thinkin' bout the city makes my brain fuckin' hurt
I don't rep no fuckin' city cause I came from the dirt (X2)

(Verse 1: Snak)

Yo we wear gum boots when we run through
Weed smoke coming out the sun roof
Used to fuck a bitch with one tooth
When you see me coming what you gon do?
Don't get mixed up with this sick fuck
Get my dick sucked by a pig slut
That I picked up at a pit stop
While I was riding round in a big truck
In them backwoods just a redneck
Lookin' like I ain't had my meds yet
At the weed spot cause I need pot
Better see doc to get my head checked
Just trying to give you a glimpse of the place that I live
Cause I rep it to death
Imagine me talking and all that you smell
Is the odor of whiskey that's left on my breath
Blow with the squad, yo we thicker than blood
Out in the pit we be kicking up mud
Guess you could say that we picky as fuck
Twistin' up only the stickiest buds
Dirt and crud
Under my nails
Covered in blood under thunder and hail
Expression is blank like i'm under a spell
To me this is heaven, you somewhere in hell
Got a cousin named Cletus, lookin like Beavis
Under the bridge like Anthony Kiedis
His jacket is flannel, his pants are Adidas
Lives in a shed, got a dog, where the feed is
Out on the Fraser, we fishin' for sturgeon
Cuttin' a beat like the kid was a surgeon
Drunk in the street while i'm sippin' some bourbon
Poppin the beat like this bitch was a virgin!

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(Verse 2: Snak)

My backyard filled with bears and eagles
In the face i'm staring evil
Junkies out here sharing needles
The life we livin' is barely legal
All these fiends tryna hit the rock
Ain't got no money when they hit the block
So they hop the barbed wire, pick the lock

Just to jack your shit man, I shit you not
Make you piss your pants and leave your bed wet
Can't believe that I ain't dead yet
On my thug shit when the drugs kick
Still subject to get my head checked
Got a forty-four mag over here
Hand me that shit and ill bag your dear
Witness me ending a fags career
Then hop on my bike with a keg of beer
Off-road, shit bitch all terrain
Got a perfect ten, you got a ball and chain
Y'all spittin' that trash that's all the same
I gotta work with that shit, I call it lame
Down by the river, gotta just giver
On top of my game but i'm not off the liquor
A joint to the head and a plot to deliver
They tryin' but nobody stoppin' The Ripper
Out in the boonies, you know that we run that
Keepin' an Uzi up on the gun rack
I never lose so no need for a comeback
Covered in booze and i'm hung like a thumb tack
Built a foundation in solid stone
Forty deep or all alone
This dirt right here is all I've known
I love this dirt, I call it home

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