

# Dead and 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  
Pointless views, 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  
Complications, 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  
Now come on!

Chorus:

I close my eyes, and  
All I see is black  
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  
I close my eyes, and  
All I see is black  
Memories from the  
Past don't describe  
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Times change, life  
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Picture is drawn  
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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!

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