

This Snak right here, may be hard to swallow,
we doing big things like a furos hollow,
this leader dont follow, I wallow in my success,
killin shit I'm obsessed, with being the best,
fuck who I impress, the way Snak progress,
work ethic driven epic, just a trait I possess
Snaks, locally famous, vocally hanus,
no joke shameless, cuttin up squirrels with a stainless
Im just a dead beat cracker reppin East Van,
beach sand mountains, and a shit load of heroin,
smoke northern lights, green party types,
my peoples know they rights, when cops start fights,
remain modest, brutally honest, so far from the calmest,
terrorist at his bombest, jealousy and desperation,
the only explanation, on why people hatin,
your respect dog I'm takin it.

Im just the, representation of the place that I dwell,
out of towners hesitation take a step into hell,
don't take cops much to shoot, scabby faced prostitute,
in the same neighborhood as rich people in suits
its crazy, its where I come from like, you cant save me,
twenty five years of shit is what made me,
Im white weird and lonely, aint Genuine,
but if you dont like my rhymes bitch, you could ride my pony
Fuck you phoney, I dont trust anyone,
tracks I got plenty done, Im buck you just pennies son,
run mother fucker, run mother fucker run,
get done, a piece of my pie, you dont want none,
fuckin right, i got an appetite for destruction,
on every single one of these, D-Rec productions,
Low Pressure crew again, Ima fuckin prove it man,
west coast dirt bag, East Van hooligan.