

# 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 thick 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  
Roll with a squad, and we thicker than blood  
Out in the pit where they 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 jar with a fetus  
Out on the Fraser, we fishin' for sturgeon  
Cuttin' up meat 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 I'll bag a deer  
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 bot to the liver  
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

(Hook: Snak)

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