HS
HEADSNACK
TOO SMALL TO CANCEL

1 Search for Meaning 4:08

Lyrics and Music: Headsnack

Scratches: DJ Exfyl

This song was inspired by the book “Man’s Search for Meaning” by Viktor Frankl. A friend gave me this book during the height of the pandemic. The story is of people finding hope and meaning in life when trapped in abysmal suffering beyond their control. Obviously there were many similarities from what society was going through at that time and the book made me cry and subsequently, write. I highly recommend all humans read this book.

Lyrics

1st verse:

You can take away my rights but not the way I respond

You can’t take away my fight, you can’t take my resolve

You can’t control what happens in life but you control

what you feel and do about what happens to you!

My outward fate can’t hold my inner strength

All I can do is remain dignified and brave

Show me everything you have and I'll show you have nothing

except the freedom to choose how your respond which is something

With the WHY to live I can bear the HOW

This is my expression of misery of right now!

If to despair you're prone, you're not alone

Take care as I share

Meaning in misery is meaning still there

Life's not fair but the cross you bear

and knowledge you share is akin to finding solace through prayer

Don't aim at success, it can't be pursued

It's just an unintended side effect when you forget the pursuit

2nd verse:

When you have no opportunities & no possibilities

You have value from what you learned in the past

So even though you're not youthful you're still useful

with meaning fulfilled & the dignity of man

The world is in a bad state but it's a worse fate

if each of us doesn't do our best

Our mental health is based on a quest for meaning
a goal gleaming in optimism despite pain, guilt & death
Dedicate to a cause greater than yourself
and then happiness will happen without cares wealth
What you become is what you make for yourself
& when I am being selfless I am most myself
I celebrate that I have hopes and aspirations
and energy to draw from feelings for creation
In the bitter fight for self-preservation
man becomes animal without moral consideration

2 Judge Me (Featuring Regenerated Headpiece) 4:03

Lyrics: Shred Lexicon & Headsnack

Music: Headsnack

Guitar: Primo Sol

Scratches: DJ Exfyl

"Judge Me" began as a Shred Lexicon song that he wrote after his divorce. You can hear the other tracks he wrote at that time on the BlocSonic release "Deja Vu" b/w "The Happy Ending". Shred wrote a killer chorus which begs the listener to judge on merit, not

materialism or things beyond one's control. My verse is about the judgement I faced from close friends and family because I chose to not blindly accept the media's narrative. It was really hard on me, being alienated and called names but at the end of the day 'only God can judge me and he's only an idea.'

Lyrics

Choruses:

Judge me for my honesty, judge me for my rhymes,

Judge me for my imagery, the sharpness of my lines,

Judge me for my wordplay and the message I'm expressing,

Judge me for accepting that each lesson is a blessing,

Judge me for my charity, the depth of my compassion,

Judge me for my activism, chimes of freedom flashing,

Judge me for my knowledge, my investment in the truth,

Judge the way I tap the raw exuberance of youth!

Judge me for my arrogance, judge me for my pride,

Judge me for my foolishness, judge me for my lies,

Judge me for my gratitude, my rap aptitude

Judge me for keeping a positive mental attitude

Judge me for the thing you hate most about yourself

Judge me if it'll help you keep your hate up on the shelf

But can you judge me for my knowledge, my investment in the truth?

and judge the way I tap the raw exuberance of youth?!?!

1st verse:

What's the point of judging me for the way I look?

If you're into judging why not judge me for my taste in books?

Or judge me for my ideas or for how I treat others,

Don't you judge me for my hustle while you slumber unencumbered,

Y'all can run the jewels, I'll run the numbers,

Like El Producto plunder with a hunger to endure the heat of summer,

It's no wonder that the influence I'm under makes me vulgar,

So what if I was more ambitious back when I was younger?

I'm just tryna do the best I can with what I have,

And if it's not enough it's not enough I won't be sad,

Your judgment is external, a reflection of your biases,

I spit cold truth and make believers out of nihilists,

Only God can judge me and he's only an idea,

We can set aside morality and live without fear,

You can judge me if you wanna but I'm not gonna be paying attention

I've transcended and reached the fifth dimension!

2nd verse:

They judge me by defiance of their gaslighting bias

They'd rather lie denying the evidence based science

We are the clients, their profits misalign with self reliance

your life's no longer private, asking questions gets you silenced

These chiefs deserve indictment,

acting like Poseidon with a trident/ they're masters of misguidance

guilty of connivance and a fear induced environment

we need new pilots not riots or acts of violence

We glorify compliance and consensus over science

our medical guidance is guided by advertisements

and to the network news giants abusing poetic license

Lets treat em like dogs do fire hydrants

It's demoralizing when you judge by religion

Surprising cuz the bible classifies judgement as sinning
It's unnecessary division,
you lack discipline in the human condition,
& that's cold and unforgiving

3rd verse:

When you judge what you're really doin's telling on yourself
From your glass house tryna throw stones at someone else
Those actions are a mirror, cruel intentions reflected,
Confronted by your true nature, you can't deflect it
Don't judge me—I ain't sayin that you ever gotta love me
or indulge me when I'm acting like an ass, I submit humbly
that whatever comes to pass won't be as ugly as the past
And homie if it doesn't last at least we'll have ourselves some laughs,
I'm pulling off the mask and dropping breadcrumbs on the path,
You can follow but first you'll have to reconcile the math,
There's no telling where we're headed, if we'll ever get credit,
Die alone in a gutter or get elected to the senate,
But even if we fall on our face we're moving forward

Incrementally, and together we'll get there eventually,

So hold petty judgments for the powers above,

And choose to instead spread positivity and love...

3 Hip-Hop Poppycock (Featuring C-Doc) (Remastered) 2:36

Lyrics: Headsnack & C-Doc

Music: Headsnack

Scratches: DJ Cheese

C-Doc has been a homie of mine for years. We've remixed each other's tracks and lent guest verses from time to time. It's been a running joke that we need to make an EP together and I think "HipHop Poppycock" is a window into what that might sound like. This is straight 'rapity rap' nonsense filled with old school references and fun flows. Props to DJ Cheese for really bringing it all together with his super tight cuts. If you dig this song, check out the dope remixes from the original version which was released in 2022.

Lyrics

Chorus:

our style of hiphop is wild like like bebop

sock hop doowop, pop rock she bop

he bop we bop, maybe maybe not

this is how we drop tommyrot poppycock

1st verse:

We trash talk, talk shop, happy as hogs in slop

big dogs walking the block, hoppin' like frogs in swamps

this monologue's romp , a Johnson Brothers Stomp

Phon & C Doc, like Hanz & Franz we pump -you up!

Like Dudley Doorite Im back to unite all

Those who grew through the few that's too trite- And

While your crew might be enlightened by food fights- it was

Professor Murder told me my science was too tight

shamalamadingdong this sing song

my fangs ping pong slang that bangs like King Kong

I spray laugh tracks like Bing Bong Bing Bong

I stay Fat like yo ding dong man, ding dong

LOL I'm dead laughing I plotted it like a graph and then

Grazin in the grass was a gas for Dreads mackin on

Heads- that were snackin on tracks my raps slappin on

Hand clappin overlapped wax we chitchattin on

2nd Verse:

All the Ladies and gentlemen, gentlemen and ladies- who were brought in-

To this world before the 19 hundred and eighties- caught makin

Gravy in your parent's Mercedes and havin babies- that

Maybe will play these records on vacation in Haiti

Rating hotter than Hades & flowing the Euphrates

Parading like Macy's til we're pushing up daisies

quaintly making Art like Blakey & Count Basie

crazy! like playing hey ladies on ukuleles,

So play replays rerun them on these days like

cheese cut three ways cause he be the DJ

Screw... You melon I tell him it's not menstrual my credentials written in pencil are monumental

nonjudgemental I rhyme what's not supposed to

Sometimes Y, mostly A E I O U

Merci beaucoup, we flow true like Gogru

the Go To for hiphop poppy cock home brew

4 Right Hook 3:41

Lyrics and Music: Headsnack

Scratches: DJ Exfyl

In my opinion, "Right Hook" is the 'emcee song' of this album. It's the type of song that's written by emcees, for emcees; meaning it is heavily rooted in the old school battle-style of trying to lyrically destroy a fictional 'other person.' The first verse of the song was originally written in 2019 and it remained on the shelf for quite some time until 2022 when I was inspired once again to tear a new one into wack emcees.

Lyrics

1st verse:

I know what you don't know and

you know what I don’t know, so let’s go!

Who’s that pile of bones singing on the microphone?

his vibe alone’s ringing like a vibraphone

Live from the catacombs serving a casserole of flows

thinking who can i dethrone before I decompose?

I’ll spit out my bones and use ‘em to play xylophones

I’m rocking like i’m set in stone/ clock it like a metronome

God created man for the poems

then man created clones, and drones, and chemicals for styrofoam

that mutate your chromosomes and keep you awake,

your body’s biome is toxic and inflamed with aches and pains

you’re stuck in my Biodome, cryogenically frozen

with the chosen hoping that they don’t die alone

Overly critical with fine-toothed combs

Cynical cuz most of these rappers need of a chaperone

Headsnack biohacking my genomes

Certified bad ass like Megan Rapinoe

or Tommy Lee Jones

or Han blasting Greedo like Rodrigo the Filipino

killing his people over weed smoke

I freeload at the peep show in a pea coat

then drop a C-note, & bust an Orange Justice emote

I rewrote the keynote, jumped the moat in a speedboat

My dialect reloads, my dose is lethal

Droppin' ish like seagulls, look out below!

Rhyme without worry like Stephen Curry hitting free throws

I get so open that I'm spread eagle

These rhymes I devote on Dead Sea Scrolls in cathedrals

RHP and Headsnack are back like the Measles

to inoculate the populous with turntable needles

Precious like my ring will turn Smeagol deceitful

Non-believers deepthroat banana hammock Speedos

Chorus:

You gotta write a hook for a hit

You gotta write the right hook that hits

like a right hook!

2nd verse:

I've been rapping since 12

Raising Hell, Rhyme Pays, Licensed to Ill

Paid in Full, Rock the Bells, You Gots To Chill

Holy moly yo he slipped one past the goalie

I master ceremonies like I pastor testimonies

I bang drums like Brobee, Yo Gabba Gabba

I Yabba Dabba Doo damage like famished savages ravaging cabbages

Don't play with my emojis play the golden oldies

If you see me smoking stogies leave the mic take the cannolis

Just don't be presumptuous

my DJ Exfyl aspirates the needles with his funky wrist

like a rambunctious acupuncturist

he gets skunky like donkey piss

Are you bumping this drunkenness like Cabo Wabo?

You're in the shift I'm hitting opposite

field a taco

shit or get off the pot yo

Some call me Phon-x

some call me Phon

I drop bombs off Olympus Mons

I puts the Grey Poupon on it

The world's most wanted correspondent

running the gauntlet

Whylin like inmates on Blackwell's Island Asylum

you gotta write a hook for a hit

you gotta write the right hook that hits

like a right hook

kick snare, kick kick snare rest

knock you out the lexicon like Phon-X

5 How Not to Die (Featuring Chuck D) 3:13

Lyrics: Chuck D & Headsnack

Music: Headsnack

Scratches: DJ Cheese & DJ Lord

Guitar: Cusumano

Keys: Dave the Plumber

This song began as a remix for the Enemy Radio release "Food as a Machine Gun" from their 2020 album "Loud is Not Enough". Those familiar with Headsnack's catalog know

he is no stranger to taking on Big Food and Big Pharma (the uninitiated should check out Headsnack's "My Favorite Song") and so this similar subject jam spoke to Snack. The remix went through many iterations including one with a guest verse by Headsnack. Unfortunately at the time, Enemy Radio was going through some growing pains and the remix got shelved. Fast forward a few years and a few more remixes and thanks to DJ Cheese's 3rd verse scratch-a-thon, the song took on a life of its own. So much so that we decided to retitle it and include it on this release as a new, powerful collaboration.

Lyrics

1st verse:

Sugar, sugar who you talking to?

Dirty water who be loving you

Stroke, no joke, must've been that salt

Don't look at me cuz it ain't my fault

I know you want it so you need it

and you eat it, cuz you want it

Sugar, sugar you don't love me

Sugar, sugar you don't need me

Now, it be eating me

Got us fighting diabetes

Stress level, sleepless, emotional, mental

drugs in the food I love screwing up my physical

I'll never fall in love again

with this hate on my plate and

Food and Drug administration

Is it my hallucination?

2nd verse:

sugar sugar from the cane to the beets

to the wheat that we bleach, make it cheap make it sweet

the dietary patterns that your family repeats

predicts how you die by the types of foods you eat

there's no fiber, vitamins or phytonutrients in meat

causing chronic inflammation, waking cancer (cells)from sleep

turn a blind eye to greet the animals we mistreat

greenhouse gas increase, water tables sink

we use 1800 gallons for one pound of beef

the S&P, Sick & Poor pleases wall street

the disease isn't from your genes

it's from government sponsored processed cheese & too much casein

Big food Big Pharma time for big karma

Milk it does a body harm remain calm y'all

Force fed lies like dairy is healthy

brainwashing generations via milk mustache selfies

6 The Comet (Featuring Shred Lexicon & The Real Munch) 4:09

Lyrics: Headsnack, Shred Lexicon, & The Real Munch

Music: Headsnack

Scratches: DJ Cheese

This posse cut harkens back to Regenerated Headpiece's song "New Colors" off their 2nd LP, "Dogfight" which also features The Real Munch aka Ramon Luis De La Cruz. This song originally had a different name and entirely different beat but we had a round table and went with this version because it was just so fucking HARD sounding. Don't worry, the original version has now become the remix and you'll hear it on a future BlocSonic single. Munch's verse has a story as it was half written/ half freestyle. He was in town for a gig but his truck broke down and he was unable to meet me at the studio. Instead I packed up a mobile rig and met him at his hotel where we miked him up in the bathroom. The situation was less than ideal but as you can hear, we made it work. Shred then came through and laced an

amazing verse to cap it off. Add random rhymes about various topics to drums that slap over synths that give you stinkface, and you're left with "The Comet".

Lyrics

1st verse:

A, I got it, hello my nose knotted

hello my flow's solid they're making my foes vomit

This top of the line topic

Punching the line comic

Y'all punching the line sonic

I'm out of this world COMET

SpicSpeare smash bonnets

Never matter what the time is

Headsnack this shit is marvelous

These haters in the comments

We gonna be right here on top of this

Rapping around the compasses

The sundials, the watches, the hourglass, challenge us

Shit I'm in town just wrote a verse down

(Creating rhythmic sound)

Fuck the bricks, don't plan on stopping now

(POW POW)

Yeah, Headsnack Headsnack

Let's smoke up this stack and finish up another track

2nd verse:

Double the time no trouble to rhyme

my age reveals no number in mind

but like 29, 59, 79, or 89 I'm prime

like Optimus I'm shocking the megalopolis

I'm dropping hits on the populous

I'm cropping this to the proper size

I rock it like I Herbie Hancock it back and pop it,

like coitus with the introitus, captain's rapping from the cockpit

Around the clock spit, I'm the greatest showman

I'll sucker punch the POTUS, i'll serve the SCOTUS with my scrotum

They want us hopeless under mass psychosis

focused on their hocus-pocus,

It rubs the lotions on our skin or else we get the hoses

again, this is your moment of Zen

Time waits for no man, time to deprogram

The nomad grabbing his gonads like Roseanne

& you can't stand me up like Roxanne Roxanne,

My game plan is posse symbiosis,

Mixed cultures like yogurt

Mouths foaming like a pack of rabid Dobermans

3rd verse:

Life can feel like an impossible inestimable test,

Wanna beat em at their best? Beat your chest? Be my guest,

To jest is the best way to lessen the stress,

When you invest in the breath and divest from the mess,

So spare me the lecture, your wild conjecture,

The truth is the fruit and the knowledge is the nectar,

Still I be like Neberkenezer riding a leopard,

Visiting a shepherd cleansing lepers,

I'm the lemon pepper, I'm the juice that's dripping off the zester,

I'm not feeling pressure I don't pantomime my gestures,

Think of my voice not as sound but texture

To be studied next semester,

Where the illest cuts are what comprise the syllabus,

Songs of innocence and also of experience,

Reflecting these times when our ignorance seems infinite,

Don't be indifferent to suffering, it's limitless,

Compassion is the key, rap around the clock with me.....

7 Do the Secret Handshake 3:01

Lyrics and Music: Headsnack

Scratches: DJ Cheese

This began as a beat I made right after releasing 2018's "Secret Handshake". I sampled Killer Mike saying "Do the Secret Handshake" over a hyped up horny beat. On the production tip, another cool easter egg is that in addition to original drum & bass programming, there is a sample break in which one word is heard every so often, 'SECRET'. You probably can't hear it in the mix with lyrics over it but trust us, it's in there! The lyrics from this song came from over 30 pages of thoughts, rhymes, and researched facts that I had been accumulating since

the start of the pandemic. Having a history of reading books about Big Food/ Big Pharma and have a pastime of studying medical journals as it relates diseases and nutrition, i was no stranger to the public health space. While most people 'trusted the science' as it was being fed to them; I listened but also kept following esteemed virologists, immunologists, epidemiologists, biologists, cardiologists and GPs. Every step of the way, brilliant scientists and doctors were getting silenced just for asking questions. I always thought the main pillar of science was to question science. Many brilliant scholars spoke of hypothesis' contrary to the narrative being fed by the mainstream media. I witnessed much of this information get censored as experts held in high regard their entire careers were slandered and many lost their livelihood. Even today, when many of the truths these brave intellectuals tried to speak of have been proven true, their public profiles are still riddled with defaming terms like "conspiracy theorist" and "anti-vaxxer". This is because the media, Wikipedia and other fact-check sites are funded by special interest groups; ultimately the new 5 branches of government: Big Defense, Big Fuel, Big Pharma, Big Food, and Big Tech. All of them laughing behind closed doors as the do the secret handshake.

Lyrics

1st verse:

Big pharma and Big Tech got the secret handshake

Big money from the big bro mandate

But Congress is exempt they don't have to partake

& Immunity doesn't mean shit unless it's man made

Hypocrisy from within the deep state

No Im not anti-vax I'm anti-bandaid

Every news break's the same

No one would dare say

Vegetables, vitamins, exercise, lose weight

0.5% mortality rate

Repurposed drugs given early change your fate

Slander Nobel prize subjects as horse paste

cuz it's not supply and demand

it's Supply and Demandate

Moving the goal post of what's deemed safe

Yet questioning the narrative's comparative to blackface

Conform or be de-platformed, the new norm states

freedom of speech if it placates the magistrate

Chorus

Do the Secret Handshake (repeat)

If there's one thing we must learn

Read the books they want to burn!

2nd verse:

Gain of function research - it’s a secret

Denying people treatment - over pretense?

Theres scientific evidence, give it credence

Dismiss it as conspiracy? You can eat shit

Oligarchy misers in bed with Pfizer

Censoring the outliers for outing them as liars

Control the narrative, no one’s the wiser

This is how we end up with Holocaust deniers

We need a multi-pronged approach in the community

Vaccines, repurposed drugs, natural immunity

Reliable testing, investing in ingenuity

Time to speak truthfully or it will end in mutiny

The news remains one sided so people are divided

They need be to be united instead they’re misguided

No more questions on scientific methods

We only have time for political vengeance

8 I Wanna Rock (Featuring Illus) 3:03

Lyrics: Headsnack & Illus

Music: Headsnack

Scratches: DJ Exfyl

Guitar: Menant

My verse for this song was written during the start of the pandemic. Probably right after I created "2 Pairs of Sweats, 4 Shirts, 1 Hoodie" which can be heard on 2022's "Lab Leak Therapy" EP. I had the chorus already written from years prior which is why it has nothing to do with the verses. As you can tell from the lyrics, there's a lot of perceived uncertainty. It was just a one-verse song for quite a while until the song was given to Illus for a project he was working on. That didn't pan out so the song was pulled back over to the snack side and blessed by DJ Exfyl's cutting of Dee Snyder's "I Wanna Rock".

Lyrics

Chorus:

I wanna make a song that gets stuck in your head

I wanna make a song that you'll like when I'm dead

I wanna make a song about absolute truth

I wanna make a song that resonates with youth

I wanna make a song that'll relieve stress

I wanna make a song that makes you beat your chest

I wanna make a song to make a grown man cry

I wanna make a song on the day that I die

1st verse:

We can't get along it's the same old song

do we fight or take flight can't tell right from wrong

Breathe & observe, listen and learn

6 billion people with different concerns

Infected with germs, as the world burns

the news gets to earn the more we feed the worms

Confirm, humans are 3 dimensional

Physical emotional and intellectual

Pre-existing conditions make you susceptible

not once did Fachi say eat your vegetables

both sides, immunity suppressed

inject Big Pharma's chemical war chest

they make more money when we're upset

cuz harmony and judgement can't coexist

Everything I face I embrace with grace

cuz life resonates our emotional states

2nd verse:

I make music for therapy, strangers and family

Abuse it or use it to rearrange your own sanity

The truth is elusive the danger's in vanity

Lose your temper and anger but never your humanity

We - Have - Got - to evolve

I believe there's no problem, WE can't solve

With a little compassion empathy and love

But everyone of these cracker nazis need to get punched

Until the scatter back to their caves like racists snakes

there's no place in this new age for ignorant bigots and hate

It's no debate Sometimes there's only right and wrong

And sometimes you gotta fight Just to change the song

Because the same old diddy might be outta tune

With what the kiddies need so you gotta make room

And we're all doomed unless we improve

And change the world for the better with a new groove

So let's move!

9 Under the Influence (Interlude) 3:11

Music: Headsnack

Lyrics: The Angry Mob of Loyal News Followers

One thing that was never in question throughout the pandemic was its threat to healthy children. Any news to the contrary is based on Big Pharma profits and the funding of the FDA (the agency in charge of regulating them), and how 2/3rds of congress accept their campaign donations.

10 AtMostFear 4:02

Lyrics: Headsnack

Music: Moebocop, & Headsnack

This song is a more hyped up version of "Fear" from 2022's "Lab Leak Therapy" EP. Moebocop, a long time friend and remix artist has been an integral collaborator throughout the past few years. You can currently view his visual art for Headsnack & RHP as Spotify

canvases. While listening to any songs off “Lab Leak Therapy” or RHP’s “Brothers/ Enjoy the Veal Remix” single, you can see Moebocop art while looking at the Spotify app. Moebocop is an accomplished producer in his own right, having a hand in co-producing the Regenerated Headpiece smash hit “Escape from Slavecamp”. More recently, Moebocop created a version of the “AtMostFear” beat which smacked Headsnack in the face so hard it willed him into a remix of “Fear”. The song was sounding good but the original sample was off of YouTube and the fidelity left a bit to be desired. Hence, Headsnack reworked the entire beat and re-recorded the lyrics to fit the energy of the track. The result is a 4-minute, 1-verse rant about everything that plagues today’s society and how we are controlled through fear. Enjoy!

Lyrics

Chorus:

Fear, fear, we love fear

We make more money when you are scared

We keep you safe when you adhere

Because it just might be in the atmosphere

Fear we can make it disappear

Just sign right here and no more tears

Just don’t you question those that profiteer

Because as soon as it’s gone they’ll make it reappear

Fear, fear, we love fear

It just might be in the AT Most FEAR

Mega-verse:

FEAR is distress, stress causes the immune system to repress

when it should be at it's best

ALEXA knows what's best, META knows what's next

You better protect your neck lest you fall out the nest

Time to turn it off, throw it out, run away

Don't comply and you'll die or you just won't get to play

You are the commodity, don't be an oddity

And question the press bukake from Jen Psaki

I'm a jabberwocky selling my privacy

To corporations that ignore propriety

Driving you and me into our own echo chambers

With disparate realities from our friends and neighbors

They served me papers, they said "death by drone"

And my kids incidentally while playing with my phone

Did that hit too close to home? If not it should

Because we don’t admit guilt and cry our own victimhood

What’s my adversity, what’s my diversity?

What’s that they teach of me in the university?

From toxic masculinity to white fragility

I’m caught manspreading at a Trans wedding

Soon my beheading, I’m dreaming of memes

I was tricked my life is more important than it seems

It doesn’t mean shit unless everyone is safe

So erase history and start with a clean slate

The Great Reset is the precept, liberty or death

Fuck the alt-right, fuck the alt-left

One has racist schmucks, the other has fascist cucks

You can call me alt-middle both sides suck

Look at all this stuff, how do I get more?

Mine isn’t good enough we need to even the score

I’m looking for happiness but I don’t look within

I’m looking everywhere, except for where I am

Some say you’re crazy, some say confused

I feel paralyzed but my mind is liberated

Regardless if you choose the reds or the blues

Notice how your favorite news favors your points of view?

My favorite news favors my points of view!

And my favorite news favors my points of view!

Algorithmic amplification, algorithmic manipulation

They turn down the volume on anyone that doesn't have ad revenue generation

Less regulation is the theme of one party

Unless it comes to regulation of the woman's body

Hypocrites with man-tits, at war with chicks with dicks

Move on there's more important shit to fix

If your thoughts don't fit what you're taught to think

You're misled, too stupid, don't blink

They've got you scared because they're unprepared

Don't give in to living in fear.

Outro:

We all need our own echo chambers

To validate our micro-aggressions

Our future generations are in danger

A new meaning of the Great Depression

Mad Gratitude and inspiration from:

Miss Meriss, Slangy, VegetAria the Warrior, Dexie D, Dante, Brulee, Phil Nicolo, DJ Exfyl, DJ Cheese, Moebocop, Shred Lexicon, Old Yist, DramatiX, C-Doc, Chuck D, Mike Gregoire, blocSonic, Public Enemy, Enemy Radio, DJ Lord, Spit Slam, The Real Munch, Primo Sol, Slim Waites, Menant, Illus, Tah Phrum Da Bush, Seth Bulkin, Far Post Lusardi, Cooz Cusumano, Dave "The Plumber" Tarzarian, Franz Garcia, Scott Collins, Nerdicus, James Doe, Cliff Horse, James Bond, Jawn Outlandish, Plasmic, DJ Mockstar, Dirty Harry, Phil's Records, A1 Reggae, Jordan & the CTM hive, Aric, Matty H Kid, Phat Most, Eli & the Mannings, Kenneth & the Pickup Selectors, Marek Stycos, Tony Agnello, Jeff Lazzara, Steel Sessions, Buda & Grandz, Mike Kuz, Chris Vatier & Dangerous Music, The Shorny Man, DJ Flatline, JenniferOJenny, SoChuckified, Ultramag7, Flava Flav, MC Jahi, DJ Toast, DJ Nemesis, Genelec, Skitz, Dodger, TJ Allard, Legasey James Doe, Tim "Cleon" Spencer, Tommy M, Brian L, Donny BassBall, Pot C, Long John, Donnie Ozone, TimeZone, Doug Whitfield, the Creative Commons Community & Your Moms.

All songs mastered by Phil Nicolo @Studio4 unless noted otherwise

“Right Hook”, “The Comet”, and “AtMostFear” mastered by Don Q

Album cover artwork: Franz Garcia

Additional images & package design: Mike Gregoire for TDX — defexperience.com

Vinyl LP layout: Scott Collins

Executive producer: Mike Foam

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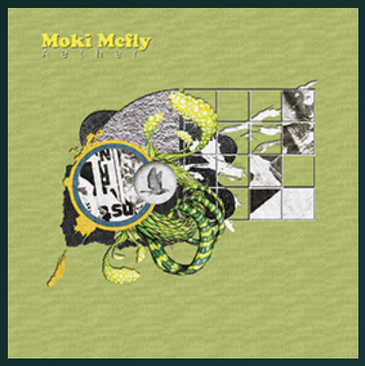

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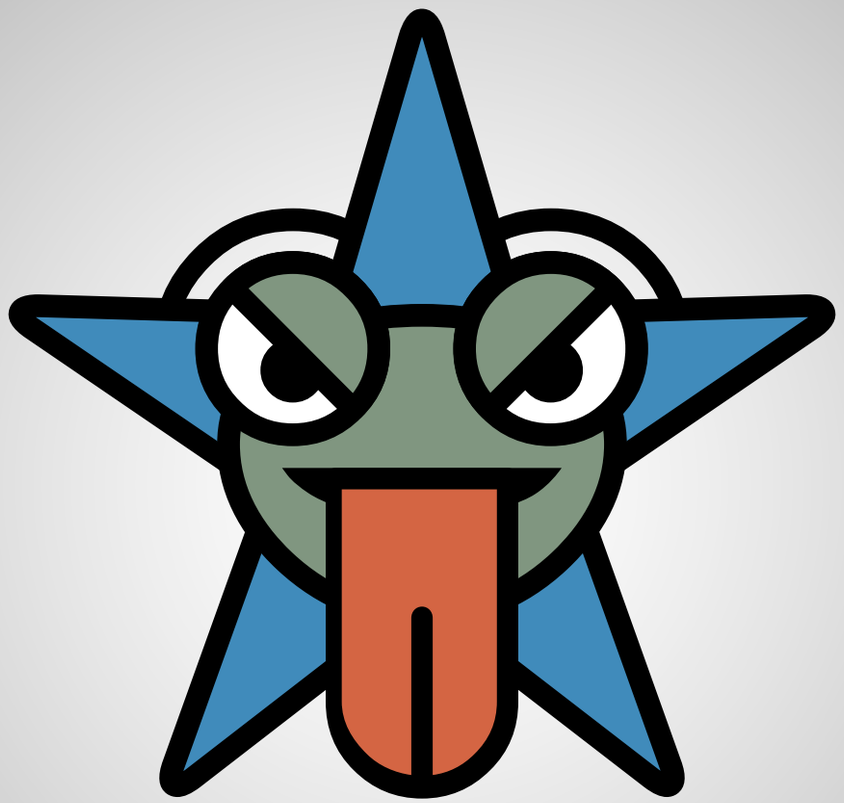

Tune in everyday at Starfrosch.com!

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Dope new album Headsnack!
Thanks to you and all collaborators!

— Peace, Mike Gregoire

Album cover art by Franz Garcia

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