



THE
P.U.G.K.
CREW
PRESENTS

PIRATE PACT
REBURIED
TREASURE





PIRATE PACT IS:

The R: guitar / bass / drum programming / keyboards

Kenny-K: drums

Pot-C: raps / scratches / crusty vocals / samples / other shizzle

Special Guests: Tha D of the P.U.C.K. cru, Dr. D. Stohr and Hammy-D Jr.



OK, so what is the PIRATE PACT? Well, ages ago, when the P.U.C.K. (Previously Unknown Canadian Kids) Crew went from some goofs with samplers and turntables to even more goofs with guitars and drums on top of samplers and turntables, The R, a.k.a. Reef, a.k.a. Reef-Dawg, on top of playing guitar, also recorded a lot of the crew jam sessions. When the crew got decimated by Cheese N Pot-C moving to Japan, The R and Kenny-K formed another band called Mister Speeker, along with members Frank Rook and Bear Chester. Pot-C was around for random jams, recordings and shows with Mister Speeker between 2004 and 2008. This resulted in even more recordings from The R, which he gave to Pot-C during the time and after he moved back to Japan in late 2008. Much of this material became released albums from Mister Speeker and a couple of P.U.C.K. joints. In April 2025, Pot-C went back to Canada for a 30th reunion show with the P.U.C.K. crew and received another collection of recordings from The R. Instead of sleeping on it, like much of the last archive, Pot-C threw darts at ten of the joints and busted some raps. This is instead of giving you some selections from Pot-C's dumpster of old beats with quazi-new raps on 'em for another Netlabel Day offering. Anyways, there are days of beats left in the collection, so expect more PIRATE PACT's in the future!

PEESH!

Pot-C in 4th person

June 6th, 2025



WARNING: CONTAINS NO ACTUAL PIRATE THEMED MUSIC

Pot-C's bits and pieces recorded at Pot-C's Palace in Hosoyamada, Kanoya City, Kagoshima, Japan.

Everyone else recorded at The R's Garage, Maple Ridge, B.C., Canada or at places specified in the individual track credits.

Mixed and mastered by Masta Pool! and The R.

1 FUCK THIS FUCKING BULLSHIT RETURNS 2:09

Ain't got no money
Ain't got no job
Ain't got no beers
Ain't got no drugs
Nobody cares

Fuck this - Fucking Bullshit - Fuck this
Fuck this - Fucking Bullshit - Fuck this
Fuck this - Fucking Bullshit - Fuck this
Fuck this - Fucking Bullshit - Fuck this (and that)

It's Pot-C and the boys out to make some noise
Smack your dumb face and break your toys
Overjoyed and under employed

This whole damn show needs to be destroyed
Mergatroid right back to the heavens
Makin' snake eyes out of your sevens
Gettin' the settin' - set on fire
Stoppin' - droppin' - rolled - expire
Down to the wire tapped out apply your
Self for no reason - nothing is even
Just look at me and why am I breathin'
Make it on the news if ya choose my evenin'
Thievin's believin' a big pile of steamin'
Shit's what your worth now go berserk
If it don't make sense - then it just won't work
If you think you feel me - you'll just get hurt

Fuck this - Fucking Bullshit - Fuck this
Fuck this - Fucking Bullshit - Fuck this
Fuck this - Fucking Bullshit - Fuck this (and that)

The R: bass / guitars

Kenny-K: drums

Pot-C: raps / vocals / scratches / samples

2 **WHILE SUPPRIES RAST** ^{1:37}

We're running out of time - just gunning down our minds
With the things we haven't done like the sun without blinds
Fryin' us alive - all tribes check the vibe
Out here gettin' dumb while some dyin' to survive
Survivn' just to die I'm supersizin' fries

Exercising rights not to exercise for life
Expectin' not to fight where directed to expire
It's down to dental floss cause we've pawned all the wire
Fires year round everybody marshmallows
S'mores on the way for my Buddy Goodfellows
J.R. Fashionable just cashin' a bowl
P.J. Styles are outlastin' the cold

Running out - Time is running out
Time is running out
Time is - run run run - running out out out out oh yeah
Running out - Time is running out
Time is running out
Time is - run run run - running out out out out oh yeah

The R: guitar / organ / Studio One plug-in beat arranger
Pot-C: raps / vocals / scratches / samples

3 **KENNY-K BEAT** 0:25

Kenny-K on the muthapuckin' drums
3-2-1 here he muthapuckin' comes
Layin' it down on you muthapuckin' clowns
Straight outta PoCompton to my tiny town
Out here in Japan hear the drum kit slam
Cashed in the empties to score us a gram
Ignore us - you can't - the super dope combo
Now buy us some beers - muthapuckin' pronto!

Kenny-K: drums

Pot-C: raps / scratches / samples

4 **EVERYBODY LOVES IT** 2:27

Let's get drunk - get fuckin' drunk

Let's get drunk - really fucked up!

(repeat 4 X or until drunk)

Everybody loves it when I'm fucked up

I'm so funny - you can't get enough of

Me plus drinks and shittin' in your hot tub

Havin' laughs then I'll leave you to clean up

Shooters! That's an awesome idea

Shooters! Piled on top of this beer

Shooters! Yeah let's all go for broke!

Shooters! Then we'll move on to coke!

Cocaine! Been a long time my friend

Cocaine! Knew I'd smell you again

Cocaine! Tell me you are not laced

Please don't be fuckin' laced

Everybody loves it when I'm fucked up

I'll go home when all your drugs are sucked up

It's been a blast - call me next time you get stuff

I can't chip in and I think I pissed on your bed

Let's get drunk - get fuckin' drunk



Let's get drunk - really fucked up!
(repeat 2 X or until robot is drunk)

Everybody loves it when I'm fucked up
Everybody loves it when I'm fucked up
Everybody loves it when I'm fucked up
Everybody loves it when I'm fucked up yeah!

The R: bass / guitars

Kenny-K: drums

Pot-C: vocals / scratches / slide whistle / vocoder / kazoo / samples

Drums recorded by JT 420 at Paranoyd Records in 2006 originally for the Mister Speaker joint, "Is It Love".

5 **BUY MY OCD** 1:59

I'll do everything tomorrow or the day after that
How about next week or when Jesus comes back?
And hell freezes over or that'll be day
When you say goodbye and I cry and / or die
Go ask the assistant that I've yet to hire
When will be a good time for me to deny your
Request for access to time I can't grant
I'm the littlest hobo so I guess that's that
Won't settle down and backpeddle to your town
I'll have to wear a mask if you meddle when around
Anything I have planned in this house or theme park
This Ferris wheel only runs on these dark

Thoughts store bought and I kept the receipts
Totally controlled alternative deletes
Under wraps then sheets of aluminum foil
In separated trash independently soiled

What's the reward for service? My point card's punched out
Already got the scar that proves I left my lunch out
For strangers while dangers to original parts
Got patched with the hatch and the staff in the wind
What's grasped I begin to let loose the clench
Put myself in the shoes I viewed from the bench
Of maximum parking - valu not so much
Hold my seat while I get some more donuts
So what's the mission witnessed by the penguin
Beggin' forgiveness for insultin' big business
This E.P. MD, CD and wax cylinder
8 track and stage play S.O.S. Mayday
Gravy training pants - I'm out to advance
The game by any means - a genius in France
I mean this last chance till there's one more tomorrow
My brain's a library with all the books borrowed

The R: bass / guitars

Kenny-K: drums

Pot-C: raps / scratches / samples

Drums originally recorded for the Mister Speaker joint, "Hey,Hey".

The instrumental is also the music behind the "Dick's Nuts" commerical on The R's

podcast - "Mark & Ryan Podcast" - www.Shorebros.ca

6 **PLEASE MICROWAVE MY HARD DRIVES** 1:58

Now you've acted like you know so here's that cookie
Monster in the closet I promised from the onset
Of all the symptoms included with the wisdom
You think time affords like televised awards
I smell a kind of horde that showers in the slime pit
One that's really down with how I shout em out in rhymes with
Glowing reviews most radioactive
Never to be stored always there but ignored
Until the last minute of the minute's last minute
You will stay just to watch me darlin'
Wilt away from the lies and residue
Haven't you led a few that were never fed a clue
Set a due on a date - too late - now do dishes
The word is suspect - not suss you dumb bitches
Riches in the plot beside your dust or rot
Will give you a spin when they've dug up and got

All your shit means nothing when you're dead
When are you gonna get that through your head
(repeat 4 X if you're bored)

The R: bass / guitars / Studio One plug-in beat arranger

Pot-C: vocals / scratches / samples

The instrumental is also the music behind the "Legends Pub" commerical on The R's

podcast - "Mark & Ryan Podcast" - www.Shorebros.ca

7 **VILLAGE IDIOT** 1:24

It's Pot-zilla bitches - I'm back again
Tell yer mama and yer papa and an elephant
For the hell of it - I've got no agenda
We're all gonna die in a sky high blender
Returned to sender - no surrender
With Corey Hart we're going back to start
Hit all the snakes with every roll
Prince took the ladder and left a pole
Get yer coal to fill up yer stockings
Ring that cow bell for Christopher Walken
Stopping trains - planes and the autos
I live in the sticks with Mr. Roboto
Listen - we got no - B for back up
Look in the mirror for a bitch to smack up
Rip the track up - back in your car
This side of the bay - you won't get far
So now you know me and the village I'm raisin'
Kids and hell and all these amazin'
Raps for yer noggin' rhymed with tobbagan
Kenny Loggins - fog and a Boglin
Hoggin' the mic like J.D. from Dukes
Maybe these pukes single digit salutes
Mean I'm number one and not just a dumb
Bald fat bastard taking up space
In a neighborhood we could have erased



Now everyday I'm dissolving a case
Tins in the bins and bag up the bottles
In old carpets I'm rollin' up models

The R: bass / guitars / drum programming

Pot-C: raps / scratches / samples

8 **THE GAME (2025 PRESSED TO CONTINUE MIXX)** 2:19

Beep to tha boop to tha fizz twee honk -
Pot-zilla's on a mission power pellets non-stop
Chomp chomp through some spectres - clear all the sectors -
8 bit - don't quit - cherry bounce -bust shit
Open like ohh yeah - it's Kool-aid Man -
with a jug of spiced rum and coke in his hand
Smokin' a gram as the couch get's deeper -
20 more levels I won't be asleep for
Days each maze get's a lil bit trickier -
critters on my case get a lil bit stickier
Hit me more often I'm losin' more lives -
the side of my Atari is collecting more knives
Surprise people passing my block with profanity -
it's this game that's causing insanity
I know I can win but every time I begin -
a brand new level - is a deal with tha devil
All over again the reset's worn down -
controller's been molded to my mit's now
Bet this round I can finish - just watch me -
double vision focused on the Stanley Cup hockey

Block me and shock me the road's gettin' rocky -
no more bullets just this walkie talkie
To whip at yer grill and hope it will kill -
and if that ain't work - these boots fit the bill

It's the game - that gets me insane
It's the game - I can't stop playin'
It's the game - I should just put down
It's the game - that's got my brain clowned
Pressin' buttons - till my thumbs bleed
Pressin' buttons - to get what I need
Makin' moves - gotta keep my eyes glued
Makin' moves - to escape the bad dudes
(repeat 3 X to get to the next level)

The R: bass / guitars / Studio One plug-in beat arranger

Pot-C: raps / vocals / scratches / samples / vocoder

The original version appeared on Pot-C's 2011 albulation "Recyclotron 3000" until the dude that made the beat hacked Pot-C's youtube channel and filled it with Russian porn. Which may have increased views.

9 **DOCTA DORRA STOHR** **(FEATURING DR. D. STOHR AND HAMMY-D JR.)** 1:23

In the lab of Docta Stohr - there's science goin' on -
gotta bunch of old computers - he couldn't even pawn
Broke - no joke - they're collectin' dust -
only good for props that ghosts can bust

Or sit outside and melt or rust -
never again will they play Tetris
Just garbage to the naked eye -
off balconies we'll make 'em fly
Then he heard this song and decided to try -
to make some robot zombies tonight
Zombies cuz they'll never do -
what robots on teevee can do
Walk or talk or tell a story -
they'll do nothing - super boring!
Just be victims in the lab -
toys for kids to smash and grab!

Docta Dorra Stohr - he's making robots
They don't walk or talk - they're shitty robots
Docta Dorra Stohr - he's made zombies
Watch him rock the mic - for his hommy's

Docta Dorra Stohr - that's me! -
and I'm not a real doctor like Dr. Dre
Potato potahto - tomato tomahto -
better git it right you fuckin' assholes!
All my gimmicky gear and tickle trunk is -
one coin sponsored - shit piled bonkers!
A zillion invested in hyakuen plastic -
breaks in a day and ya know I trashed it
Smashed it to shit - a gazillion pieces -
porcelain gnomes now rest in piece it's
Just another trip to tha diggety Daiso -

don't need nothin' - still it's something to buy fo'
The sake of havin' it - a mountain of rabbit shit -
put my name on it - so don't be grabbin' it

That's mine! Dummy!

The R: bass / drum programming

Pot-C: raps / scratches / samples / vocoder

Dr. D Stohr: raps

Hammy-D Jr.: vocals

10 **THE RAPS THAT FOUND THE LIGHT OF DAY** 2:27

It's your brain on drugs or this morning's breakfast -
you pressed play and it may connect us
Let's just say that my word is heard -
if you reply with a note on a bird
Dot on a screen - smokin' a signal -
you can write awesome on seven singles
Phone or fax even do computer -
two cups and a string - my banana phone rings!
Everybody's connected - let's hold hands -
send me a virus - I love spam
Everybody's dink on twiggety twang -
print out the porn hang it up in the can
Update and forward - like like like -
rest in peace on each lost life
L-O-L but did you really -
it's a peanut gallery life - ya feel me

Serious business - ain't no forgiveness -
ask what's the matter - what tha fuck is this
Yo - you'll never know so you better let it go -
frozen with the flows knockin over dominoes
Talkin ogre better go - keep away from the swamp -
wanna fill it up so we can do what we want
Fancy restaurant to the take out window -
everything on hold - indefinite limbo
Reppin this inflow of makin it simple -
under these gloves digits covered with thimbles
Kimble on the run find the one armed bandit -
congrats are due so you have to hand it
Over on the real with the robot appendage -
you better learn to swim because this is deep end shit
Yellow won't cut it - or even maroon -
5 levels up and you're the pro in the room

Cheers yo - I did it - now gimme the trophy -
the 50 buck certificate for dinner at Golphis
Wrote these rhymes then sed em to the puter -
put em outside so they could get live
Ride out the virus - collide something violent -
all for free so you won't be buying it
Trying it like Mikey - cuz he eats it all -
heard em on the streets so delete the mall
Complete the call - dial all the digits -
thank R N K for the beats to give it
What I could when I did what's done -
David S Pumpkins I am where I'm from

The place where I came yo you know the name -
beeramid piled up and won the game

The R: guitars

Kenny-K: drums

Tha D: bass

Pot-C: raps / scratches / samples

Bass, guitar and drums recorded by Cheese on fuckin' minidisc at the South Van Jam
Shack in the early 2000's



SHOUT OWTS

Mike from blocSonic, as always - for puttin' this collection of rants into more ears than Pot-C would with a Bluetooth speaker on the corner of Granville and Robson.

The P.U.C.K. crew (The R, Kenny-K, Tha D, Cheese, Long John, Qwest-Dogg, Pee Wee, Tha G.M.C., Herbal-T and

Yuk MC (rest in beats!)), Mister Speaker, all the blocSonic fam, Headsnack - for puttin' Pot-C in his shout owtz!, the jam shacks in South Van and PoCompton and Crying Sky in Vancouver, Norm, John, Don, Rip, Phil, Jack, Damon, Matthew, WOPR and the opera critic. And also, Nas.

KENNY-K'S SHOUT OWTZ

My fam, Puck Crew, Jeremy Allen, Collin Dutton

THE R WOULD LIKE TO THANK

Pot-C, Kenny-K, Megan and blocSonic



P.U.C.K. ONLINE

<https://blocsonic.com/artist/puck>

CHEESE N POT-C ONLINE

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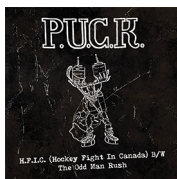
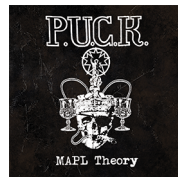
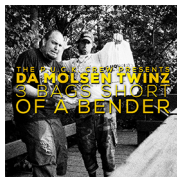
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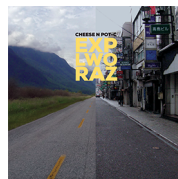
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ALSO AVAILABLE BY **CHEESE**

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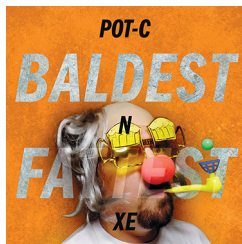
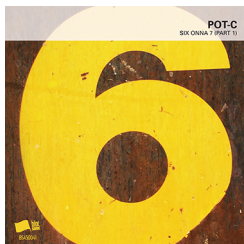


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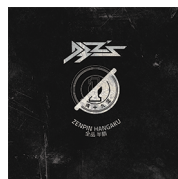
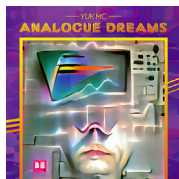
POT-C Canuck Clown Makes
Rap Album In Japan





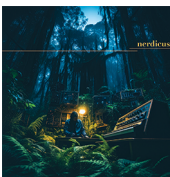
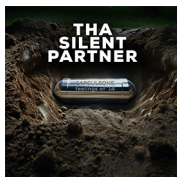
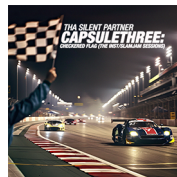
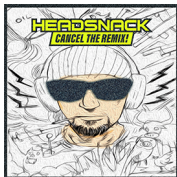
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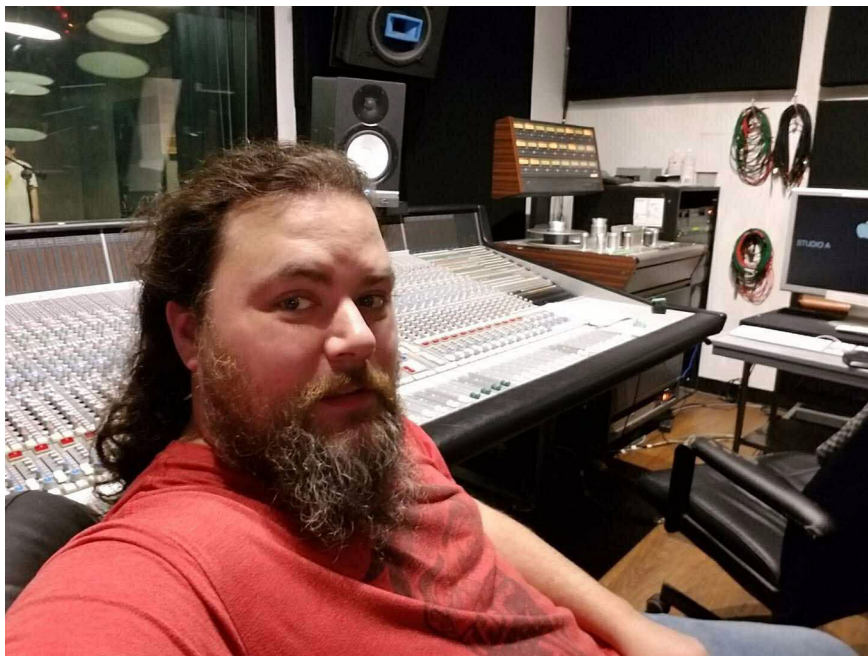
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YO... MANY THANKS TO PIRATE PACT FOR DELIVERING THAT ISH ON NETLABEL DAY!

— Peace, Mike Gregoire

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