

# Airplay

Kerser

ABK Records everybody wanna sign a deal  
To impress me you gotta rack a line of pills  
You gotta have some big tits wearin 9 inch heels  
And show us how the pussy work, fuck your rhyming skills  
I'm walking in to Centerlink like remember me?  
I'm rich now, I got a house you can rent for free  
I'm only here from when you cut my fuckin payments  
Back in 2008 and I ain't say shit  
Well this my payback, petrol on the front desk  
Lit it up, thank you all, then I fuckin left  
They see my getaway I think it was an Audi  
It could've been a Range Rover, I don't know he's out here  
What kind of car was it? Man this shit marvelous  
I just popped like 50 pills and I was meant to half the shit  
Fuck your bitch with a satty full of x pills  
Now slit the bag so she trippin, I'm a mess still

Bitches get your tits out, put your fuckin hands up  
All my real song just time for us to stand up  
I made this for the radio, I hope I get the airplay  
Cunt, clitoris, fuck I wasn't meant to swear mate  
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So I was down the beach right, sittin' on my beach towel  
I heard a bitch scream, it sounded like a big 'ahhhh'  
I though 'hmmm, ' Kerser to the rescue?  
I let the bitch drown, I had to use the restroom  
No wonder parents ain't let the kids listen up  
Hey kids, sniff glue and you can say cunt  
Don't listen to the teachers, don't even stay in school  
But if we talkin' bout my daughter we got different rules  
She a princess and I have double standards  
Ok my aims done, I pissed off all the parents  
What about the other night, I was eating mushrooms  
I tripped the fuck out and hit my missus with a dust broom  
Mumma God I'm sorry babe, I don't know what was happening  
I know I promised you, I wouldn't say it in a rap again  
But I did as I wheelie on a push bike  
I don't even know these rappers names or what they look like

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This the part where I'm gettin' on my sad stuff  
And have a sook like my life isn't adding up  
Here's a tablet bruh, look into the camera  
Now take a photo, you're lookin' like an amateur  
Shut the fuck up, my rappin' like a nail bomb

Imma drop it all off at an ass salon  
Bitches runnin' now, you could say I nailed 'em  
And I wonder why the public keep hatin' man

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