

## Famous

Kerser

Seem my dreams won't go away  
So it's more like a nightmare  
Keeping me up all night  
Like a nightmare  
It's taking over my mind  
My desire  
Burns inside, like a flame  
And it can't and it won't be contained  
'Cause I gotta be... famous

You don't really want the fame though  
You don't really want the fame no!

They heard a shot fired  
Another shot fired  
You driving in a race, spinning with a popped tire  
And you've been pushed by the radios element  
I'm the first fucking rapper to make the radio irrelevant  
Fuck the mainstream, I don't need a handout  
There's something about the aura of the Kers because I stand out  
4 cunts cruising high in a range rover  
Yelling ABK, tell these rappers game over!  
I've been working, probably find me in the studio  
At the top, and my whole fucking crew can flow  
The proof is there, we the team at the top  
I'm a sniper with the raps so you [?] to pop  
I've been killing shit for years  
You know spitting insane raps  
From a town where cunts are on the rocks like the train tracks  
If time moves quick, shouldn't life try to keep up  
Instead of being slaves to the system you in deep fuck

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You don't really want the fame no!

And here's a picture with words look  
He at high school, he started year 10  
Things a little different this year, he don't fear them  
Peer pressure play a part, started seshin' in the park  
Girls undressing him to fuck, introduce him to the glass  
And shit he going down hill  
Last night he had a puff and some brown pills  
Everything in life has gottin' him feelin' irrelevant  
It's fucking with his mind and yet his brain is not developed yet  
This the story of the victim  
Of the suburb, and it's sad 'cause I can pick from them  
Meet 'em all the time, kinda crazy with the crime  
Got them play with my mind, 'cause they keep saying my rhymes (It's King Kerser)  
But it's not want it's is  
Like a shoulda started different with a positive twist  
And they say I'm saving lives, I'm just giving you mine  
And in the process, hopin' somehow you can live through my rhymes - The King

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And if I ever get knocked, there'll be riots the next day  
The Nebulizer caused commotions as soon as they pressed play  
Buds in the sadie, got some raps for the next night  
With a fucking xani so I'm sleeping on the next flight  
It's fucking crazy, I'm your everyday cunt  
But there's something special 'bout me  
I'm a legend, what's up? Shit  
There's that arrogance they tell me they hate that  
The rawest rapper on my level, cannot debate that  
Somebody said I fluked it, I'm fluking what?  
The 10 year of blood and sweat? I never choose to stop  
I was rocking gigs with my mates in the crowd  
Broke as fuck, on the train. I had to make it, but how?  
'Cause these labels didn't want it, I'm too raw for the air  
I made it to the top, now they scratching their heads  
Wait... How'd it happen? I'm a weapon in my own right  
You can be inspired, do your thing but don't bite  
It's Kers 1

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You don't really want the fame no!

Me and Nebs have that new album cooking  
Ready November 7th  
Ready to fucking shit up again  
Taking over the game  
And um... we out