

Got The Feelin

Kerser

Punch your breakky bongz for this (Haha)
Way to start it, good morning!
Look and uhm...

All of them the same, their lame we what you look for,
Crawling in my veins cocaine has got me cooked more

My brain gets you amazed I'm writing till my books worn
Watch me break this gate, crack the safe in the hood floor

Definitely expecting me, like to be the death of me
Writing leaving legacies, the history its left to me

Now when you see the melody is getting severed heavily
This the sort of shit that have you jetting to your remedy

So jet, jet it off, you won't move cause your soft,
And my crew at the top, who are you? Your a flop

So keep it moving along, and its true cause the songs
That we're doing have a flame and I prove that its strong

Light a flame and quick I came to kick the industry it makes me sick
You listening to crazy shit, admit that this is greatness bitch

Now wait a minute hit it with the style made to make them think
Place this shit and take it to a level, watch us make the mix

Dangerous, famous, life is what you make it
And I've turned life into something thats amazing
I'm living my dream, you sit and you scheme
Thinking how the fuck the movement its ridiculous bleed to death,
Yes, fuck a death threat, deadset, not dead yet
I'm taking out the next threat
Theres no threat, so get slept

Deadset they're dead wrong, decapitated head gone
Dead gone and rotten in the ashes of their dead songs
Seen enough and been around, you beefing, gonna hit the ground
Your competing with some brothers positive and leaving proud
Why these other rappers whinging like they fucking gave us help
Jealous cause they know we got it, just the cards that they were dealt

And I see through a poker face so go escape your bullshit
Just come and talk it over mate I know you hate the cool kids
Too fresh, too swag, crew rep, move back,
I shack her/ur till she troublesome like 2Pac (Get it?)

So move back with your new track and throw it out
Were all yes yes, and you? They don't know about
They say you go around and stick your fucking nose around
And flow to promotors at shows but no ones going out

Cut grass, pour it up, cuff us, ignore the cunts
Court has got my mates doing stretches like they warming up
So free 'em all, and let my crew represent
Movin' to get, all the loot and respect, till the death

This rapping gets me fuelled up, next second kill stuff
Living for a thrill I open minds just like a pill does
Heaps of beats that we destroy, this the key to free the boys
History we make in raps, not fake and you just heaps of toys

Heaps of toys, and they thinkin that their rap is real
They're so toy, boy, put them in a happy meal
We blood brothers and all day
You can't touch us, you dumb fuck, just walk away
So what you think bro?
Off tap like the sink broke
What they gonna do, when they witnessing the king flow

So what they thinking bro, these faggots lack a rhythmic flow
Rappin but were packing .45's so fucking let em go

Trained to kill, 80 pills, popped in Mercedes still
Watch how the haters feel, not for the lame its real
Crazy gifted with the 80s blade inflicted on your ladies face
Your misses we the AB wait they get it

Wait, wait, they get it your with there ain't a substitute
The best, what you reckon, you got something that you love to do
Spent a lot of time to get here, yeah man it took quite a while
Doesn't happen overnight go get your rhyiming style

Your rhyme styles more weeks than a calendar

You gay rappers are just reeking of lavender

They wanna battle, I won't compete with an amateur

Defeat, what you speak, have you fiending for stamina

Sydney street rap, South West where the street at
Your saying that your street, but the streets hate your speak back

You need a street map, define where the streets at
We're where the streets at, and beats make the streets clap

So talk your shit, cause you rappers are broke
Got punchlines like I'm swinging at a saddy of coke

Just know they're, packing a quote, with maximum dope
Stab your hag in the back of the throat till you collapse and ya choke (What
!)

We got the feeling and the feeling is good,
We never changed, thats the deal we keep it real with the hood
Kerser, Rates, NEBS is bass, you know it really is good
We got you laced off your face we know your fiending your hood

Your hood,
Tell me that didn't start you day with a bang
Suns out, (good morning)
Its quarter past 7 you've already had like, 3 spliffs, (Theres no rest for t
he sickest)
Its one of them days,
Kerser, Rates, NEBS, whatup!