

I Thought Ya Quit

Kerser

Bass drop heavy, I just drank more Henny
I'm about to piss you off, thank you, I'm ready
It's the Kerser one, bitch, big chains in the Drive-Thru
Everybody lookin', I just came here to buy food
Price of fame, handle that with a few tabs
Make a move back, what you mean I got my groove back?
Ain't ever left, set the swagger where it meant to be
Got the fresh recipe, demolishing my enemies
Tracy Grimshaw, I still haven't finished yet
Got a photo on my blowup-doll, I'm kickin' it
Then I'm sticking it with a fuckin' switchblade
Watch it fly around the room, I think it got an itch, mate
Think I'm insane, throw me in the loony bin
I'll be with Rates like, man I swap your blue for green
Real intelligent, I'm always staying relevant
You tellin' by my elegance, I'm nothing short of excellent

Ask me if I'm sober, I be like fuck no!
You're talking weed, alcohol, all the drugs bro
I don't pop pills, unless I triple dump
But I thought you quit? Well I didn't, cunt
I did clean up and I ain't on the hard shit
I just live life, enjoy it 'til I pass it
So who the man with the shit to sell?
It's Kerser, want 'em free or you can keep it to yourself

Still drive 'round town like a maniac
I don't know but my psych say it's brain attacks
So insane with rap, I should fuckin' dangle cats
By the tail yellin' "free pussy" to a gang of fags
You ain't get no pictures brah
You just like to let the people stop and think you are
I got these bitches throwin' bras as I'm rappin' lad
Some bitches stalk, if I see them, I'ma slap them bad
What the fuck? I ain't a pop star bitch
I ain't soft, you won't hear me on no Triple J shit
I'm a one-man army with a thousand on course
So many people through your door that your house will just fall
Get with the program, I'm so sick with my art
That these other rappin' faggots keep on kissin' my arse
You can't get sick of me brah, I remain at the top
I'm a legend already, I'd be crazy to stop, what?

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So long Trace!