

Look Here

Kerser

Ch-yeah
It's the one and only Kerser
I'm just gonna address some things
And it's like:

I've been on top of the game since I came in this shit
Amazingly gifted with the pain that I spit
And plus I'm in the winner lane, I ain't have to indicate
I've got my hands on the wheel and I'm steerin' straight
I'm a ABK, a twenty-two, a five and, no
I do it nice, I learn about it, I'll get found by scuba divers
I'm the truest rhymer slash rapper, ew, and I'm a
f*ckin' headache to a hater, King Kerser crucifier
The flow ain't sloppy, I do this shit effortless
You're the new king, you're takin' over, let me guess
I hear that shit every time, it ain't happenin'
Your gigs ain't even shows, they're more like f*cking gatherings
I sell out massive venues on the regular
Rapping is my bitch and she knows me as a predator
I took over, pay homage and don't bite my shit
And when you see me, just say hi, no need to ride the dick

It's the Kers, spit my shit from the heart, yeah
They try and do the same but they ain't got a heart, yeah
Kerser G-strings up your girl's arse, yeah
It sold out, the other girls are like "it don't fit"
Can't believe I threw that shit in the hook here
If you're lookin' for a superstar, just look here
Every time I drop an album, it's a good year
It's ABK and we the label that you should fear

I made f*cking history, the style they roart
Half these street rappers only child support
If it wasn't for Kers man, there wouldn't be a scene for yah
I made 'em open up their eyes, I bleed from the
Fact that the bottom can just rise to the top
So give me props [?] unless we're lightin' the lot

And how I brang the mainstream underground, man it's crazy
'Cause they try do the same but that's the reason why they hate me
Okay, stop now, I'm thinkin' that's a lame sign
It's obvious they love me but they jealous at the same time
I laugh and I keep gettin' paychecks
You stole my shit, you should give me up some payments
But they broke, they won't say it in their rap though
I'm the only one that makes its rapping 'bout a cash flow
It sounds silly, talkin' 'bout how you're stackin' cash
But you know you're not, you want the scene? You can have it back

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"Okay Kers, what you think about the scene now?
What's it like when you're livin' out your dream? How
Did it it happen? What's the trick? What you gotta do?
What's your missus' name, I heard you had a baby too
What about your house? I heard you're near the water now
Is it better than the life you had in Campbelltown?"
What the f*ck? You stupid f*ck, don't you ask me shit
Unless you ask what I like better, arse or tits

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