

## Scot Vs Kers

Kerser

This is scot kers  
Let me have the verse  
You always hogged the spotlight you forgot  
That I grab the words  
You ain't really that cunt!  
Thinking that you mad fuck you still the same chap smoking cones  
You wouldn't have lunch  
But ohh the fame  
How it's playing with your brain  
Your rhyming single syllables and everything is lame  
What happened to the passion in the rapping in your actions  
Lately make me think your crazy lazy  
Thinking like your knacked  
And it's sad you  
Bomb yourself with tattoos  
Think your in a bad crew look at you, you sad move  
Let me have my life back  
I stabb myself like die rap  
Kerser on your face the ink got placed well never dry that  
Right there was a scream for help  
And everytrack you drop you saying your being yourself  
Your a fucking liar addict  
Pop a pill you isn't magic kinda tragic  
Your obsession being fresh  
You just a maggot  
I don't want your fucking car  
Your fucking shoes the fucking whole lot  
Let me take my brain  
And have my life back as the old scott  
Your fucking fame whore  
Run-away in pain or  
Go an jump on stage raw have another 8 more  
Of them xannies you anxiety pathetic  
And your writing ain't a message  
Because you finding you regret it  
But it's a sercet  
And it's burning you admitt it  
You fucking junkie pull your head in  
And call yourself the sickest dickhead!

Hahaha it's kerser the sickest, ahh I think scots tripping out abit  
I'll break it down this is the truth

It's kers one the fucking mircale from brith  
And scottie getting angry cause he's fearing all the work  
Think about it scott  
You could barely hold a job  
And I made the rapping happen  
Now you feeling like you lost  
You fucking took a backseat  
I went and rang the baller  
State to state I'm working late of course I'm gonna score drugs  
Without the kers you still be in the fucker gutter bludging off your mother  
Even taking money from your younger brother  
You hate the arrogance  
It took you as a shock to  
Don't let these people

Try to tell you that I'm not you  
I represent the struggle  
Your the drug you couldn't hustle  
I'm your only fucking talent shit I hate to burst your bubble  
Imagine life without me  
You wouldn't have a house g  
I threw the g in there to match that single syllable ouch shee  
Come an took it over now  
You fucking skitzafricanic  
Remember when you made a prayer  
To God about me that's pathetic  
And fucking oath I pop pills  
I roll blunts  
I got bills  
But they all pay because kerser took control so what is scot still?  
The one to make it better  
You're a fucking joke admitt it  
Kerser one I'm signing out I'll end with the sickest dickhead!

So which one am I  
Should I choose to end it all  
Call a mate I mean ain't that what all your friends are for?  
I'm fucking so lost  
I don't know what's what  
Day by day I live for kers  
I'm feelling like now scots lost

But this is scot right  
Or just scared of the spotlight  
Living like hes livin  
Everyday I'm feeling scot hides

But that's it I mean it's sure to hurt  
Kind of making sense why they fucking call you kers, reverse