

Sickest For Life

Kerser

Back pack packed in the back of a black car
Cash strapped dacked life of a rap star
Haters get hacked and collapse when they bashed brah
You see life change when you start getting cash huh
I sense the jealousy I'm used to it now
I see 'em watching sussing out all my movements and how
I rose up to the top
They gon' copy those moves
But there's only one Kerser
Is there possibly two?
Because I get these mood swings
And I'm lost in a twist
My brain rage, tell my mind to pop a shot at your wig
The music scene used to hate me, but that has changed lately
Got everyone intrigued, but they don't know if to rate me
I'm smoking spliffs through the city pumping 2Pac
Three cars in a line you watch us move cause
Sipping Sprite but the colour had a tune up
New everything, but fuck wouldn't you bruz?
Flip rap like it's crack money generates
Since I learnt that you know I went and get it mate
Still the freshest cunt to pick up a mic
If you try to spit my shit you start to hiccup and die
I'm the sickest for life
I put my dick in your eye
So you can see me fucking coming
Gotta pick up your pride
Never listen to hate
I fucking shit on your plate
And wipe my ass with that bullshit that you think is your wage
I bottled up I let it out, we the kings of the scene
Even if they dissing, guarantee they still listen to me
Plus I've never been confronted by a hater in real life
They talking on the net so I don't know what that feels like
Weak gronks I fucking proved I'm a boss
Check the units when you can I'm fucking moving a lot
No ones done what I've done
You mean it's not right to brag?
Well I'm a brag until they take this spot light off my back
I toured hard for a while I was barely at home
I told my girl I gotta get it I'm aware in my zone
And then I came home like aye, what can we buy?
I swear to God that's what I said and I'm not gonna lie
The rap hustle got it down and the timing was right
I got everything you need labels dying to sign
To say the best in the biz yo they call that a hardcore
But how, let's compare who was helped at the start or
I'm a leave it for these fuckers to work out
I'm in your brain, engrave my name I'm writing the Kers proud
Remember when I started I would dream of this shit
Now I'm here let's celebrate what's it mean when you spit
And now they making up rumours with some negative comments
But I got their fucking sister hooked with sedative problems man
ABK still the crew that I rep
I could tell a couple stories but I chose to reject
Because there's shit not made for music
Plus the coppers are watching

They trying to close in but there isn't a problem
Investigator, fuck you I'm out here the sickest
One thing on my mind now I'm out to get the digits bitches