

The Real Sh!t

Kerser

Our pay, got it sittin' in a satty bag
Me and nebs spendin' big
Yeah we happy lad
What you know about working on an album?
Watch it sell pop pills countin' thousands?
Put a bit aside for the boys on the inside
Play the music over phones so they hear us spit rhymes
I went from Nautica to Gucci
You rap fake cause you saw it in a movie
We rap life straight street when we represent
You ain't seen what we seen you ain't gettin' it
They used to laugh cause the brands was the no names
Now I rock gold and designer got no shame
Toe tag body bag any competition
Say you rootin bitches, but ya fuckin' cock is missing
ABK that's the crew, that's the lifeline
Ya hear a click click followed with a bye bye

Kers and Nebs taking over the rap biz
You hear our catalogue and ya thinkin' yeah that's sick
Yeah that's sick, that's street, that's the real shit
Yeah that's speech that beat ya I feel it

Kers n' Nebs kickin back on the lean, stackin' the green, slangin' crack to
fiends Smashing the scene uhh
No need for me to say who the winner is
We made too much cash from these tracks, it's ridiculous
I'm lookin' at these other rappers tryin' not to laugh
Popping xanny's in the studio I'm high as fuck!
Ya mrs heard my sexy voice on the nebulizer
Now she is beggin' me and textin' me to get inside her
Coked up, I party keen on the party scene
Even fuckin' Charlie Sheen said he can't compete
When it comes to beats, n-e-b is hard to beat
Slurpin' on a cup of lean 'til my face is army green
This is the real shit, I'm I'll with I kill this
You been doin' it for years and ya still shit
I made this beat and I hit the jackpot
Neb's leavin all you rappers lookin' like wack gronks!

I gotta fetish, yeah a fetish for the ashcay
I blew up now a buncha fuckin' lads hate
I think they mad cause I brag about pay
An they still pissed off on da back of the train
I'm in da club with my crew, yeah we're easy to find
Aussie rap needs balls, yeah leave it to I
Never ever hold a grudge cause we handle it quick
I'm on stage ya misses tryna' put her hand on my dick
Yeah this time around I be claimin' I'm king
I keep it raw proper Australian, ya dig...
Fresh cunt, drip swag on ya new rugs
Hypocrite when I tell ya not to do drugs
If I'm out than ya likely to see
My fuckin' eyes out my head an' I'm grindin' my teeth
Kers and Nebs, KNR call it what you will
And when nebs mixed this I was poppin' pills, for real!

S-C-O-T - Sickest Cunt Out There
NE to the motherfucking B's
This beat's (dope yeah) OR (is pumping)?