

# The Vibe

Kerser

Anythin' I touch you know turn into a hit  
It ain't the gift of the gab, it's just a gift of the sick  
It had me lost in the ways, with the wave of the weed  
I make the shit that you love, I re-created the scene  
I mean, nowadays bro, they callin' me an icon  
Every time I write songs, remind you why my hype strong  
Over years I got a stigma like it's "do drugs"  
But the whole time I wrote the shit that gives you goosebumps  
Win so much and I guarantee I win more  
Did enough for the scene, why they whinge for?  
I'm still fucked from back in day, poppin' imports  
A lot changed from puttin' Kerser on the brick wall  
I made the soundtrack for your last nine years  
So many pills that it's hard for me to try steer  
Fall asleep when I drive, blame the seat heater  
So much weed, have to chop it with a meat cleaver  
They hear me on the block like a street sweeper  
A jackpot if you get me on the free feature  
I set trends, I don't say that 'cause it sounds good  
I stand out 'cause I got a different outlook  
Nation-wide, I blew up, bitches try to get with me  
She after D, we call her the fuckin' letter E  
My neck sore 'cause I keep gettin' new chains  
Got my daughter jewellery, hope it helps her tooth pain  
Tables turned, fat stacks, make my pants sagged  
I'm already set, don't jump on the bandwag'  
Choppin' up cuz I need to get this shit dismantled  
Best rhymes I think of when I'm holdin' scissor handles  
Oh, you ain't heard I'm the man of this shit?  
"Wait a Minute" made 'em trip, man, I never will quit, nope  
Favourite rapper, look, you know me for a while now  
I still been killin' all this shit on this side of town  
Had a break, think they thought that I was lyin' down  
I been thinkin' "who the fuck should I be signin' now?"  
Run and tell 'em, "oh the Kerser on his shit again"  
Made it by myself, never had to try fittin' in  
She pulled her pants down, I ain't try stick it in  
She took it straight to her face like her Instagram  
It demand so smooth that the shit hurt  
If they said that it's "dope" then it is Kers  
Red eyes, too smashed, I still look the same  
Same attitude too man, I couldn't change  
You know the name, I ain't new to the hits  
I'm the king, add that if you reviewin' this shit  
Shit, pills had me stressin' no denying the shit  
Dropped "Bad Habits" and that proved that I'm not hidin' the shit  
Looking back, I can't believe I was relyin' on it  
Haters come but that's what happens when you as fly as it gets  
Three spliffs, five cups up in first class  
Flight attendant fightin' over who should serve us  
Billboards, toppin' charts look familiar now  
Five years ago you knew me from your dealer's house  
Got a bag in my pocket and it's vacuum sealed  
Eyes are funny 'cause I'm fuckin' popping smackie pills  
What you mean it's a curse? I'm a rare breed  
A generous cunt, but I never like to share weed  
It ain't about how many words you can rhyme

It's more about the fact I shine and it's like Kerser's a vibe, right  
Got the aura of a motherfuckin' superstar  
I got reminded, you feel that 'cause that is who you are  
Who's who? Trippin' out with the red eyes  
Have a sesh under bridge on the M5  
Never mind, shit, I keep having flashbacks  
'Cause ABK's way more than some raps lad  
Only know what to do when it's too late  
New fans, new money, brings new hate  
Needed back the vibe we had before the spotlight  
Need another hit, you wait until I drop right  
Man it's me, I don't drop nothing but hits  
You hate but on the low, you know you still pumpin' my shit  
Quick, get em ready 'cause I'm different with rap  
I'm the reason why they watchin', put the shit on the map  
It's a banger after banger, been on fire since the nargas  
Had the cadence of a player, made these haters act like gangas  
King, and I don't need no mad hook  
I just gave you some more shit up out my scrap book  
Kers