These Kunts

Kerser

Yeah
Rocking that gold, I'm bout to buy a Range brah (today)
Tint the windows got ya bitch in the same car!
Kerser one! I'm with Forts and Rates
I got your fucken head nodding like ya scored some H!
So pick it up! Let me take you on a mission tonight (come on!)
I'll spread ya bitches legs just to fucking piss on her thigh!
I've reached a level of fame, I met the devil again, (sup bro)
Pulled a hammer and pushed a mutha fucken peg in his brain!
I'm insane... Every day of the week
Kick ya mouth and fucken spell out ABK with ya teeth!
I'm getting money thanks to rap! I put C-TOWN on tha map!
But they copy what we do so we bout to take it back!
Rock a show, count the cash in a five star
Notes are left white after racking up some lines brah!
It's all the same fucken state 2 state
I left her fucken ass branded with a ABK, touche!

(Fortay)
These kunts! They can suck me off!
(Rates)
Suck! Suck! Suck! Suck! Suck! Suck!
(Fortay)
Suck me off!
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Ask someone what I stay bout son
First word was cunt cause I came out one!
Chasing pay never runnin from shit
West Syd bred a beast, I'm a son of a bitch!
Weak shits, see Fort ain't bout dat!
Fuck the rat race, never caught in the mouse trap!
And I don't care about the chronic you get gronk!
Cunts quick to roll like they Sonic the Hedgehog!
Fake gronks can't do what we do
Spit in ya bitch clit and I use it as lube!
And God the only fucking cunt that can stop this
Flying high with ya bitch, up in a cockpit!
Pen and page got me getting the pay!
In the middle of some shit, to now centre of stage!

Let em hate every word that I talk
I'm a fuck em till they love it! Rates, Kerser and Fort!

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Wait ready for war! I'm hunting for the cash
The safe, gonna empty it all! Don't take offence to me or
I'll have to go and make my point and stomp ya head to the floor!
You can tell ya fucken boys I make the text to tha call!
I ain't a hard cunt, but Ratesy man he arks up!
Them sparks can start flyin from a pistol if you're smart cunt!
They wouldn't bite this! Well wait they can fucking try it!
I'm hear juggling knives, high, while I'm bustin my rhymes!
Hit the stage, vodka, red bull and a couple of blunts!
Living on a ride, now only just to adjust to the buzz!
So why you fucken with us? I'm whilin out
And while she's in a rage, ya lucky he ain't cuttin you up!
You cunts are rappin tones of energy, this isn't Sons of Anarchy!
I gotta hot shot for ya bitch, the fucking remedy!
This tha West Syd shit, the district, the South West!
Never leave a fight, without you walking the town a mess!

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