

We Run Shit

Kerser

Back to basics, straight amazing, ask me bout the game I'm playing
Dreading what I've done to locks, you thinking bout it, ain't Jamaican
Kerser been the sickest probly why I'm earning digits
And they looking at your shit like rather burn it cause your bitches
Swagger like I've never seen I'm here to hurt and burn a bitch
Your shit get no views like Hustle Hard without a Kerser vid (True)
Everybody dribble and they kidding ain't it whack son?
Leave 'em injured whinging cause they're toy just like a cap gun (Get it?)
No you ain't a rapper cause you've been inside a booth before
I bust my ass to get here and you try and make a movement more,
Meaningful than mine, but thats impossible I'm made for this
And you be on my dick, pretty much just like your lady is
If I never said it then you faggots can not call it sick,
Download your shit illegally, now thats what I call roasting shit
Cause its shit, and I'm sick
I am what is real, and you is just pretending bitch

[Nebs speaking]

Its like the more hardcore they get,
Its like the shitter they rap
Bruz tone it down brah, your not that hard
Yo, learn how to rhyme

[Verse 2: Nebs]

Fuck the antibiotics
Just fill the van with narcotics
I'm the man with the chronic beats,
They slam when I'm on it
Haters panties get knotted
They can't handle me rockin
Whack comments are dropping
On the net I am watching,
Cause they know I'm is better, thats why Nebs a problem
Cause they know if I see 'em, pick up a weapon and clock 'em
They looking threatened I rob 'em
Give up your credit and wallet
Bend over bitch, and take the Hennessy bottle
Your not forgetting me gronkers
You had bad memories from it
That are so fucking bad, you go to therapy from it
And he be's honest, no fuck it and he be's on it
Watch me come and skull this fucking medicine bottle
I'm getting energy from it, and bruz I'm ready to vomit
I'm fucking hanging for Xanny's and then I'm ready to pop 'em
My fucking head is just throbbin'
My dick is red as a rocket
And your chicks already naked and she's ready to cop it, uh

[Sarm speaking]

Yeah, all these cunts are fucking fucked
They're all fucked

[Verse 3: Sarm]

Welcome, you found someone in his fucking prime
Ain't nothing to fuck with like, Wu Tang back in '95
Please excuse me guys, the shit I spit is stupid fine
Too refined, call me the priest, cause I be super fly

That was my movie line, pack your shit its moving time
If thats your chick she super fine
She sucked my dick around 2:05
Shout outs, 225, ABK, the whole crew's live
I'm on that news you high
Mess withy my vibe you'll lose at night
Yeah I'm the shit, your just poo disguised
I do a line thats super sized,
You can't rap your spooning guys
See its too easy I could do this blind
We ain't the same, I'm a 10, your a junior 9
When I spit I'm schooling guys
Its a party schoolies time,
When you spit I snooze all night
Mismatch if you choose to fight
Quit dancing your tutu's tight
Your a fake, not a new I
You just can't do this right
We'd fuck, you lose at life

[Hook: Nebs]

Its Sarm, Kerser and Nebs
We run this shit you just shit in your bed
Sick in the head, I'm sick of your head
If yous were a bitch I'd spit on your set
Fuck the whole scene its piss [?]
Fuck your whole team its a bitch in a dress
I'm sick and depressed that I spit with the best
Cause they're shit and they think that they're equally fresh

[Verse 5: Kerser]

This is what they calling me, you rapping but its awkwardly
Exactly what, I was doing back around 04 or 3
So don't you try to step, yo I ain't say I'm a vet
Cause most these veterans are faggot I'm a step ahead of them
Let 'em get at them, guarantee I'll take the head of them
Breaking both their legs and then, asking if they get it in
K-E-R-S, I put em in the ER,
Nah you couldn't do it, don't you try it, its for me brah

[Verse 6: Nebs]

Mr. Annie B the mother fucker come and crack your lips
Its like you don't have a dick, and your raps are whack as shit
Think your fucking Rambo and your clips fucking acting bitch
Remind me of a compact disc, pl-pl-pl-plastic shit
You are fucking hopeless as, obviously smoking shabs
And you're fucking broke as, smoking blokes for cash
Mr. Big Gun you think are the kings son
But all you are to me is a busted red ring bum

[Verse 7: Sarm]

Yes, did you not hear what I said before?
Like binge thinkers, motherfucker I just repped the raw
Get out my booth, you can't rap, you just press record
Your vids suck, give it up bruzz, less is more
See what your stressing for
I ain't here to lecture your,
Someone I'm electrical,
Not top 10 I'm the best of all
Fuck you and your festival,
No one heres impressed at all
Got a verse in Kerser's album
That equals sex for sure