

Zippin Em' Up

Kerser

Kers the man that they call when they need a
Money, fame or they looking for a feature
Tell em I ain't giving a fuck
I didn't do shit, my pants I'm just zippin' em up
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I ain't ever looking back, it's the Kers in here
I'm the reason why all the bitches thirsty here
Pants full of pills, I'mma share 'em with my brother man
You hold my stack it hurts your back, and can't fit in a rubber band
You got a problem? Well I got a solution
Rappers ending up dead, they say I'm pollutin'
I'm the man of this shit if you didn't know
And you can check all the stats on the videos
Or you can check from the ARIA charts
Or you can check from the paper, look remarkable star
Plus I got your bitch and she calling the phone
But I threw my mates number, she won't leave it alone
I'm a king stand staunch, I remain in my place
I don't check online so just say it to my face
Fifth album in, in a matter of years
Money buys happiness, your favourite rapper is here

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Heard they talkin' gritty, other side of city
ABK in the cars, are you ready
Should we came home, we were leanin' back
He said your raps kill em all, I'll leave em flat
I like the need for that, cause they pussies bro
We the A-B-K, we the best of both
Triple J compared us to the Aussie death row
Like what the fuck are they tryna say
Full blacklisted, still find our way
And the view from the top looks kinda grey
Coulda signed 50 deals like last Tuesday
Kerser one, I'm makin' those moves mate
Told em at the start this is what I'll do
Now they all on my back, what the fucks it to you?
I been doing the Kers since The Nebulizer
That was 5 years ago, I keep gettin' higher

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Fresh as a motherfucker mixing lean
I mix my lean with listerine
I mix my weed with bits of ease
And wonder why I can't sleep, mysteries
Let me tell you about the Kers, I've been in it for a minute
Funny how these new comers are coming to their finish
And it's kinda got me thinking is it worth it if I mix in with these artists
and I fit in
Lad it's Kerser, are you kidding
It's the Kers, I'm too real for that
At the ARIA's, dack with some pills and rack
If my crew came too then who brang who
Ah you got your fuckin' chain snatched
Boo fuckin' hoo
I can't be touched, I'm the Kers with this
I'm the hook to your chin from the words I writ
I'mma drift away, its the Kerser right
Then rewind that shit, make sure you heard me right

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