

## 9 Outta 9

Kerser

My raps is a note that's a hundred letters  
Grew up way different so the cunts won't get it  
While you was at school you was trying to pass lots  
Rates was showing me how to weigh up a half oz  
My first choof I was 12 years old  
Felt hooked since then guess the world is cold  
Tip of the ice berg, tip of the ice berg  
Will be when the ice burns thinking back I turned  
16 when I lit the pipe with boobs at a bus stop round Christmas night  
Back then shit you see the crystal move  
Uneducated like it was the shit to do  
I turned into a rap star proved them wrong  
I ain't need another pipe give me the doob or bong  
Imma move along call me the business man  
Cause I'm busy no rest that's a business plan

Move on I'm the shinning bit, rhyming sick  
Time tick you can ride the dick  
Right tits, nice hips and she grinding it  
9 hits outta 9 when my lines are spit  
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Break down on the shit I say  
I got a different fucking vibe for every single day  
We won't say what we don't need nah  
Eyes half closed you can blame the codeine brah  
Back on my king shit, rap like a king shit  
Wonder why they call me king, you hearing what a king is  
Big boss hustle, hustle the music  
And just like a dealer my customers abuse it  
Word play with a metaphor  
I still root rap that's what I met if for  
Kiss the ring bitch, its the hand of a boss  
Beef shit these days, shit I dare them to cross  
Need it to sell I'm the one you still come after  
You oh so making money cos I'm numb with a gun  
On a hoodie that was worn by the Kerser one  
If Kerser didn't rock the hoodie probably would of sold none  
Its all up

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Hot car without the number plates  
On the run for another fucking hundred days  
My raps in ya brain, pull ya back out ya frame  
Now you gasping in pain I'm attacking the game  
This rap shit here in Oz is mine

If you want beef sweet, but not with rhymes  
Lets handle it the street way, send ya boys  
Come back beat up you were pretender boy  
Let me tell you what's dangerous and fun  
Rates with a gun  
Mind set dangerous when I write like this  
The flows switching up like the lights on pigs  
Heal me rip this shit you should see me live  
Ya sets so dirty gotta clean my eyes  
Fresh shit yeah ya know where to find it  
Head to the stores, find Kers and buy it

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