

Can't Dispute It

Kerser

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Oi, listen!

Livin' legend, I should prob'ly give out game
Get your money, trust you don't wanna live with fame
Have your own shit 'cause everybody spit the same
And no one love you underground unless you in the grave
I was battle rappin' after havin' acid tablets
At seventeen, I had more bars than a xanny habit
Bury me alive, try to bury me alive
Labels had to sign me just to get me on their side
I'm a powerful wreckin' force to be fucked with
Watch a cunt spit, it get better when the blunt lit
Do more for a brand than a brand do
You meant to wear the brand make the brand come demand you
That's how the man do Kers lad I set change
You get killed on your street that's a dead end
I'm feeling good and we can blame the tab I popped
I could quit right now and go and live off my back catalog

You can't handle all this true shit
Showed you how to hustle music
When its facts you can't dispute it
Man I got em mad cause I didn't include em
What we gonna do what we gonna do now
Every stage I touch I show em how to move crowds
Sponsorships other shit and I choose songs
Appreciate me in the booth cause I can move on

Damn, how could you forget
Not like I need to drop reminders, here's a kick to the head
You motherfuckas jealous of me want a shiv to my flesh
But smokin esh the only time I take a stick to my chest then listen
Its the Kers you can't find a body more fresh
I'm usually in clothes that ain't even hit the store yet
Slick talk syd rap yes I rhyme grime[?] knocked back pussy that you probably
would have died for
Til' I die swear they never gonna find a fresher
Nice jewellery let me hit it with a diamond tester
Likely never
Come see me with my creaming soda
Enough lean in it to put me in a friggin coma
Cunts in music can pretend they my friend
I mean they like you doin good but never better than them
Media attacking me man they writtin these full scripts
Til' the next journalist gets fucked with a pool stick

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People wonder why my car smell like a hash fam

Well I got a plan to put a hit out on the tax man[?]
(What?)
Shit everybody take a breath
Lookin in the mirror only time I face a threat
Make a bet
Who can make their money flip?
You a joke and you don't even do funny shit
Its a fact too many reasons I'm king
Type of cunt you see out in public can't believe that its him
Kers

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