

Exceptional

Kerser

Oi cunt, I'm about to bring that real shit back
Shit's turned into a fashion show
They been missing and I been busy

I been busy on the hustle, it's the same drill
A rush of blood, my music feelin' like a cane fields
They want the technical rhymes, I'm like "fuck that"
I used to have a stash pot in the bottom of my bum bag
Listen cunt, I can break a flow miraculous
I came in an era when it wasn't 'bout the fashion bitch
'Round the time when you really fuckin' had to spit
I battle cunts and my mates would wanna stab 'em, shit
Moments later, I'm a star, pop up everywhere
The sickest cunt and I never needed Medicare
They thought I left, I'm thinkin', I ain't going anywhere
She had a grudge, smash the box, I was getting square
What we doin' with the game, where I take it now?
Steer 'em off a cliff if they try to take the crown
People ask how I make my drink change colour
Two-two-five, I still represent the same numbers

Leave this to professionals
Self made, self paid, I'm exceptional
What you know about the rappin' game?
I used to battle for a tenner in the alleyway
Then I hit the big time
Like shit stack it up we gon' live life
What you know about the rappin' game?
Everybody stop and listen when I'm rappin' mane

No certificate for school, I'm a dropout
First you see the car, then the diamonds when I hop out
I'm in the club, smokin' up, I let my chain hang
They see me and they attempt to do the same thing
Rollin' spliffs in Ubers, travellin' through the CBD
Getting head off bitches, watchin' my old DVDs
I'ma hit it up, you know me as the sickest cunt
My pack of smokes ain't got no ciggies, just filled up with fifty blunts
Ain't no pressure when you're Kerser, I'm on top of shit
A clumsy cunt 'cause I'm always fuckin' droppin' hits
Let me walk you through the steps of meditation
Preparation and then retaliation
Bitch, I'm still reppin' what I claim
No matter where I hang, it's embroidered in my brain
Baked as and I'm sitting in my house ripped
New teeth, I put my money where my mouth is

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Sick of brag rap, shit I got mad raps

Swag rap, fat rap, repellent to your back chap
I'ma have this playing in the ghetto
Or anybody with a mission just to get dough
Know the name, it's the Kerser, the shit
You got a spliff? This the one, you can burn it to this
The sickest spit on the track and I'm pumpin' my old shit
Thinking to myself, "well no wonder it sold big"

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