

# Feelin Like

Kerser

Ay yo NEBS  
I'm glad we saved this one for last brother  
Yo  
Look

Sometimes I wanna get a shot gun, close range  
Ending it all fuck I hope there ain't no pain  
Then my families fucked and all messed up  
Is this depression or the lesson that the drugs fuck?  
I've been hitting shit since I hit 13  
Whatever we could get pop a roofie if its dirt cheap  
Then I made it in rap ain't that your dream bro?  
When you picture it its nothing what it seems though  
Constant threats so I'm buying guns  
With the shit I spend on that I should supply my mum  
A new car or somethin' I threw stacks at Rates  
We both the same so that went to waste  
I got a massive house and a luxury car  
My girl screaming at me I don't know who you are  
No excuse but the fame and the drug mix  
With the cash turned me into to a fuck wit  
I'm sorry

I don't wanna live my life no more  
I ain't wanna be a victim of the shout out war  
I ain't wanna be known as a tripped out lost cunt  
Got my freedom but it's feeling like I'm locked up  
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I got what I want, why the fuck I feel this?  
It ain't Kers if I ain't spit the real shit  
I've seen the bitter shit that's why I give you bad stares  
I try and block but the memories are trapped there  
Got money coming trust me that ain't bring happiness  
Tell that Pharrell that fuckin' song is a bunch of shit  
Growing up kids were searching through a clothing bin  
I see 'em lately and they say waddup they don't don't whinge  
I'm just gonna fuckin' spill my heart  
Hate me or love me I've been real from the start  
What you know about a mate almost comatose?  
I need you here and I'm worried you will overdose  
Cos you the back bone to this shit you're gonna need help  
Who am I to talk? I'm sleeping with a seat belt  
As a pillow in the passenger seat  
Fell asleep halfway through I was having a feed  
I need help

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I hadn't seen a mate for a couple of months  
I seen him and it hurt he was fucking it up  
And it broke my heart more cos his bro was on the pipe too  
The same kid that looked up to us at high school  
I said I wanna chat and fix the prob  
One ear out the other can I speak to God?  
If you listenin' help in some way or form  
It's like holding aerals on planes in storms  
Someone's gettin' struck every bodies running mucks  
Ice will make your best friend wanna fuck you up  
The tabs I've popped probably killing my liver  
Pain stops sprite so my body don't shiver  
I need guidance I ain't gonna hide shit  
I hope what I'm saying don't lead to violence  
I had enough of that coppers tryna lock me up  
Fuck 'em Imma make my music and pop my drugs

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And whatever I said in this track  
It isn't meant to bring you down  
You need to find the positive in it  
We as a society need help  
This is just what I see  
Imma march on  
Stand tall  
Kerser  
We out