

Flight Mode

Kerser

Wakin' up with a blunt to my face
I'm myself man, I'm blunt to your face
Mix so much lean that it killed my vocal chord
Got an operation then I went and poured me up some more
I'm in a new car, swerving on a cliff edge
I went from crust and I turned it into big bread
Hi I'm Kers, I'm well known, I don't sell blow
But when I answer phones it's always to a jail tone
My old mixtape bro, they missin' what was spoken then
To rap like that, shit you'd have to have me broke again
And that's not happenin', my style influenced you rappers
Then that's a fact again, I'm miles in the future, snappin'
I'm sparkin' on a blunt again
Shit that's me bein' blunt again
And today I met the sickest cunt
Yeah I was lookin' in the mirror but

Fall down and my mind is on flight mode
Facin' struggles everyday, gotta fight bro
I could be livin' different, wishin' for a ride home
Kers One, guarantee I won't die broke
Fall down, you gettin' up, it's a part of life
And you're connected through the music, you a part of mine
Everyday wakin' up like "I made it"
I let it flow in God's hands, I won't change shit

I think if any rapper had the pressure I had
They would've quit and their buzz would've died bad
My bad, back when you thought I was fried lad
I was makin' moves that went and set me up for life, mad
Then I seen the game of this
I had some lows, was really gonna blow my brain to bits
Tryna' get off Xannies, I was screamin' out for help
Tried to hide it with "Bad Habits", did the writin' help? well...
Months later, I was checkin' into rehab
Met some fans in there, they were like "I thought you're clean lad"
I just looked at them like "Yeah..." and I shrug my shoulders
Every minute of withdrawal's gettin' fuckin' colder
Had the scene blamin' me like "You spread the Xans"
It went from that to "Come on Kerser, we went ten for ten"
And I am meant to be the one who shows respect to them?
That's half the reason with the scene, I start neglectin' them

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