

Ima Stunner

Kerser

Never gon' find me broke again
Cop a brand new car with an open hand
'Cause the fingertip's got a spliff in it
While I swerve on the road just to mix my drink
I had crowds packed before you rapped
We had lads stash gats before I spat
I had flows like this when no one would
I got hated before I was misunderstood
Then the worked it out, what the Kers about
I never had a bitch ever turn me down
I put weed buds in my cube
Smokin' spliffs in my jewellers
Just got a brand new time piece
She hate my music but she like me
I got five-eights that'll fight mate
That'll slice face and even life take
Do this shit too easy
House paid with old CDs
That's boss shit, can't doubt that
Top of the game but it's downpat
We get G'd if it's hostile
If you touch me, you got shot, style
Ain't shit changed, still Kerser
Still droppin' in like a surfer
I'm too local to go global
I'm too South-West with my vocals
Some close calls when I'm stressed out
Then I get high in a penthouse
Worked hard for this top spot
Here, talk tough got, got
Check the game on my king packed
Yeah, Kers the reason they spit rap
And that's big facts

Ooh, try to hit me, you gon' miss me
(Miss) Make you dizzy, I'm a stunner
Do it how I wanna
Yeah, you watched me blow up
I run this shit for, oh, so long (Run it, run it)
Ooh, watchin' me close 'cause you know that I got it
(I got it) I get the bag and let them do the talkin'
(Wow) I'll never give up 'cause I ain't got the option
From the bottom, now I'm shinin'

Never gon' find me stuck again
They have suspects but I'm still sussin' them
Got another cramp in my fuckin' hand
'Cause the jewels that I rock are too chunky, damn
I got the seat back, I'm in shotgun
I got a big spliff and I just popped some
With a zip bag in the glove box
Now my car smells like a bud spot
Do you love Scott or just trust Scott?
Said she love my eyes but they bloodshot
Shush bitch, do the Kers
With a famous bitch and she knew the words
I got shades on but I'm indoors

I shut shops down if I'm in store
I put Grimshaw through a brick wall
Had the media wantin' big wards
I killed every letter from A to Z
So I think I'm allowed to take a E
Wait with me, yeah, I brag a lot
'Cause I came from the bottom and it hasn't stopped
Picture me in like O-nine
With a rhyme style that was so fine
Blocked from the biz, had to go find
And I held the weight on my own spine
Back to the fact, I'm attackin' it mad
And the rap is immaculate, passion in that
So when I brag this and when I brag that
It's the blood, sweat and tears that I drowned in lad
What we gotta do, I'm a best kept stunner
Better get that butter, it's a dead set summer
There's more to me than the eye can see
On the VIP, how you likin' me?
Kers

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