

King

Kerser

Yea
Kerser
(We had to give them some fucking shit on this bruz)
NEBS
(Shit)
Hahaha
Yea
Kill kill kill

Let's go yo
Any beat Kers one we be killing shit
And you know it's going down when I'm in this bitch
20 bitches at the door better bring 'em in
Cos I give it to 'em raw when I stick it in
Got the neighbours next door fucking sick of us
If the coppers get called I don't give a shit
Bruz I got beats galore are you listening?
Talk shit hit the floor when I hit your chin
It's my duty I'm a beast with this epic rhythms
You're like Beauty and the Geek with pathetic lyrics
And I'm Reggie Mite pick getting better with it
And your shit is so weak you should've never spit it
Your piss weak fucking album should've never did it
That's why your bitch is telling me to come and hit it
So if you're clicking on RedTube and see your missus
You know that motherfucking NEBS did it
Another album for the haters fourth time around
Guaranteed the underground classic when I wrote it down
Every night I'm out, get inside your house
Any beam looking for the cash and then I'm out
But before I go, I'm laying on the couch
Sent you a pic of my dick in your bitch's mouth
So you know what NEBS about
Get money get pussy, check it out
We keeping it fresh you keeping it old
Your style's lukewarm mine's freezing cold
It's like a (pair inductor) paracetamol
You best to keep your mouth closed take a seat you mole
Like (Kazza Mel Mazza) I'm kicking goals
And you're just straight fucking licking holes
I'm living proof of the king of the booth
So just like B.I.G. gimme the loot gimme the loot

When it comes to this rap shit I'm the king
When it comes to these beats bitch I'm the king
When you're earning from this rap shit I'm the king
And that's why your missus is on my dick
When it comes to this rap shit I'm the king
When it comes to these beats bitch I'm the king
When it comes to these shows bruh I'm the king
And that's why you little gronks ain't (having our shit)

You talk a lot of this
You talk a lot of that
You talk a lot of shit
It's awful when you rap
You was talking shit and we got your address

And my boys took it personal watch what you said
Now I'm sitting at your house smoking pot off my head
And my boy took a shot you got popped in your leg
Aw shit
The atmosphere
Kers one your fucking favourite rappers here
Slap the shit out the rest of them
Then I blame the drugs and adrenaline
Never in my life have I seen them bite
So much of me I'm barely alive shit
Someone tell them that they gotta stop with that
Otherwise they're gonna get got for that
You tryna keep up but I lost you lad
Admitting that you bite so it's not as bad
Let's go
On my way to a million
You can say it I'm brilliant
I ain't listen to you
Cos last year I made a killing what's a figure to you?
Blowing up in the scene gonna see me fail
I ain't listen to them what you mean they bail?
Before we got there man and talk shit on the net
But when they see us all they do is give us respect
I've had enough of this shit we far ahead
20k's for beats if you asking NEBS
I ain't even start the fucking label yet
Take my word I'll be paid to death
Organise crime yeah I know some cunts
That'll knock you out just for toking up

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