

Next Step

Kerser

Pen with the pad, execution with the rap
Never losing that's a fact, gotta movement to attack/
Used to walk around the streets, copping chases as a track kid
Coppa's barely caught us, if they did, we got bashed, shit
Shit was fun to us, wasn't much more to do
C-town with the crew, who you talking to
Dropped out in year nine, they said I'd be a nobody
Obviously they didn't even get to know Scott, he
Had a plan to write raps every single night that
Put me in positions, jump on stage like 'where the mic at? '
'Member getting chased, hood call them 'muck runs'
Chopper coming out of the night, we yellin' "Duck cunts!"
Hiding in a tunnel sipping goon, we were sixteen
My hair a little different, even then I could spit mean
Came a long way, chill as I reminisce
Pouring up a mix, memories I'll forever miss

Take it to the next step, in Aus I'm the best, yeah
The crew that I rep get rowdy, and I'm deadeast
I ain't gonna say much, I'll leave it to the music
Pouring up a mix, this is easy I abuse it

Started from the start, I'm a take it to the end, bro
We was out bombing streets, just me and my friends, bro
I was never really good with the graff
Still put up everywhere in the hood cause I had
A, destructive mind all I wanna do is vandalise
These days, I'll stab your face till my hands are dry
And someone else can take the charge for that
My shock value can cause a heart attack
Crazy shit happens, I ain't saying it like "hell no"
If I told you everything, I'd be in a cell, bro
Crime got heavier, I ain't gonna dwell that
Whole game changed when everyone started sellin' crack
Never had the mind for that, I wanted to be a rap star
Ten years later, now look where I'm at brah
I wonder if the cunts I did that with
Hear this shit like "Yeah, man, I miss that shit" damn

Them days are gone, now wish I could just bring them back
Yelling "Cops kill kids" out, alley way to stash
All the shit we had, beers in a backpack
Try'n sell gas to cunts, it was really rat sack
What can I say man, I miss my teens
But how can I complain now, I reached my dreams
Pills back then, they were hectic too
'Member, red mitsubishis also came in blue?
My favourite were green star, shoulda seen me brah
Eyes so wide, everybody on the beamer
We got the keys to the council spot
Off some bitch who's dad has a council job
I ain't gonna try and snitch and fuck up myself
Or tell you what happened next, ah, fuck it
It's wealth

That caused a beef with this Constable Jones
I beat his charges in court, hope he's dead and alone