

# On Da Move

Kerser

Never forget who the king of the shit  
I can make your eyes hurt with a flick of my wrist  
Swag out proper it's ridiculous shit  
Cricket bat to your head, yeah, I hit it for six  
None sicker than this, I write rhymes over any style  
Reppin' ABK fuckin' oath, it's been a while  
My lyrical skill has got 'em fearin', I'm ill  
Drinkin' beer and I chill after eatin' a pill  
Woah, so ill with it, put me in the quarantine  
Rap a circle 'round rappers, we all got a dream  
Got out my weapon pokin' out my fuckin' Gucci shirt  
Never lackin', I got enemies, I'm too alert  
You should see when I pull up in my Range Rove  
It's my second one, I treat 'em like a paved road  
Type of cunt you never see them in the same clothes  
Ten racks on the footy, what's the pain bro?

On the move, on the grind, it's the Kers one  
Sippin' drink, gettin' high with a burnt blunt  
They pray for my downfall, I just laugh but  
I could have your chat bitch in a bath tub  
I ain't one to have my eyes on a truck load  
Kickin' back, gettin' sued as I puff 'dro  
It's the Kers, I'm just livin' out my big dream  
It all started in the South-West of Sydney

I sweat swag and I smell like a new note  
I wrote this with a joint on a new boat  
I'm so sick, it's to the point that I'm too dope  
I came in the rap game as a new hope  
A fresh cunt with a style that is all mine  
Tat a king's name, mine's on my jaw line  
A trendsetter with a vendetta then get a  
Drug addict on the benz and you get better  
I explain myself, my album documentaries  
No matter what, I'ma never be a memory  
Only when they lay me down in the cemetery  
And, even then, my ghost will be your fuckin' enemy  
It's the Kers, I just racked one up  
The line was longer than the plate, I still racked it bruz  
Then walk around fucked up, you won't see me 'til a week later  
Kerser one, I'm your fuckin' girl's screen saver

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