

# Put Life In Rap

Kerser

Take it back guess there's certain shit you cannot  
I thought some people had my back but they ran off  
Hope you get the message that I'm sending across  
Thought I knew where I was heading but I ended up lost  
In the maze of the rap game it's kinda like the crack game  
Backstage chilling and somebody seen a strap, man  
Why me why they worry what the kers do  
My rapping help so much that if I ever stop it hurts you  
You won't admit that, you'll get you own chin tat  
Saying that you'll shoot but didn't know the shotty kicks back  
My phones tapped hope they listeing close  
Cause if I'm ever planning shit I won't admit it on phones  
I never answer private numbers till my boys do the stretch  
Keep my money on the books cause I am loyal to death  
Still made it in the country had no radio yet  
But I'll probably be the reason for the radios death  
Deadset

I don't wanna be the one  
To brake down and fall I'm reaching up  
But I work so hard put life in rap  
That equals cash and jealousy and knives in backs

And I just don't know if raps the same  
Filled with fake gronks I never wanna rap again  
I tried to say this shit yeah I did my best  
No matter what real raps living in my flesh

Is it wrong I get a buzz when I show off my shit  
Pulling up in my car like you know what it is  
Years ago they'd laugh, I was poor like dead broke  
Then I got paid won't forget what they said, no!  
Driving in the fast lane, thinking bout my past man  
Almost got trapped seeing life through the glass aye  
Now I'm clean but I still smoke weed, pop pills sometimes  
And still sip my lean  
Used to get my ink by a cunt on the nod  
And if we wanted for tats we would by em at shot  
Grow up round the block that a normal thing  
You live a sheltered fucking life and ignore the shit  
If you seen what I seen then likely you might be  
Hearing what I'm saying do it day and do it nightly  
We lived a different life mine did a 180  
And my price is going up saying hi and pay me  
Baby

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This is me, this the truth it's real

Got the rap, got the look and the street appeal  
You meet fuckers like me harldy every in life  
Since I dropped my first shit  
I've in deeded the mic  
You should look into my eyes  
See the truth the realness they feel this  
I ain't gotta reveal shit  
It's getting hard to stay real for all the fans  
Cause the coppers listen to, they wanna shut down my plan  
Tell the unders to fuck off I'm getting bundles I love us  
And I ain't ever gonna stop from getting money I love it  
So if I come in adumage that means I wasn't 100% in what  
I told my missus so I'm not gonna fuck it  
I've spent a lot my money on shit I got it I'm honestly sick  
And it's even better cause I know what the poverty is  
So let me vibe out smoke a joint and lie down  
Thinking bout my life wow is this really mine now?