

Secret Society

Kerser

Yeah

Let me take you to my past for a second

Look

I thought everything was sweet it was only 9 o'clock
In the morning got a warning, copped a caution from a cop
Walking down the street with a spliff in the lip
Ridiculous copped the fine for the littlest bit
Like a tenner, I'm away I keep walking dare I say
I popped a anizay and ate a massive plate of anyways
So its half past 9 now I'm copping a call
On my phone from a mate and I'm not even sure
Who it is, cos I'm smashed imma sit have a chat
This that, sick lad gotta jet hit me back
I move along I heard the dealer got done
Buy like four different cunts with a kill on the run
Now I'm thinking okay so I can't get blazed
And I ain't gotta cent, now I'm in a desperate way
This all before the fame so I'm boarding a train
Bomb the floor with the paint, had a brawl copped a blade
Got away, okay with a scar on my cheek
Cos everyday in the past so I'm beginning to creep
Around your house or the shop and I'm robbing the place
I ain't wanna be a bum so I gotta get paid
Life of a struggler, drugs couldn't hustle nah
I'll get a batch then its gone without a customer
The shit shit changed once I hit the booth
Let me tell ya now days so sick its true

So what, after that the shit changed man

Fuck bro.. you ain't heard fucking hell let me

Tell you about it.. ready?

I woke up about half past 9

I had a rather big night, felt like half of it right

But these days every hand I shake they giving me

E's, Coke, Weed and base

So everything new cos I'm getting the pay right

News shoes, clothes, car heard from the grape vine

I'm on the verge of illuminisation, wait forget that I was told not to say s
hit

Couple grand blown in the pokie machine

I didn't even get to play it I was smoking the green

They went to kick me out and seen the "Kers" on my face

They pat me back, gave me double started turning away

And also these days bitches hanging to fuck

There's like 50 million of em fucking praying for nuts

Are these bitches dumb they ain't heard about my girl?

They can go find a wanna be cos I'm loyal

Getting big money almost every day

YouTube on its own got me staring at pay

Not including merch, shows, cd's or iTunes

Spending money quick come see how I do

So what's with all this talk of the secret society?

Woah woah what? shut the fuck up man.. what the fucks that shit?

I woke up now bout 7 o'clock
Nice and early in a suit, cos of the message I got
Two fellas one was [?] and the other was [?]
Kinda weird cos I ain't never heard of them and dem
And then they talk a lot of business in the shit that I got
I thought fuck it man I'll meet em go and give it a shot
Met em at the place, the shit was place a palace
They flew another 3 business peeps out of Dallas
Got to talking and I ain't saying to much
But I can say for now ill be caking in bucks
Sign the paper then I leave, like they owning me now
I know you probably thinking but they owning you how?
I can't say to much when I'm writing this rhyme
Cos this verse right here put my life on the line
But you can come to my house illuminate in the sunshine
How many heads can I fly with a punch line?
Made a little deal I can get my mates
So I mention a bit about to NEBS and Rates
NEBS was like what the fuck man I heard of that shit
Rates agreed fucking oath go and work with it quick
So they on the verge of joining, wait I ain't really mean that
Ratesy got a beamer lined up you should see lad
NEBS cut me there I think I did screw up
Bruz you told everybody way to much cut