

Still Haven't Changed

Kerser

In a lane of my own and it's lame cause they clone
They ain't ever being happy, they just hate on the low
You can't take from my flow, I'm the medicine needed
At the start it was hard, they weren't ready to see it
But I pushed past the hate and I brang the whole crew too
Money made me have to pick who I should trust, ooh
Still with the crew, yeah I stay with my Day 1's
They didn't change even once they see the pay come
And I'm still stressing over what I should do
Like I just wanna be happy, lock myself in a room
And give my life to you, from the words that I wrote now
Save another bunch of kids, make 'em put the rope down
They thank me for that, yeah it made me react
And save another fucking life when they playing my tracks
And the fan mail brings a fucking tear to my eye
I just want my fans to know I'll be here till I die
It's fine

Riding with my seat back, crew got the heat dacked
Still haven't changed, last album gotta beat that
Still here for my fans all the time
All you gotta do is hit play, stop and rewind
Still with the dream that makes me complete rap
Still haven't changed, passed out on the beach smashed
Still here for my fans all the time
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I was in a cold state, six Xannies a day
Wash it down with some lean, did I damage my brain?
I probably did in the long run and back when the bong come
15-years-old, cold sweats cause I want one
I knew back then shit wasn't alright
I didn't tell no one, I kept it bottled inside
Long story short man, weed led to other shit
Promoting drugs in songs like a full blown fuckwit
Now I'm here to fix it up, sorry if I mixed you up
Walking 'round high yelling "Kerser is the sickest cunt!"
What a fucking mess, probably contradict myself
Old enough to know better, but I went and fucked my health
I'm alright now, I'm falling asleep
Is it a nightmare? I hear people calling for me
Then I hit the stage, the fans cry, now I'm the man, why?
Guess they all connect with the thoughts from my damn mind

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Hold me up again, I might lose balance
Drag you in to connect like two magnets
Spit the shit you've been waiting for
I spit the shit you was thinking of the day before, Christ

How I do it, and my head in a rough place
15-years-old, pop pills as I dump base
That's the start of the story of the fucked life
Fucked my head, was it that or when I touched Ice?
Never again though, victim of the C-Town
Put me in history, the way that I rebound
Made my life change, come and see me live aye
Sold out shows, fans scream till the night change
Into morning then I'm on the next flight
Chose this way of life, and I gotta get my cheques right
Build the funds up until the fun's up
Label me to run mucks, and you thought I was dumb, fuck

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