

Take It And Run

Kerser

Sinking or swimming that's what we were told we were young
But no one told us how it was done
Spending your days in a way, which you knew it's begun
Take what you've got, take it and run

So hot, gotta reach in for the sunblock
She like my style in this way, she hope it rubs off
I ain't here to waste time, you know the man back
Best advice I can give this is damn back
Got the east, south, west, north feeling it
But it Kers shit, they like me imma kill the shit
My black bally in a back alley, fuck that
Imma talk about money with' a bud bag
Cruising one deep, having conversations
You think I'm tripping? This my way of concentration
I ain't listen to a hater, not in any way
I'm a busy man, you see me? Know I'm getting paid
I ain't like these other rappers, I'm the opposite
My boys are renting houses just to put the crops in it
Ride it round, got the street mentality
Hustle big you can meet fatalities
Got a flow impeccable, you know what the Kers does
The scene needed saving, they lucky that I turned up
I heard 'em all say 'nobody perfect'
I agree but I gotta say 'Kers is'
Moved outta C-Town when I got funds
But every single hood their I'm still welcome
That's the difference, shit you know I'm certified
Jealous haters spewing, they were hoping that the Kerser died
Owning the world in a world on my own
That deserves a replay, I'm in a world of my own
With the writing and delivery, man you cunts are kidding me
I got rich off this shit this is mine and that is literally
I was rapping 'round the time I got my first pube
I could tell you 'bout my best or my worst move
I could tell you 'bout the beasts that I've been through
But I never lost one, so I don't need too
Fuckin hell, let me try stay positive
You said you promise it, you knowing what a promise is?
Setting levels everytime I go and pen bars
Sickest Aussie rapper man, I know I set the benchmark
Gotta get it any second man the clock stops
Still confused, this is life at the top Scott
Done the proper way too like you didn't know
Don't compare me to a rapper, this is different bro
You feel the goosebumps rise off my low tone
Gifted, haters acting like they don't know
'Member me in a drain for my film clip
Swapping shirts with Strace, that was real shit
Beat the struggle with my brothers and we all tight
I don't care if they talk man they all lie
What they owe man I'm tired of me braggin'
My pockets full if my pants ever saggin'
Get the vibe, check your mates if they don't know
You will find the ones that wanna stay, won't go
Kers one droppin' hits for like ten years
How the fuck else do you think that you'd get here?

Take it and run, you can't trust the streets
You can't trust who you trust, put trust in me
Sinkin' or swimmin', I'm driftin' and driftin'
They listen and listen, the sickest had did it again

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