

# Takin' Over The Scene

Kerser

This one is to all of those other rappers  
Who like to diss us but hide when we find them  
You're not rappers, you're faggots  
What happening Jay-Dee? Fuck all again, mate  
Kerser and Jay UF  
Alright, now fucking listen

Fuck these rappers man they homos and gays  
I may as well quit rapping and work on Home and Away  
I mean, why the fuck you cunts biting my shit?  
And why these pussy fuckin' rappers always higher than this?  
And don't think I forgot about that Tracy Grimshaw  
Who's got the shits at life because her tits and dick's small  
And listen, if you listen to Allday  
There's not one exception, you fuckers are all gay  
And people ask me when you gonna diss 6  
My reply I don't wanna hurt a big bitch  
Its Kers one you know Sydney is my home mark  
All these rappers drop nuts like 60 in a go-kart  
You hearing rumours and they probably true  
If they include me being a fuckin' problem to you  
And my dick's so big that they think I got three legs  
Hardest choice in life is who I make bleed next

We told these cunts that they are wack and we will take over the scene  
And now they hate and sook and act like they don't even notice me  
We are at the top it hurts there pride we laugh they hide and try to diss  
But when we find them they cry so tell me why do they do this shit

Let me hit my spliff tonight  
(Jay you've said that two times), I'm shit alright  
I still write all the time can't be fucked to work  
I'm still a joke, I'm still a bum, but find that life could be worse  
I mean I record for free, I score for free  
I have a lot of goals in life, I hope they all for free  
But talk on beats, I'm awful, I want more for free  
So if you got some free shit send it all to me  
I'm like the mate you got the free tracks are for sesh  
Promise shit I can't keep thats why I'm stuck in the debt  
I ain't a normal bloke, no I'm just fucked in the head  
The type to be nice to your nan and get under her dress  
I just say some shit to fucking stir up the pot  
Like hear the diss to fucken Kers, while I spit it with Scott  
So everybody give it up when I'm up in your hood  
Its Jay-Dee the one cunt who makes chubby look good  
What?

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You fucken chad pussies got smelly vaginas  
And they pissing off Jay like the end of reminders  
Fuck don't bring that up bro, I got in shit  
Plus it wasn't my fault, it was they drugs that I did  
We were cutting it sick and we took over the scene

Plus not at one second were we sober or clean  
Now I'm over the beam, but I'm puffing a joint man  
Okay, you got a point Jay, but you had a point then  
Fuck off cunt I had five points that day  
Crystal in my pocket like Matt thought he had aye  
Wait, did I just do a diss? subliminal shit?  
I think I just did, fuck it bro we pissed in his beer  
Shit yeah, we did, we might get banned from the festival  
Let's scrap this whole track bro this wasn't professional  
Fuck that shit, Kers, we ain't here to make friends  
We're here to do what we started and we here till the end

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