

That Is Us

Kerser

[Kerser & Jay UF:]

It's Kerser

I'm with Jay UF

Jay! What?

What's happenin'? I guess you're gonna say "fuck all" again, uh?

Can we just hurry up and do the song? What?

Let's just get the song done mate, come on

I'll go first then. All right, go for it

Yo, Jay's a fuckwit, check, look

[Kerser:]

I'm an OG, probably 'bout to OD

Said it 'round o-three, bet they're gonna clone me

I wasn't wrong, but a bunch that wanna be me

Wanna Be Kers, that should be your next CD

I came up in the game 'round the time when

You wouldn't jump on the internet fightin'

I got a call off a whore. Who? Grimshaw

Nah, another bitch, cracked out a thin whore

Fuck that Jay, I wouldn't hit with your dick

I fuck it back ahead so I face it like a swordfish

Where does all of this sick shit come from?

Kerser would, he did, I mention I got one on

Fresh cunt, I'm lookin' better with age

And I don't write raps, I machete the page

None ahead of me mate and it's weird 'cause I live dreams

Hurry up Jay, I don't wanna hear your sixteens

Still runnin' this game in the fast lane

Wavin' at every cunt that we pass mate

Still killin' every show that is us, aye

Never gonna stop 'til we delivering our last tape

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[Jay UF:]

Crack another drink man, fuck, is this my kind?

I'm takin' over shit like it's a feature on my song

Time's gone like a terrorist with a nice bomb

Blowin' up the scene, not in a way that you guys want

If I was wrong and never made it with my songs

I'll make it go [?] so I can still light bongs

Cry night long, whinging, where has my life gone?

Wait a minute Jay, that's what you do when you write songs

Ha, fuckin' ha, yeah, I'm funny like I'm Scott

He looks okay [?] if she puffed on the ice lots

There goes the record deal, fuck it, it's my loss

Time to call Cento and I fill up my [?]

Hate rap anyway, it's time to admit it

Fuck, I'll only ever listen if my rhymin' is in it

So, fuck album number two, nah, I'm finally finished

Nah, I'm joking, I'ma spit it just to prime you critics, cunts

[Kerser:]

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[Jay UF & Kerser:]

Hey Kers, I'm thinking fuck a third verse
Let me spit it then! They don't wanna hear the Kers verse
Shut up Jay, you ridiculous cunt
They know Kerger is the sickest, they ain't heard it enough
They ain't heard it enough? Now let's talk about me
The fact that I be credible with the words that I speak
Well, you're a turd and a geek for even turnin' on me
Jay, where's your last album? People burn it for free
Shit, Kers taking shots like you did in our last song
Hope he takes a different kind of shot and his heart stops
Gotta move along cunt, give up, you're past gone
Waitin' on my pay, where you gettin' these cars from?
Shut the fuck up, where you tryin' to get to?
Because I'm number one, what, does it upset you?
We don't really get along, we just dissin' on tracks
Nah, I'm kidding, next album cunt, your shit is just wack

[Kerger:]

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