

# The C-Town

Kerser

You tired again cunt?

Ayo look, I'm gonna say some shit yeah?

A bad bitch tryna catch me with an eye wink  
I tell her "Fuck off, go and pour my drink"  
King Kers, Nebs One at the fresh shit  
Your dream girl treating us like she desperate  
And she ain't even wanna speak to you  
So we throw her to the crew like sweet She away, eshay  
Everything is esh-freight  
My mission is to get paid  
Blew a stack at the mall for the fuck of it  
Out of everything I brought I only wore half of it  
Got 'em jealous, Aussie Hip-Hop has a new face  
That's why my posters hanging in your girlies room mate  
What's a pawn to a king?  
Bitches use my film clips for a porno, it's sick  
I'm still flipping cash, Nebs still on the payroll  
He gets his cash then he looks at me like 'HEY YO!'"

Bitches wanna get down in the C-Town  
They know we don't fuck around in the C-Town  
I come through with a pound in the C-Town  
Sipping lean at the spot is where I be found  
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They know we don't fuck around in the C-Town  
I come through with a pound in the C-Town  
I got my weed with a bottle with a mean sound

In the studio with Nebs and we sipping on some rich shit  
Bitches screaming at the door for some real dick  
Money on our mind, Gucci on the shirt  
Do the Kers bitch, do it, do it 'til it hurts  
Why you angry at your sales, you can't move nah?  
My whole crew move units, that's the truth brah  
Took my missus to the snow for a month  
Came back, new pay fans are loading me up  
It's all the same, I'm a hustler I came from the streets  
The same ones that play this saying "Fuck the police"  
In the hood, drive through in my new car  
See the boys, call the shots, then I cruise brah  
I'm a Rap God, no Shady tho  
More drugs, more liquor, more crazy bro  
Next promoter that is shifty with the bread swap  
I'm leave it at this headshot

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