

The Real You

Kerser

Slipped down don't you fall you a soldier
That's me talking to myself in the cold ah'
Round the time I was going through some rough shit
Seventeen skinny wreck on some fucked shit
Hated life felt the upper class looked down
Then I joined the upper class, how I meant to look now?
Still the same cunt, fresh with a foul mouth
Certified been making haters fuckin bow down
Ask about me, I carry this game
Before I marry this game, and boy hasn't it changed?
I used to rap in the rain, when I was smashed off my face
Pour back with my mates, were they happy in day shit?
I don't know we was only tryna have fun
We was living in the town, you had to back up
What you said on these C-Town streets
Inspiration for the real ones when I move to the beach, just reach

When we all go out, it's the same way
Heard your man got shot in the laneway
When you're first man
How you thinking Kers next?
Holding on your bottle on, there's nothing on the surf left
Get your head up man, they don't know the real you
That's why some hate and some are gonna feel you
I don't care, I'm just lookin' for a quiet one
Wonder why I got a spliff, yeah I light it up

Crusin' on the highway on pill 5 mate
Lookin' for a driveway, I just wanna drive away
I never look back, unless it's on the good times
But that shit's hard when you're stuck with a crook's mind
It took time but I rose to the top
I left Obese Records and they closed up their shop
I'm a fuckin hustler; I'm ABK till I go
Don't compare me to a rapper, in a lane of my own
And the scene still hate, well ain't that a shock
I think they mad cause they flop and can't get this shit in shops
I play the game right, why you gotta hate on that?
A real rapper from the bottom that is making cash
Got a right to have a knee, go you're fuckin right
A couple nights celebrating thinking, what have I
Overcome as I'm sitting on the beachfront?
Damn I came a long way for a street cunt
Why Kers, that I made it in the rhyme game
Cause I versed everything that came my way
Now the one you called Chap is a made man
Take my boys on tour, best feelings when I pay them man

When we all go out, it's the same way
Heard your man got shot in the laneway
Where you first met, now you thinking Kers next
Holding on your bottle on, there's nothing on this earth left
Get your head up man, they don't know the real you
That's why some hate and some are gonna feel you
I don't care, I'm just lookin' for a quiet one
Wonder why I got a spliff, yeah I light it up

This for the fans that demand a night
I'm the man alright, I used to stand and grind
In the rain with the mixtape, no one wanna buy aye
When I need bail went for 3k the other day
Shout to T selling tapes with me
That was back in the day, ain't it crazy to see?
That I'm sitting at the top, we were sittin, we would pot
And I gave the crew the word that I'm never going soft
I'm blacklisted everywhere, shuttin me out
Will they ever change a mind with a gun in their mouth?
That's a couple of stacks, that I'm likely to drop
Let's get back to the rap it's my life, it's my job
It's my everything man, it can't get out of my head
It's like it's stuck in their forever with whatever I said
'Unwritten Letter' 'Can't Rest', but it's just for now
They would never understand, guess it's just me wow

When we all go out, it's the same way
Heard your man got shot in the laneway
When you're first man
How you thinking Kers next?
Holding on your bottle on, there's nothing on the surf left
Get your head up man, they don't know the real you
That's why some hate and some are gonna feel you
I don't care, I'm just lookin' for a quiet one
Wonder why I got a spliff, yeah I light it up