

# The Time

Kerser

Its dedicated to cunts who said I wouldn't make shit

[Verse 1]

What I just take? Yeah my brain gone,  
I'm in the club kinda obvious my shades on  
This is how I make reality a fake dream,  
Nothing can be as bad as it may seem  
Lotta mates carry scars their the hoods marks  
Treat my life like a joke, its a good laugh  
In the city of the state that I don't know  
3 A.M. still get stopped for them photos  
Adaption is a fraction of my mind and its reaction  
Satisfaction come from passion, what is lacking Scot is smashin'  
The whole fucking scene, piss test unclean  
Test twice just means get high trust me  
Im the man to keep it real to the death  
Thats why the scene hates me, cause they feeling the threat  
Crush a pill with a card, mix it in with the coke  
Snort the line, rock the show,  
Thats the life, what you know

[Hook x2]

Its the life, its the mic  
Its the time, this is mine  
And I'm gonna rap this out and be the one to shine  
Its the lights, its the night  
Its the lines, its my mind  
I'm living life so fast I don't know if I'm living right

[Verse 2]

I'm in space bitch, I'm in another world  
You can get here you just gotta toke another swirl  
The city lights, its so distant to me  
I'm from the streets and I hear its a district to see  
The South West, home of drive by's  
Shot dead, high five  
Come and visit here, you won't find us in our right mind  
Got a big dream I'm missing the tunnel  
Making sure I don't forget I got it inked in my knuckles  
Its the life, stone cold  
Might go buy myself some gold  
Only time I've ever had it when I stole it, and it sold  
Long gone, probly broke in your house once  
Thats in the past so I'm keeping my mouth shut  
Live gutter, fuckin oath didn't chose it  
Where you think I'd be now if there wasn't music  
Or better yet if I didn't have a fan base,  
Your lucky that you noticed cause this could have been a damn waste

[Hook x2]

[Verse 3]

I ain't home much, but when I am though  
I lock myself in my room and try and lay low  
Throw a beat, rip it up, smocking weed, sipping cups,  
Everybody saying that I have to go and live it up  
Give a fuck, bout a hater,

I'mma catch you later, mate I  
Got a plane I gotta board I'm landing and I get the paper  
Not fair right, well yeah try it  
Compare rhymes, mine rare tight, I swear I'm the man I,  
Won't quit, no not yet, I'm on a roll  
Came so far in this game, got them rotten souls  
And new kicks I move quick the tune is set when I do this, met with producer  
s  
Lot of them are clueless, NEBS got to do this  
Now we in the studio, killing with round two its,  
Definitely a classic when we killing the booth  
Xanax, cough medicine, I'm spillin the truth

[Hook x2]

[Outro]

Yeah, so am I living right?  
Feeling like a fucking miracle man  
I come from nothing, no food, no money  
To having big dinners  
Every days like my birthday  
Fuck, in another world here  
When did this all happen?  
Fucken oath I'm loving it though  
ABK, I'm never stopping,  
I'm not stopping now,  
Theres no Rest For the Sickest  
Fuck it I'm gonna go straight through  
Yo keep that rollin'  
Can you pass my paper bruzz?  
Nah to the right,  
Under that, yeah  
Alright yo