

They Don't Wanna Hear

Kerser

He says he got the ounces cheap and it's a good look
If he can move them quick back with the hood [?]
He flipped his shit and wanted more to sell than Mary Jane
The older lads use to warn him it's a scary game
He didn't listen made a quick move to ecstasy and to cocaine and heroin eventually
Over years he held his rep and stood a staunch cunt
The type of fella every motherfucker talks up
He gets the word another dealer beats his prices
The other dealer ruthless not known to be the nicest
But he ain't hearing that reaches for his nearest gat
Finds the motherfuck heavy trigger till he hears a spat
He brags the fact around hope others will fall back
Than his found dead what the fuck you gunna call that
No matter who you are you're thinking you're the sickest shit
The morale of the story guaranteed there's always bigger fish

These the stories that they block and they don't wanna hear
Streets are talking never stop we gonna rock it yea
Never in life will I see the day they control what I speak nah
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She knows the fellas check her out and yes she likes it
Her friend tells her be a stripper so she tries it
She making money in her play boy bunny ears
Drunk cunt turns up after a hundred beers
Offers extra if she leaves and comes home with him
She agrees for the money, drugs and extra drinks
He gets her home and smacks her up and fucking beats down
Call the cops what shit she can't even speak now
He lets her go black eyes messed up pants around her ankles
She too [?] to pick the dress up
She tells her boss the bossing is tripping like who's this
She show the place now his going in to do shit
They out the front the boss stops says shut your face
Put the gat to her head it's his brothers place
Thicker than water brother, sister or daughter
Never saw her and morn her wishing they knew it all but

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His doing routs and armed robs across Sydney
He got a bank to crack and I ain't talking piggy
He didn't know the crew he had was gonna snitch nah
He done a bunch of jobs with them over the six months
The shit cunts switched and snitched fuck
Now his in his cell but he ain't about to quit nah
He's done his time now he's searching for his old crew
Take them out one by one cause they told true
Suburban stories got you spinning with your lights out

This the type of shit the neighbourhood be doing right now
Don't be blinded it be easy to see be you'd surprised the types of cunts that
t meet me for [?] yea
The streets are moving you just never hear the truth lad
Drive-by on houses even the motherfuckers shoot back
The true fact signing out from the south west people chasing paper till they
ain't have a house left

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