

# This Tha Jam

Kerser

Yeah  
Look  
Yeah  
Giddy up  
Giddy up slut yeah you a bad bitch  
All these rappers act a part call them Brad Pitt  
Oh no here he goes again  
I flow dope fuck you up like some opium  
We in Sydney bitch  
Chillen up in ctown bitches knock me back in school  
I guarantee their keen now  
Tell em fuck off I got money to make  
Me and nebs equal cash that is something you ain't  
So lets journey through the mind of a sick cunt  
Dollar signs inside my eyelids no I wont slip up  
Every time I blink now you know what I think  
Walking in the club behind the bar and grabbing a drink  
bitch  
Day to day with the abk they want me down in Queensland like im lazy gray  
Aye  
Top charts yeah that's what we does  
Number 1 motha fucker ain't no stopping us brah

This tha jam this tha one where you break shit  
This tha one where your fucking on ya mates bitch  
This the one that ya gonna do a stretch for  
So play this song as your plea when you step in court  
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I'm so fresh no expiry date  
Getting interviews they ask me what its like to be great mate  
I cant its the way I was born  
Your bitch four finger deep keen on making the porn  
Raw  
Its what I am never toning it down  
If they beef with me I guarantee they wont be around  
Got nearly every Aussie rapper mad screaming in my town  
Throw in the fucking towel tell these faggots to lie down  
Kers one I'm getting stupid with money  
Best producer in the country got ya dancing getting funky  
What they do for a chance on a nebs beat tell em 10k another 10 they can get  
me  
On a hook hitting notes so high  
Everything I drop they buy  
So smashed eyes red and they half closed  
Popping pills at my show hit the stage and pass low

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Rappers act arrogant it makes me sick  
Cause they bite the whole style from my late to shit  
These days the weed blazed  
Walking down the freeway  
Watching my clips and you stopping them to replay  
Im coming for your cash like a debt collector  
And the blunts I puff smell like air freshener  
In the brand new suit with a blue tie too  
You don't know my crew you in 252  
What the fuck is that  
I make custom rap  
And other rappers like me  
But the cunts are wack  
Plus nebs got producers fucking scratching their heads  
We call em out I see em run like I'm cracking their necks  
Album 3 in 3 years we going 10 for 10  
I'm looking out to your crowd its only men men  
Talking bout the underground and how they keeping it raw  
Mutha fucker please I got more people waiting at an in store

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