

We The Type

Kerser

It's Kerser!
What's happening Jay UF?
Fuck all mate Again? Always
Shit!
Dragging me out here? Yeah, get outta bed cunt
Alright, now listen
Okay, headlines

I wanna grab Tracy Grimshaw and put him through a brick wall
Diss a cunt again, (Kerser why you go at him for?)
He rang the label, said he's comin' to my in stores
(Isn't it a bitch?), I don't know she's got a big jaw
I'm a rapper that'll fucking diss a dead bitch
Walk up to her coffin just to tell her that her breath stinks
I'm hectic, That's why I'm making headlines
I laugh about 'em popping pills when it's bed time
You like the album? If it's no then I hate you
Me and Jay were writing raps back in grade school
Or high school, whatever tickles you cunt
Grab a bit of ketamine, then I'll mix it with bud
Then I'll pack you a cone, then I'm watching you cough
You passing out on the spot, I grab your wallet you gronk
We only made this track here to piss the media off
So fuck 'em, fuck 'em, fuck 'em, fucking have a feed of my cock
You flops

We the type that are getting banned from venues right
And we the type that can organise to end your life
We the type that they like to label crazy bro
We the type that you won't hear on the radio
We the type on the stage that be killing shit
We the type that you see where your dealer lives
We the type that can make your bitch's body shake
This a normal day and night when it's Scott and Jay

Let me hit my drink tonight
(Jay you've said it, what you having?) Let me finish alright
So, as I was saying I'll be drinking all night
Slurrin' every single word like Kerser purp and the sprite
You find me rocking up to the show, seven beers in my hand
After shows when it closes there'll be beers in my hand
Damn, passing out in bed with beers in my hand
Then I'll be waking up the next day, start drinking again
Yeah, and in the midst of that, I try an' get a written track
(But what about your album Jay?) It's nearly fucking finished lad
Yeah, sure it's taking time but when it's out my name will climb
Once that I'm behind the mic you'll find that I'll be rated right
I came to rhyme, you can hate or like but I won't fade tonight
The name is Jay, I won't go away like junkies craving ice
It's ABK alright, you know that I'm the latest hype
Of course I'm fucking crazy man, I used to live with Rates alright

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Aye Jay, I thinkin' fuck a third verse
Let me spit it then. Nah, they want to hear the Kers verse
Okay you first, you feel better? You done?
We know Kerker is the sickest, yeah we've heard it you cunt
Okay you've heard it enough? Well let me talk about you
"Let me hit my spliff tonight," the only words that you use
Yeah Kerker it's true, I'm fucking lazy alright?
And if I could I probably would just sleep all day and all night
Let me switch it up here, I got something to say
And wait, what, fuck shit, I got nothing to say
Well fuck it bro, have a Xanny again
Put 'Bad Habits' on repeat and start banging your head
Fucking oath sure I said it, it's right there with the pen
Nah it doesn't matter either he'll forget it again
See we really hate each other, we pretend to be friends
And once your first album drops, cunt it's never again

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