

Welcome

Kerser

Welcome, motherfuckers and them other suckers
Bust anatom rubbers, the bitch is undercover
Fuck the coppers, they be knowing what my name is
Jealous fuckers hate me cos, in Sydney, I be famous
You know the name bitch, you know the hood too
We know these fake snitch, they probably would too
No backbone, back home, pack cones
Don't rap, know that flow's wack, yo
I be the domination, dominating what you saying
You be the combination, contemplating what you playing
I be the figure four, rip it raw kick your door
What you listen for? Then insist my shit is poor
This is raw, this is street, this is proper rap
Listen y'all, this the heat (shh) roger that
Got the style, got the swag, got the raps too
Thirty seconds, you think back like "fucking oath" that's true

Welcome, motherfuckers, to the Nebulizer, Kerser one
Is taking what is mine, motherfuckers so just turn it up
Forget that other shit cos I ain't nothing to be fucking with
And, if you don't love my shit; basically, just suck a dick
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Don't be judging brother, yeah, I'm fucking gutter
Probably punch 'em other, poof poof, an upper cutter
I fucked another cutter fuck it with the da da da da
Ain't gotta say what, you know how we do
See through your weak crew, watch 'em from a cheap view
They call me views, asking for a preview
They on a countdown, three, two
One be me, the one you see, the rest be under me
Funny he be hunger [?] be couldn't fuck with me
And I'm still broke, these labels look but couldn't choose
They should've fucking signed me, well, wouldn't you?
You get the wooden spoon, broken legs, you shouldn't move
You bitches should've knew I'm driving but I'm putting through
Nah, I couldn't lose. Your team, I'm looking through
Put a foot to you, Kerser, too good for you

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Welcome motherfuckers, yeah, I'm back for more
This shit's too easy for me, like I'm fucking smacking whores
They laying on the floor, not really no competition
Scared of confrontation, so they offer me a proposition
I'm not gonna listen, I block my fucking ears

They will suss my lyrics for another fucking hundred years
I'm the underdog, I'm turning all the stats around
You're a fucking gronk, burning all you spastics now
You cop an axe to face, splitting right between your eyes
You cop a massive taste, shitting on the scene, I'm high
Got me spinning 'til I'm living how I'm supposed to
I be winning if I'm spinning, living local
Me, the spitter that will back it up and bring you all
Leaving bloody sword wars, no neck, on all fours
So who's more raw, it's all taking place
You got fucked and didn't know it, call it day break

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