

Winner

Kerser

Yeah
Kerser
We're back
Yeah, spin this shit around
We gon' start with the hook this time

Why I got 'em all so bitter?
Swear they gonna hate if you a winner
Yeah, I'm medicating off a pinga
All my faith in God but I'm a sinner
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Pick apart your brain I'ma pick apart your conscience
It's nonsense they think they can stop this, I drop hits
Plus I got this urge to drop heat and stomp beats
Had to tell the boys not to roll cunts at Got Beef
Chuck 'em in the air, gang signs let 'em hang high
Do a drive by and try sell 'em back the same ride
Take flight, I get high and I'm sinister
Never had a fuck to give, I slap the Prime Minister
Waiting for the sunrise, early morning dumb high
See my mate face 25 and he ain't budge twice
Don't you tell me 'bout the rap game
The shit was nearly dead and I put it on my back mane
Do your research, holes in your T-shirts
I should get an overall cut of what the scenes worth
Teamwork with the Kers and I climb the top
The last album I was washing out some writers block

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I'm tryna see a different life from a ghetto roof
This before the Kerser even known to rep the youth
I'm with my boy and he loading up bullets
He letting off random shots, I ain't ask what he's doing (ayo)
This around 0'7, just after the pinga phase
I'm learning how to budget when I crushed them on a dinner plate
I had the chat kicks, saved by my rap spits
Had a matching hat in Centerlink with some matchsticks
And that stinks, that the day I made a smacky pill
Probably hung it 'round, shit I'm probably smacking still
I blew up and move up
You knew but I tutor the youth I manoeuvre
I cruised at the top, I'm still killin' it bruz
I swear I knew I was the shit when a mil' won't enough (true)
Tripped myself out, imagine how a hater feel
I'm not depressed, but you still see me taking pills

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