

# We Run Shit

Kerser

Back to basics, straight amazing, ask me bout the game I'm playing  
Dreading what I've done to locks, you thinking bout it, ain't Jamaican  
Kerser been the sickest probly why I'm earning digits  
And they looking at your shit like rather burn it cause your bitches  
Swagger like I've never seen I'm here to hurt and burn a bitch  
Your shit get no views like Hustle Hard without a Kerser vid (True)  
Everybody dribble and they kidding ain't it whack son?  
Leave 'em injured whinging cause they're toy just like a cap gun (Get it?)  
No you ain't a rapper cause you've been inside a booth before  
I bust my ass to get here and you try and make a movement more,  
Meaningful than mine, but thats impossible I'm made for this  
And you be on my dick, pretty much just like your lady is  
If I never said it then you faggots can not call it sick,  
Download your shit illegally, now thats what I call roasting shit  
Cause its shit, and I'm sick  
I am what is real, and you is just pretending bitch

[Nebs speaking]

Its like the more hardcore they get,  
Its like the shitter they rap  
Bruz tone it down brah, your not that hard  
Yo, learn how to rhyme

[Verse 2: Nebs]

Fuck the antibiotics  
Just fill the van with narcotics  
I'm the man with the chronic beats,  
They slam when I'm on it  
Haters panties get knotted  
They can't handle me rockin  
Whack comments are dropping  
On the net I am watching,  
Cause they know I'm is better, thats why Nebs a problem  
Cause they know if I see 'em, pick up a weapon and clock 'em  
They looking threatened I rob 'em  
Give up your credit and wallet  
Bend over bitch, and take the Hennessy bottle  
Your not forgetting me gronkers  
You had bad memories from it  
That are so fucking bad, you go to therapy from it  
And he be's honest, no fuck it and he be's on it  
Watch me come and skull this fucking medicine bottle  
I'm getting energy from it, and bruz I'm ready to vomit  
I'm fucking hanging for Xanny's and then I'm ready to pop 'em  
My fucking head is just throbbin'  
My dick is red as a rocket  
And your chicks already naked and she's ready to cop it, uh

[Sarm speaking]

Yeah, all these cunts are fucking fucked  
They're all fucked

[Verse 3: Sarm]

Welcome, you found someone in his fucking prime  
Ain't nothing to fuck with like, Wu Tang back in '95  
Please excuse me guys, the shit I spit is stupid fine  
Too refined, call me the priest, cause I be super fly

That was my movie line, pack your shit its moving time  
If thats your chick she super fine  
She sucked my dick around 2:05  
Shout outs, 225, ABK, the whole crew's live  
I'm on that news you high  
Mess withy my vibe you'll lose at night  
Yeah I'm the shit, your just poo disguised  
I do a line thats super sized,  
You can't rap your spooning guys  
See its too easy I could do this blind  
We ain't the same, I'm a 10, your a junior 9  
When I spit I'm schooling guys  
Its a party schoolies time,  
When you spit I snooze all night  
Mismatch if you choose to fight  
Quit dancing your tutu's tight  
Your a fake, not a new I  
You just can't do this right  
We'd fuck, you lose at life

[Hook: Nebs]

Its Sarm, Kerser and Nebs  
We run this shit you just shit in your bed  
Sick in the head, I'm sick of your head  
If yous were a bitch I'd spit on your set  
Fuck the whole scene its piss [?]  
Fuck your whole team its a bitch in a dress  
I'm sick and depressed that I spit with the best  
Cause they're shit and they think that they're equally fresh

[Verse 5: Kerser]

This is what they calling me, you rapping but its awkwardly  
Exactly what, I was doing back around 04 or 3  
So don't you try to step, yo I ain't say I'm a vet  
Cause most these veterans are faggot I'm a step ahead of them  
Let 'em get at them, guarantee I'll take the head of them  
Breaking both their legs and then, asking if they get it in  
K-E-R-S, I put em in the ER,  
Nah you couldn't do it, don't you try it, its for me brah

[Verse 6: Nebs]

Mr. Annie B the mother fucker come and crack your lips  
Its like you don't have a dick, and your raps are whack as shit  
Think your fucking Rambo and your clips fucking acting bitch  
Remind me of a compact disc, pl-pl-pl-plastic shit  
You are fucking hopeless as, obviously smoking shabs  
And you're fucking broke as, smoking blokes for cash  
Mr. Big Gun you think are the kings son  
But all you are to me is a busted red ring bum

[Verse 7: Sarm]

Yes, did you not hear what I said before?  
Like binge thinkers, motherfucker I just repped the raw  
Get out my booth, you can't rap, you just press record  
Your vids suck, give it up bruzz, less is more  
See what your stressing for  
I ain't here to lecture your,  
Someone I'm electrical,  
Not top 10 I'm the best of all  
Fuck you and your festival,  
No one heres impressed at all  
Got a verse in Kerser's album  
That equals sex for sure