

## Kerser "We Could Of"

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Say I'm selling out?  
Well let me see  
Only thing that's selling out is my CD  
And not a sell out like I'm selling out for more  
I mean sell out like it's selling out of stores  
I am pure, wasn't made by the man  
Mother fucker ask around I was made by the fans  
And I just woke up with a spliff to roll  
Make 'em cry to my shit  
Cause I hit the soul  
And I aint like any Aussie rapper that you heard  
I come from nothing, blood and sweat till I made it work  
And I'm so so proud, should I be of myself?  
They used to laugh and act better now they needing  
my help  
But I fly so high and it's just begun  
Work hard, it pays off I should have trust my mum  
Now I'm in the position where I can't be stopped  
So confident with haters now I laugh them off  
They are suckers, I'm the man  
And they be knowing that it's true  
And if they say they don't know  
Well then you knowing that they knew  
See all my fans are crazy so I guess we all the same  
Cause my music's like a drug and now it's  
damaging your brain  
Look into my eyes can you see the pain  
See the bags under them, that's no sleep for days  
But I can't feel alone cause the fans relate  
Plus I just hit the stage and I can't stand straight  
Wait, wait, you know that I've got this  
Rip apart my brain just to find you a top bit  
Ask my boys "Are you happy with life?"  
They say yes, but in the streets you gotta carry a knife  
If you shake your head well get the fuck aware  
You aint been out here, you wouldn't understand  
You in your nice mansion yea you've lost your shit  
That's why kids around here come and rob your  
shit  
You never gave a helping hand so what the fuck you  
expect  
But now I got the money coming Ima take all I can get

Ima take it till I'm dead  
Get my family fed  
And everyone that's near me, get them standing  
again  
Tell me who can get you in the vibe  
To feel so high you aint even need a pipe  
That's why addicts use this when they can't get  
on  
It's like a free hit here gotta pass the bong  
Yea pass it round, I'm the master now  
I will never ever stop, see me passin out  
Then I wake back up, still all about rap  
It's on my mind all the time like I'm stuck in a  
trap  
What the fuck is a fact  
When I give you my life  
Without the rap probably be another victim to ice  
Why you listening right?  
You see the shit in my eyes  
I give my fans everything  
Never think to disguise  
So I'm poppin codeine so fresh so clean  
Skinny mother fucker still be making hoes scream  
Tell me who can wait, nah not again  
If I could swap weed smoke for oxygen  
It'd be done, we be walking round smashed as fuck  
Doing interviews on phones while I'm hackin bud  
I aint acting bruz  
This is what you get  
Aint denying shit  
I am off my head

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