

Pegz

"Milk Bar Star"

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[Verse 1]

I'm a milk bar star - make em' catch on fire
Making rappers bite in to the appetizer
This is hot shit spitting like a magmagizer
You couldn't stop it with a tranquilliser
Bang your head like a crash-test taxi driver
The French iron chef with an ankle grinder
Marinate your thoughts in plutonium whiskey
With a beat that makes you wanna scream "show me
your titties!"
Stoninking city, home of the gritty
Coming together like the moon and sun solar eclipsing
Burn a whole in your pocket like a pokie addiction
Smoking cigarettes and socially drinking
I Know what you're thinking, show me the headlines
Where's the 10 billion in petrolium excise
Red lights flashing like Columbian neck ties
Green lights flashing like a couple of Jedi's
She got a motor like a V8 stoker
Work mc's like a 6 speed DJ's Noah
Cos she's been around the block and don't play for
keeps
Who is she - A two inch tape machine (sucker)

She won't call, won't pick the phone up
Got a draw full of toys and vikrum yoga
Ignoring my voice like a sickning odour
Got a, lift my game and quit the dozier
Got a, win her over set my charges
And try act like the sex is irrelevant
She made me go down and test every element
Every dallied depart magnetically talented
I feel like telling her I'm leaving tonight
But committing suicide ain't speakin' my mind
I'ma fight and forgive her, put the chink in her sight
She was a princess back when I was treating her right
Life's a bitch with a score to settle
Twisting my strings like contorted metal
Stepping on my heart like a distortion pedal
She's just a worn medal, war memento
She's been down before the SP12

A lot of hip hop brothers know the prestige sound
Extra gritty with the sexy image
Who is she - The MP60

[Verse 2]

We rise up like the steps of the favela
And jump off the ledge with an umbrella
Setting the bar stellar with a blazing guitarist
The next generation of Australian artists
Straight out the bloody rib cage of a carcass
Public enemy with my face on the target
Take your best shot like Henry Shavonte
Hip Hop's more decedent than 70's rock
A lot of whack ass rappers got a Bentley and yaught
on some pop shit softer than Beckham and Posh
And the devil made em' do it like Bush and Howard
Strange voices in their head like Woody Allen

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