

## Pegz

# "Propaganda"

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[Verse 1]

I'm not too concerned with rappers dissing me  
I burnt bridges and turkey slapped the industry  
I told critics, learn to act with dignity  
My whole crew struggled to earn rap validity  
I'm from a city of trials and tribulations  
A lot of good friends deprived of liberation  
Underworld killings, violent intimidation  
Only the strong survive the situation  
It's hard enough trying to hold your own  
Without the weight of the world trying to overload  
I go toe to toe with most of you blokes  
And comatose ya homophobic bogan flows  
Don't you know, not to grab the mic  
With the same old punch line battle rhymes  
Appetite for destruction like the anti-christ  
Looking like choir boys running from paradise

[Hook]

Propaganda, Propaganda  
I can't believe I forgot to thank ya  
The whole wide world's like what a wanker  
And they keep on, keep on, keep on dumbing it down  
Propaganda, Propaganda  
I ain't heard shit bout what you stand for  
Everyone knows that your not a gangster  
And you keep on, keep on, keep on dumbing it down

[Verse 2]

I don't carry a knife, I cook rappers alive  
My hooks damage ya mind, like Suge Marion Knight  
The bangers I write, I look fans in the eye  
And ask em why this bullshit happens in life  
Take away the cameras and lights, managers hype  
All you got the people who'll stand by your side  
Put your hands in the sky like a shantaram  
Tomorrow we're coming down like an avalanche, what?  
My live shows like a fat-a-gram  
On a tight rope, in some hammer pants (biatch)  
You couldn't rock a rent-a-crowd on new year's  
With free liquor, cheap strippers with huge \*tits\*

The truth is you need to start saving your shoe money  
Paying ya dues instead of chasing the punani  
Fucking with Pegz, I'ma take ya to school sonny  
Ya out of ya depths in an inflatable pool party

[Hook]

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[Verse 3]

I got brother's fecious, blood on my sneakers  
You don't wanna see Obese jump through the speakers  
Suffa's a genius, your just another defeatist  
Writings on the wall like puzzler pieces  
We love graffiti like junkies and street kids  
Don't know what I'm saying better fucking read it  
I'ma crew member since Menzie's Ave youth centre  
Never give into the politics and group pressure  
I got more loose screws than Hugh Heffner  
With a gold Rolex from a bootlegger  
Keep ahead of the pack like dole bludgers  
Bone crushing lyricist, hit em like Joe Bugner  
Grip the microphone, clip em like toe cutter  
Treat them like hoes, don't give em my phone number

[Repeat x4]

Propaganda, Propaganda

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