

Pegz f/ Bias B, Hyjak

"Last Straw"

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[Verse 1 - Pegz]

From behind the walls, of a pathological labyrinth
My thoughts astral-travelling, international gatherings
Grappling my angle with a, shackle and grammar
Biting off instincts of a warrior's manner
Stab the high hat, like a bloodthirsty triad
With my tag, what up Bias B and Hyjak?
The guarantor, dodging shit like a matador
Spitting MC's off stage like human cannibal
Jabber jaw, butterfingers need practice
Get a grip, or get thrown back like catfish
Jack Darcy, rap raspy
Snap nasty rappers like actors by paparazzi
Give em salty tears, like the footsteps on faulty peers
Jumping off the faulty bridge
With the winning lighter ticket in the hands of their
lonely kids
They didn't even know exist

[Verse 2 - Hyjak]

This is the last straw, for the encore, start a bar brawl
Play Russian roulette with ya head in front of the
dartboard
Evil ceremony masters in awe, for sure
After a glass or more we bend the rules like a tar court
Well look what the cat dragged in you can't imagine
It's the half-retarded ass and smoke breathing
dungeon dragon
No time for lolly gagging, ay Peg' and Bias
Let's get this set of pliers, get inside the studio, set it
on fire
I'll never retire, too rough for your play list
Diss myself too much so my enemies can't say shit
Dangerous when faded so the average faces still stare
Getting ripped off paint cubes, drag racing in wheel
chairs
Vision still impaired, method for raps whenever
molesting tracks
Pimp the beat without feathers in my hat
If I ever met my match, I'd set it on fire
Thrash instrumentals like rentals til we're wrecking the

tire

[Verse 3 - Bias B]

I'll let you know I like to get them promos
Everywhere I walk sport the Ecko logo
People I don't know want me pose for the photo
Drinking red wine and some be thinking I'm homo
Just busting raps on tracks, watching the wack get worse
Dropping their dacks for a crap each time they drop a verse
Don't get me started, these half-hearted retarded bastards
Are like that track on beeswax when me and Balance farted
I got the quality, fine wine rhymes, you love it
Others are cheaper than my video on Centre budget
They getting cut like the brother stoned him with a nugget
Make him wanna give up the mic and just say fuck it!
Now put that inside your rhyme book and smoke it
And hope it smells better than it sounded on the day you wrote it
Even if half of this shit was chocolate coated
Couldn't swallow one bar, double dipped and honey roasted

[Outro Verse]

B: Hyjak, Bias and Pegasus, three predators on the premises
With uncontrollable microphone fetishes
Every time I touch the mic I get this urge to speak
So much shit the mic will be smelling like turds for weeks
H: Burn with everyday, it's like a re-run
These MC's come to battle and collapse like Bias B's lung
P: Give me my Makita back 'Jak
H: You must be dreaming from drinking cheap rum
Bounce off each other like speed bumps
P: It's the shit starter, Ginger Megs, Ninja Pegz
Bite the heads off Power Rangers and finger Feds
H: Putting little kids to bed, how bout a drink instead?
P: Where's my garlic bread man?
H: Smoking garlic ay?
P: Where's my 33 cents 'Jak?
H: Ay what happened to that dollar man?
B: Where's my money? Where's my money?
H: Hahaha, we gonna the beer up in here! Ooh Wee!

