

## **Pegz f/ Funkoars**

### **"Block to Block"**

Visit "[Block to Block](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Verse 1 - Sesta]

I got a problem with bullshit and politic'n  
If there's a war going on outside sunny, said he chillin'  
Rappers is happy to hop on a dick for a dollar  
While I drop it hotter, they gotta cop it, shit's proper  
Fuck the brag when it's self-evident  
I'm feeling at home at the sound of impeach the  
president  
Drunk veteran smelling like piddle and rummy  
While I'm slapping them bitches with big sunnies  
Pedal meet to divas, eagle spread eager  
Peace out, the wingspan's lethal  
You can ask Acca Dacca, she probably had a jack up  
her sleeve  
And I don't need that shit neither  
So ya plan need be plan b, cause ay  
First off you fucked with the family  
But you already know it so it  
Ain't no point in keep going

[Hook - All]

It's Pegz and Funkoars on set  
Nothing needs to be said  
Put em up like Knockout Ned  
Cause we're block to block killin' it  
Block to block killin' it  
Jase on the beat so we're block to block killin' it

[Verse 2 - Pegz]

That's like Vents, one verses twenty cops  
Corrupt politicians and self-righteous demigods  
With the greatest hits since brekkie bongs  
And King's Cross hookers with fishnet leggings on  
Sketchy Hons, one of rapping's finest  
Walking the red carpet with a pack of lions  
Female fans flashing their privates like  
Janet Jackson and Axle Whitehead  
It's the life of a rap star, driving a jaguar  
Hide in the mansion, dining on caviar  
Smile for the camera, fire the manager  
All in one breath like Trials with the stamina

Don't believe the hype, it's not luxury jets  
It's not penthouse suites, it's bunking in beds  
Fucking with Ses, end up on a current affair  
With a dozen baby mommas lining up for a cheque

[Hook - All]

[Verse 3 - Hons]

It's the return of the motherfucking Honson man  
I get blazed with Pegz, til I lost it, damn  
I still use my cd, to try to cop blowjobs  
Like I gave Tony Montana my CV, Hons  
Still ripping it, while I'm steady as empty  
As that pocket you've been pissing in, listen in  
Now you already met the family  
Mr Trials jacking breaks at knifepoint life Pammi Lee's  
mammaries  
So understandably, I don't need to wear a shirt that's  
pastel to try to mack girls  
As soon as the plane hits the tarmac  
My game's on point, I can't miss like a car rack  
You don't wanna start that shit, you ain't ill  
You're a hypochondriac with a bad limp, slam this  
In ya car til the speakers fucking haemorrhage  
Jase on the boards with dirty Oars and Pegasus

[Hook - All]

[Verse 4 - Trials]

Ay, Ay, Ay  
Fuck ya flow, find me at the neighbour's home  
Waiting for the water to flow, so I can go and steal ya  
soap  
See I'm broke, no bullshit, if broke was bullshit  
I'd be buried knee deep, dressed red in a bull pit  
I'm fucked financially, I don't play it up to be dope  
For real I've gots to save up to be broke  
I made a few beats on a couple big sellers  
Spent the funds getting drunk on enough to fill a big  
cellar  
Hey big fella, would you mind moving out the way?  
Ask a hill what the fuck you think a mountain say  
I'm not moving from a bar stool unless a girl that  
passed school  
But looks like she didn't wants to pass through  
They say booze kills the brain cells  
But umm, uh, umm, ay fuck it ay  
What if I make bail? I'm bad news  
Like Miss Macro hearing a rap flow thinking she can too

[Hook - All]

Visit [Pegz f/ Funkoars](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.