

Sol Zalez "Chillaxin'"

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Nice jazzy life you was brought up in.
Who would of thought then you'd turn corrupted.
Fascinated by the image portrayed, now a runaway,
picked up by stray dogs who pay with johns that wanna
play.
Escort for sport, Go-GO dance is your only romance.

Gained a couple of fans for that bump in your pants.
One day your parents flicking through channels took a
glance, at their lil' baby girl all grown up showing her
cans.
Smiling while being felt on by pervy hands.
Now enhanced to giving celebs head in dirty vans.

Poor Darling.. with big dreams of becoming a starlet.
Your barely known as a Metropolitan harlot.
Calling your mom and dad drilling'em for cash still.
You gave up living in castles in upper Catskills.

Thoughts you and your friend reminiscence on while
you pass pills.
Trading war stories of fame and crashed deals.
Cause i been through hella' shit in my lifetime.

We're living it.

You penning it down when you write rhymes.
The block will always be there.
And haters is bubbling so beware.
Keep a good cipher plus my wife's fine.

Keep it moving ain't nothing to see here!(yeah).
Why men so envious I'll never know.
Look all around you there as empty as the letter O.
You wanna politic and B-S whatever Yo!

We get in dough like fillings feel it?
Then see us on that level though.
Charming guy, fly with almond eyes, considered
danger.
Hustling bangers.

Rhyming wise is just the surface.
Sol Zalez! Damn he just gonna get it ain't he?
Jersey Boy but Springfield Ave.
I rep it mainly.

Clinton & Sty funk for all you flunkies.
Yo we pump keys to junkies keeping these Omavi's
lumpy.
When I'm hungry nobody's comfy.
Keep your small city visions (huh!) I see countries and...

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