

Sol Zalez "How To Rap"

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verse 1:

The stringy headed spic from the Bricks
Brings problems to columns of rap spitters
Yo! you followers like cats twitter
Defeating me's miraculous
Peace to spectacular track killers abroad
You's a fraud take ya pick at biting like dracula in
morgues
While I'm off the hook like innocence
serving tougher beef than venison
with out the vinegar rinses I'm menacing
you grown ups take smaller steps than midget shoes
While Sol's in control like religious views
I'm hip hop could beat streets plus crush grooves
Was glued to the tube watching Electric Boogaloo
going Oooooohhhh
Until I found out I could do it too
The trickiest Spic together with the ickiest stickiest piff
to ever spliff
Makes trouble to whoever spits cause I'm murdering
toys
Like TMS does My raps nasty as PMS blood
and have you flee in vespas
The emceeing S to the O-L yes sir!
Can mess up the whole game and make it fresher. huh

chorus:

Fuck if you rhyme fresh, An AR told me that's much too
complex
A little less skill and now you on checks
Talk a good one quick to drown out contents
and couldn't walk a single step in my kicks
and couldn't walk a single step in my kicks. (2x)

verse 2:

I flex for sport all sorts of Epp's on Newark sets.
Supporting starving artist, wall vets, and help keeping
Sol close to the streets like Gortex. I'm on my own

plain like creative tycoons. Flowing typhoons relayed on
iTunes

hater so buy soon: Attack of the Killer Krylons. you weak

as Miller lite
on the rocks. I'm the simple standard to build your style
on so mock
(me motherfuckers)
The Rican that be freaking flows and tweeking cross
the weekend
I leave them seeking deacons and Imams upon
speaking.
My flows dense, makes no sense to simpletons at first
disburse
Out this World's where my mental been at birth.
So learn to deal with it like terminal Cancer, while I stuff
Purp inside of a dutch
and puff herb that will answer you back. The biggest
biters are fans of your rap
Fucking with Sol Z will have them cancel your acts..(
buzzer sound)

chorus:

verse 3:

I'm awesome on some scripting sickish. I'm a rush no
need for Kush or
slipping Mickie's in mixes. My britches steaming This
Or-angina itches\
What a picture catching glimpses of smutting bitches
that love the Sixers
Pitching dick in holes that need a spanking. The key to
banking is just
try to not stop Sol like Peter Venkman or write it up
another mission aborted
with all this piff in assorted colors I'm ready to light up
like Commissioner Gordon
My downfall's your wish in the morning you couldn't
wait til after pissing and
yawning to hate me? Cause I risen the torment of
rappers precision recordings greatly..

chorus to outro:

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