

Sol...
Zilla...
Uhh...
Turn the beat up, roll some weed up
After music put my ladies first, Queen Latifah
Pull a seat up, I'm 'bout to bring ya'
Back to the blacktop, recess, no teachers
Rest in peace to, the Supersonics
Solzilla j one, I call it chronic
It's ironic how we used to party on some nonsense
Now we kick it in the studio creating constant
Buzz worthy music, smokin' j's, where's the purple
Pass the joint like the microphone
Cypher and the circle
I remember when I was hyper like Urkel
Gandhi body frame but on the mic I could hurt you
Now I'm in your speakers, people think I'm ill
Related to my music cause they knew I keep it real
Hold the beat still let me speak on what I feel
Livin' the rap life is quite like hell
OK, maybe that was too much
My point is I've been booed up, screwed it up
She thought I already blew up
Expected me to be a superstar so we could move up
She and I couldn't grove, had to chuck the deuce up
The truth is, this music is
Ain't nothin' pretty somethin' like the life we live
I've known rappers livin' out the back of they car
Not exactly the rap life that you woulda thought

Let me tell you 'bout a boy from a small town
In between the boarder and Oregon, where it pours down
A Seattleite, where we got our own sound
And the blue collar stand up or fall down
It's only right that I'm rockin' over Jake drums
Feelin' like vitamin D when I'm facin' a blount
I live the rap life
Wake up in the studio, lay tracks like the real life, hustle and flow
The beat is like my wife if we was Ike and Tina (huh)
And I write behind these bars like an average cleaver
You know that he got game like my name was Jesus
So we sell out venues 'til it's the KeyArena
Seattle life, rockin' shows in front of local crowds
Will get you feelin' like you blown up, wow
So I slow it down, take a moment to focus on the now
My name is Sol, but my heads below the clouds
Rap Life