

# Relax

## Wax

Tilt your seats back and relax  
It's me Wax and EOM feed tracks  
To cats who hate weak raps and weak beats and repeats  
Of last weeks recyclables  
You can find out if my ass cheeks are like-able  
Kiss 'em while you hate  
I'll be sitting in the waiting room  
Writing tunes  
While you have a lively debate  
And while you waste time making stupid rules  
We'll stay in the pocket like newborn marsupials  
You'd be fools if you followed their lead  
You might as well kneel down and swallow their seed, man  
Hating on E and WaxE, pass me another hurricane dog  
So I can stay lit like a Duraflame log  
I prefer insane smog in my brain over airheadedness  
Add this to your "I didn't get it" list  
Fuck a memo  
Fuck a demo  
Fuck a deal  
Fuck every emotion in your soul that you feel  
Pop pills with us so you can roll with the real, thank you  
Another CD sold for a meal  
Take 'hold of the wheel  
Matter fact  
Give it back  
You can't handle the torque of an EOM track  
You put in so much effort  
To pitiful results  
Goddamn you have alot of faults, flaws  
Blemishes and shortcomings  
Me and E's forthcoming efforts  
Will be effortless and more stunning  
Ya'll ain't fucking with WaxWhy do people seem so glass half-empty?  
Yet they give a pass to these half-ass Emcees  
What I have in common with giraffes, cash, and bees  
Is I'm high and I'm fly and I cause envy  
If Herbal T or EOM Isn't your name  
Then your musical advice was probably given in vain

While you write and talk about the shit you think I need to change  
I'll be outside smiling, singing in the rain, man  
On my parade you can pour piss  
I'll be dancing on a float in a state of pure bliss  
One day me and Herbal T'll pour Crist'  
Till then, sorry bro, I'm too pour Chris  
But you can pass me the Paps  
And here's a fucking pillow EOM relax Lyrical gold medal Olympian  
Cardio  
Regimen  
Still I got  
Hardly no, benjamins  
Motherfuckers stop for the show  
Like Maury Povich and them  
I can see the sorry ho bitch in them  
Walk around with their nose in the air  
But we just brush 'em to the side like an emo kid combing his hair  
I rock tight like that same kid's jeans  
Ya'll are like X ridden teens  
All green with envy like thanksgiving beans and the casserole  
Beat you back into your hole like we're playing Whack-a-Mole  
Damn, ya'll some busy little beavers  
Pitiful achievers with your critical demeanor's  
We don't do it for the doubters we just rip it for believers  
If you haters want a cookie give a visit to the Keebler's One more, one more, one, two, three, four  
People show us love when we come through ???  
DC too down to BCU  
And Hampton, where you'll find EOM cold lampin'  
Kickin' back making beats in his leisure time  
With a fine Caesar and Tequila from the freezer with a squeeze of lime  
I'm 'bout to go and get some peace of mind  
San Diego lay low with my seat reclined  
In the shade where the air is cooler  
I'll take the day off like Ferris Bueller  
Prepare a cooler, roll a big ass spliff  
You piss ants can come along or just remain stiff  
Spit clever just cause my tongue is your  
Type of curve balls win them fucking Cy Young Awards  
I'm Sandy Koufax So much stress on my mind it's hard to stay sober  
They decrease the load of the weight on my shoulders  
I hit the liquor store for another king cobra, use my debit card I hope it ain't over  
The limit cuz you know what that be, another 25 for the over draft fee  
Where does that go exactly? I don't know exactly, but it isn't to the lower class  
People lookin' for a check in stressed out conditions, regretting horrible decisions  
Like me who just got a DUI and I can't afford it the fee's are to high

And there's no one to blame but I but I can't provide  
Water when my well's run dry and I got ripped off last year buyin' money tree's  
Look at em' everyday and still just fuckin leaves, a couple G's of spare change to some  
Who are those people, what are their name and num  
Birds, I'm so stressed I'm cuttin' up worms I laugh at the situation  
Cuz it's fuckin absurd. Check my swag as I rip it  
I'd pull out my hair but I can't quite grip it  
And I can't afford a damn flight ticket for a plane ride  
If I could I'd go to Maine and hide( Outro)

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