

# Ghost Story

Rittz

Welcome to the Jonny Valiant show  
I'm about to blow  
Independent with a hundred thousand albums sold  
Rappers used to crowd around me funny now they don't  
No one's in my lane, my competition going adios  
No magician but I dissipate 'em in a cloud of smoke  
Revvin' they engine up and I'm a thousand miles down the road  
You ain't ever heard of me, fuck it now you know  
It's hard to take you serious, and I ain't out of jokes  
Most of the shit you rap about is unaccountable  
Saying nothing, making noise with your mouth like you're out of road  
Never seen an ounce of blow, flexin' like you Al Capone  
So we can seek to sneak the brownie a la mode  
Pocket full of bread, I ain't counting sour dough  
Cheating on her from above, funny how the roles  
Got reversed, when it was him, they never said, "Look out below"  
Never tried to lend a hand, I was down and out and broke  
With no balance in my bank account, and just a couple 'O's  
Now we feast, I'll beat my while we toastin' Crown and Coke  
Weird where the talent go, now it's like there's no one left  
Someone said you blowing up, they trolling on the social network  
I murk my flows, I choke 'em out and never broke a sweat  
You knock one out the box, now watch it cause a domino effect  
You're not a monster so these ghosts or goblins don't oppose a threat  
I ain't scared of no one, seen a hater and I told him that

If you don't start shit, there won't be none  
Cause I don't really need no reason  
To be the one responsible for your extinction  
Cause when it comes to competition, I don't see none  
They all went ghost on me  
Ain't nobody coming close to me  
It's like a goddamn ghost story  
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Go ahead and sound the horn, like every boring rapper does  
I wish the dude behind the booth would pull the power cord  
Just quit and do some shit you're good at  
Your stage show is hard for me to look at  
Like the unibrow on Al B. Sure!  
The difference between our music's night and day  
I'm getting busy but you shitty like a giant pile of cow manure  
So watch that mouth of yours  
I never thought I'd see the day it'd be okay to let these rappers dress like  
Shalamar  
They wanna dance, suck a dick, fuck these kids, knock 'em off they balance boards  
Beat 'em down and settle out at court  
Ugly as fuck but these sluts pulling down they drawers  
White bitches love me like an Abercrombie outfit stores  
Sick and never found the cure, sipping on the Crown I poured  
Wild and rowdy bumping Scotty ATL and (?) boy  
Some dummy said I wasn't hungry since I made it and I'm famous  
Bitch, I'm starving like the Army was in Valley Forge  
Was dope enough to get a deal back in 2004  
I was born a killer, tried to warn 'em, better tell them boys

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I'm just really being honest y'all  
I'm just sick of being modest all the time  
When all these artists talk like they the hottest and y'all  
They don't get away with murder  
They just rhyming words together, ain't no substance to their monologue  
They go on stage and spray the crowd with water  
Rapping over top they vocals to this track  
In fact, they sounding awful dog  
We ain't playing volleyball, I ain't going back and forth  
If you diss me and then piss me off, then I might smack you for it  
Run up in the studio while you were on like everything  
It's coolio, I jack you for your laps up in your mackie board  
You think I'm playing, you mistaken  
Shit, you faker than the movie Taken  
You ain't got no skills you only act the part  
Come and get a battle scar, thicker shit that's caviar  
You fictional like Battlestar Galactica and Avatar  
I'm on another planet and these rappers I'm on Saturn, Mars  
Venus, Jesus, we the C-N-T and we just laugh at y'all  
An open casket, I just killed a Kato track  
If you feel it, play it back  
Really, I'm just stating facts that

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