Holy Ghost

Adam Calhoun

In the name of the Father, Son, and the Holy Ghost
I'ma hold it down, light 'em up, holy smokes
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They say I can't rap 'cause I look like that
Red Wing boots and a Carhartt hat
What you mad 'cause I snap on a track?
Y'all dumbasses 'bout to make me mad
Hold up, slow down, come with caution
Kill 'em all, run out of coffins
You gon' do what to who?
Motherfucker, you just talkin'
Ghost ride the hearse down to the cemetery
Put you in the ground right next to where all your friends are buried
Y'all so scary, I'm a bully, Dirty Harry with this fully
Automatic 30 round mag make your ass holey

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I'ma walk around leavin' trails of holy smoke
I'ma let the town empty like a holy ghost
And I'ma walk around leavin' these trails of smoke
And I'll leave ashes, ashes everywhere that I go

Yeah, holy smokes the game had high hopes
That I'd choke or cover up one eye in my photo
And be exposed as a common hope so here this goes
Who the fuck, who the fuck said I can't rap?
You speak a language I ain't never heard of
Somebody must have jabbed a fuckin' stick
In your pre-reputured dirty clogged eardrum
Recalibrated, brain stimulated
'Cause my grandpa's death made me devastated
This mental state ain't fabricated
It's demonstrated anger and isolation
Got pens of ice, tight punchlines to write
Just fire on thin lines and leave the landmines
To get a scope if you wanna aim to blow minds
Have the next kid like "Damn that's so tight"

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