

GHOSTLAND

BIG30

Ghostland, ghostland (Blrrrd, blrrrd)
Ghost, ghostland (Big Blrrrd)
I'm 'bout to hit the block (ZBoy goin' crazy)
Ghost, ghost (Blrrrd), ghostland

I was strapped in the ninth grade, but my Glock wasn't up in my locker (Strapped)
Carbon high school, opp turned to me and Hank was the problem (Free Hank)
Reach for who neck? Boy, stop it (Who?) I got thirty shots in t his cartridge (Blrrrd)
I'ma hit your ass up nineteen times, eleven shots from who foll ow you (Blrrrd, blrrrd, blrrrd)
And this the shots in a switch (Yeah), don't make me bring that Draco out (That Drac')
Got a 'bow up in this bitch and it's 'bout seventy-five some rounds (Blrrrd)
Tryna hit Crocker with two of them, not seventy-five folks down (Ghostland)
They already sent them five folks down (Ghostland)
I made niggas play dead on the ground (Ghostland)

It ain't no killers on they block, fully Glock .308, bump stock (On God)
I swepted the trigger on this motherfucker (Blrrrd), sound like this ho won't stop (Stop)
My lil' cousin in the village, in the north tappin' on tops (They in the north)
Let 'em call my phone for anything, I'ma spin through there like a clock (Pullin' up, gettin' north)
I'ma spin through there nonstop (Stop), CG gon' come through every day (Every day)
Kill every nigga, every killer (Every), any junkie in my way (Everything in my way)
Nigga bet' not touch my blood (Bet' not), that's my family, I ain't gon' play (Gon' play)
Six to the chest (Six), two to the head (Two), one to the neck, he DOA (It's over)
Try to hit him twice, but that switch fucked around (Blrrrd), sent sixteen to his face (His face)
How he an opp and he your cousin? Tell you now, I ain't finna play (How?)
I don't think twice, I think once (No), I think it's that, you gettin' faced (Faced)
I can't get backdoored (At all), I come through the garage holdin' that Drac' (Drizzy)
Hop out that bulletproof full body K (Big K), I'm Thirtball Scarface (Don't play)

Wipe my Black down with this Wockhardt (Yeah) and I just poured
up an eight (Wock', Wock', Wock')
I just sent four thousand Ps up the road, Wop get the freight (Ayy, Wop, go get the low)
'Bout a thousand of 'em low, the other three in the Kingsgate (Ayy, anything gotta go)

I was strapped in the ninth grade, but my Glock wasn't up in my locker (Strapped)
Carbon high school, opp turned to me and Hank was the problem (Free Hank)
Reach for who neck? Boy, stop it (Who?) I got thirty shots in t his cartridge (Blrrrd)
I'ma hit your ass up nineteen times, eleven shots from who foll ow you (Blrrrd, blrrrd, blrrrd)
And this the shots in a switch (Yeah), don't make me bring that Draco out (That Draco)
Got a 'bow up in this bitch and it's 'bout seventy-five some rounds (Round)
Tryna hit Crocker with two of them, not seventy-five folks down (Ghostland)
They already sent them five folks down (Ghostland)
I made niggas play dead on the ground (Blrrrd, blrrrd)