

Ghosty

Bizzy Banks

Look, if you a shooter, boy, you better keep the 30 on
I'm a player I still got my jersey on
Watch her fiend when I put Extra Sturdy on
I just told my old bitch that the feelings gone
It's a cold world, gotta put the heater on
All I hear is Bizzy Banks when the speakers on
Put a chop on my hip then my sneakers on
Turn to Jeepers Creepers when the beef is on
He wanna be down I can't wait to lift him up
Swishers, blunts, Runtz, fuck
Pistol tucked, run up
Touch what? Guns bust

Bitch, I am him
Can't catch you, hit your goddamn friend
Tryna shoot at his top but the chop hit the rim
Tryna shoot at his top but the chop hit the what?
Like, uh, clutch it
Boy you a bitch, get down buss it
Nena a freak she gon' squirt when I touch it
Shit a get graphic, that's when I love it
Think he the wave until we come brush him
Why mention Blaze if you not on nothing?
Niggas be dyin' for words and clout
Look, that ain't nothing new
We turn the city up like Uncle Luke
Got some old niggas shootin' like they Uncle Drew

Last time I seen Pop, we really shook the room
Bitch I see the stars when I see the roof
Niggas turn to frauds when they hit the booth
How you gon' lie when we know the truth?
Wasn't Jah Crip when we was up in school?
How he turn, uh, that ain't my business
Niggas love to slide, he a eye witness
Drummer hit his thigh but this is not chicken
Bitch I'm a G.O.A.T
Can't afford to go broke 'cause my life ain't cheap
All I know is be humble, being rowdy ain't neat
Always on go so don't think shit sweet
Keep blickies 'round me but I ain't 22Gz
Shit look like a Glock but hold .223's
Uh, look, free all the shooters
Hop out with choppa's, you know I got Ruger
I do not politic, fuck all the rumours
See him in person we just gotta boom him
[?], that's how we do him
Bro got the gun out
Give him the green, he gon' shoot the whole clubhouse
After I nut tell that bitch get the fuck out
Please don't talk smart 'cause I'm really a dumb out
Might shoot when the sun out, look

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