

# Ghosts

Charles Hamilton

Not gonna let a ghost, not gonna let a ghost  
Not gonna let a ghost, not gonna let a ghost  
Not gonna let a ghost stress me out...

People think I'm crazy and a little bit retarded  
So what, it doesn't matter cause I know just where my heart is  
Never had a nine to five, never at a market  
But my marketability can be felt in any market  
Loyal only to those around when it started  
But even at that I still feel like a target  
The hardest part about making the music the hardest  
Is when you can't decide between a human or an artist  
Any old human can write within the margin,  
But an artist is a fallen tree heard from the forest  
The bird takes buzz from the mama payin porage  
But I'm way cooler, that's why I'm junior  
But became my own man sooner  
N\*gga I'm a ruler, can't be measured by a ruler  
I can make sound hear it, sound so round spirit  
So I'm...

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Why should I care if you're not even there  
Not gonna let a ghost stress me out  
You're in the room I can only assume  
Not gonna let a ghost stress me out  
So turn the lights off, put the candle lights on  
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Maybe cause my talent got em feelin so inadequate  
Hardcore thugs dancin round on some f\*ggot sh\*t  
Total wannabees runnin round on some actor sh\*t  
Even actors gettin caught up in all the rapper sh\*t  
I guess they get confused, in these interviews,  
I get to pick and choose how much you get to view  
Just in case you try to twist it into some sadistic shit  
To piss on what I live by  
This just to get my point across  
There ain't even noise involved  
Or your mind, cause music is noise organized  
Therefor it's different, it's just that subtle  
So if you ain't with it, trouble  
Every punchline got it's own knuckle  
My album is a drop from the top of a turnbuckle  
Floppin out, I guess I'm not gonna learn, uh-oh

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Overly aggressive, supposedly possessive  
But he mostly only goes to beat the ovaries and exit  
Hoes don't even know me, only needin a piece of knowledge  
They motherf\*ckers, seen you weak in college  
Right before they graduate,  
The night before they start to masturbate  
Think about the guy they have infatuate,  
Shun for, then a knock at the front door  
And it's him, they think 'Why he had to come for? '  
She wanna give it up, but not look like some whore  
But seein him made her wanna cum more  
He said 'What's good today, busy? '  
She said 'I was only here playin with the kitty'  
How ironic that...  
So I ain't stuntin when I say I feel bad about the girls I made moist  
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