

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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