

# Holy Ghost

Designer

CashMoneyAP

You say you got it  
You say you know me, how you get it, how you got it  
You say you 'bout it  
You say you know me, how I get it out the projects  
I shoot out the Holy Ghost  
Hold on, I grab the toast  
I'm sippin' on codeine  
I feel like I overdosed  
I shoot up like morphine  
Hold on, I got more fiends  
Pull up on that dopamine  
Huh, say you got it

Had to get my dough right  
Get it more right, pour that four right, all that, all that roll right  
In the club with some bitches, wanna suck it all night  
Wanna fuck it all night  
Be Tupacin' with my niggas, we be thuggin' all night  
All of this ice and it's all bright  
I walk in the spot and need no lights  
R.I.P. to Kimbo Slice  
Shout out to Drake to get more life  
'Member days, the kick door life  
Keep a salad, fuck the poor life  
'Stafa, I be feelin' like Mustafa, hey  
My son is Simba niggas, call 'em finish hittas  
I got getters get us

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Holy Ghost, Holy Ghost, Holy Ghost  
Ride in the drop, that's that Holy Ghost  
Holy shake, do the Holy Ghost

Holy shit 'cause I'm wholly rich  
I'm a drive in the Lamb, watch 'em take a pic  
I skrrt on that ass 'fore you take the flick  
I'm a fuck on Rihanna, put her all in designer  
Diamonds last forever, last forever  
We gon' blast together, I'm on top of the building ain't falling  
Crash the weather, we gon' clash together  
Feel light as a feather  
Hey, this the real  
Hey, this how you feel  
I was gettin' money without no deal  
Watch it fall in the fire, it's hot as hell  
This for real

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Huh, oh yeah, you say you got it