

Ghost

Dizzee Rascal

Close, close, wanna get close on the coast
Ghost, ghost don't pose and I don't post
Close, close, wanna get close on the coast
Ghost, ghost

Pickin' me a winner
Picky hair an' I was a little bit thinner
3310 with a customised ringer
I was tryna holla at lavinia
But she weren't ina
Cos I was a sinner
Thought I was a minger
Never had a Bimmer
Rollin' through the ends on a stolen aprillia
Waiting for the dominos guy to deliver
For a free dinner
Thought I knew it all I was just a beginner
Never was a singer
I was on pirate radio way before I heard Mike Skinner
Wagwan killer
Yeah that's my nigga
Talk about race but its just way bigger
I ain't gonna waste no time on Twitter
Done with the jibba
Cry me a river
Say it to my face or say it to my trigger
You go figure, or reconsider
Indian giver
Lookin' for a chocolate girl with a hint of vanilla
And she can bring a indian with her
I just want a bosom for a pillow
An' I got a little bit o skrilla
We can get a boat and we can get a villa
Or we can be on South Beach real nigga liver
All killer, no filler

I don't wanna brag or boast
I don't cater and I don't host
When they ask what I do I say I do the most
Then I get ghost, on the coast like I am supposed
Don't pose and I do not post
And that's why these girls wanna play me
Close, close, wanna get close on the coast
Ghost, ghost don't pose and I don't post
Close, close, wanna get close on the coast
Ghost, ghost

They ain't put food on my table
I rock the cradle
Big dirty stinkin' logo I rock the label
I've been doin' this since cable
I was on the graveyard shift in the studio
Only popped out for a salt beef bagel
I was on the roads when it was unstable
I'm not an angel
Beef had more than a plate full
But I ain't hateful

Born in the 80s
Year of the able
Come back 18
Coulda been facial
Raised in the 90s
It was still racial
Bloody disgraceful
Why are these youts so bloody ungrateful
Talk about grime like I ain't a staple
I was on the mic when you was in playschool
Stabbed six times yo it could have been fateful
Would have been 6 foot deep on my bredrin's tshirt lookin' distasteful
Would have been wasteful
Never would have seen the Caribbean in April
Shackin' up with Rachel
Givin' her a faceful
Never would have been seven figures deep walkin' down the street with a gorg
eous freak in a chief screamin' "come out the way fool"

I don't wanna brag or boast
I don't cater and I don't host
When they ask what I do I say I do the most
Then I get ghost, on the coast like I am supposed
Don't pose and I do not post
And that's why these girls wanna play me
Close, close, wanna get close on the coast
Ghost, ghost don't pose and I don't post
Close, close, wanna get close on the coast
Ghost, ghost