

BrownBagBoy

Ghostemane

Like a Houdini I'm gone, see you gettin' played like a ball
When I skin a motherfucker to the bone, if he got a weak tone
I see you coming at me all wrong, sit back take a hit of the bong
Better get stoned, everybody wanna act strong
They smoking the reef while they sitting at home all alone
In front of their screen, never be punching a thing but their keys
Flipping their border for ki's, it's just that they not from the hood
As if it be good, they in Suburbia, where it's safe for the kids like you
You will never what I've been through, 'cause I ain't like you
Talk talk all you do, when it come time to do, excuse, excuse
Say you making moves like a chess piece
Better wear a vest these side of the tracks
So you wanna hit a track with me, okay
If you don't wanna pay, don't come my way
Sick of the rappers say they got weight
I try to come at you but you only got a 8th
Get the fuck out my face, unless you wanna feed me the faith
I don't resonate my game because of my shade
But I'ma eat, eat like a fat bitch at a buffet
Stay the fuck out my way

Brown-Bag-Boy, pants cut to the knees
Gas station Tall T in a Grand Marquis
See, I keep it low-key, rather you don't know me
I ain't looking for no friends, y'all just liabilities
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"Wow! it's really coming on strong...
And then what you have to do is you have take one more enormous hit."

Six on a Friday, just got paid
For the next three days I'ma stay in a haze
See I worked all day so I gave myself a raise
I don't answer to nobody and my bills get paid
Si-si-six on a Friday, just got paid
For the next three days I'ma stay in a haze-haze
See I worked all day so I gave myself a raise
I don't answer to nobody and my bills get paid

"He doesn't like you, I'm sorry"
"I don't like you either. You just watch yourself. We're wanted men, I have
the death sentence on twelve systems."
"I'll be careful"
"You'll be dead!"

Wake up in the mornin' hit the stu zip-tized
Look to my right side and I see a dime lying
Maybe thinking to myself what a wonderful life, how that in the end
I'll be the fucker dragged then ending up tied in the dirt
So there was a motherfucker sayin' I was rappin'
But a cracker took my privacy, I catch him in my place
So I cracked him in the face, he a disgrace to my race
White boy with no taste, put him in his place (Ghostemane!)

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