

# GHOSTMANE

## Ghostemane

All the underground cats call me Solo The Ghoste  
Been bustin' caps, swingin' bats  
Like po-po on the coast  
They ain't a joke, ain't even close  
So I propose a toast  
To all the foes at my shows  
Crooked like Stick n' Poke  
Love and hate, that's all the same  
But If you don't give a fuck  
You in the game, try my team  
Then you shit out of luck  
Scary boy, quit talkin'  
Your ain't big enough  
To beef with me, B-I-Z  
D-A microphone killa

They call me Ghostemane  
Low-key white as ghost  
Always kick it alone  
Call me, I won't pick up the phone  
(Better watch your hoe, mane)  
She just won't leave me alone  
And I won't fuck with a thirsty chick  
So just leave her at home

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Keep my skin thick  
Like the butt on my chick  
Because nobody give a shit what you say when you spit  
They only see what you wear and the shade of your skin  
If you're the same shade as them  
They won't give you a spin  
Don't fabricate what you say  
People see through the haze  
Don't fabricate what you say  
Put a number on your days

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