

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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