

## Kast Out

Ghostemane

My eyes are bloodshot  
Like the Mishka logo  
Smokin dope riding solo watching for the po-po  
Smoke rolls out my mouth eyes hella low tho  
Turn the speakers up a little more  
Sortahuman is Schema, hoe

I'm spinning round like I'm crash  
f\*ck with me and that's yo' ass  
I'm with a clique and they will blast  
Right up on yo' funky ass  
Suicidal is from the D  
Yeah that Wicca shit  
Sisqo came down on the track with the Schema bitch  
Runnin round with the Glock  
Finna let that shit bust  
f\*ckin with the Schema we leaving bitch ass niggas in dust  
Learn my motherf\*ckin' name  
Turn em to a ghost mane  
Sortahuman with the pen  
And I'm loco and I'm insane

I cruise like Tom  
With the bomb in my knapsack  
f\*ck the three-eighty I'm outta the cut with the fat mac  
I bust like a nine and blast off like a rocket  
A nine in my holster with a clip in my pocket  
Hoes wanna be down kinda like Brandy  
I sip on the Brandy and my rubbers come in handy  
cause my mission is kamikaze  
Its WooF and niggas know they can't f\*ck with Schemapossa  
Don't give no f\*ck I'll spark it up inside a church bitch  
We get em bucking like a blunt you getting burnt bitch  
Yeah I'm the shit, I'm the shit, I'm the shit. ho  
Can catch me cooking I ain't whipping I wrap that bitch. ho  
Lit phone, twerking make her work and flick my wrist slow  
They like yo' bitch and nympho and I'm like which ho  
I'm in the club mouth shining like some tin foil

A all black pink trim, and now my  
Coming to kill  
Killin at will  
Spitting so sick and it's leaving you chills  
Creepin up in the darkness with a nine mill and that gold grill  
Killa C straight bringing that heat  
I'm like Freddy Kruger I'm creeping in yo' sleep  
Schema the posse we be so unique  
And we running the streets without no defeat  
Ridin slab in that low low  
Sippin syrup in slow-mo  
Oh no, I hit a nigga with the nine mill' and the po-po  
And speed off with no trace  
A dead body with no face  
The next day I beat trial  
Then leave court with a closed case  
Bitch  
Aye real talk man

Shouts out to all the motherf\*ckin' fans that downloaded this album  
You know what I'm saying  
Shouts out to all the Schema fans  
K-R-double-E-P  
I do this shit for y'all  
Shouts out to JGRXXN  
Shouts out G\*59  
Know what I'm saying  
Everybody else who contributed to this album  
We running the underground  
Bitch better duck

Splatter yo' brains  
All over the interstate  
But I won't lose no sleep tonight  
Not even a minute I'm dreaming and wondering how the f\*ck I'm still alive  
Losin myself in the pages of graphic depiction of shit that don't exist  
You thinking I'm outta my mind  
But it keeps me alive at a f\*cked up time like this  
I load my .22 and point it straight up at my dome  
Mothaf\*ckas thought Caligula was flexing but you got it wrong  
I'm looking down the barrel of my own shit  
Waiting for God to show me if he really exist