

# Nun Ta Sho

Ghostemane

You ain't fucking no bodies  
Bitch, you ain't stacking no paper, hoe  
You rapping and talking 'bout this and that but got nun ta sho  
You broke ass fiend with some dead ass dreams  
I'm living up all of the shit I say but you just making believe  
And you ain't fucking no bodies  
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All your fake designer clothing  
Bitch, it ain't worth a dime  
And well I'm mad that you can't open your mouth without telling a lie  
Unless you 'bout to put a bigger rapper dick inside  
And go to work until they say you might get signed  
And I won't say your name  
Cause then maybe your fifty-seven plays  
Now we will track you down and might jump to fifty  
Eight  
And I can't give another rapper clout  
No, no I can't  
Unless it be Schema the posse the clique and I'm hoping that I claim  
I can't believe that I am even giving you sixteen  
I'm throwing a dog a bone cause I have some extra time free  
You know, free?  
F-R-double E like your Honda Accord  
That the only type of rent your fake ass can afford  
So keep on paying motherfuckers so you can open up shows for one hit  
wonders  
Why the fuck you doing this anymore?  
Hoe, just quit while you not ahead  
Nobody would even notice  
It's coming up on the day you gon get exposed  
You bogus (hocus pocus)

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