

I could be the poster boy for shit ass luck  
I couldn't tell you how many times, I been lit off this [?]  
The ground all around me, I don't know how they found me  
But this shit don't stop, if there's a god then he popped  
A laxative and he sitting over my head again  
Even if I died I bet that shit would land on my next of kin  
But I'm the Ghoste of the underground, takin no shit  
Even if that's god himself, he betta be ready fo a lick  
Don't even try to comprehend the shit that I say  
Silent is the way I stay, violent is the way I play  
But I been tryin to change, but when a motherfucker test me  
Like S A T then I S S A T [?]  
And I don't know why the fuck I'm spellin it out  
Cause most of you too dumb to read  
See I have a lot of fun, everything going good  
Got a drank, not a thang in the bank  
But I don't need a thang if I gotta bad chick  
And a little bit of cash in my name  
But that's the way I been living  
The way I been thinking, it's fucking me up  
But I don't give a shit, I could die tomorrow  
I might as well self destruct

You might not understand all of the shit in my mind  
I'm the Ghoste of the underground, listen to this rhyme  
You might not understand all of the shit in my mind  
I'm the Ghoste of the underground, listen to this rhyme  
You might not understand all of the shit in my mind  
I'm the Ghoste of the underground, listen to this rhyme  
You might not understand all of the shit in my mind  
I'm the Ghoste of the underground, listen to this rhyme

If all of my dreams came true, you would be no more  
And I'd be sitting on the block, chilling on death row  
Doin' the same shit, that I'm doing now, that's word  
Countin' down the days, until I leave my body on earth  
A little birdie told me about this chick I know  
How she was dreaming 'bout my hands, gripping her throat  
But it ain't no thang, 'cause most chicks just can't hang  
They talk a whole lotta game, but don't know how to play  
Call me a fuckup, cause I think that is my calling in life  
Take a good thang, grind it up, put it in a pipe  
Flick a bic, watch it light, blow it out in the strife  
And see it fade away, never no more, thank you to pride

You might not understand all of the shit in my mind  
I'm the Ghoste of the underground, listen to this rhyme  
You might not understand all of the shit in my mind  
I'm the Ghoste of the underground, listen to this rhyme  
You might not understand all of the shit in my mind  
I'm the Ghoste of the underground, listen to this rhyme  
You might not understand all of the shit in my mind  
I'm the Ghoste of the underground, listen to this rhyme