

I Think I Saw a Ghost

Ghostface Killah

Let's get this money, yeah nigga
Uh, shit is rock star shit
Radiohead and all them niggas with all them fly names
Yeah. Green Day, Van Halen, Metallica shit
Yeah. Ozzy. Shout-out to Ozzy

Yo, hey yo
Wallos is crisp the duffle bag got a straight mill
Black Gotti's dice 'em off in the grill
Party and bullshit, the gun got a full clip
Stop running your trap, you get yapped for that loose lip
Triple Goose look like an OJ glove
And them Gucci seats in the jet is nothing but love
Push come to shove
I'ma burn an half of ounce in the skylark
Ice cold Dos Equis, I don't fuck with the landshark
AMG [?] with the glass steering wheel
Petrified wood dash and the crystal windshield
White tire gold diamond flakes in the paint job
Shit's so sexy, when you look, you get your dick hard
Impeccable, I'm more than intellectual
Dart-throwin' don that'll stir-fry your vegetable
Tone Tana'll merk your grandma
For them dead presidents
You should never bite the hand paw

I think I saw a ghost
Walking up and down the road
Going coast to coast
It won't stop until the lights turn off
Hanging on to memories
Well here you go, it's bad for me
I think I saw a ghost
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And that's the word to my mother
I love the motherfucking game, I like my bird to be smothered
Apple juice Beamer at Costco's
Rock and roll shit still make you do the wop though
Leather pyjamas, the house shoes off white
If I wanna win the finals then I gotta call Mike
Floor seats, smoking on purple punch
The other funds stuffed in the safe way up at Oregon
Time for me to shit on the rap game
Range Rove cruise on train tracks in the rain
Face twisted when I'm cracking your frame
Gates missing when I lap on a plane
I may fracture your brain
Your girl's swimming, I still feel her wet weight
It's a drywall but the cactus remain
Vic Spencer now chilling at the function
This shit's so exclusive big Ghost ain't see it coming
Ayo Starks, man, give me some blue and green Wallies

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Fiends they come out at dark
Rock star like Linkin Park
Guns we gon' let 'em spark
Two tone like Ghost Clarks
Hoodie on like we stealing
Crowd look like Van Halen
Mixed with Public Enemy
Bus loads of chicks trailin'
White boys'll ride for me
Black boys that die for me
Only keep it gangster so the fuck boys they hide from me
Too big to stage dive
Too rich to drink and drive
But I still do it, how the fuck am I still alive?
Rap on this dope guitar
Lights on like it's the law
Blue face, it's blue face the safe look like Avatar
Got bread for any car
Could buy out any bar
And I stand tall like Bruce and Abdul-Jabbar
Lyrically another level
Deep get another shovel
It's hard to hate on the God, so get another devil
Yeah, weed and liquor in my cup
Still middle fingers up
Wu-Block

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