

Free Ghost

Icewear Vezzo

(Reuel, stop playing with these niggas)

Sold a hundred 'bows of 'za at the freeway (Skrtrt)
And double back with a lil' E-way, this a replay
Nothin' but muffins, ice, and gas like the Speedway
Told my ho to come outside, let's have a three-
way (Iced Out Records)

Trappin' like it's 2010 on the block with ninety 'scripts
Type of nigga that buss a wrist, dog, I barely like the bitch
They act out as Christmas trees, Santa Claus, we lightin' shit
Diamond kiss and icy wrist, bitch, I got all type of shit
Stomach hurtin', ain't drunk lean like three weeks, I need a fi
x

From the 6, I got paper like the Lions, we really rich
Caught him lackin' at the game, was off a Xan' when he got blit
zed
Hundred thousand on me in fives, a half a million when it's all
crisp

Drive the Cullinan like a striker, drive my Wraith like it's a
'Vette

Niggas fake, ain't never step, get your face full of checked
I get top when I be sleepin', tryna take me a lil' rest
That bitch gushin' in my hand, ain't got no safety or no belt
I don't even care 'bout none of this shit, when I get high, jus
t like to pop it

Niggas bags got low, it's dry, nothin' but water, oh, I can mop
it

I don't even talk unless it's money, that's why it's dog shit,
every topic

I keep dog shit in every pocket and every car come with a rocke
t

You niggas still broke, just like back then

Ain't gotta sell dope, the rap check big

Take 'em to '09, we was gettin' Act' back then

It was gettin' tax back when we had the FAPA stack ten

Half the shit they got don't even sell, them niggas pack rigged

Before we had the 'za sent by the bale, I had to trap, bitch

Thirty rounds of MAC-10s, red Forgis, black Benzes

Stuff her 'til she packed in, her muffins made of half-men