

Smell Something

MC Chris

Name is Ray, and my stance is predominantly pro ghost
The ones in story told at a marshmallow roast
Been a ghostie all my life, grew up in a haunted house Half Swiss, half Russian, now I'm all about busting
Used to own a book store that required a lot of dusting
the time to keep the pace
I bust ghosts, paranormal investigation
Chance to grow all in all with no hesitation
The mast turbulence rock falls, even sponge migration
Plus eruption, book staking, and I'm lacking information.
Been possessed, been blown, yes my pole still works
Tell him my job might be hard, but it's got a lot of perks
We bust heads of the dead, intervene if they're mean
My collection is contained, light is green, trap is clean

Ray Stantz is the man with the wand in his hand,
No spells, just hell, screamin' demon be damned
On the front line I got no time for frontin'
Strictly business is my mission,
Listen, do you smell something?

I believe in mediums, table tippin',
homie, you'd be tripping
In front of this phenomenon is suddenly not enough
Better batten down the hatches for some wrath of God type stuff
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Always got a cigarette hanging off the lip
Always workin' on the Ecto it's a defective piece of shit
Always got my goggles to help me see ghosts better
Before trappin' happened, my plan was just better!
Lost my parents in a plane crash, a triangle over the Bermuda
They left me a hauntedhouse, which I sold, so therapeutic
Needin' to grow up, even though, I'm kinda like a kid
It's infectious, need protection, just like a protection grid
Getting high, I'm moving slime my memory is towards the antagonist
Do damage with the now that the mayor is backing us,
Always glad to help and hug, but if you're spud, back off
I burn every ghost 'till they're burnt and black like sack cloth

Do you smell something?
Do you smell something?
Do you smell something?
Do you smell something?

[Chorus x2]

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