

Ghost

Mick Jenkins

You never really see me out, I be on the road
Or I be in the crib, when I'm not on the road
I'm working on my penmanship, and my relationship
I put in hard work, you cannot fake this shit
You never really see me out
Ghost
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I dig my personal space
Put the flower in the paper, put the earth to my face
With my lady and we lay there for the girth of the day
It's worth it to say, I do this for a whole different purpose
It's kind of high key, I'm low key
But to clarify, I really just been more focused on me
You can verify these claims with anybody that know me
Singing my words nigga, I don't do karaoke
And define worth to me 'cause I won't win the trophy
I been watching it closely
All that glitter just garnishing, I'm more partial to parsley
And all the medals will tarnish
You played your hardest and they ate your heart out
I beg your pardon, I'm more Harden I can't ride the bench about it
Even if they claim I bitched about it
Knew I had the eagle eye, couldn't remain pigeon about it
Speak about it, even win, especially when my pigment doubted
They couldn't fuck with the vision, and now you see me in vintage frames
Percentage rose when the interest came
All that hate just fanned a bigger flame
I'm simply saying when I'm sane, I go super saiyan
I supersede all them niggas that go with the grain
That's why you never see me in that lane

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Back on my bullshit
You know I'm preaching, don't need a pulpit
Who'll be a culprit if we really talking stealing flows
I hate the fake in my heart when break on a serial raises
But the real do my shit just like Cheerios
Hearing more voices that try to influence choices I make
I'm out my shell but all I see is oysters
Phonies kicking it, they just imposters
Fish out of water, now I need that moisture
He don't react to the heat like pasta
Too much backbone, check his posture
He dance with wolves young Kevin Costner
And canoes through this Water World

With the logic of a Spock, if I retreat I'm simply tryna prosper
What do diamonds do under pressure?
I feel the weight of landing helicopters
Just to get up here and find out they read teleprompter
Fuck is conscious if you woke, but you still in the bed
A lot of y'all realities is only in your head
Then you bring that shit to me and you expect agreeance
I'm disagreeing with your take on all this shit instead
But, I don't be trying to do the most so I digress
I take it down, I fade to black, I get on with this

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