

# 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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You never see me

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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