I deal with no one who's backed out
On the bus but I smoke to the ceiling
Step up to me, better back down
Say what it is but I don't keep no secrets
Ghostrage

Blunts got me heavy
I'm stuck in my sickness
I'm busted and I'm buzzin'
Not a kick, but he's geekin'
Oh,
I'm trippin' and pulling shit out the A.E
The same people gossip, the same was
Become me if you please got a blade in my jeans

I smokin' on Backwoods and passible
Racks on my , so they're fuckin' with me
Pull up slow
Ink on my skin and I'm fuckin' with me
I can see it, believe it can't fuck what you
Pull up in the Audi, and not before me
Got two twelves in the trunk while I'm
I stay where I stay, and I creep where I creep
I got no nine-to-five, bitch OMENXIII

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