

# Ghost

Prof

What am I to do when all I really see is garbage?  
They all narcissistic and harmless  
Delusionally carsick  
What I'm talking 'bout is all these rappers on the market  
Claiming they got skill I beg your motherfuckin' pardon?  
Make me wanna barge in some apartment and start arson  
(Awesome)  
Put a rapper body in a garden  
Am I a Martian, we on the same planet?  
I don't see anybody fuckin' with me God dammit  
Prof - I been hot since Michael J. Fox could talk  
I'm a genius and use my cock a lot  
The last one who's underrated who yet hasn't made it  
Anyway, mazel tov  
I'm better than a midday fuck  
Name a rapper man I think they suck  
I'm gonna buy an old big grey truck  
Watch, I'll drive around the country with my fists taped up, yup!  
Y'all a puddle of piss  
Love it or not, at least I give a hundred percent  
Is it 'cause I ain't covered in tattoos?  
Well sit back cupcake I got bad news

You can't look me in the face!  
Tell me you're satisfied!  
Look me in the face!  
Are you satisfied?  
You can't look me in the face!  
Tell me you're satisfied!  
You can't look me in the face!  
Are you satisfied?

When I listen to the radio it be like Comedy Central  
I wanna be gentle, but I got to come and drop the bomb on these simples  
Who honestly sent you the vomit, they promised on it  
But it really gets sonically mental  
I'ma be into placin' a big cannon at thee temple  
Bang on 'em a lot of 'em never was hot to me  
Shockingly popped awesomely profits be  
Toppin' the charts, even got a Hot Topic Tee  
Watch the G, pop pop give a colostomy (Damn)  
I can't kill 'em when they wack  
But forreal the N9na's skill can kill 'em in a rap  
The feelin' is through the ceilin' when I'm wheelin' through the trap  
Dealin' music a million Tech the villain will adapt  
But a lot of these motherfuckers are crap, crap  
I think we should put together an app for the rappers  
That don't have a rhythm bone in they ass, a disaster  
But'll teach 'em to never thinkin' they swagger's Alaska  
When they bizzuti, wanna give 'em this Uzi  
Mi scusi, did you say the way I'm speakin' is bougie?  
That's where you lose me, how pathetic can you be?  
When sayin' these fools be better than me that's a doozy!  
Rap, everybody wanna try it  
But the Tecca N9na flow you can't deny it  
Laughin' at a lotta rappers I can't hide it  
But it ain't they fault, it's the motherfuckers that buy it

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I've been so close  
Come to think about it I'm a ghost  
Some people believe in bibles  
Some believe in somethin' that their eyes don't know  
So I'm about to tell you how the cycle go:  
(Okay!)  
I've been swimming uphill for a decade plus  
By the time I'm done I'll be one of the best they was  
It's like the country walkin' over a billion barrels of oil  
They ain't even found me cause of the mud  
Find out Prof is a ghost that lives  
With a neck like that and a rope like this  
Flow like bricks  
So underrated that I held my dick 'til I broke my fist  
And these days, rappers'll show up and spit on a track  
Make me wanna throw up and shit on a track  
Put a lid on that  
Roll it up into a blunt, take a hit on that  
I'm so gifted it's like Santa's here  
I roll deep even got my grandma here  
So fly, oh my I need landing gear  
So bright, y'all might, catch a tan in here  
Gimme your can of beer  
You can tell a bandit near  
I come around the sun goes blacker than a panda's ear  
You follow Captain Planeteers  
I shine like a chandelier  
The only motherfuckin' man in here