

# Ghostwriter

Rick Ross

Fat boy behind a lot of your favorite flows man  
Pay attention

Ghost writer blunt lighter  
Write a rappers song then go buy a home  
Lyrics they recite these are words I own  
Every album that I made I did it on my own  
Melodies that I would barter any label the starter  
Any nigga with cheddar I bet I can make it better  
Wanna live the life so they gotta pay the fee  
Last ten years everybody came to me  
Politicians propositions bottom bitches washing dishes  
No auditions for these bitches many scriptures we've written  
Came from the mud I use to piss in the tub  
If you never felt love then I considered you blood  
Charging for the verses, I'll throw in the chorus  
Slip-N-Slide fucked me friendship was aborted  
Publishing was something I would have to earn back  
So I wrote so many songs I would deserve that  
In return I wrote them things that were all to the world  
Cause they were some names many names  
That's my word to confirm  
That's my word to confirm  
That's my word to confirm

It gets so lonely at the top  
It gets so lonely at the top  
I get so lonely at the top  
It be so lonely at the top  
It be so lonely at the top  
I be so lonely at the top

Fell in love with the travel carry ons and what have you  
If a nigga came at you then he was trying to pat you  
Ghostwriter put a check on a niggas head  
You never knew all at the table cause he hid his hand  
Remember receiving words of wisdom from Jimmy Henchman  
I lit a blunt in his honor when he received his sentence  
So many successful entertainers with tax problems  
DMX went homeless and heard he back robbing  
Rosay won't be a old nigga with back problems  
In the back of the Maybach with black Tanya  
When it comes to the anthems I done penned me a few  
LMFAO been my style they about to get sued

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My ego's intact, my pen is unique  
Any pressure we come with sticks like they do at Philippe's  
God gave me a gift therefore I shared it with them  
Ghostwriter publisher such a beautiful friend  
We give them the slang we lease them the swag  
Tell them where they can hang tell them what they should claim  
Cheers to hustlers, bitches who wanna fuck us  
Ghostwriter never knowing when they are coming to touch us  
My team in fatigues diamonds drip to my knees  
Mike Caren a leach you'll all be deceased  
Culture is mine these words I define  
If you need you a hit I could give you some lines  
I could pick you the beat I should write you the hook  
You just sit back and smoke, all royalties took  
All royalties took  
All royalties took

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