

Bring Dem Ghost

Styles P

When I pull up they notice me
Got that bag on me, it ain't groceries
So fuck you mean, shit is slow for me
All dem goons you see, they let it go for me
Cause we ring dem things we ring dem things
So fuck your plug, we fling dem things
Treinta y ocho, beams and things
Your team don't come through like Kingdome games
We ring dem things we ring dem things
We ring dem things we bring dem things
We ring dem things we bring dem things
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Fuck 'em all, couldn't use a better approach
On that hard shit, nobody do it better than Ghost
43, put a .44 dead at your throat
Is he lying? What he sellin, sellin better than dope
I was thinking of quitting rap just chillin and kickin back
But if niggas is gonna kick it I wish they had kicked the facts
Every rhyme with a great MC, he killed the track
Send the top 10 rappers alive to kill a pack
The Phantom'll still kill 'em don't let that plant shit fool you
You don't get the picture, let that 'gram shit fool you
Most of them niggas pussy, yeah I said it
They said they smokin' gas, but that shit ain't unleaded
Tell his mom suck a dick and I still won't feel threatened
When it comes to the streets I'ma nuclear weapon
Seen it all too clear, get loose and I'm prepping
But I'ma tryna make a change sellin' juice, do you get it
Are you familiar with my past, I'm familiar with a mask
I'm familiar with a blast after that make a dash
All love shout to Rap Radar
But you a dickhead if I ain't on your rap radar
Ghost kill niggas, soughta like the rap Adolf
Fuck ya money up, soughta like the rap Madoff
If you bet on dem other niggas you gonna lose
I rhyme, I'm out the booth or I shoot 'em out their shoes
Alarm is off snooze, everybody gotta lose
It's the rap bill collector, everybody pay their dues
Who you think is better, tell you fuck him and his crew
Then I send a dirty bitch to go fuck him and his crew
Later on I kill him, like fuck him and his crew
Yeah I'm done with the shit, yeah fuck it boy I'm through
Ghost, nigga

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