

Ghost Sick

Styles P

Most these rappers can eat a dick
Or eat a clip
Yo Ghost, you too old for this bullshit
But fuck it we need me to think
Lyrics is not obsolete
Fuck about a chopper one shot
You in the doctor b (one shot)
Or the morgue dawg
Fucking with a warlord
Ask the lord for war with a bible and a sawed off
But I don't know what chapter out the good book
Would make me black out
And watch me get all my goods
Switch to rich now, you don't even remember how the hood look
(You don't remember)
That's cool with me, fuck about your jewelry
Car or your house nigga (I don't give a fuck)
Far as I'm concerned you in the house nigga
I ain't seen you outside yet (I ain't seen you yet)
You was in mine I woulda kicked you out my set (bitch ass)
You don't know the old Ghost shit I get real loose
But I calmed down I'm getting money sell real juice (let's get it)
You lucked up I used to fuck shit up
And get fucked up but now I lounge
The outbound selling loud they thinking I got pounds
Any rapper wanna die fuck it how bout now? (how bout now?)
Time on my hands could turn the line on my hands (facts)
You yelling gang but wouldn't bang a nine in your hands (pussy)
Not even a deuce deuce I'm hard like Bruce Lee
You funny like Bruce Bruce
Nigga

You don't know the old Ghost shit I get real loose
But - but - but -but - but - but I calmed down
Getting money sell real juice