

# Real Ghostly

Styles P

Description of my existence, real ghostly  
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I'm forever spittin, you is never spittin  
If my man gonna ride I'm gonna set it with him  
If ya man gonna die, you gettin deaded with him  
When you hear my verses, it was never written  
And If you don't like my shit, don't never listen  
But if you tuned in, make room then  
Guns in every closet, even the one the brooms in  
Just like them cameras, see that money and zoom in  
Get it, then I zoom out  
And they think I'm blowin' smoke out  
I'm really blowin' fumes out, howl when the moons out  
It's the alpha male, is my brain locked up or is it out on bail  
Am I free yet? Can I see yet??  
You don't understand you really ain't a G yet  
I'm a gentleman, I'll leave you tremblin'  
Rememberin the gremlins, the guns need assemblin'

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Sort of like the ancient Egyptians  
I could move objects without liftin', so gifted  
Still keep the spliff and the smithon  
Never cross me like a Christian  
There's no distance far enough to stop my persistence  
Like for instance, I use my motherfuckin' instincts  
Me, my gun, my knife, always stay in sync  
I know shit stinks, but keep ya nose up  
Me, I hold the block like the belt hold ya clothes up  
I see his head down, and his toes up  
They'll plant him, but he never grows up  
You don't wanna stumble now, it's a jungle now  
Large ain't big enough, headed for humongous now  
And If you head up, they'll gun you down  
They don't give a fuck if ya daughter or ya son around

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Mind stay zoned out, on the plane like I flown out  
Gun game, who got blown out  
Drug game, get ya car and ya home out  
Cause the streets take the motherfuckin' toll out  
And Let a little bit of soul out, I'm tryna roll out  
With a lot of cash to hold out  
Cause I know bout what I know bout, nigga no doubt  
My whole life I went the dough route

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