

# The Ghost

Styles P

Spend a day with the Ghost baby  
Get the understandin'  
I'm like a shadow

I'm the ghost of this shit for all the spirits I possess  
All the voices I be hearin', shit I'm feelin' in my chest  
I could ghost through your walls and flow through your soul  
When it comes to the streets dog I give this shit my all and  
If I'm not grabbin' y'all, if you into signs then  
I'm a Sagittarius, the magician is my tarot card  
David is my first name but love it if you break it down  
I'm a real nigga, I'm a hug you if you breakin' down  
Styles is my last name meaning the expression of art  
I guess why I'm just blessed with the heart  
And they call me Holiday, I'm a let the blanks fill in  
I call myself that cause I was born on Thanksgiving  
11-28-74  
Snatch you, will I break bread with niggas that was ghetto or poor  
P. short for Peniro, that's a mixture of Robert and Al  
But I ain't actin' with a llama, I'm wild

Here's why they call me the ghost  
I'm half alive, half dead, and when it's beef I bring all of the toast  
I'm the ghost of this shit, I provide you fluid  
That'll crack the sidewalks and rise the sewers

Hey yo, I can see my son in my face  
Am I foul cause I pray when I'm high or with a gun on my waist  
Gots to ride for the criminals, die for the generals  
My ghost'll be around for my bicentennial  
Y'all better do the article  
Cause when I'm dead I ain't really gon' die, I'm gon' break down to particle  
s  
Probably too deep to blow  
When I sleep I leave earth and come back, y'all can't peep the ghost  
It's like I make niggas shiver and think  
I'm so deep that if water tried to listen then the rivers'll sink  
And y'all niggas can't walk with me, I'm on some different shit  
I can't explain it but I hear the clouds talk to me  
It's sort of like the weed in a dutch, you wouldn't understand  
So I stay quiet not leavin' you much  
It's about time I even it up, I knock your spirit out  
Holiday to Ghost gettin' greasy as fuck

Here's why they call me the ghost  
I'm half alive, half dead, and when it's beef I bring all of the toast  
I'm the ghost of this shit, I provide you fluid  
That'll crack the sidewalks and rise the sewers

I vow to hold my niggas down, bust my gun, pay the bail  
Get the weed, get the liquor, dog I'm just a lick of styles  
Lyrically I'm somethin' else, hardest out of nothin' else  
Before you think I'm bitch you better all try to fuck yourself  
Mr. Paniro and, mixed with a pharoe and  
Got cold hearted when I started movin' heroin  
Robbed more shit than Billy the Kid  
You think you're nicer than the P you the silliest kid

It's like I'm better off poppin' ya  
When I flow I got a formula in styles sort of like a philosipher  
Y'all start borrowin' lessons  
Cause rap without me is like the gods without the stars and the crescents  
I don't rap my niggas, I spit bars and baptize niggas  
Pull guns and kill half-sized niggas  
You heard about the Holy Ghost and took it for lies  
Next time you see Paniro just look in his eyes nigga

Here's why they call me the ghost  
I'm half alive, half dead, and when it's beef I bring all of the toast  
I'm the ghost of this shit, I provide you fluid  
That'll crack the sidewalks and rise the sewers