

## Vinny's Theme

Styles P

The Ghost is deeper than most is  
Leave out the house grab the toaster, stuck in the sofa  
Pop in the clip, hop in the whip  
Tryna get the last drop 'fore it drip  
Hoody tied, any hood he ride  
Fall back get good and high  
Where the phone at, next to the cognac  
Bring your chrome at wherever you bone at, it's on, Black  
But you should've known that  
I hit a dutch, hit another one and rip a clutch  
I get your block blickied up, bitch nigga what  
It feel good to hit a real hood  
I could then and I still could  
Cause my 9-mil is real good  
I'm coming for you then I'm gunning for you  
I don't get blunted with you get hundreds with you  
Bitch nigga I'mma kill you if I want it with you  
You can join on the list and get your number issued

You know my main problem in life, is being too hungry  
I stay focused nigga. I'm on top of my game

Catch me where the haze is sticky like gum is  
The guns is louder than thunder  
You can get rained on, depending what cloud that you under  
Ain't nothing fouler than hunger, I wonder  
About a lot of shit, you ever shot a clip or got a brick?  
Me I did a lot of shit  
But no scholarship  
Give a crackhead the keys, let him polish it  
Street life, don't abolish it  
They breaking rules now, making ratting seem cool now  
You should bat the fucking fool down  
Learned the game from a old timer  
Big money made the hoes finer  
Why you think he sold china? I could dig it like a gold miner  
I ain't lame and I can't forget the game with Alzheimer's  
This is SP the Ghost  
Puffing on a bone, when I zone it affects me the most

I'm passionate about what I do. The streets affects me  
In a very major way. I'm close to the concrete. I believe  
What I say

Pocket full of DPs, honey from DC  
Cayenne with the TV, living is easy  
Back in sixth grade, who would believe me  
Switchblade crazy wear my clothes looking greasy  
Now I'm the boss of the bosses  
If you think you married to the streets  
I could make you divorce it  
Always hear me speak on the Porsches  
I think it's the horses, and how it zig-zag on the courses  
Big bags of money, try grabbing a fortune  
The wheel get real, gotta spin it with caution  
I ain't really into the flossing  
I'mma stay dark, follow you home, get into your portion

The guns on fire like stovetops  
I think you on the road to perdition  
And, here's where the road stop  
I ain't tryna fall, I just want it all  
Why'on't you let me get the ball, I'mma show you the globetrot

Everybody need a turn. This time is mines. And if I fail  
This time, I be up at bat again and again and again and again...  
Sometimes you gotta accept where you coming from. But matter  
Fact, fuck that. I'm kicking down the door. I'm on your ass  
Niggas. Watch me. SP the Ghost