

I want you all to listen to a story of a ghost
That only the truly strange can see
It's about the ghost of Tech N9ne

You heard of Strange and heard the name
That came in to disturb the game
Occurred the lane, preferred the word insane so the murder came
A lot of people they heard of the Tecca N9na
And always said that there wasn't a better singer
But it's so many that act like they've never seen the
Independent pro and never stepped into that arena
But I'm a guap stacker, insult after
But to many, my catalog are lost chapters
Mission child he knew it that I'm a boss laughter
'Cause they don't know the story behind the chop master
Who they give the credit to got a lot faster
They say they popping rosé and think I pop shasta
Looking through me like I'm a ghost that shot past ya
Like when you ever seen my name in the top rappers?

I've seen you with my own eyes
That I feel so alive
I believe he lives forever
Specter, Specter, Specter, Specter

I feel like I'm a ghost, 'cause I be doin' the most
My people try to boast, about the 20 year independent
But they praise another label up on Revolt (F.V.)
They never play O.G., Tecca N9na like I pay no fee
I ain't trippin' or takin' peyote
But I dropped it in '09 and nine years later another artist dropped a record
called KOD
Looked over the flow spit, I'm not on a GOAT list if that ain't goat shit wh
at is it? (Bullshit)
A 'N9ncian know that I'm so fit to go with the dopest and know they fa sho g
et the bidness (Full clip)
I am kingly but I'm treated like I'm some kind of genie
Rubbing the lamp and I'm hell a dreamy
People that stream me 'cause of "Caribou Lou" and the little teenies, they b
anging the record but never seen me
You heard the handle, claiming you never heard the jam though
Flowing I got the words to ramble
I murder famil', I'm money like a bird in a band though
Mythical so they burn the candle
When they talk about this person, I'm a sick earthling
Heard I was the Devil and now they dispersin'
'92 rapping backwards I get workin'
A decade later I hear some gnarly tihs surfin'
It's like I don't exist sometimes
Thinkin', "How is it possible to miss some rhymes?"
That were put together to make a hit, dumb minds
Couldn't keep up the cadence of the sticks, drum line
I'm down with the stable and got the sick combined
My imagery made 'em all wanna split from mine
Redheaded when it wasn't the shit, shun N9ne
Now it's poppin', yo can a nigga get some shine?

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Beware the ghost of E.B.A.H
If you deny the name
In time the ghost will greet ya
Then it will supply the reign

How else you explain it?
One of the best to obtain it
But so many claim they not acquainted
But they know the name is famous
And Strange is painted the best but never aim to bang it
'Cause of backstory that I'm that gory
Like I got an evil entity to rap for me
On a fat chory but the math surely
They ain't fuckin' with me like I gotta scratch orgy off the list
What does it cost to get the main line to gang shine off the rip?
The hang time to bang mine lost the grip then
Same rhymes that came flyin' caused the split
Pressure for the large investor
'Cause it is hard to measure carbon texture Tech sure
Resurrector the sole injector
But for the whole semester they closed the lecture for the specter

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