

Ghost

Thaiboy Digital

Fuck you, hey, I ain't gon' be stopped
They told me to be great, too bad that's too late now
When I pull up to the mall
When I pull up to the mall
Gucci shades on
Thaiboy, I gon' a give false alarm
Had to make this song, the phone call
Baby, you can call me on the phone
Thaiboy too damn turnt
Fucking turnt, fucking turnt

Lotta ice in my codeine, fallin' in the ocean
Heart can be broken, life with no focus
I pull up in the loudest
Pull up in the lotus
I pull up in the loud
Living life with no foc-
Lotta ice in my codeine (turn up, turn up, turn up, turn up)
Fuck it, you're headed so broke
Fuck it, you're headed so broke
Fuck it, you haters a ghost
Fuck it, you haters a ghost
The bag will be rollin', be rollin', be rollin', be rollin'
The bag will be rollin', be rollin', be rollin', be rollin'
The bag will be rollin', be rollin', be rollin', be rollin'
The money we get, the money we flex and we know
The bag will be rollin', be rollin', be rollin', be rollin'

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