

Ghost

XXXTentacion

Over in and out. Space dies between our mouths

My flesh is cold, I held a ghost
My flesh is cold, I held a ghost
My flesh is cold, I held a ghost
My flesh is
My flesh is cold, I held a ghost
My flesh is cold, I held a ghost
My flesh is cold, I held a ghost (Ayy, ayy)

(I've held a ghost)
And I could've been
Next fall, next blade in the king
Bleed red, four doors in the Benz
But I met four ghosts in the pen
(And it slipped through my fingertips)
And I, could've been
(I've lost all hope)
Dead, boy, my soul is amiss
Flushed skin, X types of a kiss
Rather hate, bitch
(I want nothing to do with this)
Just face the abyss, and I (Ayy!)
Place blame for this shit (Ayy)
Rather be dead, dull blades on my wrist, wrist
Fucking with my head, get dead, that's the gist
Flushed, you can see it on me, I'm pissed, pissed
Lost in the mist (Ayy), pants full of piss (Ayy)
Pick a daffodilly, so pretty at this
Fist fuck, started feeling, silly willy, take a look
At the rope, then he jumped
All he needed was a brick, brick

Daisy, those are making Fugazi
{If we don't leave}
Lost, I pick up a case and
Close it, close it, pick up the rabies (Ayy, ayy, ayy)
{We will burn with this town}
Daisy, those are making Fugazi
Lost, I pick up a case and
Close it, close it, pick up the rabies (Ayy ayy, ayy ayy)

Living a farce
(If everything was everything)
Living a farce, living a farce
Living a farce
(I would never have to worry about anything)
Living a farce, living a farce
(I've held a ghost)
(And it slipped through my fingertips)