

# Ghosttown

Yung Lean

Stocktown, Ghost town, SBE  
I don't give a fuck about no one except me  
Stocktown, Ghost town, SBE  
I don't give a fuck about no one except Lean

I'm smokin' double pack, Louis duffel bag, get that money stack  
Trouble's back, I don't give a fuck we jump out the back, where they  
at?  
We leave all essentials in a zig-zag  
Roll it up, take a drag, I'm the best at it, I don't like to brag,  
Leave my body in a bag  
If you fuck around you in that body bag, burn the flag  
Fuck who you know I don't fuck with that  
Couple zeros on a couple tags  
Tunnel vision, tunnelin' a jag  
Stumble out the hotel lobby  
Shoveled gold knuckles, screaming where they at?  
I won't be in your life again but you might see me in a mag  
Delete my number, never call me back  
Flat on the ground spat blood on my Acronym bag  
We from Stocktown, seasons change  
Bitch you know where we at

Let's get real, land of the ghost, so trill  
Come and take a trip in my hill, get ghost  
Don't come up here with that shit, get roast  
Know LaFlame don't play by his toast, you know  
And I'm bound to flow you down, come on, she grab my jeans  
She grab the kush, she balancing on my balance beam  
While I'm jigglin' cantaloupes  
We off that lean, lean, lean in my dream, dream, dream, dreams  
We don't want alcohol drinks, only soda and codeine  
Get it right, get it right  
It ain't down for the night, it ain't down for the night  
A-yo yo yo Lean where these bitches come from  
Tryna' see who with the shits, who really down to get drunk  
I might throw up, might turn up, turn up of every summer  
Every summer, every summer, every summer

I'm with sad boys in Stockholm they know H-town be my home  
They know H-Town be my home  
Them, them my homies, them, them my homies  
I'm with Sad Boys in Stockholm  
They know Mo City my home  
Them them my homies, them them my homies  
Them them my motherfucking homies  
(Straight up)