

# Ghostin'

## Speech Defect

Hear ye, hear ye  
Yessir  
Got my dog Lil Wyte in the house  
Lil Wyte!  
You dig it? Then dig this shit  
He gon tell you how we do it in Memphis city streets  
Fraiyser Bay Area  
Ghost ride a lil bit out there  
[Chorus 2x]I Ghost ride the whip  
Always syrup sip  
Ridin through the hood with a real bad bitch  
Car changin colors ridin high and gotta piss  
26s flickin so you know that im the shit  
[Verse 1]I ghost ride the whip  
I jump out the car and flick  
Its easier to do it with Lamborghini doors on ya shit  
TV screens? Nope, but an over \$50000 studio  
What was I thinkin? I only paid \$700 fo it  
Make a track in the back while i crack another seal  
Show no slack with that yak pass the blunt and give me pills  
Its 2 pints of syrup in the mini fridge sittin on chill  
  
And a sprite and ice dispenser right beside the steering wheel  
I drank that drank and smoke that dank with a real bad bitch  
Bendin through the hood to be exact we on 26  
Inches sittin high  
Haters sick when i ride by  
Thats why i keep a cannon in my lap in case they wanna try  
[Chorus][Verse 2]Im screwed up like a motherfucker!  
My minds sittin on easy street  
Ghost ridin the whip sittin high rollin up the greenery  
Tell me can you stop the colors from flippin on the scenery  
Bangin so hard you feelin me way before you even seein me  
I got that thang cocked its stashed but not far out of reach from me  
Get wrong and ill put some knots on yo door like a peaches seed  
Then run home to yo momma and holla Lil Wyte been bein mean to me  
But im gone motherfucker i had to mash out theres plenty more streets to creep  
The Bay Area and bitch we keep big stacks of that stinkery  
I sip syrup motherfucker and dont really care what you think of me

A bad blonde broad beamin up my charm and my pinky ring  
Shes wearin a skirt and through the rear view mirror i can see her thingy thing  
[Chorus]

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