

The Ghost

Blammos

[Juan Gotti]Forver I'mma ride bein high fool (es el loco Juan Gotti)

11-45-55-2 (that's my TDC number)

Don't ever think of it as you ride through (smokin on Mari)

11-45-55-2 (Hittin that heierba)

ugh Alone in my celda, smokin hierba

No esta buena but it hits a penas

Makin money in prison y afuera

That's my business, my drawings what eva

Slangin hierba diez bolas al toke

Slangin ink con placazos al sobres

Slang my cornbread, dessert and a juice

Saw my homeboy get shot on the news

Now you know what this Mexican doos

Come and cruise, take a walk in my shoes

On the cool esta vida no es linda

That's your boy hittin licks in the pinta

[Chorus: SPM X2]We hit licks in the earliest of hours

Underneath the light and watchtowers

Be cool when you see the ghost

Dont be suprised, she's not in white clothes

[Rasheed]Envelope with the money order, 50 should get me a mountain

Biness to handle when the bossman finish countin

Homie kinda broke and them folks call him indigent

Hustle out there, Hustle here, there's no sentiment

Sendin so many kites, call me Benjamin Frank

Service to everybody, 50 men in a tank

Meet my sister in the free, she gon send you a bank

While i make me a shank contraband drank

Food, snacks, basic commissary

Pay me for my picture of the what? naked Halle Berry

Home on a furlough, OG told me

Where he buried the dough, let it burn slow

6 months and I'll be free

But right now I got whatever you need, two for three

Broke and alone doin time comatose

I'mma shoot at the Bitch and see if she a Ghost

[Chorus X2:][SPM]Cell block B, seven-B-two

Pass the grass but don't let'em see you

My heavenly jewel riskin it all
The finest boss lady in these prison brick walls
 Hit the lick ma, kiss the dick soft
 Lemme see your phone for a business call
 If it gets long pick it up before three
 But put it on silent so it don't ring
 I'm the digital king, this is no dream
 Is it real love or just a physical thing
 Like a typical fling while I'm sippin on lean
 Bring back some chicken cause a nigga Hung-ry
 Connections, while I lay up in this Texas corrections
 So the judges can win their elections
 They locking up the muthafuckin Mexicans
 Back with my best friends and we go
 [Chorus:]

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