

# Ghost (feat. Kung Fu Vampire)

## Blaze Ya Dead Homie

I'm the big dog, all you puppies stop barking  
Bow down when the homie come around  
The underground wicked, support this shit  
When you bump this shit out the truck, punk bitch  
Get it jumping like I hit the switch, or the Bourbon  
Bouncing and swerving, on the black top serving  
Riding on them bitches like I'm thrashing on a board  
Or hopping on some X-Games, watch me as I soar  
Bitches can't ignore when I'm banging on the ave  
With that wicked shit bumping, I'mma rep it till my last  
I'm the present, I'm the past, thirsty bitches make me laugh  
Always searching for their relevance, looking like an ass  
So I stay celibate to bullshit, trust no bitch  
Don't fuck with them suckas, them whack motherfuckers  
Keep your lips smacking, mouth running for weeks  
Bullets do the talking when the dead man speaks, motherfucker(You can't save me, I'm a- )  
I'm the living dead pounding out the stereo  
Rip the speakers in half, turn it up, here we go  
I brought the cemetery with me on the track  
And I'm cruising down the strip with dead bodies in the back  
Human skeletons, come on, nod your cords  
Zombies, vampires, killers and all of y'all Motherfucker kick rocks, I'll divide you in your sock  
Shoes dangle from the wire in the middle of the block  
Your blood pours from wounds, bullets had to penetrate  
Perforate the skin as they center bones with dance  
Street safe silent no snitching  
Keep it hungry or you could be the next one missing  
Power Man like Luke Cage, with the chains in the case  
Not a hero for hire but I'm making the front page  
I'm center stage, doing what I love  
Music is my drug, hitting harder than Terrell Suggs  
Bump this right here till it's rattling your rearview  
Pardon on the block, give a fuck, a bottle hits you  
Dead man in a dead beef since this week  
Taking over motherfucking streets, get geeked  
Get down, get laid, get bread, get head  
Anyway you want it, get it bitch, get it till you're dead(You can't save me, I'm a- )  
I'm the living dead pounding out the stereo  
Rip the speakers in half, turn it up, here we go

I brought the cemetery with me on the track  
And I'm cruising down the strip with dead bodies in the back  
Human skeletons, come on, nod your cords  
Zombies, vampires, killers and all of y'allI keep a small circle  
Got a lot of acquaintances, I'm universal  
This is a business so don't take it personal  
Invisible, I'm an outer space alien in pencil  
Vein you draining your blood for real  
Tell the officer watching me we just filming a commercial  
Dead girls, they don't say no  
Best friends are phlebotomus  
I'm at the rock bottomless  
Mimosas the colleges, psychologists analyze  
How to get that Molly in a poly metabolically, Alli  
Over your head, peon  
Hoping the bed we on  
Leaving you glowing neon  
You can't fuck with the flow that we on  
I would offer you Menaka  
It's for all that shit that you talking  
I'm a nightmare when I'm walking, bitter really killing me  
You can looking into my soul as I'm stalking  
Decapitate all of you hoes in a coffin  
I soften them first, chop 'em up then hop in the hearse  
Shit could be worse  
Come on down, we the living dead  
Basket case, now let's get in your head  
I'm a ghost(You can't save me, I'm a- )  
I'm the living dead pounding out the stereo  
Rip the speakers in half, turn it up, here we go  
I brought the cemetery with me on the track  
And I'm cruising down the strip with dead bodies in the back  
Human skeletons, come on, nod your cords  
Zombies, vampires, killers and all of y'all

Songwriters

KRISTIAN FUNDER-NIELSEN, BO KARLSSON NIELSEN, LARS WRAA  
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