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'allMotherfucker 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
Decapicate 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
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