

# The Ghost (feat. Juan Gotti, Rasheed, & Nelly)

## South Park Mexican

[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 supried, 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:]

Songwriters

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