

Ghost (feat. Tech N9ne)

Prof

What am I to do when all I really see is garbage?
They all narcissistic and harmless
Delusionally carsick

What I'm talking 'bout is all these rappers on the market
Claiming they got skill I beg your motherfuckin' pardon?
Make me wanna barge in some apartment and start arson
(Awesome)

Put a rapper body in a garden
Am I a Martian, we on the same planet?
I don't see anybody fuckin' with me god dammit
Prof -- I been hot since Michael J. Fox could talk
I'm a genius and use my cock a lot

The last one who's underrated who yet hasn't made it anyway, mazel tov
I'm better than a midday fuck
Name a rapper man I think they suck
I'm gonna buy an old big grey truck

Watch, I'll drive around the country with my fists taped up, yup!
Ya'll a puddle of piss
Love it or not, at least I give a hundred percent
Is it 'cuz I ain't covered in tattoos?
Well sit back cupcake I got bad news

You can't look me in the face!
Tell me you're satisfied!
Look me in the face!
Are you satisfied?
You can't look me in the face!
Tell me you're satisfied!
You can't look me in the face!

Are you satisfied? When I listen to the radio it be like Comedy Central
I wanna be gentle, but I gotta come and drop the bomb on these simples
Who honestly sent you the vomit, they promised on it
But it really gets sonically mental
Imma be into placin' a big cannon at thee temple
Bang on 'em a lot of em never was hot to me
Shockingly popped awesomely profits be
Toppin' the charts, even got a Hot Topic Tee

Watch the G, *Pop* *Pop* Give a colostomy (Damn)
I can't kill 'em when they wack
But forreal the N9na's skill can kill 'em in a rap

The feelin' is through the ceilin' when I'm wheelin' through the trap

Dealin' music a million Tech the villian will adapt

But alot of these motherfuckers are crap, crap

I think we should put together an app for the rappers

That don't have a rhythm bone in they' ass, a disaster

But'll teach em to never thinkin' they' swagger's Alaska

When they bizzuti, wanna give 'em this uzi

Mi scusi, did you say the way I'm speakin' is bougie?

That's where you lose me, how pathetic can you be?

When sayin' these fools be better than me that's a doozy!

Rap, everybody wanna try it

But the Tecca Nina flow you can't deny it

Laughin' at a lotta rappers I can't hide it

But it ain't they' fault, it's the motherfuckers that buy it

I've been so close

Come to think about it I'm a ghost

Some people believe in bibles

Some believe in somethin' that their eyes don't know

So I'm about to tell you how the cycle go:

(Okay!)

I've been swimming uphill for a decade plus

It's like the country walkin' over a billion barrels of oil

They ain't even found me cause of the mud

Find out Prof is a ghost that lives

With a neck like that and a rope like this

Flow like bricks

So underrated that I held my dick 'til I broke my fist

And these days, rappers'll show up and spit on a track

Make me wanna throw up and shit on a track

Put a lid on that

Roll it up into a blunt, take a hit on that

I'm so gifted it's like Santa's here

I roll deep even got my grandma here

So fly, oh my I need landing gear

So bright, ya'll might, get your tanning here

Gimme your can of beer

You can tell a bandit near

I'll come around in circles blacker than a panda's ear

You follow Captain Planeteer

I shine like a chandelier

The only motherfuckin' man in here

Gasp

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>