Stay Focused

Do Or Die

the ghost is deeper then most is
leave out the house grab the toasters stuck in the sofa
pop in the clip, hop in the whip
tryna get the last drop 'fore the drip
hoody time, any hood ride, fall back and get good and high
where the phone at, next to the cogn'yac
bring your chrome at wherever you bone at
its on black, but you shouldve known that
i hit a dutch, hit another one then rip a clutch
i get your block blickerd up, bitch nigga what
it feel good to hit a real hood, i could then and i still could
cuz my 9 millers real good
im comin for you and then im gunnin for you
i dont get blunted with you, get hundreds with you
bitch nigga imma kill you if i wanted with you
you could join on the listen or get your number issued
[Style P adlibs]catch me where the haze is, sticky like gum is
the guns is louder than thunder
you could get rained on dependin on what cloud that you under
aint nothin fouler then hunger, i wonder....about alot of shit
you ever shot a clip, i got a brick
me, i did alot of shit, but no scholarship
give a crackhead the keys and let em polish it
streetlife dont abolish it, they breakin rules now

makin rattin seem cool now, you should rap the fuckin fool down
learnt the game from an old timer, big money makes the hoes find ya
why you think he so charmin, i could dig it like a gold miner
i aint lame and i cant forget the game with old timers
this is S.P the ghost, puffin on a bone
in the zone where it affects me the most
[Style P adlibs]pocket full of a d.ps, honeys from d.c
cayenne with the t.v, livin is easy
back in 6th grade, who would believe me
switchblade-crazy with my clothes lookin greezy
now im the boss of the bosses
if you think you married to the streets
i could make you divorce it
always hear me speak where the porch is

i think its the horses and how it zigzag through on the courses
big bags of money try grabbin a fortune
the real get real, gotta spend it with caution
i aint really into flossin
imma stay dark, follow you home and get into your porshe and
the guns on fire like stovetops
you think you on the road to petitionin
but heres where the road stops
i aint tryna fall, i just want it all
why dont you let me get the ball
imma show you the globe trot

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/