

Ghost (Instrumental Version)

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

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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