The Ghost

Frank Skinner

[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 suprised, 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:]

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