Ghosttown (feat. Travi$ Scott)

[Yung Lean](#)

[Hook] x2
Stocktown, Ghost town, SBE
I don't give a fuck about no one except me
Stocktown, Ghost town, SBE
I don't give a fuck about no one except Lean[Verse 1: Yung Lean]
I'm smokin' double pack, Louis duffel bag, get that money stack
Trouble's back, I don't give a fuck we jump out the back, where they at?
We leave all essentials in a zig-zag
Roll it up, take a drag, I'm the best at it, I don't like to brag, Leave my body in a bag
If you fuck around you in that body bag, burn the flag
Fuck who you know I don't fuck with that
Couple zeros on a couple tags
Tunnel vision, tunnelin' a jag
Stumble out the hotel lobby
Shoveled gold knuckles, screaming where they at?
I won't be in your life again but you might see me in a mag
Delete my number, never call me back
Flat on the ground spat blood on my Acronym bag
We from Stocktown, seasons change
Bitch you know where we at[Hook] x2[Verse 2: Travi$ Scott]
Let's get real, land of the ghost, so trill
Come and take a trip in my hill, get ghost
Don't come up here with that shit, get roast
Know La Flame don't play by his toast, you know
And I'm bound to flow you down, come on, she grab my jeans
She grab the kush, she balancing on my balance beam
While i'm jigglin' cantaloupes
We off that lean, lean, lean in my dream, dream, dream, dreams
We don't want alcohol drinks, only soda and codeine
Get it right, get it right
It ain't down for the night, it ain't down for the night
A-yo yo yo Lean where these bitches come from
Tryna' see who with the shits, who really down to get drunk
I might throw up, might turn up, turn up of every summer
Of every summer, every summer, every summer[Bridge: Travi$ Scott]
I'm with sad boys in Stockholm they know H-town be my home
They know H-Town be my home
Them, them my homies, them, them my homies
I'm with Sad Boys in Stockholm

They know Mo City my home
Them them my homies, them them my homies
Them them my motherfucking homies
(Straight up)[Hook] x5

Lyrics provided by