

Ghost Story

Rittz

[Verse 1]

Welcome to the Jonny Valiant show
I'm about to blow
Independent with a hundred thousand albums sold
Rappers used to crowd around me funny now they don't
No one's in my lane, my competition going adios
No magician but I dissipate 'em in a cloud of smoke
Revvin' they engine up and I'm a thousand miles down the road
You ain't ever heard of me, fuck it now you know
It's hard to take you serious, and I ain't out of jokes
Most of the shit you rap about is unaccountable
Sang enough to make you know so watch your mouth and count your own
Never seen an ounce of blow, dressing like you Al Capone
(?) or we can see a brown alamo
Pocket full of bread, I ain't counting sour dough
Cheating on her from above, funny how the roles
Got reversed, when it was in, they never said, "Look out below"
Never tried to lend a hand, I was down and out and broke
With no balance in my bank account, and just a couple 'O's
Now we (?) while we posted on the (?)
Weird where the talent go, now it's like there's no one left
Someone said you blowing up, they trolling on the social network
I work my flows, I choke 'em out and never broke a sweat
You knock one out the box, a bunch of cause that I'm a noble vet
You're not on my (?) so goblins do not pose a threat
I ain't scared of no one, seen a hater and I told him that[Hook: Rittz]
If you don't start shit, there won't be none
Cause I don't really need no reason
To be the one responsible for your extinction
Cause when it comes to competition, I don't see none
They all went ghost on me
Ain't nobody coming close to me
It's like a goddamn ghost story
It's a goddamn ghost story
It's a goddamn ghost story[Verse 2]
Go ahead and sign a horn, like every boring rapper does
I wish the dude behind the booth would pull the power cord
Just went and do some shit you're good at
Your stage show is hard for me to look at

Like a unibrow and I'll be sure
The difference between our music's night and day
I'm getting busy but you shitty like a giant pile of cow manure
So watch that mouth of yours
I never thought I'd see the day it'd be okay to let these rappers dress like Shalamar
They wanna dance, suck a dick, fuck these kids, knock 'em off they balance boards
Beat 'em down and (?)
Ugly as fuck but these sluts pulling down they drawers
White bitches love me like I'm Abercrombie outfit stores
Sick and never found the cure, sipping on the Crown and Port
Wild and rowdy bumping Scotty ATL and (?) boy
Some dummy said I wasn't hungry since I made it and I'm famous
Bitch, I'm starving like the Army was in Valley Forge
Was dope enough to get a deal back in 2004
I was born a killer, tried to warn 'em, what I told 'em was[Hook]
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It's a goddamn ghost story[Verse 3]
I'm just really being honest y'all
I'm just sick of being modest all the time
When all these artists talk like they the hottest and y'all
They don't get away with murder
They just rhyming words together, ain't no substance to their monologue
They go on stage and spray the crowd with water
Rapping over top they vocals to this track
In fact, they sounding awful dog
We ain't playing volleyball, I ain't going back and forth
If you diss me and then piss me off, then I might smack you for it
Run up in the studio while you were on like everything
It's coolio, I jack you for your laps up in your mackie board
You think I'm playing, you mistaken
Shit, you faker than a movie take and you ain't got no screws
You only act the part
Come and get the battle scar, thicker shit that's caviar
You fictional like Battlestar Galactica and Avatar
I'm on another planet and these rappers almost out of Mars
Venus, Jesus, we the C&T, we just laugh at y'all
An open casket, I just killed a Kato track
If you feel it, play it back

Really, I'm just stating facts that[Hook]
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