Ghost

Dizzee Rascal

Close, close, wanna get close on the coast
Ghost, ghost, don't pose and I don't post
Close, close, wanna get close on the coast
Ghost, ghostPickin' me a winner
Picky hair and I was a little bit thinner
3310 with a customised ringer
I was tryna holla at Lavinia
But she weren't inna
'Cause I was a sinner
Thought I was a minger
Never had a Bimmer
Rollin' through the ends on a stolen aprillia
Waiting for the Dominos guy to deliver
For a free dinner
Thought I knew it all, I was just a beginner
Never was a singer
I was on pirate radio way before I heard Mike Skinner
Wagwan killer
Yeah, that's my nigga
Talk about race, but it's just way bigger
I ain't gonna waste no time on Twitter
Done with the jibba
Cry me a river
Say it to my face or say it to my trigger
You go figure, or reconsider
Indian giver
Lookin' for a chocolate girl with a hint of vanilla
And she can bring a Indian with her
I just want a bosom for a pillow
And I got a little bit o skrilla
We can get a boat and we can get a villa
Or we can be on South Beach real nigga liver
All killer, no filler (all killer, no filler)
I don't wanna brag or boast
I don't cater and I don't host
When they ask what I do, I say I do the most
Then I get ghost, on the coast like I am supposed
Don't pose and I do not post
And that's why these girls wanna try play meClose, close, wanna get close on the coast

Ghost, ghost, don't pose and I don't post
Close, close, wanna get close on the coast
Ghost, ghost
They ain't put food on my table
I rock the cradle
Big dirty stinkin' logo, I rock the label
I've been doin' this since cable
I was on the graveyard shift in the studio
Only popped out for a salt beef bagel
I was on the roads when it was unstable
I'm not an angel
Beef had more than a plate full
But I ain't hateful
Born in the 80s
Year of the able
Come back 18
Could've been a facial
Would've been painful
Raised in the 90s
It was still racial
Bloody disgraceful
Why are these yutes so bloody ungrateful?
Talk about grime like I ain't a staple
I was on the mic when you was in play-school
Stabbed six times, yo, it could have been fateful
Would have been six foot deep, on my bredrin's T-shirt, lookin' distasteful
Would have been wasteful
Never would have seen the Caribbean in April
Shackin' up with Rachel
Givin' her a face-full
Never would have been seven figures deep, walkin' down the street
With a gorgeous freak in a chief screamin': Come out the way fool (come out the way fool, come out the way fool)I don't wanna brag or boast
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Ghost, ghost(Ghost, ghost)
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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