Ghostin'

Lil Wyte

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Hear ye, hear ye
Yessir
Got my dog Lil Wyte in the house
Lil Wyte!
You dig it? Then dig this shit
He gon tell you how we do it in Memphis city streets
Fraiyser Bay Area
Ghost ride a lil bit out there[Chorus 2x]
I Ghost ride the whip
Always syrup sip
Ridin through the hood with a real bad bitch
Car changin colors ridin high and gotta piss
26s flickin so you know that im the shit[Verse 1]
I ghost ride the whip
I jump out the car and flick
Its easier to do it with Lamborghini doors on ya shit
TV screens? Nope, but an over $50000 studio
What was I thinkin? I only paid $700 fo it
Make a track in the back while i crack another seal
Show no slack with that yak pass the blunt and give me pills
Its 2 pints of syrup in the mini fridge sittin on chill
And a sprite and ice dispencer right beside the steering wheel
I drank that drank and smoke that dank with a real bad bitch
Bendin through the hood to be exact we on 26
Inches sittin high
Haters sick when i ride by
Thats why i keep a cannon in my lap in case they wanna try[Chorus][Verse 2]
Im screwed up like a motherfucker!
My minds sittin on easy street
Ghost ridin the whip sittin high rollin up the greenery
Tell me can you stop the colors from flippin on the scenery
Bangin so hard you feelin me way before you even seein me

I got that thang cocked its stashed but not far out of reach from me
Get wrong and ill put some knots on yo door like a peaches seed
Then run home to yo momma and holla Lil Wyte been bein mean to me
But im gone motherfucker i had to mash out theres plenty more streets to creep
The Bay Area and bitch we keep big stacks of that stinkery
I sip syrup motherfucker and dont really care what you think of me
A bad blonde broad beamin up my charm and my pinky ring
Shes wearin a skirt and through the rear view mirror i can see her thingy thing[Chorus]

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