

# The Ghost Of Christopher Wallace

Jay Electronica

The game ain't been the same since B.I.G died  
And Wu swarmed on New York from out that beehive  
Don't talk to me 'bout MC's got skill  
Don't talk to me 'bout who's the king of the hill  
Don't talk to me 'bout who's the best alive  
Or who's in your top 5, cause he's not ill  
Real recognize real, stick to your deal  
Try to make a cool mill off the single  
With that ringtone appeal in 3 years, you'll be nil  
Nil by mouth, my appeal down south  
Is like the Nation of Islam when Ali knocked Liston out  
Universal change from what appeared is just about  
All aboard, It's the last train, soul train  
A bottle of ciroc could turn a private jet to soulplane  
Put your seats back, your tray down and feet up  
Cause we about to heat up

From Baton Rouge to Jerusalem, wack crews we bruising 'em  
Crooked mouth, flat footed cops man we losing 'em  
Let me see some ID, nigga fuck a ID  
You be getting head from crackheads in the lobby  
Mr. Officer, please observe my skin tone  
Please observe the prophecies of hurricane and brimstone  
The flow's so Tolstoy, Fyodor Dostoy  
Half oyster, half shrimp, fully dressed po' boy  
Lyrically I'm unfuckwitable, unforgettable, one tough miracle  
Competition's none, I leave 'em dumbstruck, critical  
That's some luck, pitiful, better luck next time  
We young, black, and restless, hung, black and reckless  
My name's on every guest list, bang on every setlist  
Went to London town, tore it down and threw my necklace  
Even twitter said that Jay Elec be on that next shit  
I should be arrested