

Ghost

Master P

160 when I ride by
Haters looking at me, through they side eye
Cause I be doing the most
Riding in the ghost
You fucking with the master
You fucking with the master
You fucking with the master
In that white ghost, I call that bitch Casper

Street niggaz, I'm your antidote
Fuck bad bitches, eat a lot of cantaloup
Uh, country boy with my Ray-Bans
Tell a motherfucker in my ear, it go bang mayn
From the hood, but a nigga made a lot of money
Moved to California, cause the shit hella-sunny
Couple of chubby rappers, even some snow bunnies
But a nigga like me, keep it one hunnid
Fuck a 401K, I got a mill plan
R.I.P. to all them niggaz, that I know got killed man
I'm on the block 45, and I keep it cocked
I'm a outlaw, nigga call me 2Pac
I'm a pharmacist, work in my tube socks
I got two chains, and I got two glocks
Rasta' man, deliver and I smoke weed
All my bad bitches, get em from overseas
75 million sold, I ain't done yet
Came back to the game, ask em where the blunt at
Any moment, they ain't wanna front that
Call a nigga Michael J., shit it's a come back
In that white bitch, call that bitch Casper
White folks see me, and they call a nigga master
I got a lot of paper, and I made a lot of change
But it's alright motherfucker, I'd never change the Gift

You now fucking with the master's son
Hip-Hop royalty, ask what's up
Boy touch me, it's a massacre
I got your baby mama screaming, I got asthma
Put the ghost on a yacht, to take it overseas
Hundred M's in a swisha, to a hundred ki's
To keep it real, I ain't gotta work again nigga
That's why I come on these rap tracks, occasionally
At the age of 10, I made more money to purchase
And I'm probably somewhere in Haiti, with honeys and super models
Haters I can't describe em, who give a fuck about em
My whip two tone, kinda like my po' homes
Panorama sunroof, just to feel cool
Massages in the back, just to feel different
I'm in South Paris, with my French girl
Her homegirl, like ask for the whip girl I'm so New Orleans man

[Chorus]