

The Ghost Is Deeper Then Most Is  
Leave Out The House Grab The Toasters Stuck In The Sofa  
Pop In The Clip, Hop In The Whip  
Tryna Get The Last Drop 'fore The Drip  
Hoody Time, Any Hood Ride, Fall Back And Get Good And High  
Where The Phone At, Next To The Cogn'yac  
Bring Your Chrome At Wherever You Bone At  
Its On Black, But You Shouldve Known That  
I Hit A Dutch, Hit Another One Then Rip A Clutch  
I Get Your Block Blickerd Up, Bitch Nigga What  
It Feel Good To Hit A Real Hood, I Could Then And I Still Could  
Cuz My 9 Millers Real Good  
Im Comin For You And Then Im Gunnin For You  
I Dont Get Blunted With You, Get Hundreds With You  
Bitch Nigga Imma Kill You If I Wanted With You  
You Could Join On The Listen Or Get Your Number Issued

Catch Me Where The Haze Is, Sticky Like Gum Is  
The Guns Is Louder Than Thunder  
You Could Get Rained On Dependin On What Cloud That You Under  
Aint Nothin Fouler Then Hunger, I Wonder....About Alot Of Shit  
You Ever Shot A Clip, I Got A Brick  
Me, I Did Alot Of Shit, But No Scholarship  
Give A Crackhead The Keys And Let Em Polish It  
Streetlife Dont Abolish It, They Breakin Rules Now  
Makin Rattin Seem Cool Now, You Should Rap The Fuckin Fool Down  
Learnt The Game From An Old Timer, Big Money Makes The Hoes Find Ya  
Why You Think He So Charmin, I Could Dig It Like A Gold Miner  
I Aint Lame And I Cant Forget The Game With Old Timers  
This Is S.P The Ghost, Puffin On A Bone  
In The Zone Where It Affects Me The Most

Pocket Full Of A D.Ps, Honeys From D.C  
Cayenne With The T.V, Livin Is Easy  
Back In 6th Grade, Who Would Believe Me  
Switchblade-Crazy With My Clothes Lookin Greezy  
Now Im The Boss Of The Bosses  
If You Think You Married To The Streets  
I Could Make You Divorce It  
Always Hear Me Speak Where The Porch Is  
I Think Its The Horses And How It Zigzag Through On The Courses  
Big Bags Of Money Try Grabbin A Fortune  
The Real Get Real, Gotta Spend It With Caution  
I Aint Really Into Flossin  
Imma Stay Dark, Follow You Home And Get Into Your Porshe And  
The Guns On Fire Like Stovetops  
You Think You On The Road To Petitionin  
But Heres Where The Road Stops  
I Aint Tryna Fall, I Just Want It All  
Why Dont You Let Me Get The Ball  
Imma Show You The Globe Trot