

Argent

"The Ghost"

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Spend a day with the ghost baby
Get the understandin'
I'm like a shadow

I'm the ghost of this shit for all the spirits I possess
All the voices I be hearin', shit I'm feelin' in my chest
I could ghost through your walls and flow through your
soul

When it comes to the streets dog I give this shit my all
and

If I'm not grabbin' y'all, lift you in a sign then
I'm a Sagitarius, the magician is my tarot card
David is my first name but love it if you break it down
I'm a real nigga, I'm a hug you if you break it down
Styles is my last name meaning the expression of art
I guess why I'm just blessed with the heart
And they call me Holiday, I'm a let the blanks fill in
I call myself that 'cause I was born on Thanksgiving
11-28-74

Snatch you, will I break bread with niggas that was
ghetto or poor

P. short for Paniro, that's a mixture of Robert or Al
But I ain't actin' with a llama, I'm wild

Here's why they call me the ghost
I'm half alive, half dead, and when it's beef I bring all
of the toast

I'm the ghost of this shit, I provide you fluid
That'll crack the sidewalks and rise the sewers

Hey yo, I can see my son in my face
Am I foul 'cause I pray when I'm high or with a gun on
my waist

Gots to ride for the criminals, die for the generals
My ghost'll be around for my bicentennial
Y'all better do the article

'Cause when I'm dead I ain't really gon' die, I'm gon'
break down to particles
Probably too deep to blow
When I sleep I leave earth and come back, y'all can't
peep the ghost

It's like I make niggas shiver and think
I'm so deep that if water tried to listen then the rivers'll
sink
And y'all niggas can't walk with me, I'm on some
different shit
I can't explain it but I hear the clouds talk to me
It's sort of like the weed in a dutch, you wouldn't
understand
So I stay quiet not leavin' you much
It's about time I even it up, I knock your spirit out
Holiday to Ghost gettin' greasy as fuck

Here's why they call me the ghost
I'm half alive, half dead, and when it's beef I bring all
of the toast
I'm the ghost of this shit, I provide you fluid
That'll crack the sidewalks and rise the sewers

I vow to hold my niggas down, bust my gun, pay the
bail
Get the weed, get the liquor, dog I'm just a lick of
styles
Lyrically I'm somethin' else, hardest out of nothin' else
Before you think I'm bitch you better all try to fuck
yourself
Mr. Paniro and, mixed with a pharoe and
Got cold hearted when I started movin' heroin
Robbed more shit than Billy the Kid
You think you're nicer than the P you the silliest kid
It's like I'm better off poppin' ya
When I flow I got a formula in styles sort of like a
philosopher
Y'all start borrowin' lessons
'Cause rap without me is like the gods without the stars
and the crescents
I don't rap my niggas, I spit bars and baptize niggas
Pull guns and kill half-sized niggas
You heard about the Holy Ghost and took it for lies
Next time you see Paniro just look in his eyes nigga

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