

T.i. "I See Ghost's"

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[Hook]

Hey I think I seen a ghost
Half a million dollar car, ain't even got no note
Bitches layin' on the bed, bitches on the floor
Money to the ceiling, money come and money go
I think I seen a ghost, I think I seen a ghost
Hamiltons and Franklins, they come in every show
Money to the ceiling, how you love you can go
Graveyard in my pockets, dead presidents to blow
I think I'm seeing ghosts

[Verse 1: Future]

Money burning in my hand while I'm still counting
We put drivers in the seats, I'm in the back
lounging
My bitch she don't even speak no English when she
come in town and
I'm seeing dead people, man I got like four
accountants
It's all my yayo in that pot we need a water fountain
We put that yayo on the East and full ten countin'
(?)
I'm counting dirty money, I don't need no help
to count it
It had blood, it had sweat on it when I found it
I'm going higher than a elevator out the country
I do whatever for that paper, it ain't on my country
I went to sleep inside a ghost, I think it was a phantom
Man I get rock and roll high, dog I'm off the
channel
I got sixty racks on me just in case she want to gamble
And I go crazy with that back, it ain't nothing I
can't handle
I'm in my room with the light off, burning candles
Youngest nigga with the set, repping Atlanta

[Hook]

[Verse 2: T.I.]

This money timid, hear motherfuckers talk money
I inhale bills, breathe Gs, cough money
I'm still making cake even when I lost money

A multimillionaire, still spending soft money
I'm balling way above par, got golf money
The bus full of duffel bags and that's all money
You wonder what my motivation? Bro, it been money
Make extra jet cause my little mama love to spend
money
We Texas Hold 'Em, rolling dice with your rent
money
Get out my face and fuck your life if you ain't
getting money
Say boy, I spend the money you're trying to make
Sell 100 Gs and it's sad to say
Big dough, I get that
In a fear? Push your shit back
I'm arrogant and I'm cocky cause I got a
graveyard in my pocket
Spent 100K on my chain and a couple mill on my watch
here
My chick ride in that car you in
This city, I argue in
Get big money, no little dough
See dead presidents, real ghosts

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Rocko]

Boo! That's the look on the haters face when I pull
up in the ghost like Casper
Ooh! That's what your boo said when she snuck a
peek at me right before we got ghost
On my chopper with a chopper, they call me Ghost
Rider
I swear my pen dripping, I should be a ghostwriter
I see them suckers, I get ghost
I don't fuck with busters
Too busy sitting ghost, you know how that goes
Give me more, give me more
Yeah I ghost that work
Whip it like Goldberg
Yeah I ghost that word
Heavyweight, Goldberg, I'm a wrassler, ho
Clothesline that bankroll, I be wrassling ghosts
Chauffeur find our way back, trunk passengers ghost
Got my green from the Bay, ghost ride the whip
Hey man, Hallelujah in my True Religion denims
Yeah, Rocko do the most, pocket hundred full of ghosts

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