

Threat

"Get Ghost"

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[Threat]

Who is this at my do'?
It's the three pigs with a two-by-fo'
They must be lookin for John Doe
Well anyway, motherfucker here I go
So catch me if you can
While I'm divin out the back window like a stunt man
They got me jumpin - in and out of backgrounds like a
track star
Makin the canine on my trail look like a snail
Movin fast but he can't get close
e-nough to me cause I got ghost
On my five-oh-ones, I'm on the run
One-time got the gun and they after me
Homies dove to the back
And dove out the window like Fall Guy
We in the mix, hittin fence after fence
Rin Tin Tin picked up the scent
They got the infrared, hoverin above my head
Aimin pistols with backup from wench hoes
But they can't get close enough
to put the tazer on me, or my homies
But they'll love to just bust me snuff me
and cuff me and then say fuck me..

Hurdlin backgrounds like a track star
Every dog in the neighborhood keep on barkin
Givin up the fo'-one-one
I think I better throw my gun
Cause I know it got murders on it, but I'm fine and
as long as mine, ain't no, frail nine
Fuck it, peel 'em off somethin proper
Nineteen shot helicopter stopper
Got away clean without a scratch
Stepped in so much dog shit they couldn't sniff my
prints
Lay low, lay low as a mouse
One time staked house all in front of my house
So I got no choice it seems
but to switch from khakis to huge jeans
Had the homie hook me up with a fade

Cause L7's don't wear braids
One Adam 12, callin all cars
Lookin for a nigga in all stalls
But they can't do it..
Parked the six-fo' and jumped in a Buick and I'm gone

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