

## **Foxy Brown F/ Eightball, MJG, Juvenile**

### **"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

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of the toast  
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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  
philosipher  
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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