

Ghostown

"Get Right"

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J Formz: Ghostown! Yeah!

DJ On Point: New shit by Formz, we call this 1 Get Right

J Formz: It's Formz. If you up in the club right now, I got you. If you

drinkin', keep drinkin'

DJ On Point: Shout out to the Dead End Kids, I see you!

J Formz: If not, you need to make your way to the bar right now, and keep

drinkin' till you throw that liquor up, and then drink some more, cause we

gettin' crunk in this mutha fucker tonight man!

DJ On Point: DJ On Point, Ghostown, The Forgotten

Borough, the mixtape

volume 3. Come on!

[J Formz]

Hit up the club and here's what I'm tryin' to do

Post up, get fucked up right beside of my crew

But mommy over there, yeah, she got her eye on my crew

You heard I was diggin' you? Someone was lyin' to you just because my pockets bulgin' out the side of me boo

Don't be thinkin that means that I'm buyin' for you

You wanna stand in my vicinity the buyin's on you

Or you could step away now and the cryin's on you

Aint no harm done to me, I'm still poundin' em' down

Bouncers made a mistake not pattin' me down

At the bar's where I'm found, my crew holdin' it down

Look around, you're surrounded by Ghostown!

Black T's, white buildin's, black fitteds, get right

If you willin', stop grillin', next night, same feelin'

Hit the bar, Henny spillin', never slippin, get lifted

Get wit it, 'nuf said, you gotta feel it, start sippin', so!

[Chorus]

Drink till you throw that liquor up

Then drink more if you just don't give a fuck

Cause tonight we poppin' bottles and lightin' up

So mami holla if you tryin' to get right with us

Drink till you throw that liquor up

Then drink more if you just don't give a fuck
Cause tonight we poppin' bottles and lightin' up
So mami holla if you tryin' to get right with us

[J Formz]

Shorty tapped me on the shoulder like, "You tryin' to dance?"

"Nah I'm good." and this bitch tries grabbin' my hands
Oh, my bad girl, you must not have heard me
I said I don't dance, now quit grabbin' on my jersey
Excuse me, these fuckin' broads, actin' insane
Yeah, now let me get back to what I was sayin'
Turn the volume up right now and crack your speakers
Crack the bottle, crack the dutch, thugs pack your heaters

Nod your head, zone out, get fucked up, wild out
And when the hook comes up, you better scream it out
Make it known if you know exactly what we 'bout
Getting fucked up, every time we go out, so
Drink till you throw that liquor up
Hold up, the night is young and we aint givin' up
Bring the hook in again and let it rock for a second
Ghostown! You know the crew is properly reppin', so!

[Chorus]

[J Formz]

After the club I might bone
And have this bitch screamin' my name out more times
then Mike Jones
Hittin' it doggie style, must've been smashin' too hard
Cause she said her cheeks was hurtin' like she was
laughin too hard
"Oh my God, Formz done took it too far"
Nah ma, I'm just even more fucked up then you are
So smoke till you cough up blood
And drink yourself retarded to the point where you can
get up

[Bridge: J Formz]

It's crack right here and you can't deny it
You know it's fire, and Formz supplies it
So why you fightin'? everybody ridin'
G's up T's down, you better throw the sign up!

It's crack right here and you can't deny it
You know it's fire, and Formz supplies it
So why you fightin'? everybody ridin'
G's up T's down, you better throw the sign up!

[Chorus]

J Formz: Yeah! It's Ghostown baby. You aint know Formz
had this in him
right? Yo I could do anything man (Ghostown), club
bangers, street joints,
whatever, it don't matter to me man (Ghostown). So
drink real hard right now
(Ghostown). You aint makin' it home tonight
(Ghostown), we drinkin' heavy and
gettin' crunk up in this piece. (Ghostown) Ghostown!

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