Really Us

Tough as nails f*ckin' you up Yeah, it's gangster in my DNA (Gangster) But I'm a hippie, that gets trippy And if I'm paranoid, I'll blow you a few feet away The Trinity's one-third You're absurd, gun in your mouth like a cuss word Mother made 'em and mother had 'em so f*ck her This the pain train and I'm the conductor You wanna harm a man? Well, I'm the instructor Ghost, dawg Not Forrest Whitaker, just the hardest literature Even though I don't write shit (Get it?) Check it If I gotta put you in check I'ma load up and shoot you out that night shit Or maybe them three stripes 'cause ain't no three strikes 'Cause the Ghost ain't the type to really like shit (I don't like shit), yea h And your man get clapped too 'cause he was standin' on the side tryna hype s hit f*ck him We ain't doin' no actin', this is really us Niggas just be rappin', they ain't really tough Got money and we still chasin' plenty bucks And if it goes down, my niggas gon' let that semi bust We ain't doin' no actin', this is really us Niggas just be rappin', they ain't really tough Got money and we still chasin' plenty bucks And if it goes down, my niggas gon' let that semi bust When you gettin' that money, you keep that semi tucked (Uh-huh) If you gettin' that money, you let that semi bust Word to Aaron Jones, gangster in my DNA (Uncle A) And I'm a gentlemen, nigga, I'm good either way (True) I'll help an old lady cross the street today And still keep a K in case a bug nigga need some spray (Brrt) On these rappers, I ain't takin' it easy Applyin' pressure on these niggas, I'ma make 'em believe me (Real rap) In the kitchen like I'm bakin' some ziti Give you a nice clean platter of some bars, either take me or leave me (Boog ie) I promise I ain't nothin' like these pitiful guys (Nothin') These rappers is nerds, actin' like they criminal minds (Uh-huh) They don't like to tellin' the truth, all these niggas just lie (Facts) Seemed like the rap game turned to the Wizard of Oz Think about it, niggas walk around, ain't got no smarts (True) Niggas lookin' all hard but ain't got no heart (Real shit) Niggas walk around dressin' like a full bitch, man? (Ew) But f*ck 'em, I'ma just make sure that I'm a rich man (Cash out) We ain't doin' no actin', this is really us

Styles P

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I'm a gangsta (Ghost), you ain't one You gon' have red on your face, this ain't a paint gun Girl standin' next to you, bet she gon' faint, son I ain't seen a rapper alive I wouldn't take from (I ain't) Know I get stoned the minute that f*ckin' dank come Only God get higher than me (Only God) If I ain't make the rules up, they ain't applyin' to me (Uh-uh) Yeah, I'm buyin' and I'm firin' weed Like my gun, get the message (Get the message) Do not stand there, wanna test it? Get sent to the essence Try to touch the stars and the crescents (Yeah) Tell the angels that the Ghost send his blessings (Blessings) First one to show you that iron shit (See?) And the first one to tell you that I ain't shit (I ain't shit) So show-and-tell could have you on some dyin' shit But I'd rather live life on some high-end shit (I'd rather) Act sophisticated, bougie, buyin' shit, yeah

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