

cal scruby, GHOST

That's a long, long line, that's outside (That's outside)
That's my home town, sold that shit out twice (Did two times)
At the wrong place, at the wrong time
If I die take my hard drive, every song you find
Put it all online (Yeah)

Please don't act like we were close
Don't go comment on my posts
Don't send flowers to my folks
When I was living, you were ghost

I got to go, I don't know if I'm ready
The snow in the bag, It don't fall like confetti
It's me and my brothers
It's Ed, Edd, n' Eddy (Yeah)
Hop in the car, It's a Honda or Chevy
He charge me an arm and a leg, but whatever
As long as it gets me like Mario Andretti (Wow)
Sound like an awful year
All they got to offer is thoughts and prayers
Pretty fast talk, like an auctioneer
You cannot afford what it cost to care
Show no love for the long career
Now the shows over it's off the air
Growing up, I never thought it'd be like this
Tryna to be like Skip, and never lost a hair
Do it for the fam, fuck all the data
And for the fans, thank ya'll for the ladder
Everybody else, thank ya'll for the chatter
(Hey batta, batta, Hey batta, batta bat)
Swinging for the fence, looking for a couple hits
Like a homerun ball to Saturn
Felt like Marshall Mathers, when he lost the battle
But I won that war, and that's all that matters

80 Proof is in the pudding
Penicillin with the Hennessy
That's the taste of my own medicine
That's what makes it my remedy
They tried erasing my memory
I think that creates an identity
I think that's what makes you my enemy
But you not replacing my legacy

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