

# Ghost (feat. Bugzy Malone)

## Dizzee Rascal

Close, close, wanna get close on the coast  
Ghost, ghost, don't pose and I don't post  
Close, close, wanna get close on the coast  
Ghost, ghost Pickin' me a winner  
Picky hair and I was a little bit thinner  
3310 with a customised ringer  
I was tryna holla at Lavinia  
But she weren't inna  
'Cause I was a sinner  
Thought I was a minger  
Never had a Bimmer  
Rollin' through the ends on a stolen aprillia  
Waiting for the Dominos guy to deliver  
For a free dinner  
Thought I knew it all, I was just a beginner  
Never was a singer  
I was on pirate radio way before I heard Mike Skinner  
Wagwan killer  
Yeah, that's my nigga  
Talk about race, but it's just way bigger  
I ain't gonna waste no time on Twitter  
Done with the jibba  
Cry me a river  
Say it to my face or say it to my trigger  
You go figure, or reconsider  
Indian giver  
Lookin' for a chocolate girl with a hint of vanilla  
And she can bring a Indian with her  
I just want a bosom for a pillow  
And I got a little bit o skrilla  
We can get a boat and we can get a villa  
Or we can be on South Beach real nigga liver  
All killer, no filler (all killer, no filler)  
I don't wanna brag or boast  
I don't cater and I don't host  
When they ask what I do, I say I do the most  
Then I get ghost, on the coast like I am supposed  
Don't pose and I do not post  
And that's why these girls wanna try play me  
Close, close, wanna get close on the coast  
Ghost, ghost, don't pose and I don't post  
Close, close, wanna get close on the coast  
Ghost, ghost

They ain't put food on my table  
I rock the cradle  
Big dirty stinkin' logo, I rock the label  
I've been doin' this since cable  
I was on the graveyard shift in the studio  
Only popped out for a salt beef bagel  
I was on the roads when it was unstable  
I'm not an angel  
Beef had more than a plate full  
But I ain't hateful  
Born in the 80s  
Year of the able  
Come back 18  
Could've been a facial  
Would've been painful  
Raised in the 90s  
It was still racial  
Bloody disgraceful  
Why are these yutes so bloody ungrateful?  
Talk about grime like I ain't a staple  
I was on the mic when you was in play-school  
Stabbed six times, yo, it could have been fateful  
Would have been six foot deep, on my bredrin's T-shirt, lookin' distasteful  
Would have been wasteful  
Never would have seen the Caribbean in April  
Shackin' up with Rachel  
Givin' her a face-full  
Never would have been seven figures deep, walkin' down the street  
With a gorgeous freak in a chief screamin': Come out the way fool (come out the way fool,  
come out the way fool)I don't wanna brag or boast  
I don't cater and I don't host  
When they ask what I do, I say I do the most  
Then I get ghost, on the coast like I am supposed  
Don't pose and I do not post  
And that's why these girls wanna try play meClose, close, wanna get close on the coast  
Ghost, ghost, don't pose and I don't post  
Close, close, wanna get close on the coast  
Ghost, ghost(Ghost, ghost)

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