

# Ghost Stories

**Chorus-** He's/ I've been heard everywhere but never there  
You can feel the/ my presence through the air.  
Fact from fiction is impossible to tell/ Fact to fiction is all part of the sell  
Either one can make a helluva sale/ Well, I think it's time you heard Styles MC tell.

## Verse 01

- Was once this boy about five years old.  
Some one figured out he's worth his weight in gold.  
Handsome, talented and incredibly bold.  
Charming and funny were the stories that were told  
Said he wanted to be a football star  
Most could probably see him making it that far  
By age 10 he was studying at the best schools in England.  
For him a new culture that took time to understand.  
- On the sports field he controlled the game.  
But in the class room some still found him a pain  
He was hard to understand, who could you blame  
Personally I just think that he couldn't stand the rain.  
He started getting into books, writing and drama.  
But still couldn't stand the music of Bananarama  
Not your regular rebellious teen.  
Just his voice would make a helluva scene  
- At 13 he moved on to a bigger school  
A smaller fish swimming in a much bigger pool.  
By his brother's rep he was known to be cool  
But by some staff still considered to be a fool.

## Chorus- x 1

## Verse 02

- My character brewed, my wardrobe grew  
Listening to more Hip Hop like the Wu  
Started chillin with cousins and a south London crew  
This all trouble to the people who knew  
By age sixteen I was really into music  
Liked playing tracks so I thought I would use it  
Started DJing anytime I was at home  
Busting a few rhymes anytime I was in the zone  
- Hitting the club scene anywhere I was around.  
If there's was girls and alcohol Styles Could be found.  
Butting still schooling and still ruling  
Still on the sports field doing his fooling.  
I finished Advanced Level in the year of 98  
Returned back to Zed for a sixth month break  
Was still DJing and Girl paging  
Dangerous Guy convinced him to try something engaging  
- So I decided to pick up the Mic

A pen and a pad n' started to recite.  
A few weeks later were on the radio  
Abou to go on Zambia' biggest talent show.

**Chorus- x 1**

**Verse 03**

- We came third but heard was the word  
That they really should have been at the head of the herd  
On the side worked the office for the local BMW  
Saw a few cars, some I maybe drew.  
Returned back to London to study a degree  
Quickly established myself as a playboy G  
All around campus, I was known  
And still managed to get all his work in alone.  
- Then I moved off campus and money became scarce  
Soon came the reduction in my wears.  
I dropped out of school just to get by  
But still, I couldn't catch a fly.  
Going from job to job I did it all  
Labouring and office work whatever was on call  
But still couldn't find anything maintaining  
I'm afraid the weather was always raining  
- So I decided to do my own thing  
Marketing, promotion, whatever I could brin  
Supposed to have got some help but it went all wrong  
Something about the red lights that's why I'm going long.

**Chorus- x 1**

**Bridge-** Then suddenly I reappear on the map,  
Turns out I was stuck in London tryin' to rap  
I gather I'm still fighting the conservatories  
But you'll here, I've got a new album called Ghost Stories