

No Ceilings

ASAP Ferg

AXL

Ain't playin' with niggas
Cuz we are them niggas
Roll like gorillas
We are the winners
Grew up with the hitters
We came from the city of killers
We are the littest
Like Wayne, I got no ceilings
Where is the ceilings?
I see no ceilings
We got no feelings
We, you know we got no feelings
For brothers that sit in the cage
We miss ya
Niggas go out in a blaze
Making hard decisions

Livin' through tension
Friends get distant
Diamond on glisten
They don't wanna mention you
Video, instant views
Bitches wanna pick and choose
Diamond like big igloo
My nigga, we runnin' for days, know we got the vision
Livin life fast in the lane, hope we don't collision
We ain't meant to lose
She lookin at my finsta too
She become a instant boo

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VVS's on me
Look how a heavy hitter step
He try to flex with his shit in the club
We took his chains off his neck
They know I like to keep it cool
But killers with me gon make a mess
I got a check and flew out to Miami
But they know the K is what I rep

She say she love me I ain't say I love her
But she know I love to give her sex
She pull up on me, Imma give her dick
Ain't no reason for me to send a text
I'm in this bitch with the trap lord
In the trap and we cookin a mess
Lamborghini 220 the dashboard
Switch it up and go hop it a 'vette
She get a Birkin
She get a big bag if we fuck
I got a big bag full of Runtz
I'm putting straight gas in the blunt
I tell her twerk it
She give me straight ass til I'm done
She doin anything a nigga say
If I tell you suck it do it til I cum

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I got no ceilings, I never had 'em, nigga
Pop me a handle bar, then I handle business
I'm on that Actavis, call it Activism
I like my chinchillas soft as caterpillars
I got no issues, but I got ammunition in case I got issues
Chop a kilo down like paper and scissor
China white, bitch, I'm breaking the dishes
Hands down, bitch, I'm too out of hand
Hands up, I kill you with my hands
Masked up like I flew from Japan
Bap, bap, that's for you and your man
No cap, cap, I don't do it with words
Flap, flap, that's my wings you just heard
Yeah, kidnap ain't a thing for them birds
No trap rap, I'm way in the suburbs
Rolls Royce!
Stars came on the roof, but I removed the roof
And we can see the stars, bitch
I got dogs on the loose
Now, you can call a truce but I can call 'em off, bitch
I got dogs that don't roof
Got bitches fallin' through and niggas fallin' off shit
I ain't got no fuckin' feelings
Got you catchin' fuckin' feelings
Fuck your feelings, bitch!

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