

Sauce (yeah)
It's ya boy JC (yeah yeah)
Hee yeah

Rooftops don't come wit ceilings
You'll never find me in the building
I could care less 'bout ya feelings
I'll be up top somewhere chillin'
Skyscrapin', skyscrapin', skyscrapin' yeah
Skyscrapin', skyscrapin', skyscrapin' yeah
(Oh yeah)

Ten toes down to come up (yeah)
I just bought a Lamborghini truck (yeah)
Twin turbo engine that's a must (yeah)
Man I swear this thing got some thrust
Fly out overseas for the weekend
Optometrist vibes, they be peekin'
Bad pipe drip, yeah I'm leakin'
Guess that's how it is when ya eatin'

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(Oh yeah)

Never mind the haters cause they broke
I can't let ya play me baby and that's on my soul
I been gettin' closer wit my friends, dey dead n' gone
Usually I pour fours in Fanta's n' move slow
I got cheese so every day I'm Santa for lil bro
I don't sleep so every day I'm trappin' on this road
Gotta keep my heat
So don't go get ta tweakin' I might blow
It's a lemon squeeze
Might hear dem shots come knockin' at yo door
I gotta foreign thing, ain't got no ceiling
From the trenches to a mansion's barely a difference
Seem like all my life I been in all white kitchens
You said I ain't out here gettin' it, who you kiddin'

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(Oh yeah)

Ten toes down to come up (yeah)
Clean but I came out the mud (yeah)