

The Ceiling

Casey Veggies

Yeah
Uh, yeah
Yeah, yeah

As I stare at the ceiling, I'm plotting in my room like, "Young nigga get out your feelings, get out and go get it"
My mind on a million, I'm hated, but loved by many
I'm caught in this feeling, a natural high
I'm blessed and my new whip appealin', the boy in the building
As a youngin', I was with the rapping, not robbing and dealing, I gotta go get it
My mama need the house with the lake, yeah, baby, I gotta go get it
Little mama know that I'm from L.A. and I'm rocking the fitted
Baby girl told me that she like how I reppin' my city
I'm plotting up on a million in my room I stare at the ceiling

All these drugs, damn, why my young niggas be abusing it?
My chick so bad, do all the type of shit that make me choose a bitch
Everything wavy, might take her on vacation on a cruise and shit
Ridin' so fast sometimes I be feeling like I'm losing it
Sometimes when you try to get the win gotta lose a grip
I always knew when I got my chance, I'd do it big
Doing this shit my own damn way, my rules are bent
Sign a new deal, nigga bout to go shoppin' might ice my wrist

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Feeling great, lately girl, I been counting cake
Got a lot of shit on my plate, probably go invest in some real estate
Had a bad chick from another state, I f*cked with her now she acting fake
Got my mind right, I got cash to make
Got on my hustle, let it activate
Fake niggas, I can't relate, I be riding round in commercial plates
I be getting money in another place, you don't really do it, you just in the way
When you winnin', swear they got a lot to say
Yeah, all these niggas, yeah, I know they hate
I'm politicking on another play, thinking to myself as I contemplate

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