

Staring at the Ceiling

Eric Bellinger

Rock me baby

Hand me my grinder

Girl, it's time to get away, yeah

Baby, sit back, relax as I put on your favorite songs

You know I got 'em all, yeah

Pass me that lighter

Come with me to outer space, yeah

You forget about the shit you dealing with

When we get high, yeah

When niggas make you mad (smoke, smoke, smoke it away)

When everything all bad (smoke, smoke, smoke it away)

Let's get blown, first we make love, then we fall asleep and when we wake up

We'll be staring at the ceiling (so high, so high)

We'll be staring at the ceiling (drifting away)

We'll be staring at the ceiling (sheesh, so high, so high)

We'll be staring at the ceiling (floating away)

This that sexual healing

If you need it, girl, I got the key

Rev at ease to your body

After you hit that weed

Lay with me and it's over

Make sure you rush right home

After work and I got you

Then we'll be staring at the ceiling (so high, so high)

We'll be staring at the ceiling (drifting away)

We'll be staring at the ceiling (sheesh, so high, so high)

We'll be staring at the ceiling (floating away)

This that sexual healing