

No Ceilings 2, No Ceilings Dos  
No Ceilings Bisexual, that means two  
Freaky! Here we go!

Tunechi in the buildin'  
His house ain't got no ceilin'  
These hoes, they catchin' feelings  
We 'bout to make a billion  
Stop that bitch  
Tune, Tune, Tune, Tune  
Tune, Tune, Tune, Tune  
Step up to the mic, nigga  
Get that bitch right, nigga  
Step up to the mic, nigga  
Get that bitch right, nigga

Tunechi  
No Ceilings 2, No Ceilings 2  
Next to Lil' Tunechi, you are so minuscule  
So pitiful, dope in the spoon  
'Bout to go grizzly bear, no Winnie Pooh  
Tunechi  
Gun under table, hand on the Bible  
My homies on my side, oh you dead on the Bible  
I'm tatted up, I'm tribal, and I'm duckin' trial  
I used to throw my money away, now I recycle  
Shout out to the Vice Lords and the Disciples  
That's that gang talk, you need subtitles  
We send his Scud Missile, your bitch in love with us  
We sippin' mud, sippers, more cane than a cripple  
Look I am nobody cause nobody's perfect  
Abracadabra, I make a hoe out a virgin  
I treat her like a servant, thanks for your service  
I'm cold like sherbet, got it sewed up like a surgeon  
It's me and Mannie Fresh back together, bitch we mergin'  
The jokes on them and we smirkin'  
Man fuck them niggas, they hurtin'  
She deep throat like a serpent  
I stole out too many purses  
Got too many bitches flirtin'  
It's No Ceilings 2, curtains

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Mula, baby!