

Fresh

Lil' Wayne

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!