

No ceilings  
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My ceiling drop, my ceiling drop

Ay, my milly rock, my milly pop  
Them niggas ain't hot, they petty wap  
Sipping Barney, smoking baby bop  
She's performing on the table top  
Steph Curry, boy I'll take the shot  
Bop bop then I'll pull off and wave goodbye  
I'm ready for the war, I'm not afraid to die  
My niggas wild like Omega Psi  
My bitches screaming, "Ooh la la"  
I tell my demons, "Kumbaya"  
Them sticks go boo ya ka  
Make a nigga say, "Ooh, na na na na na"  
I got money on my mental, got them niggas in my rear view  
I'm a dog, I'm a dog, rottweilin' on these shih tzu's  
Drop dollars on your temple, pop collars like a pistol  
Drive back and forth with codeine, put some mileage on the rental  
Money talks like Jimmy Kimmel, Jimmy Fallon and Jay Leno  
I'm straight NO, the UNO, fast life, so uptempo  
Ooh wee, presidential in the Backwood, eating Mentos  
Smoke that loud like crescendos, rep the mob like Di Nero  
Fucking like a nympho, save her info like a hero  
Write you name on the bullet, she wrote my name on her dildo  
Smoking on that kill though, got me happier than Gilmo  
I'm in chill mode, I'm in pill mode, I just fucked your fucking ear hole

No ceilings, whoa, no ceilings  
Yeah, two  
Yeah, two  
Holler at them bitches, Lucci Lou

Give a fuck about you haters, more concerned with stacking papers  
Smoking bog and sipping Lakers, watch your girl 'cause I can take her  
Drop the top, no ceilings as I'm plottin' on millions  
Where my niggas in this bitch? They like, "Fuck it Lucci, get her"  
I'm from that East side of New Orleans, polo T's and Jordans  
Where niggas dream to push foreigners, and all the hoes want ballers  
I got the cheapest price on pearly white, if you need a nigga just call us  
Long as you talking them dollars, I got a nigga, just holler  
Still no job, bitch I ain't hurt  
Put a ho on the strobe and told her, "Get to work"  
She dropped a Xanny in this drink, the roly in her purse  
Then brought it back to Daddy, man I swear this pimpin' work  
I pop the clutch and hit the gas, I love the way it skrrt  
She popped a bean, popping ass, can't keep it in her skirt  
I beat it up, she eat it up, no feelings  
It's Lucci Lou and Tunechi, nigga, no ceilings

No ceilings bitch, like an astronaut  
Turk and Wayne back at it, nigga, we ain't gon' stop  
Thuggin' nigga, it's thug life, 2Pac  
My youngin with me, they stay strapped with two Glockes  
I'm Molly turnt, but so [?], throwing threes up like slime

Pussy nigga keep hating on me, keep hating, I ain't got time  
Too busy chasing this paper, got money on my mind  
Fuck you and your favors, know you see my grind  
I kicked the habit, never thought I could, that shit had me since fourteen  
I was shooting up nigga on tour, fucking up my dreams  
Fucking off my green, fucking off with these hoes  
Could've died over a million times, I swear only God knows  
I'm back nigga, like a hungry dog at the doorstep, let's eat  
Tell you pussy niggas that slept on me, "Hope you bitches die in your sleep"  
Free my brother BG, I'ma scream the shit till he hit the streets  
Till my brother Ralo RIP I got the nigga that's on YNT

No ceilings, yeah, nigga, nigga  
No ceilings, yeah, fuck with me it be a killin'  
Yeah, Young Turk, nigga  
I'm Mister YNT, nigga