

Drop the Ceiling

Stalley

Drop my ceiling
That's why I look over my shoulders before I drop my ceiling
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Look over my shoulders
Drop my ceiling, drop my ceiling, drop my ceiling
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f*ck waiting on a miracle
f*ck money and material
I'm riding dirty gripping the steering wheel
Cowards try to put their fear in you
If you let them they will bury you
They really wanna mirror you
A reflection of their failures
They all actors they some characters
Characteristics of some jealous women
They see you getting money then they all in their feelings
Jealously turn to envy, envy turn to killing
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It was all good 'til the paper came
The love was lost, the hate remain
True colors showed made me hate the fame
Paint the picture to get richer, y'all keep the frame
No limitation of boxes could keep what I be saying
Friends turn into monsters for money have no shame
Put targets on your back it's funny how they aim
Throw dirt on your name and try to smear the stain
Place some blame on your change, now that's insane
Life's remorse that's the cost of making a name
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