

# The Ceiling

Casey Veggies

Yeah  
Uh, yeah  
Yeah, yeah

As I stare at the ceiling, I'm plotting in my room like, "Young nigga get out your feelings, get out and go get it"  
My mind on a million, I'm hated, but loved by many  
I'm caught in this feeling, a natural high  
I'm blessed and my new whip appealin', the boy in the building  
As a youngin', I was with the rapping, not robbing and dealing, I gotta go get it  
My mama need the house with the lake, yeah, baby, I gotta go get it  
Little mama know that I'm from L.A. and I'm rocking the fitted  
Baby girl told me that she like how I reppin' my city  
I'm plotting up on a million in my room I stare at the ceiling

All these drugs, damn, why my young niggas be abusing it?  
My chick so bad, do all the type of shit that make me choose a bitch  
Everything wavy, might take her on vacation on a cruise and shit  
Ridin' so fast sometimes I be feeling like I'm losing it  
Sometimes when you try to get the win gotta lose a grip  
I always knew when I got my chance, I'd do it big  
Doing this shit my own damn way, my rules are bent  
Sign a new deal, nigga bout to go shoppin' might ice my wrist

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Feeling great, lately girl, I been counting cake  
Got a lot of shit on my plate, probably go invest in some real estate  
Had a bad chick from another state, I f\*cked with her now she acting fake  
Got my mind right, I got cash to make  
Got on my hustle, let it activate  
Fake niggas, I can't relate, I be riding round in commercial plates  
I be getting money in another place, you don't really do it, you just in the way  
When you winnin', swear they got a lot to say  
Yeah, all these niggas, yeah, I know they hate  
I'm politicking on another play, thinking to myself as I contemplate

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