

# Rich The Kid, No Ceilings

Money racked up nigga,  
Ima fuck can't kiss em  
Look at the rocks of my bezel,  
Ima flex with No resting,  
I don't fuck wit you niggas  
You can't trust these bitches, had to grind  
For my riches, riding round with no ceilings [x2]

Ima fuck but can't kiss em,  
riding round with no Ceilings,  
purple dripping out the ceiling  
I was broke I had to get it,  
you can't trust these Bitches,  
they said I wouldn't make a millie,  
From the rari' to the Bentley throwing money out  
The ceiling, Rich the kid diamond chain,  
bitch fucking for the fame,  
got a hoe look like Kim K we can make a Movie like Ray J,  
wake up I dab in Burberry pull up Right now in a rolls Royce,  
flexin on purpose got no choice

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had to grind for my riches,  
riding round with no ceilings [x2]

I was broke I had to run it up, run it up,  
she don't speak no English She a foreigner,  
I had my wrist in the water,  
go to the trap is a order look at the Rollie a big face,  
I give a fuck bout a court case,  
I got the purple I sip straight,  
roll up and I pour me a whole 8th,  
I ain't gon buy her no Louboutin,  
she loving the back of the Bentley,  
Look at my necklace its water,  
riding the Rari' no charger,  
she gon ride That dick like six flags,  
Ima break that bitch dirty kit Kat,  
young nigga wrist gang make a come back  
and I'm fresh out the cell where the cash at?

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