

# Ceilings To The Sky

Fat Joe

Sky is not the limit, is just a view,  
We're up here, stay there true  
Ceilings to the sky,  
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A couple kilos on the neck, the way the curing can neck,  
Is like I'm from Dallaway, we're running the checks,  
Rap on on the passenger, feeling like the chosen,  
Wish I could make the mat, had the rat, put potion.  
Feeling on the ouch, wanna look like mouthwash,  
Hundred eight, it's gonna move around the golf court.  
Panthers in the backyard, cause it to the black card,  
Now that's animal cruelty.  
Interior design, bob milio, Gucci,  
Got super model chicks, callin me Bougie.  
Uh, my show fur is your fur,  
Panthom with miss and showed up in new fur.  
I conquer, more money,  
What would have happened if they never killed Sonny?  
Gutt of a skin, got the gutt of a leak,  
Now who the fuck got the gutt for the hit?

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You basic niggers, I basically murder you,  
Lyrically or at the back of the convertible.  
Imma dog fresh shit on my way to heaven  
Six shots, one in the head, my lucky seven.  
I'm a mad practitioner, straight with numbers,  
Three million ways to pounds in all hundreds.  
Lost some weight, now they're calling me fancy,  
Ring side will I murder the GNP  
My landscape, ice glue, lampey,  
Chilling with Angie in places that you niggers can't be.  
Rebel old friends that caught me in optical,  
Sneak a fame, belongs in the hospital.  
Straight jacket, it's about me, though,  
Last from witches, you can still feel my pain, though.  
Sad nigger on my 20 million sold  
And I've been doing this since I'm 20 years old, nigger.

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