Touch the Ceiling

Ahmad

Dig it, if you got the feeling, then jump and rip the roof up
Steady flowin rhymes, drop 'heavy' like that 'blue funk'
Niggaroe, westcoast kid, with the new sound
Never fake, I be real, so what you gonna do now?
Battle? I don't think so, look, I got your noose tugged
Did ya, now standin there, daisy with your dukes up
Who's up next to watch me get loose, then bruise necks
And niggas who stink
Then go hang out like a link
I'm the brink of the blow up
Sink and watch me go up
Another level, let the bass boom
As the treble tunes up
My too rough style
I'm too tough
I'm gifted, ovin the crowd
I make em get up, then I get down
It's the sound of the new kid gettin stupid
I know shit stinks, so I don't mind if you loop it
Oops, almost went pop, now drama like that deserves a grammy
It's the (bonafied funk for your fanny)So groove to the bonafied funk for your fanny
And if you got the feeling
Jump and touch the ceiling
Move to the bonafied funk for your fanny
And if you got the feeling
Jump and touch the ceilingWell, the king of the hill's back, blew up like a well
Got a leash and I go in and out of style like your bell-
Bottoms, say shit that's real like I'm nuts over midgets
Pitch, then make my mic throw a strike like a picket
Not really into baseball, but I'm an all-american
Still act a fool
Breakin rappers like a rule
I'm cool, mostly peaceful
Kick it with my people
But if I go insane
You can jump and do the same
Thing, I gotta sing
La-la, if you got that swing
Follow me, get wreck

I make you bounce like a check
Mic-check, 1-2
Stand and watch me run through
A crew real easy, but that's only if I want to
Murder if I want it, stand and watch me flaunt this shit
I'm like the mafia, I keep on makin hits
I know which way is up
And won't stop
Till I hit rock bottom
That's the truth
But for now smack the roof
Then groove to the
Bonafied funk for your fannySo groove to the bonafied funk for your fanny
And if you got the feeling
Jump and touch the ceiling
Move to the bonafied funk for your fanny
And if you got the feeling
Jump and touch the ceilingBreak it down, y'allWell, I'm not a baby, but I got another verse left to spit out
King of the hill, knock em down when they get up
Westcoast kid, they got the goods, and can get - ehm
Busy on the mic like this
So pump your fist
And never hit the ff button on my cassette
Just sit stunned
Dn't give me no props until I'm done
Your mouth's wide open cause you're hopin
That you might be able to be label-
Mates with the great niggaroe
I'm just down with the king, and you're not it
Lookin for your gift, but I already shot it
I wreck shop with real hip-hop, so at last it's
Ahmad with the (bonafied funk) for your asses
So groove to the
Bonafied funk for your fannySo groove to the bonafied funk for your fanny
And if you got the feeling
Jump and touch the ceiling
Move to the bonafied funk for your fanny
And if you got the feeling
Jump and touch the ceilingSo groove to the bonafied funk for your fanny
And if you got the feeling
Jump and touch the ceiling
Move to the bonafied funk for your fanny
And if you got the feeling
Jump and touch the ceilingGroove to the bonafied funk for your fanny
And if you got the feeling

Jump and touch the ceiling
Do the freak to the bonafied funk for your fanny

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