

## Picture Perfect

### Chamillionaire

My life is real baby, you peeping me take a picture  
You peeping me take a picture, (you should take a photograph) - (2x)

Catch me today, with a cannon or a Kodak  
Cause by tomorrow, yesterday gon be a throwback  
(You see it's real, they be like look at that  
Picture perfect nigga, you should take a photograph)

Introducing the truest voice of the South, it's who else but me fool  
Don't let all that foolishness they feed you, on T.V. mislead you  
Don't let all the magazines, and them papers out there deceive you  
The cups that be used to sip, but Caucasian kinda like my tee do  
You see that hand be glistening, you see the Sedans we flipping  
The hundreds of grands we getting, these units of scans we shipping  
You see that Caddy tipping, them thangs on that Caddy twisting  
That paint and that candy dripping, that drank and that can is missing  
That ain't a Cola, though dry and you feeling sober  
Boys trying to switch it over, apply it up in a soda  
Home of the Houston hustlers, who grinding and hit the quota  
Who fire and hit the doja, you high when you sniff the odor  
Told ya you gotta have, a foreign or buy your slab  
Afford it then buy it that's, important without it now  
You ain't gotta take college class, to see that we bout our cash  
You not if you gotta ask, let's take a pic by the slab hol' up

You see my slab, you see my candy slab  
Picture perfect nigga, you should take a photograph  
You see my chick, you see my chick is bad  
Picture perfect nigga, you should take a photograph  
You see it's real, they be like look at that  
Picture perfect nigga, you should take a photograph  
Photograph, ph-ph-ph-photograph-photograph  
Picture perfect nigga, you should take a photograph

When I'm tipping they'll probably watch me, the cops'll be paparazzi  
And try to patrol my posse, we shining and glowing glossy  
The jealous will try to top me, we keep it too real to copy  
What I'm listening to ain't a floppy, that disc gon be Screwed and Chop-pied  
All the ballers will ride to this, deposit deposit slips  
Buy the car and apply the fifth, raise the trunk an entire lift  
Use to go to that Kappa, but Kappa ain't been as crunk  
So I'm popping up at Daytona, on chrome and I'm popping trunk  
Jamming that "Ridin' Dirty", while riding beside the laws  
And they staring over at me, trying to scare me like I'ma pause  
Tell 'em naw they know I'ma crawl, all day in the robber cause  
I'm trying to go wash the ride, till them tires have whiter walls  
You peeping him take a picture, that chrome and that paint official  
You smoking then take a swisha, there's plenty just take 'em wit ya  
You chilling you ain't a sipper, then I'ma be hanging wit ya  
Take a hold of the grain and grip a, handful and smile for the pictures nigg  
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You see the bling up on my bracelet, and the shine on my chest  
Syrup in my styrofoam, it's sweet with doja no cess  
You done put it down with the rest, time to roll with the best  
Cause when you ride with the original, you ain't gotta guess  
I'm the connection that you need, when they say it's a drought  
Cause it's not really a drought, them other niggaz just out  
And I'm the plug you gotta have, when they say the river's dry  
Cause it's not really dry, they just ran out of supply  
I'm too fly for the clouds, too down for the green grass  
Better wear tinted lenses, if you look at my clean ass  
Catch me today, with a cannon or a Kodak  
Cause by tomorrow, yesterday gon be a throwback  
Candy still dripping, 4's is still tipping  
Wood grain grass, steering wheel I'm still gripping  
Repping for P.A.T., the West and the East  
And I'm repping for Pimp C, till he get back on the streets it never cease

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My life is real baby, ain't just a song (ain't just a song)  
Gripping that wood wheel baby, and riding chrome (I'm riding chrome)  
This is for the real playas, that get that do' (that get that do')  
Tell me how it feel baby, to see I'm-I'm riding candy and chrome

Catch me today, with a cannon or a Kodak  
Cause by tomorrow, yesterday gon be a throwback - (2x)

Know I'm saying, gripping wood  
Riding through the hood, and feeling good  
Just like we say down in Texas, it's already  
You staring at me so hard  
You need to go on, do yourself a favor playa  
And take a motherfucking picture