

# Beautiful

Pro

Something like my maker  
I say you the best  
I know you can't see it all by yourself  
But you are beautiful, beautiful, beautiful  
'Cause God ain't made you like anybody else  
Don't let nobody tell you that you anything less  
'Cause you are beautiful, beautiful, beautiful, yeah

She check out her reflection in the mirror  
But some reason,  
She don't see that beauty is in the picture  
Thinking her image flawed  
'Cause he ain't made her like those models  
Or her figure's a mistake, He only making Coke bottles  
Naw, C-C-Coke bottles are plastic  
Mannequins are plastic but you are fantastic  
She don't believe it so it's driving her insane  
This diet don't seem to work, she eating to ease the pain  
The world tell her that somehow she doesn't matter besides  
The perfect girls live happily ever after  
No idea, she been crafted by the master  
Uniquely in his image baby, baby that is no disaster

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She begging for a hero  
But villains is all she see though  
Thinks she's less than other people, she is a size zero  
Her ribs touching, not cause of a lack of food  
But after every meal, she heads to the bathroom  
Stick her finger down her throat, thinking that will give her hope  
If her weight will never grow, maybe they will love her more  
On a journey to acceptance, cause she ain't been there before  
She ain't perfect, and commercials do they best to let her know  
But if she only knew who she was in God's view  
Made his children with a purpose, girl and that includes you  
Let this statement give you comfort boo, cause that includes truth  
God is in love with you, you ain't gotta look far for proof

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I wrote this for you, this is your song  
You his baby doll, I know I ain't wrong  
Beauty's from the creator, and it ain't measured in weight  
You are great just how you are, I don't care what that TV say

Your DNA is complete, his artistry is in your genes  
That don't make he's less creative 'cause you don't fit in them jeans  
You don't got a clue the way he see you, this planet is his canvas,  
And you his Mona Lisa...

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