

Picture Perfect

Yung Joc

Uhhhhhhyeeaaaah
Everything that glitters ain't gold baby
I hear ya Daddy

I'm choppin 24's
Blowin good dro
Yeah, I got plenty Hoes
Life ain't picture perfect
Yeah ya see the ice
And I dress nice
Make 'em look twice
Life ain't picture perfect

Yeah I'm blowin on some good lime
Skatin on two 85's
Wouldn't believe half the shit thats skatin through a niggas mind
745 complimented with leather and wood
Chickens on my dick cuz a nigga fresh and smellin good
Jack boys plottin on my stacks on deck
Wanna put the Tec to my chest for the ice on my neck
Oh yeah it's easy to attain it all
Harder to maintain it all
If you want a pierfect picture only god can paint it dog
Niggas in these videos with multi-platinum projects
Can't even get credit cards
And they Momma stay in projects
How is that? Scracth my head
Somethin don't seem right
Ya teeth full of ice
So when ya smile I seen lights
Seems like I'm hatin I'm just statin the facts
I ain't feelin to smile in ya face and put a blade in your back
Now try not to get caught up on the way shit looks
Cuz everything ain't picture perfect, just listen to the hook

Yeah I'm off in magic city
Trickin them ass and titties
Bitches blowin me kisses makin me wanna hit it
I must admit, got a good chick and she been holdin me down
But I ain't fuckin around cuz there is too much shit goin around
Like the rims on my pickup
Scared to get my dick sucked
Nigga run into the clinic even from a hiccup
Pick up the pieces from the fuckin puzzle
I'm affiliated with niggas who murder, rob and hustle
Plus you think I'm ballin cuz I'm poppin Crys and spendin G's
I'm just tryin to drink away the pain that killed my nigga steve
Nigga please, I ain't shit
Cookies and cream
Feelin like Marvin it make me wanna holla and scream

Now half the shit ya doin already been done
And that's why half my niggas dead, locked up or on the run
That dope money ain't sufficient it don't last all ways
Niggas trap all night in project hallways
All day long niggas front like stars
On them big ass rims that most than they cars

Spent 300 on a outfit a hundred on some nikes
But his baby needs wopes, diapers and pedialite
And you prolly' got a cousin, brother or a friend
And this song sound like it from begging to end
Then again it might be me
And I'm tired of the nonsense
Can't sleep at night cause I got a guilty conscience

Cant you see? [over and over until it fades out]