

Perfect

Chris Parish

1234 let me hear you scream if you want some more

Like uhhh

Push it push it

Watch me work it -

I'm perfect

Yeah that's right it's the superstar

Everybody wanna come up when I'm at the bar

All them people wanna try its like gimme some more

Try a little harder honey I'm like gimme my car

Skip the bra

Chill at the spas

Feminine boss

Don't care what it cost

Get lost we gettin rocks

While bitches botox I blow cocks

So hot

We just wreckin the party

Autographin everybody body parts with the sharpie

Can't stop me baby got an army

Be all that you can be baby

Call me

1234 let me hear you scream if you want some more

Like uhhh

Push it push it

Watch me work it -

I'm perfect

I'm comin straight out the nyc

Every little bad boy's wet dream featurin me

Cream get the money dollar dollar bill ya'll kill ya'll got the ill jaw

Exes still call

You know I gotta do whatever it takes

All them other chicks its like that's the breaks

And all them other chicks wanna take my place and all them

Other chicks better get out my face

The look the lips the tits the taste
The hair the eye the skin the waist
You see what I can do on a microphone
So think bout what I'm gonna do to you at home
Get goin with the
Mastercard max it hard
In the backs of cars
Faxin lawyers
Racks and racks at stores
I'm just/ about/ me gettin more

1234 let me hear you scream if you want some more
Like uhhh
Push it push it
Watch me work it /
I'm perfect

Hey I don't mean to brag
But I'm makin ladies mad
When they look at what I have
All the shit in the bag

Runnin things like a track
No practice
Got you starvin for me like a hollywood actress
So attractive wear my dresses backless

Flippin lots of heavy words like a mattress
Make money during napses leg hair waxes? use hundred dollar bills
Got a million pairs of underwear
Millionaire times my strands of hair in bel air

It's all there, bull or beari don't know and I don't care
It ain't fair princess superstar make em stop n stare runnin scared
Kiss my derriere, on my mirrored chair
(why you got a mirrored chair?)

You can see my ass much better there
To kiss it kiss it

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com

written by COMEAU, CHARLES-ANDRE/STINCO, JEAN-FRANCOIS/BOUVIER, PIERRE/LEFEBVRE,
SEBASTIEN/LANNI, ARNOLD DAVID

Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Universal Music Publishing Group,

EMI Music Publishing, THE BICYCLE MUSIC COMPANY

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>