Picture Perfect

Yung Joc

Everything that glitters ain't gold baby
I hear you daddy
I'm choppin' twenty-fo's, blowin' good 'dro
Yeah, I got plenty hoes but life ain't picture perfect
Yeah, you see the ice and I dress nice
Make 'em look twice, life ain't picture perfect
I'm choppin' twenty-fo's, blowin' good 'dro
Yeah, I got plenty hoes but life ain't picture perfect
Yeah, you 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' down two eighty-five
Wouldn't believe half of the shit that's skatin' through a nigga mind
Seven forty-five complimented with leather and wood
Chickens on my dick, 'cause a nigga fresh and smellin good
Jack boys plottin' for my stacks on deck
Wanna put the tech 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 perfect picture only God can paint it dawg
Niggaz 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
Your teeth full of ice so when you smile I seen lights
Seems like I'm hatin', I'm just statin' the facts
I ain't fin' ta smile in your face and put a blade in your back
Now, now try not to get caught up on the way shit looks
'Cause everything ain't picture perfect nigga listen to the hook
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Yeah, I'm off in Magic City, trickin' off on ass and titties
Bitches blowin' me kisses, makin' me wanna hit it
I must admit it got a good chick and she been holdin' me down
But I ain't fuck around, there's too much shit goin' 'round
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 to the fuckin' puzzle
I'm affiliated with niggaz who murder rob and hustle
Plus you think I'm ballin' 'cause I'm poppin' Crist' 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
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Now half the shit you doin' already been done
And that's why half my niggaz dead, locked up or on the run
That dope money ain't sufficient, it don't last always
Niggaz trap all night, in project hallways
All day long, niggaz front like stars
On them big ass rims, that cost more than they cars
Spent three hundred on the outfit, a hundred on some Nikes
But his baby needs wipes diapers and Pedialite
And you probably got a cousin, brother or a friend
And this song sound like him from beginnin' 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
I'm choppin' twenty-fo's, blowin' good 'dro
Yeah, I got plenty hoes but life ain't picture perfect
Yeah, you see the ice and I dress nice
Make 'em look twice, life ain't picture perfect
I'm choppin' twenty-fo's, blowin' good 'dro
Yeah, I got plenty hoes but life ain't picture perfect
Yeah, you see the ice and I dress nice
Make 'em look twice, life ain't picture perfect
Can't you see? Can't you see? Can't you see?
Can't you see? Can't you see?
Can't you see? Can't you see? Hey

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