

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
You peeping me take a picture, you should take a photograph 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, 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'm a pause
Tell 'em naw they know I'm a 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 nigga 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, photograph, photograph
Picture perfect nigga, you should take a photograph 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, four'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 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, photograph, photograph
Picture perfect nigga, you should take a photograph My life is real baby, 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'
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
'Cause by tomorrow, yesterday gon be a throwback 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