

Picture Perfect (feat. Chill Will)

Gucci Mane

If you ain't get no money, nigga, what's yo purpose?
Don't need no clowns in my circle, this is not a circus
I keep on doin' what I'm doin', what I'm doin' workin'
They say the watch on my wrist is picture perfect
They say the way I hold the pot is picture perfect
I left the lot and dropped the top cuz tops they make me nervous
I got the game, all I got, my life and my verses
And all that sneaky bitch shit, it came to the surfaceJust to wake up it's a blessed day
But I'm boomin' cage like everyday
Gonna muscle down I put my hustle down
I gone makin' money like several ways
Got a traphouse in the neighborhood
Get my grass cut by seven J's
Flashback, yellow Lamborghini
I pulled up to the figure eight
Got a book man, I'm the coupe man
Get the S-scrolls, I'm Escrope(?)
I pulled up in that Rolls Royce
All the pussy niggas had nothin' to say
Cockroaches in the industry
I think it's time for me to fumigate
Asenzi(?) committed when I get through those pretty J's
Might buy a pain, I might crack a seal
Then pour for my ace of spades
Might buy a pound and then break it down
Then smoke a pound in the VIP
I get money, you ain't gettin' money, is that the reason you mad at me?
Got fifty bags of that Cali gas
And it's all free if you find a seed
If you ain't get no money, nigga, what's yo purpose?
Don't need no clowns in my circle, this is not a circus
I keep on doin' what I'm doin', what I'm doin' workin'
They say the watch on my wrist is picture perfect
They say the way I hold the pot is picture perfect
I left the lot and dropped the top cuz tops they make me nervous
I got the game, all I got, my life and my verses
And all that sneaky bitch shit, it came to the surfaceI hope she get so wet I get a backstroke
And fuck a nigga, what the fuck you think these scraps fo'?
Yeah, I be ballin', and I ain't talkin' ball back

Big money, start talkin' lil money fall back
Show me where them brawls at, show me where the mall at
Chill with the shit, bitch, show me where the staul at
Look at all this work, I don't think that I can move it all
Look at all this dope, I don't think that I can sell it all
Yeah, I'm tellin' ya, big cookin' work in the kitchen, I'm smellin' ya
Shout out to the east cuz I be there on the regular
Yeah, we call em squares but their shapes are rectangular
If you ain't get no money, nigga, what's yo purpose?
Don't need no clowns in my circle, this is not a circus
I keep on doin' what I'm doin', what I'm doin' workin'
They say the watch on my wrist is picture perfect
They say the way I hold the pot is picture perfect
I left the lot and dropped the top cuz tops they make me nervous
I got the game, all I got, my life and my verses
And all that sneaky bitch shit, it came to the surface

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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