

Picture Perfect (ft. Lil Wayne & Birdman)

Juvenile

Juvenile I'm throwback, like '80-something I go back
Them brown bags, I sold that; them street corners, I know that
Appetite, I'm so hungry; Democrat, I go donkey
Weed head, I'm junky; White boy, I smoke honkeys
Niggas like what Juvie on, he's wilding out, he's straight tripping
Y'all niggas is straight pussy and ya'll are about to be rape victims
Boy I'm fucking with truckloads, started off from an 8 ball
Like airplanes on a runway, a real nigga gonna take off
I'm the reason my street hot, still stick to my G-code
Tees, Bo's and my Reeboks, and I'm cheesed up; I've got Cheetos
I told ya'll I'll quit beefing; I'm chilling dawg, I'm on rehab
My lawyer told me my record clean and if y'all fuck with me, I might relapse
Like Noriega got a lot of guns, like Las Vegas I'm pimping
Laws keeping their distance, ain't no penetrating my system
Bad Boy, not Puffy Hot Boy, get stuffy
My main bitch got a black card and she'll spend it all cause she love me
Bitch I'm picture perfect, I paint a perfect picture
I'm spooning with your bitch and make you do the dirty dishes
Man I hate the thirsty bitches, cut em off like circumcision
I'm the type to talk shit and it'd be words of wisdom Monster, killer, real nigga hustla on the reala
My nigga, a dope dealer dealer
Hustler, shining, a Big Tymer nigga
So high on my grind I'll be high flying nigga
With my strapped up, my guns tight
These niggas know I get money
Come from Uptown nigga
Where a killing take just a few hundreds
Blast past, smoking on that pound
Shining with my round when my nigga touched down
100 keys on his feet shinin on them 23's
Blowing o's, fucking hoes, watch me throw another G
Strapped in this field nigga, me and my lil' young nigga
Ridin' around your town nigga, getting nothing but money nigga
One hundred
Uh, tried to fuck the world, can't fit
Pockets fat as Saint Nick
All I've got is my niggas, cause a bitch still ain't shit
And I've got kush all in my swisher, these niggas is tissue
I don't believe these niggas, cause I don't believe in superstitions

Juvie, I gotcha dreads like rasta, hair like pasta, I go meatballs
I get up in that ass and hit it as fast as Chinese ping-pong
And my bitch, she got that fire, my homie got that iron
But I tell 'em put it away or you could get punched like a Hawaiian
Bitch it's Tunechi F Baby, I'm an original Hot Boy
My dick feel like a prisoner cause this bitch got lockjaw
I'm so feeling myself, Truk everybody else
My redbone is ice cold, I'mma fuck the bitch till she melts
UhhBitch I'm N-O till I G-O
I can't change if I tried
I look to my left
I look to my right
And time ain't on my side
So that's why I like my blunt fat and outta shape
Money on my mind
Pussy on my face
Tunechi

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

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