

# Imperfect Flower

## Quando Rondo

(Kid Freddo)

Grrrah

Ha, that's my grandma

Oh, oh, oh, oh

Ooh, oh, oh, oh

Ooh, oh, oh-oh Gunpowder soaked in my veins from that day we kicked that door

Left his brain in the streets, but only God and my brothers know

I apologized to Jai for puttin' dick in these other hoes

They layin' law down my name for 10,000 dollars and a line of coke

I say up my prayers up to Allah, but it seem like shit won't change

Livin' life like it ain't no tomorrow, I'm married to the game

Pablo still hoping that Cardo bullets ain't got no names

I'ma fill up his trucks with hollows, since he think it's a game  
Got so much hatred in my heart, I can't respect myself

I kept it real from the start to neglect myself

I can't express myself

Before I let that boy play, I'm gon' select myself

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Deeply in love with a bitch, I feel like only with me for the fame

I lost my cousin to this shit,

plus they got Leeky locked up in them chains

Metro police pulled me over, tryna see what color flag I bang

Last time I checked,

we tote them TECs, I let that blicky bang (Bop, bop)

It's up with me, that's all the time

Lord, I got murder on my mind

He cross that line, I bust that iron

My feelings lost, it's hard to find

They call my phone, I press decline

Fast forward my life, then press rewind

Look at the clock, it never change

I might just go before my time

She sniffin' coke, while her brother cookin' dope in the kitchen

Send a couple of shots at that

two-door coupe that ain't got no ceilin'

He tyna make him a killin' 'cause all they know is killin'

I left my heart in the trenches, I really needed healin'  
They know I'm bound to get that check for sure  
I'm ballin', you can check the score  
I'm not sayin' I know it all, but I came here just to let you know  
The Devil wear Prada, so I refuse to have respect for hoes  
Three, five, roll my cigar up,  
tell the opps that we want all the smoke  
It's up with me, that's all the time  
Bitch, I got murder on my mind  
He cross that line, I bust that iron  
They call my phone, I press decline  
Look at the clock, it never change  
They draw the chalk, when it's a crime  
I might just go before my time  
Got so much hatred in my heart, I can't respect myself  
I kept it real from the start to neglect myself  
I can't express myself  
Before I let that boy play, I'm gon' select myself  
Got so much hatred in my heart, I can't respect myself  
I kept it real from the start to neglect myself  
I can't express myself  
Before I let that boy play, I'm gon' select myself  
Mmm, oh, oh, oh-oh  
Oh, oh, oh-oh  
Na-na-na-na-na

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