

# Nobody's Perfect (Ft. Missy Elliot)

J. Cole

This is for all the fans that waited, the bitch niggas that hated  
Old hoes we dated, look mama, we made it  
Your son out in Barbados, cheese eggs and potatoes  
Smokin' weed on the beach as my mind workin' like Plato's  
Analyzin' the world, fantasizin' 'bout girls  
I'm handin' diamonds and pearls and vandalizin' her curls  
Sweating her weave out, moans as she breathes out  
Fuck I'm doin' in parties with Hova and Steve Stoute  
I step over piranha, death over dishonor  
They killin' niggas for J's, that's death over designer  
Hey Cole heatin' up like that left-over lasagna  
Remember when I used to be stressed over D'wana  
Now a nigga only text and get stressed over Rihannas  
I'm talkin' tens and better, hood bitches in Timbs and sweaters  
And we always argue about the same thing  
Tell me why we gotta argue 'bout the same thing? Nobody's perfect, uh, nobody's perfect, ay, ay, uh  
But you're perfect for me  
Nobody's perfect, uh, nobody's perfect, ay, ay  
But you're perfect for me We rollin', we ridin' he like to go inside and  
I love to go all night and we rock the boat, Poseidon  
I love to call your name, name, name  
Baby I love to call your name, name, name Oh yeah, to my college girl, take the weekend off and come home  
soon  
I graduated way too long ago to be sneakin' all in your dorm room  
But that thing tight like Fort Knox, so I call you when the tour stops  
But baby where your roommates? Did you make sure the door's locked?  
She love it when we get together, smoke a little weed but her shit together  
Now that I'm on, I can pick and choose, only fuck with hoes who got shit to lose  
Yeah, I heard stories about different dudes, her man on campus but it's fine by me  
She say she only fucked like 4-5 niggas, so you know you gotta multiply by 3 Nobody's perfect, uh, nobody's  
perfect, ay, ay, uh  
But you're perfect for me  
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Songwriters

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