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 meWe 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, nameOh 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 3Nobody's perfect, uh, nobody's perfect, ay, ay, uh
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Songwriters

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