

# Perfectionist

## Lovechild

[Rick Ross] Hustle out of necessity, father never corrected me  
Streets showed me no sympathy, Audemar my accessory, huh  
Never accurate, I'm aiming at your Acura, yeah  
Heart rate accelerate on other amateurs  
[Meek Mill] And I murder anything in my perimeter  
If they disrespect us we slide on them like a banister  
Dodging fat cameras, balling like f-ck stamina  
Block doing numbers, I graduated the mansion  
[Rick Ross] Bricks in the Maybach, bricks in the Escalade  
Bricks on brickle, we got bricks in the bay  
San Fran bricks got bricks in L.A.  
Publisher watch the money, I got bricks on this plane  
[Meek Mill] And my n-gger brick on his way, just did a dime for a brick of the Yay'  
I'm switching up my bricks like my kicks with my lay  
Rule number one, never keep them bricks where you stay  
[Rick Ross] All my women photogenic they never depreciate  
Pop up in ya city, it's strictly about the cake  
Quarters to half's on my road to the riches  
All real n-ggers just playing different positions  
[Meek Mill] Ross can be the quarter back, I'ma run his quarter back  
Feds try to intercept a n-gger like a quarter back  
Make a n-gger pay a couple birds, get his daughter back  
Get the dirty money, clean it all up at the Laundromat  
[Rick Ross]  
I'm allergic to failure, heroin paraphernalia  
Frank Lucas furs at the fight on my cellular  
Ball like Mayweather, Don King at the register  
I stack cheddar, it's etcetera, etcetera  
[Meek Mill] I'm addicted to winning, pretty women and spinnin'  
Ferragamo on linen, a n-gger starting he finish  
D.A. label me menace, mama call me a king  
So therefore I'm dropping soon like Tyson was in the ring  
[Rick Ross] Coca-cola minx, Canary yellow stones  
I'ma stunt if it mean I gotta break a bone  
Me and Meek Milly in the hood on chrome  
Double-M G and we 20 million strong  
[Meek Mill] Doesn't matter if it's chess or checkers cause it's all blocks (bricks)  
I'm in this 911 Porsche with a bald spot  
No roof, fresh off the car lot

And we don't call cops n-gger, we just call shots  
[Rick Ross]F-ck the competition I bury the cockroaches  
Think when you see what I pull up out the holster  
Can't even breath, remember what yo mama told ya  
We the real g's and the well paid soldiers  
[Meek Mill]So if you n-gger scared, call the feds up  
We taking over I'm just giving n-ggers heads up  
We shoot them down, just to let them know we dead up  
8 figure n-gger, tell the labels, get our bread up  
MMG, bitch, Maybach Music, we just do shit like this for no reason

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