

Yung Joc, Picture Perfect

[Background] Uhhhhhyeeaaah

[Joc's Dad:] Everything that glitters ain't gold baby

[Yung Joc:] I hear ya Daddy

[Chorus x2]

I'm choppin 24's

Blowin good dro

Yeah, I got plenty Hoes

Life ain't picture perfect

Yeah ya see the ice

And I dress nice

Make 'em look twice

Life ain't picture perfect

Yeah I'm blowin on some good lime

Skatin on two 85's

Wouldn't believe half the shit thats skatin through a niggas mind

745 complimented with leather and wood

Chickens on my dick cuz a nigga fresh and smellin good

Jack boys plottin on my stacks on deck

Wanna put the Tec to my chest for the ice on my neck

Oh yeah it's easy to attain it all

Harder to maintain it all

If you want a pierfect picture only god can paint it dog

Niggas in these videos with multi-platinum projects

Can't even get credit cards

And they Momma stay in projects

How is that? Scracth my head

Somethin don't seem right

Ya teeth full of ice

So when ya smile I seen lights

Seems like I'm hatin I'm just statin the facts

I ain't feelin to smile in ya face and put a blade in your back

Now try not to get caught up on the way shit looks

Cuz everything ain't picture perfect, just listen to the hook

[Chorus x2]

Yeah I'm off in magic city

Trickin them ass and titties

Bitches blowin me kisses makin me wanna hit it

I must admit, got a good chick and she been holdin me down

But I ain't fuckin around cuz there is too much shit goin around

Like the rims on my pickup

Scared to get my dick sucked

Nigga run into the clinic even from a hiccup

Pick up the pieces from the fuckin puzzle

I'm affiliated with niggas who murder, rob and hustle

Plus you think I'm ballin cuz I'm poppin Crys and spendin G's

I'm just tryin to drink away the pain that killed my nigga steve

Nigga please, I ain't shit

Cookies and cream

Feelin like Marvin it make me wanna holla and scream

[Chorus x2]

Now half the shit ya doin already been done

And that's why half my niggas dead, locked up or on the run

That dope money ain't sufficient it don't last all ways

Niggas trap all night in project hallways

All day long niggas front like stars

On them big ass rims that most than they cars

Spent 300 on a outfit a hundred on some nikes

But his baby needs wopes, diapers and pedialite

And you prolly' got a cousin, brother or a friend
And this song sound like it from begging to end
Then again it might be me
And I'm tired of the nonsense
Can't sleep at night cause I got a guilty conscience

[Chorus x2]

[Background:] Cant you see? [over and over until it fades out]