

Chamillionaire f/ Bun B "Picture Perfect"

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[Intro]

My life is real baby, you peeping me take a picture
You peeping me take a picture, (you should take a
photograph) - 2x

(*Bun B*)

Catch me today, with a cannon or a Kodak
Cause by tomorrow, yesterday gon be a throwback
(You see it's real, they be like look at that
Picture perfect nigga, you should take a photograph)

[Chamillionaire]

Introducing the truest voice of the South, it's who else
but me fool
Don't let all that foolishness they feed you, on T.V.
mislead you
Don't let all the magazines, and them papers out there
deceive you
The cups that be used to sip, but Caucasian kinda like
my tee do
You see that hand be glistening, you see the Sedans
we flipping
The hundreds of grands we getting, these units of
scans we shipping
You see that Caddy tipping, them thangs on that Caddy
twisting
That paint and that candy dripping, that drank and that
can is missing
That ain't a Cola, though dry and you feeling sober
Boys trying to switch it over, apply it up in a soda
Home of the Houston hustlers, who grinding and hit the
quota
Who fire and hit the doja, you high when you sniff the
odor
Told ya you gotta have, a foreign or buy your slab
Afford it then buy it that's, important without it now
You ain't gotta take college class, to see that we bout
our cash
You not if you gotta ask, let's take a pic by the slab hol'
up

[Hook]

You see my slab, you see my candy slab
Picture perfect nigga, you should take a photograph
You see my chick, you see my chick is bad
Picture perfect nigga, you should take a photograph
You see it's real, they be like look at that
Picture perfect nigga, you should take a photograph
Photograph, ph-ph-ph-photograph-photograph
Picture perfect nigga, you should take a photograph

[Chamillionaire]

When I'm tipping they'll probably watch me, the cops'll
be paparazzi
And try to patrol my posse, we shining and glowing
glossy
The jealous will try to top me, we keep it too real to
copy
What I'm listening to ain't a floppy, that disc gon be
Screwed and Chop-pied
All the ballers will ride to this, deposit deposit slips
Buy the car and apply the fifth, raise the trunk an entire
lift
Use to go to that Kappa, but Kappa ain't been as crunk
So I'm popping up at Daytona, on chrome and I'm
popping trunk
Jamming that "Ridin' Dirty", while riding beside the laws
And they staring over at me, trying to scare me like
I'ma pause
Tell 'em naw they know I'ma crawl, all day in the robber
cause
I'm trying to go wash the ride, till them tires have whiter
walls
You peeping him take a picture, that chrome and that
paint official
You smoking then take a swisha, there's plenty just
take 'em wit ya
You chilling you ain't a sipper, then I'ma be hanging wit
ya
Take a hold of the grain and grip a, handful and smile
for the pictures nigga

[Hook]

[Bun B]

You see the bling up on my bracelet, and the shine on
my chest
Syrup in my styrofoam, it's sweet with doja no cess
You done put it down with the rest, time to roll with the
best
Cause when you ride with the original, you ain't gotta
guess

I'm the connection that you need, when they say it's a drought
Cause it's not really a drought, them other niggaz just out
And I'm the plug you gotta have, when they say the river's dry
Cause it's not really dry, they just ran out of supply
I'm too fly for the clouds, too down for the green grass
Better wear tinted lenses, if you look at my clean ass
Catch me today, with a cannon or a Kodak
Cause by tomorrow, yesterday gon be a throwback
Candy still dripping, 4's is still tipping
Wood grain grass, steering wheel I'm still gripping
Repping for P.A.T., the West and the East
And I'm repping for Pimp C, till he get back on the streets it never cease

[Hook]

[Chamillionaire]
My life is real baby, ain't just a song (ain't just a song)
Gripping that wood wheel baby, and riding chrome (I'm riding chrome)
This is for the real playas, that get that do' (that get that do')
Tell me how it feel baby, to see I'm-I'm riding candy and chrome

(*Bun B*)
Catch me today, with a cannon or a Kodak
Cause by tomorrow, yesterday gon be a throwback - 2x

(*talking*)
Know I'm saying, gripping wood
Riding through the hood, and feeling good
Just like we say down in Texas, it's already
You staring at me so hard
You need to go on, do yourself a favor playa
And take a motherfucking picture

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