

## Chamillionaire "Picture Perfect"

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My life is real baby, you peeping me take a picture  
You peeping me take a picture, you should take a  
photograph  
You peeping me take a picture, you should take a  
photograph

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

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

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, photograph, photograph  
Picture perfect nigga, you should take a photograph

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

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, photograph, photograph  
Picture perfect nigga, you should take a photograph

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, four'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

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, photograph, photograph  
Picture perfect nigga, you should take a photograph

My life is real baby, 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'  
Tell me how it feel baby, to see I'm I'm riding candy  
and chrome

Catch me today, with a cannon or a Kodak  
'Cause by tomorrow, yesterday gon be a throwback  
'Cause by tomorrow, yesterday gon be a throwback

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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