

PERFECT

atlas

Perfect, perfect, perfect, perfect
Perfect

Coming up, I never really had shit
No bedframe, just the floor and the mattress
No left lane, stuck in slow moving traffic
Then I made racks on racks off practice

Now everything is perfect, I don't look at price tags
All I do is purchase, remember back in high school
No one liked the gay kid, had to learn to fight soon
All them hicks mad 'cause I turned into a tycoon
Now my life a business, I made it off of my own shit
Soundcloud check to an iphone 6
Flow used to blow like cyclones did
Now I'll make your mixtape with my eyes closed, bitch
Might pioneer a genre from my bedside
From my bedside
Got me feeling sorry for the next guy
Better luck next time
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Went from an rock band mic to an off-brand mic
To the God damn mic I'm using-stupid
Most of y'all cats so clueless-nuisances
Stepping in front of my movement-move it
You really gotta believe me
The competition was easy
They came to me with a treaty
I couldn't stress it enough
Started out with a message
And turned to local legend
But now it's not even a question
I'm your celebrity crush
Labels called it a gamble
They said I'm too much to handle
I couldn't fit on the panel
But now they ready to bluff
Cats who used to belittle me
Hitting me, say they spitting heat
Every one of my enemies
Getting left in the dust
That's a promise, I feel so on it
Bars rock hard like a God damn onix
Most y'all kids need hooked on phonics
Every new song's the just the same old garbage
Be more honest... honestly, I promise that it's worth it
I remember balancing geometry with wording

I remember practicing through callouses and curses
But now my life feel so God damn perfect

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