

# 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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