

# I'm Not Perfect

Brotha Lynch Hung

This the made or nothing  
The game is ours  
We'll never foul out  
Y'all just better hope we gracefully bow out  
The heat is in the oven nigga  
(Bake em, bake em)  
Let's cook it  
It's about time nigga, I've been waiting  
This the made or nothing  
Everybody know that already  
Shouts out to siccs

Come on now little Todd  
You don't even bang in the hood  
Got the G homies thinking that you came from the hood, nigga  
Run up in your residential  
Meth lab, next stab  
Cut a path-able  
Right up your green Nova  
Next chapter  
Hold on  
Net page, got the AK murder capital  
Put out the magazine, left your [?] and toe tagging em  
I'm the last of the dying breed, cardiovascular  
I'm eating nine paths of divine meat  
Your acting, screenplay  
Movie illusion when you're rapping  
He's safe, except for the children we will snatch em  
Kidnap  
Shit acting, click-clacking  
Stick em in the back  
Shit happens here captain  
(Ooh time to eat)  
I spit tactical verses who get bit Dracula  
We're the most spectacular rappers to hit Sacramento  
I mean half of the central  
Put the mask on and take the mask off  
It don't matter I'm in you  
Quick to slash all of em

I'm not perfect  
But I know  
Analyze the lyrics, he's so cold  
You know how they got ya  
Nigga we at ya  
That's why I tell em  
I'm not perfect  
Trust me, but I know  
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You know I had to get ya  
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Okay  
I got-got em  
I'm about to ride em  
Put it on his daughter  
I slide to the bottom

Bottom-feed, catfish  
Shit, giving out lobotomies  
I'mma be at this shit  
With no toilet paper  
Vamp at the window with the pistol  
Busting at your scraper  
Just in case it ain't a rap thing, bullets will scrape ya  
A lot of icing on the ground, nigga better get your cake up  
But you want me to rip it, flip it  
Turn em into tidbits and fix it  
Burn em and believe it, I'm gifted  
Leave a nigga something for Christmas (merry christmas)  
If I got it it'll happen  
A lot of bitches rapping like a motherfucking captain  
A lot of vicious clapping I'm a motherfucking clapper  
Put your lights out PG & E what happened?  
Fixed the problem, I'mma get my Green Goblins  
It's the dawn, you better get your green outta this

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Mr. Made can't get lit like Atlanta  
Carve your face up in a Jack-O-Lantern pattern  
Make your boys scatter like roaches when the lights on  
Hit the back door, shoulda been sleeping with his Nike's on  
I'mma get his life gone  
Pull the plug on em  
Someone turn the mic on  
Bet I spill his blood on em  
I'mma split his wig like a pig with dairy, eat shit  
Bury a deep dish, carried by at least six  
And I'm at least sick, if I'm not terminal  
I spit the aged disease to a nigga furthermore  
I let the burners go  
Just like the heaters on  
I pop shots just like Lebron in the Heater zone  
Until they bleeding on it  
So sorry for the grief at home  
But the way that nigga speak like to the creeping on  
I can spit that fast shit  
That run up on a nigga this cash shit  
That hit him with a mag, put him in a bag, throw him in the back, take him o  
ff to the trash shit like

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I'm a little twisted and it's not a game  
Gas like propane off this José and there's no way he's insane  
I'm the best I believe in the Brains  
E-E-T  
Staying in the street  
When the homies got heat that'll put you to sleep  
There's guts on the seats and blood that seats been gone for weeks  
I'mma subliminal criminal  
Slicing your nipples  
Knife will go into you try to speak on a made  
Million paid and filleted  
Brains decayed in the grave  
And the spit sound the same  
He hating cause Lynch strange  
He gone start a rap war  
Just to try to get some fame  
And I'm leaving him  
They sick of us ripping this  
Clitoris licking up  
Venomous syndicate then they get a little bit crazy  
Porn in the 80s  
Stick to the babies  
Pit-bull with rabies, no-one can save me  
They've tried  
No-one can save him  
He's fried  
Machete to belly, there's meat in the deli  
He died  
Have em spark him like a re-fry  
To make a motherfucker realize

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So we gotta hit em up like P-folks when I bang em  
Exchanging round for round  
It's the made Sicc middle weight  
Pound for pound  
I'm on fire  
But still feeling down for another couple of rounds  
I'mma tell one us fucked up, I'm hitting the ground  
See I'm hungry  
Now I'm in the kitchen with something to fricassee and I'm trying to cook so  
mething as sick as he  
Add a little bit of Cayenne and Turmeric powder  
A little bit of slit wrists and some neck-bone chowder  
Now that's a meal  
Hold up  
See I's keeping is real  
I see you clean your plate  
And why you hating me still?

See I meant  
I'm not perfect  
But I got the perfect this situation  
I'mma take this handwriting get to scraping  
By the way got something baking  
Just give me a sec  
Fuck it, give me insults, don't feed off respect  
So I'mma eat him up until a bone gets stuck in my neck  
I'm the jaws of life you stuck in a wreck  
Cause made sick I'm so strange

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