

Perfect

Cam Meekins

I wanted to make a song about the words that I spit
I got a good heart but don't worry I'm just venting
See the things that I believe is just chilling in them trees
The leaves hit the ground taking in that cool breeze

Where I'm from, the winters is as cold as your attitude
If you stopped and had some gratefulness and gratitude
You'd calm down, I turn the sound down
I drive around town bumping to I get around poetry

Quotes, spoken is the words in my notes
Notation is the music that the sound vibrates so beautifully
The imperfections is what's cool to me
Sure your skin is oily, but baby girl you're cute to me

If everybody had enough time for this shit
You know, sitting outside, taking something in
Maybe we would be more comfortable with how we treat each other
But what the hell do I know man I'm just a rapper

And I'm trying make a song to feed my own self
Everybody got agendas when they mean well
They say that money is the root of all evil in the game
But every week I wait for checks, I'm more happy when they came

We rode around, round, round
Through the town, town, town
She love the way I put it down and
She ask me can I stay around and

But I don't know, know, know
Cause she don't really know my soul
I'll never let her get inside it
So baby can we just get high yes

This one for the real people that fucked with me since day one
They know who they are so I don't need to say done
She rolled up on that blunt, need trees for that front
Come through to the crib, take whatever ya'll want

This right here is a lifestyle, I'm just starting to feel that
Been on my, shit for, a few years, since way back
Now you wanna see me, see me like it's TV
I'm just tryna be me, make it look so easy

Man I don't know what I'm supposed to do
What be a dick or be nice to you
This rapping shit is retarded
I think I'm the only artist

I'm painting pictures with words
Smoking high as the birds
Might move to Hawaii to get away from these herbs (I will)
Man I'm tired of all this talking

Bout this and that, and such and such
Give you a hug and say what up

But that's it, I don't give a fuck
I'm cold man get a coat, tryna float get a boat
She acting like she know

But no one really knows we should make it work is
Why's it always gotta hurt and
I think I do this shit on purpose
Make us both feel so worthless

But it's all good for the night and
You don't really know my life and
You just see me on the surface
And baby that's so perfect, yeah

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So baby can we just get high yes