

Mr. Perfect

Gucci Mane

If you ever come to East Atlanta
Ask anybody, "Is Gucci gangsta?"
Still get my drop with the touch of my finger
So iced out I can't talk to strangers
The Bible said Jesus born in the manger
Lord bury me in East Atlanta
Mr. Perfect I'm more than a rapper
Now you seal up, Saran wrapper

I'm not your average artist
I'm perfect, [?], I'm flawless
I'm Wilt Cham baby, I'm the ballers baller
I hit her, quit her, split her, probably won't call her
Baller, me and your team are ballin
Beefin', someones gonna see a coffin
Beats like this they don't get me that often
I sip codeine cause syrup I'm coughin'
See yo shit while yo broke as shit
Mr. Perfect, I got boats and shit
VVS watches and Rolls and shit
So Icey Entertainment, we stankin' rich

Yeeeahh, I love my stankin' bitch
She love my dirty drawers, I give her dirty dick
Lord take my soul and if I die don't wave me
Please take my breath if I turn fake
Imma birthday boy bitch I got cake
Birthday cake baby fix my plate
Mr. Perfect girls see me break
One take shawty, just took one take
Monday I did it on my off day
Gucci Mane La Flare I'm so boug-ay
Touche wrists so you don't say
Gucci swing yo dick my way
I will, I don't pop pills no more
Dear got them for the low low
Don't make me smoke dro no mo
Got new goons, my new goons are more cut throat
And I'm married to that white bitch we just eloped
Ya gold chain, bought 2, baby cocaine flow
Trappin to the bottom rounds of ammo
A real G give the J's what they pay for

Go get away from me
I'm So Icey Entertainment
O-S-S did I say G-U-C-C-I M-A-N-
E, La Flare you done heard bout me
I'm Mr. Perfect, Perfect I am

Ski, Gucci, Gucci Mane
Mr. Perfect I am
Wilt Chamberlain, chain swangin'
[?] danglin', heart danglin'
I'm blangin
Mr. Perfect - new mixtape