

# Today I'm Perfect

Larry June

Nigga I might go to L.A. tomorrow  
Nah fuck that I'ma hit Seattle  
Nah fuck it I'ma hit Diego  
Fuck it I'ma hit the A town  
Nigga get your motherfucking money up  
Nigga I might hit New York in the morning nigga  
Nigga have your bitch, nigga giving me sun-dried tomatoes for breakfast, nigga  
Got the bitch taking walks and shit now  
The bitch say she in tune with life  
Told the bitch run to Whole Foods nigga  
Get me some distilled water, and a protein shake  
Damn, in that trap bitch

Don't hit a nigga phone, tripping off the bitch  
I'm really having money, I'm fucking hood rich  
The punk bitch chose, she on a nigga line  
She gave me twenty thousand and some all black nines  
I'm mobbing through the point, two-tone semi  
Try to rob me, I'm busting 'til this bitch empty  
Both cell phones cracking, man I could have bought a Bentley  
Know some niggas in New Jersey, real project niggas  
I don't do no motherfucking cocaine  
I'm too busy sending hoes, gettin paid  
Man my Vegas bitch, she love playing the blade  
Last night she brought a nigga 6k  
Hit a nigga line, prices going up, shop now, hurry up and buy  
I see it in your eyes, you a fuck nigga  
You ain't really 'bout it, nigga you a liar  
Dropped outta high school, got the work for the low  
Sold the shit for the higher  
22 inch three piece, nigga 300 just for the fucking tire  
God damn young nigga fucking balling  
God damn

I'm perfect  
Damn right bitch I'm Mr. Perfect  
(Bitch I'm doing terrific)  
Hoe, I'm perfect  
(Good Job Soldado)  
Everything I do is fucking worth it (Shit!)  
(Bitch) (God Damn!)  
Perfect  
(Ouch, damn, darn)  
I'm perfect  
Bitch, damn  
I'm perfect  
Everything I do is fucking perfect

Drive the whip like a race car  
Bend the corner knock your fucking face off  
Hit my jeweler said he got the Rollie with the red face  
Now I'm shitting on em  
Rental car taxin', So I said fuck it  
Went and took my fucking plates off  
On the interstate, 5 pounds of marijuana, Even getting shake off  
I'm feeling like a chemist, on your head like a dentist

We don't never leave a witness, bitch nigga  
Forgiato spinning, I might fuck the bitch and take her out to dinner  
Put her on the blade, now she moving fast  
I done made the bitch a sprinter  
Why the fuck you playing with me?  
My money up, I don't be around  
Put a ten on your head  
Damn, you niggas getting too old  
I just knocked two hoes  
I just poured two fours  
Now I'm feeling like Kobe  
I need a Whole Foods endorsement  
Eating kale with a white bitch, she was tired of the square shit  
She love how a nigga ice hit  
On the phone with my black bitch  
My Asian bitch worth 100 bricks  
I'm the father to this rap shit, my DJs rock Raf Simons  
God damn  
Yes Lord

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Damn right bitch I'm Mr. Perfect  
(Bitch I'm doing terrific)  
Hoe, I'm perfect  
(Good Job Soldado)  
Everything I do is fucking worth it (Shit!)  
(Bitch) (God Damn!)  
Perfect  
(Ouch, damn, darn)  
I'm perfect  
Bitch, damn (God damn)  
I'm perfect (Shit!)  
Everything I do is fucking perfect