

# I Ain't Perfect

Mozy

It's my addiction, though  
Huh?

Let me tell you 'bout the pain in them broken homes (In them broken homes)  
Let me tell you 'bout the flesh wounds and broken bones (I'm talkin' broken bones)  
Let me tell you 'bout the absence of a rolling stone (Nigga talkin' 'bout it )  
Mama said he wanna leave, then let that nigga go  
Shout out SSI 'cause them the checks that we been livin' on  
Fuck the IRS, that half a ticket that they hit me for  
I'm sippin' slow  
Told the world I quit, it's hard to kick it, though  
Least I don't promote it on the 'Gram, this my addiction, though  
It numb the pain that I be goin' through, who are you to judge?  
I miss you, Brenda, unsure without you, I been secluded, love  
These people use your love against you, they abuse your love  
She been abused by all these men in the pursuit of love  
We suited up  
Never mind the peons who ain't do enough  
Compassion for the hopeless and the homeless 'cause they been through enough  
Right there on the ave with the killers before I knew enough  
I just bought a truck for my daughters and bulletproofed 'em up

Yeah  
Elevated my hustle  
Off the muscle, a different day, different struggle  
Can't be complacent, I blue face up the duffle  
Duckin' them cases, God was makin' me humble  
I had to beat the streets, bitch, I play for keeps  
Enemies close, watch the company I keep  
I ain't perfect, but I work on that at least, uh  
I ain't perfect, I been hurtin', let me be, yeah  
Beat the streets, ayy, bitch, I play for keeps  
Enemies close, watch the company I keep  
I ain't perfect, but I work on that at least, uh  
I ain't perfect, I been hurtin', let me be, yeah

I would love to see you on, but now to each his own (But now to each his own )  
Many symptoms of depression, I can't reach the phone (I can't reach the phone)  
Baby left when I fell off, now she won't leave me 'lone (Ayy, she won't leave me 'lone)  
Who you know that signed for M's and got to keep his soul? (Huh?)  
It was roaches in the Apple Jacks, wouldn't eat at home  
Mama managing McDonald's, hardly be at home  
I'm returning to the slums to get my people right  
Them people undefeated, in them courts, it ain't no equal fight  
I told him keep his head up, it'll be aight (It'll be aight)  
He asked my why Allah took twenty-three to life (Took twenty-three to life)  
When they ask me where I'm from, I'll always be precise (Yeah)  
And if I middleman the play, then I'm gon' tweak the price  
On Jesus Christ  
Retaliation help me sleep at night  
And that lil' time I did in county offered peace of mind  
Keep in mind

Every time I slid was for the hood behalf  
Sentimental 'bout it, disrespect it, I'ma cook his ass

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