

# Perfume

Prof

Yeah

Prada, Fendi, Gucci, Louis

Prada, Fendi, Gucci, Louis

Come on

Perfume, you're trying too hard

That it'll last, perfume

Perfume, you're trying too hard

That it'll last, perfume

High heels (You don't need all that)

With them press-on nails (You don't need all that)

I like your hair natural (You don't need all that)

I love your body natural (You don't need all that)

Uh

You shine even if you new on the cut

But you out here slippin', like you fool of the month

All up in the club, don't know who you can trust

Man, I swear to God, girl, you be doin' too much

Perfume, you're trying too hard

That it'll last, perfume (You're tryin' too hard)

Perfume, you're trying too hard

That it'll last, perfume

Perfume, don't make it so easy to pursue

It's just a metaphor, perfume

We out here way out past your curfew

Patience a virtue

Uh, woo

A hundred years of impossible standards

Kardashians and the backup dancers

Instagram thots gettin' guap finances

"Gotta get the booty and some lip enhancers"

Honestly, there ain't too much to know

You ain't gotta plant a seed where there's nothin' to grow

We don't need production when there isn't a show

You ain't gotta take a selfie everywhere that we go

And I don't wanna stop you from gettin' your shine on

But dressin' for a man that's over concerned with his pythons

Way too much ice-on, spray tan, [?]

And only got his eyes on your booty with tights on

-Ick

That's kinda gross

I get stressed around people who be doin' the most, uh

I hope you don't confuse the message and get mad at me

Honestly, I'm just try'na get you back to reality

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It's just a metaphor, perfume  
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Patience a virtue  
Woo

And man too if they ain't actin' real  
Two calf implants, man, that ain't real  
The spray tan homie, man, that ain't real  
The chain around ya neck, dawg, that ain't real  
Man, I don't give a fuck how tough you is  
Or somethin', somethin', somethin', 'bout your custom kicks  
Or that other shit you said that I must've missed  
You say you keep it real but you don't know what it is

Too many selfies, goin' on  
Something just don't smell right  
Girl, you ain't foolin' me, ooh  
Don't make a fool of me, uh  
With a chain around ya neck, dawg, that ain't real

You know, so I guess what I'm tryna say is, you know  
I don't, I don't need another cover, I've had enough covers  
You know what I mean?  
Maybe I have a low attention span or whatever  
But I'm gonna need to read the book  
You know what I mean, that's where the best parts are anyways  
You know, I like to get to know people  
You know, this ain't a swap meet, or a flea market and shit  
You don't need to sell me shit  
You don't need to sell me anything  
Imperfect people are what I'm lookin' for anyways  
Man, I don't want the profile pic  
Gimme that, gimme that real down to earth tagged pic  
That's what I'ma need, alright  
Woo