

I'm Not Perfect

Brotha Lynch Hung

This the made or nothing
The game is ours
We'll never foul out
Y'all just better hope we gracefully bow out
The heat is in the oven nigga
(Bake em, bake em)
Let's cook it
It's about time nigga, I've been waiting
This the made or nothing
Everybody know that already
Shouts out to siccs

Come on now little Todd
You don't even bang in the hood
Got the G homies thinking that you came from the hood, nigga
Run up in your residential
Meth lab, next stab
Cut a path-able
Right up your green Nova
Next chapter
Hold on
Net page, got the AK murder capital
Put out the magazine, left your [?] and toe tagging em
I'm the last of the dying breed, cardiovascular
I'm eating nine paths of divine meat
Your acting, screenplay
Movie illusion when you're rapping
He's safe, except for the children we will snatch em
Kidnap
Shit acting, click-clacking
Stick em in the back
Shit happens here captain
(Ooh time to eat)
I spit tactical verses who get bit Dracula
We're the most spectacular rappers to hit Sacramento
I mean half of the central
Put the mask on and take the mask off
It don't matter I'm in you
Quick to slash all of em

I'm not perfect
But I know
Analyze the lyrics, he's so cold
You know how they got ya
Nigga we at ya
That's why I tell em
I'm not perfect
Trust me, but I know
Analyze the lyrics, he's so cold
You know I had to get ya
Nigga we at ya

Okay
I got-got em
I'm about to ride em
Put it on his daughter
I slide to the bottom

Bottom-feed, catfish
Shit, giving out lobotomies
I'mma be at this shit
With no toilet paper
Vamp at the window with the pistol
Busting at your scraper
Just in case it ain't a rap thing, bullets will scrape ya
A lot of icing on the ground, nigga better get your cake up
But you want me to rip it, flip it
Turn em into tidbits and fix it
Burn em and believe it, I'm gifted
Leave a nigga something for Christmas (merry christmas)
If I got it it'll happen
A lot of bitches rapping like a motherfucking captain
A lot of vicious clapping I'm a motherfucking clapper
Put your lights out PG & E what happened?
Fixed the problem, I'mma get my Green Goblins
It's the dawn, you better get your green outta this

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Mr. Made can't get lit like Atlanta
Carve your face up in a Jack-O-Lantern pattern
Make your boys scatter like roaches when the lights on
Hit the back door, shoulda been sleeping with his Nike's on
I'mma get his life gone
Pull the plug on em
Someone turn the mic on
Bet I spill his blood on em
I'mma split his wig like a pig with dairy, eat shit
Bury a deep dish, carried by at least six
And I'm at least sick, if I'm not terminal
I spit the aged disease to a nigga furthermore
I let the burners go
Just like the heaters on
I pop shots just like Lebron in the Heater zone
Until they bleeding on it
So sorry for the grief at home
But the way that nigga speak like to the creeping on
I can spit that fast shit
That run up on a nigga this cash shit
That hit him with a mag, put him in a bag, throw him in the back, take him o
ff to the trash shit like

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I'm a little twisted and it's not a game
Gas like propane off this José and there's no way he's insane
I'm the best I believe in the Brains
E-E-T
Staying in the street
When the homies got heat that'll put you to sleep
There's guts on the seats and blood that seats been gone for weeks
I'mma subliminal criminal
Slicing your nipples
Knife will go into you try to speak on a made
Million paid and filleted
Brains decayed in the grave
And the spit sound the same
He hating cause Lynch strange
He gone start a rap war
Just to try to get some fame
And I'm leaving him
They sick of us ripping this
Clitoris licking up
Venomous syndicate then they get a little bit crazy
Porn in the 80s
Stick to the babies
Pit-bull with rabies, no-one can save me
They've tried
No-one can save him
He's fried
Machete to belly, there's meat in the deli
He died
Have em spark him like a re-fry
To make a motherfucker realize

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So we gotta hit em up like P-folks when I bang em
Exchanging round for round
It's the made Sicc middle weight
Pound for pound
I'm on fire
But still feeling down for another couple of rounds
I'mma tell one us fucked up, I'm hitting the ground
See I'm hungry
Now I'm in the kitchen with something to fricassee and I'm trying to cook so
mething as sick as he
Add a little bit of Cayenne and Turmeric powder
A little bit of slit wrists and some neck-bone chowder
Now that's a meal
Hold up
See I's keeping is real
I see you clean your plate
And why you hating me still?

See I meant
I'm not perfect
But I got the perfect this situation
I'mma take this handwriting get to scraping
By the way got something baking
Just give me a sec
Fuck it, give me insults, don't feed off respect
So I'mma eat him up until a bone gets stuck in my neck
I'm the jaws of life you stuck in a wreck
Cause made sick I'm so strange

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