This is for all the fans that waited, the bitch niggas that hated Old hoes we dated, look mama, we made it Your son out in Barbados, cheese eggs and potatoes Smokin' weed on the beach as my mind workin' like Plato Analyzin' the world, fantasizin' about girls I'm handin' diamonds and pearls and vandalizin' her curls Sweating her weave out, moans as she breathes out Fuck I'm doin' in parties with Hova and Steve Stoute I step over piranha, death over dishonor They killin niggas for J's, that's death over designer Hey Cole heatin' up like that left-over lasagna Remember when I used to be stressed over Dawana Now a nigga only textin' distress over Rihannas I'm talkin' tens and better, hood bitches in Timbs and sweaters And we always argue about the same thing Tell me why we gotta argue about the same thing, same thing?

Nobody's perfect, nobody's perfect ey, ey But you're perfect for me Nobody's perfect, nobody's perfect ey, But you're perfect for me

We rollin', we ridin'
He like to go inside and
I love to go all night and
We rock the boat, Poseidon
I love to call your name, name
Baby I love to call your name, name, name

Oh yeah, to my college girl, take the weekend off and come home soon I graduated way too long ago to be sneakin' all in your dorm room But that thing tight like Fort Knox
So I call you when the tour stops
But baby with your roommates, did you make sure the door's locked?
She love it when we get together
Smoke a little weed but the shit together
Now that I'm on, I can pick and choose
Only fuck with hoes who got shit to lose
Yeah, I heard stories about different dudes
Her man on campus but it's fine by me
She say she only fucked like 4-5 niggas,
So you know you gotta multiply by 3

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