

I Ain't Perfect (feat. Blxst)

Mozzy

[Mozzy:]

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

[Blxst:]

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

[Mozzy:]

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[Blxst:]
Yeah
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