Reflection

Fifth Harmony

I must confess, you're looking fresh (so fresh)
Yup I'm impressed, Go 'head and flex (flex! Turn up)
Everybody be hatin' the way that you stealin' the show
'Cause ooh you be killing' 'em just like little TerioOoh you can get it, anything you want (anything you want)
And can't nobody (Can't nobody) ever tell you no (no, no!)
Don't need no filters on pictures before you post 'em on the gram
Shut down the internet they don't even understandOoh ooh ooh ooh
They don't make 'em quite like you
No no ooh ooh ooh
It ain't braggin' if you know it's trueOoh, where you from
Must be heaven
You'd be rich if looking good was your profession
Think I'm in love, 'cause you so sexy
Boy, I ain't talkin' about you, I'm talking to my own reflectionI'm talking to my own reflection
I'm talking to my own reflection
Boy, I ain't talkin' about you, I'm talking to my own reflection
I'm talking to my own reflection
I'm talking to my own reflection
Boy, I ain't talking 'bout you, I'm talking to my own reflectionWhy you think I'm puttin' on my favorite perfume?
Why you think this dress so tight that I can barely move?
Why you think I'm dancin' in these uncomfortable shoes?
I did it all, I did it all, I did it all for youOoh ooh ooh ooh
Ooh, don't you ever get it confused
No no ooh, ooh ooh
It ain't braggin' if you know it's trueOoh, where you from? (Where you from)
Must be heaven
You'd be rich if looking good was your profession
Think I'm in love, 'cause you so sexy
Boy, I ain't talkin' about you, I'm talking to my own reflectionI'm talking to my own reflection
I'm talking to my own reflection
Boy, I ain't talkin' about you
I'm talking to my own reflection
I'm talking to my own reflection
I'm talking to my own reflection
Boy, I ain't talking 'bout you, I'm talking to my own reflectionMirror, mirror on the wall
Should I even return his call? (Snow white, snow white)
Mirror, mirror on the wall
Should I even return his call?

Mirror, mirror on the wall
Should I even return his call? (Ah ah)
Mirror, mirror on the wall
On the, on the, on-on the wallOoh, where you from
Must be heaven (okay)
You'd be rich if looking good was your profession (Ching-Ching!)
Think I'm in love, 'cause you so sexy
Boy, I ain't talkin' about you, I'm talking to my own reflectionI'm talking to my own reflection
I'm talking to my own reflection
Boy, I ain't talkin' about you, I'm talking to my own reflection
I'm talking to my own reflection
I'm talking to my own reflection
Boy, I ain't talking 'bout you, I'm talking to my own reflection

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