

# Mirrors

## Senest spillet: Justin Timberlake

Mirror, tell me I'm the realest  
Since all these other niggas got gimmicks in their lyrics  
It's all gun bustin', it's such a lack of the subject  
Could I be that nigga rejuvenatin' lovers?  
Did I stutter the missin' piece of the puzzle?  
Feel like the only rapper that look at you with no trouble  
It's easy on TV make them believe what they be seein'  
But mirrors never lie so they keep eyes up on they re-runs  
For fear of what you show them, reality is golden  
Real recognize real, you need some IV's to be noticed though  
One of the coldest to mix pro-tools with your vocals  
What the fans can't see that mirror gon' notice back  
Mirror, mirror on the wall, who the realest of them all?  
That ain't hard, swear to God, these niggas ain't real at all  
Mirror, mirror on the wall, is it right, is it wrong?  
It ain't hard, swear to God, these niggas ain't real at all  
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Say there Mr. Mirror, put yourself up to yourself and in  
Just take a look at the reflection that's reflectin' in  
Your own physical, superficial not spiritual  
All the possessions you possess and they can't keep your spirit full  
You need to hear it fool but you don't wanna listen 'cause  
You so full of yourself and you just sit and judge  
You point 'em out and call 'em up and then sit 'em down  
Then you put fertilizer, lyin', spread the shit around  
But if you took a second, Mr. Mirror, you would see  
That you just mad at you, man, you ain't really mad at me  
You took the hatred of yourself and just projected out  
No disrespect, you can't respect yourself then just get out  
For real, you need to go away just like the rain song  
'Cause you frontin' and fakin' it's just plain wrong  
So Mr. Mirror, man, I'm just gon' keep it G  
If you can't look up at yourself, how the fuck you lookin' at me, mane  
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Mirror, tell me she the realest  
I met her in the club and she wouldn't let me in it  
Seen her in a video, seen her in a magazine  
See me I ain't frontin', we ain't see 'em titties last week  
So far you nasty, fuck you call that  
I call that insecure, shawty think she all that  
Fuck outta here, that's how they gettin' gas  
'09 Gold Diggers, walkin' with a different path  
Find a dummy, wrap him up, let him fuck, suck him up  
Gettin' good graces, take his money, another one  
No longer Caffera, surgery and mascara  
Lookin' at your money, but can't look up in that mirror  
Fearin' what it show you, reality is gold  
Real recognize real, real women don't know you  
One of the coldest, the gracin' on that pole  
What them tempers don't see, I bet that mirror gon' show you  
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