

Mirrors (feat. Bun B)

Wale

Mm-mirror tell me I'm the realest
Since all these other niggas g-g-gimmicks l-l-lyrics
Its all gun bustin, its such a lack of the subject.
C-could I be that nigga rejuvenatin' l-lovers
D-d-d-did I stutter the missing piece of the puzzle
Feel like the only rapper that look at you with no trouble
Its easy on TV make them believe what they be seeing
M-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 tho
One of the coldest to mix pro-tools with your vocals
What the fans can't see that mm-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
Mirror mirror on the wall, who the realest of them all
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Mirror mirror on the wall, Is it right, is it wrong?
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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 dont want to listen 'cause
You so f-full of your-s-self and you just sit and judge
You point em out, and call em up, and then s-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 aint 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 f-frontin' and f-fakin' its 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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That ain't hard, swear to God, these niggas ain't real at all
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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 M-m-mirror, t-t-tell me she the realest.

I met her in the club and she wouldn't let me in it

S-seen her in a video, seen her in a magazine

See me I ain't frontin', we ain't see them titties last week

So far you nasty, ff-fuck you call that?

I call that insecure, sh-sh-shawty think she all that.

Ff-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, aa-another one

No longer (Caffera?), Surgery and maskera

Looking at your money,

But c-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 gracing On that pole

What them tempers don't see,

I bet that mirror gon' show you. Mirror mirror on the wall, who's the realest of them all

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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 Mirror mirror on the wall, who's the realest of them all

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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

Songwriters

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