

Wale f/ Bun B "Mirrors"

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[Verse 1 - Wale] Yeah, m-m-mirror, tell me I'm the realest Since all these other niggaz g-got gimmicks in l-lyrics It's all gun bustin and such a lack of the subject C-Could I be that nigga rejuvenatin l-levels? D-D-Did I stutter, the missin piece of that 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 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 ID to be noticed though One of the coldest to mix Pro Tools with your vocals What the fans can't see, that m-mirror gon' notice, bet [Chorus 1 - Wale] Mirror, mirror on the wall, who the realest of 'em all? That ain't hard, swear to God, these niggaz ain't real at all Mirror, mirror on the wall, is it right? Is it wrong? It ain't hard, swear to God, these niggaz ain't real at all [Chorus 2 - Bun B] Mirror, mirror on the wall, who the realest of 'em all? They ain't hard, swear to God, these niggaz ain't real at all Mirror, mirror on the wall, is it right? Is it wrong? They ain't hard, swear to God, these niggaz ain't real at all [Verse 2 - Bun B] Say there Mr. Mirror, put yourself up to yourself and then Just take a look at the reflection that's reflectin in Your own physical, superficial, not spiritual All them possessions you possessin, they can't keep your spirit full You need to hear it fool but you don't wanna 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 that 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 project it 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 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, mayne? [Chorus 2] [Chorus 1] [Verse 3 - Wale] M-M-Mirror, 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 that magazine See me I ain't frontin, we

ain't seen them titties last week Some find you nasty, f-
f-fuck you call that? I call it insecure, s-s-shorty think
she all that F-F-Fuck outta here, that's how they gettin
gas '09 gold diggers walkin with that different path
Find a dummy (wrap 'em up), let 'em fuck (suck 'em up)
Get in good, brings his chickens money, a-another one
No longer cab fare, with surgery and mascara Lookin
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, dancin
on that pole What them tippers don't see, I bet that
mirror gon' show you [Chorus 1] - 2X

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