

J. Cole**"Look In Da Mirror Remix"**

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Six in the mornin' I'ma call Wale
Tell J. Cole to meet us down in the A
And bring Wiz Khalifa 'cause the green look pure
We some real niggas, we just lookin' in the mirror

I'm on fire, whole hood blazin'
Hustle game incredible, ice game amazin'
Look in the mirror, look in the mirror
Look in the mirror, look in the mirror

Look like a chandelier, look in the mirror
Ice super clear, you lookin' in the mirror
Who you heard see, when you look in the mirror
If you a real nigga you lookin' in the mirror

D.C. all up in this bitch, 'bout time I got my respect
And now these hoes are on my line like Sally Mae on
college deck
Gotti here I'm in this shit, hey J. Cole come here this shit
I bet you hear that white music but I don't mean top 40
hits

Talk to the mirror and I don't need a cure
And when I'm done with this muthafucker
It'll need a urn shoppin' I'll be in Paris
You plottin', don't even worry
You walk in my closet your favorite style is some
beaten birds

You out where? We don't ever see ya
My niggas out here they spot me like Chippy D.
And I'm probably smokin' reefer till I got that
emphysema
How else can I emphasise I'll only let the mirror see ya

It go microphone check, one, two, yola
Two chains, two guns, he bipolar
Two baby mama's, three kids, two Rovers
That's too many problems, too late to think over

The cars off the showroom, clothes off the mannequin

Hoes off the centerfold, I be going ham at ten
One bitch from Howard, another bitch from Grambling
College girl goin' wild and Gotti be the camera man

Bird talk feather man, Louis jacket, leatherman
Fresh to death that bullshit irrelevant
Man in the mirror if I can't get my shot again
My bitch like a Coke bottle, yo' bitch like a Pepsi can

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Mirror, mirror on the wall, bitch I was born to ball
While y'all took the summer off, my money did a
somersault
Backflips, cartwheels, Carolina Tar Heel
Ain't no nigga touchin' my style it got a forcefield

Magneto, blew up like a torpedo
The view from my condo be makin' hoes say neat
Game strong like the arm on Marino
I stack Cheetos and Doritos like casinos

Fresh to death like I'm buried in a tuxedo
At times I look in the mirror to boost my fuckin' ego
I say it's yo' world, Cole World to be exact
With a flow that's so thorough
No sir, you can't reenact, nigga

Hundred fifty on my chain, ballin' but it's not a game
High that's why they call us planes
All the bitches know my name
I take 'em home fuck her, get high and never call again

And my niggas all the same, now that's what you call a
game
Hundred thousand dollars and that's on champagne
Bitches choose and they excuses my new car's to
blame
Wanna dump her nigga, fuck a nigga, with a lot of
fame
Don't want nothing from a nigga he all kinds of lame

Try doin' what I'm doin' but it's out of range

Niggas takin' shots, don't know how to aim
Don't know 'bout you but I see a real nigga
When I'm lookin' in the mirror with some diamonds in
my ear
Motherfucker

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