

# Reflection

Joell Ortiz

Mmm, mmm, mmm... life takes some interestin' turns, don't it?  
It's all good, just can't get off the road

I ain't gon' lie, a lot of this is hard to take  
I'm watchin' 'em praise the 'okay' and overlook the 'great'  
I'm not sayin' that they ain't straight  
I'm just sayin' that..nevermind, no matter what they gon' turn this shit int  
o hate  
So fuck it, let it alone  
Headphones, dead in a zone like Rick and Michonne  
I'm feelin' better on my own  
Took a sec for me to accept that next time I'm on the road won't be no Crook  
, won't be no Royce, won't be no Joe  
Just lookin' at the Hudson river right now, sittin' on the rocks feelin' lik  
e my reflection's life reflection, is it not?  
Some people bought the ferry, other people dock a yacht  
But the waves keep crashin' while the ducks just sit and watch  
Sometimes, I daydream about me sittin' at the top  
I see the clubs goin' crazy everytime my record drop  
I see plaques on the wall and glass cases for awards that I done got  
Performin' for like a million a pop  
The truth is, it's like one in a million to pop  
And the only artists that really get the millions is Pop  
Bein' simple is a yes and bein' skilled is a not  
Havin' substance is lame, usin' substance is hot  
So here I am still the hottest nigga in my barber shop to get a number one b  
ut not that number one spot  
I'm in a weird place, my fans don't expect me on the charts  
Guess when you gifted, sometimes you rap yourself into a box

But still I jot  
The way I put words together look complex so whatever  
But still I jot  
I'm just speakin' from my heart, my bad if I come off smart  
I'm just tryna jot down a couple lines and see if y'all like a couple of my  
rhymes as I-as I jot

Four chicken wings fried hard with pork friend rice  
Egg roll, two duck sauces will suffice  
Fill my stomach up until it's time to get nice  
Five sink cups, juice to chase it, a bag of ice  
Whatever be decided, we gon' sip on that nice  
Pocket full of work so fiends can come and get right  
Two green, one red dice, you call a point through the weed smoke  
Hammer underneath coat  
That A-B'll lead to C ya later when that D-E choke  
Just leave broke  
Keep minutes on your cell, a sneaker box to diggin' for your bail  
And a team full of hitters who wouldn't tell  
Wanna get it off quicker, then don't be stingy on that scale  
Stuffed 'em, sandwich bags overpacked to twelve-twelves  
Be on your fourth re before the first flip sells  
That's the pre-  
music Joell, a Joell these check writin' executives don't really know well  
I should win a Nobel  
From carryin' my pieces to guardin' my prize possessions to Peace God, yeah,  
that was Marshall in my session

Now that I think about it, bring another bottle to my section  
Let's celebrate that my apartment ain't from Section  
Meat no more  
Ain't no more hungry nights  
Momma, we don't wait no more  
The First don't hold weight no more  
I tell that waiter wait, no more  
I gotta watch my figure, can't put on weight no more (why?)  
'Cause if I truly want a shot at the top I gotta drop  
That's what they said  
I guess I'll jog before I jot

The way I put words together look complex so whatever  
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And there you have it  
That all  
Heh