

When I look into the mirror, I see a king
And she don't talk much, but I can make a scene

When I look into the mirror, I see a king
Shawty from Toronto, yeah, that's my ting
And she don't talk much, but I can make her sing
I put Chanel on her, it's not a thing
I feel like Saturn, I got rings
I feel like these niggas switchin' up every time I blink
But I ain't stressed, I ain't worried 'bout a thing
But I ain't stressed, I ain't worried 'bout a thing

They sound crazy (Woah)
And they so right (Yeah)
I been out all day, I been out all night (All night)
I never ask for no limelight (Limelight)
But these cameras flashing at my eyes
Yeah, that's why I got Chanel shades (Chanel)
I got six figures, never had a good grade
Can't trust a soul, yeah, I know that sound cliché
So clean, want racks, yeah touché
Take the stars out the sky, then I put them in the roof
I been plugged, jet in line, it don't mean shit without you
When the day turns night, that's when I come to light
Don't have a heart anymore 'cause I put it in the mic

When I look into the mirror, I see a king (Yeah-yeah)
Yeah, she from Toronto, yeah, that's my ting (Yeah-yeah)

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