

Reflection

Mick Jenkins

Put a mirror in a nigga face and he'll run
Tell em that you love him, he may pull out his gun
Look just like me even down to the walk
Noticed the difference probably soon as we talk

I do not politic with the fools
Counterfeit systems, I'm more than kind of bending the rules
Donavin Mitchell, I'm definitely finna talk all this jazz
Constantly victim, I'm more than kind of hip to the blues
That's why I can give a shit 'bout the news
Excel despite we consciously victim
These niggas like to strip us from truth
Large contradictions, I'm 6'5" tryna fit in the coupe
Large contributions to culture and somewhere someone sitting in cubes didn't
approve
No ice cubes in my Riesling and you should know that
Wash the chicken before you season it, you should know that
That's a metaphor, my nigga please don't get caught off the Prozac out here
nodding off
I'm out here getting to these visions I was plotting on
I windowshopped it then I copped it now I got it on
And I know everything that came before that dotted line these days
Held a mirror to my face (who you think you talking to huh?)
I didn't run away
I ran in place

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We only talk about ball
We only talk once a year, not even that, I don't call
I haven't called in like three
He 6'2" I'm 6'5" he used to make me feel small
I used to think he was strong now I know he just weak
Got me climbing a mountain it's all cliffs and no peaks
I was slide, hydroplaning, it's all drifts and no grip
It's all good, don't trip
I used say that with tears
He only heard with his ears
We speak with more than our lips
My shoulders Pringle, no chips
I ain't gon' make it, nuff said
One day I didn't get upset
Some shit just is what it is
I put that shit on my kids though, I can not go out the same
That carpal tunnel my wrist, I'm way too deep with the script
It's paralyzing in fact
The analyzing the facts
Calculating the trauma to iterate it on wax
Fam, if it wasn't for rap
This shit a mirror of sorts, got me seeing myself
See niggas see they reflection and get to peeing themselves
Them untethered connections ain't really freeing at all
Cold shoulders I just pray I get to see them shits thaw
Bulldozing through the haze that's why it's coming so raw
And I ain't sorry at all

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