

# Nothing Less Than

Reflection Eternal

Ok, yeah that's gorgeous right there  
Feel like a young Dianne Carrel when I walk out or something  
Like a young Iman before David Bowie, yo, yo

Aye yo, you know the scene  
I bring you to the spot myself, no need for go betweens  
The flow is mean, it's legendary like the over fiend  
Glad that you could make it, welcome to my hopes and dreams  
Yo, love is an ocean and ya partner's the boat  
Some get married, some elope, some hope for a baby 'cause hope floats yo  
I remember dreams from the womb  
I had a vision that when I was born, a turntable would be in the room  
Pretty nurse on the one and twos  
A microphone attached to the umbilical cord  
Fools runnin' through since I was younger dude  
I used to write plays and cast my cousins in the parts  
Play the dozens in the park, the dream of takin' up the art of MC'in'  
What I lacked in skill, I made up in heart, you had to see it man  
If I could sit the younger me down in front of me  
I would tell him I'm the proof that you could be whatever you wanna be  
But ask what he want it for, ask him if he sure  
'Cause everybody wanna rap but some people want it more  
Ain't nobody want it more than me, you can count on that  
Fell behind in school 'cause I was busy writin' battle raps  
Used to be the smartest in the class, fast forward six months  
I was sneakin' out the back, hangin' on Flatbush Ave  
Hate to see my momma cry but still, I made her do it  
She almost lost faith in me but we made it through it  
Now I make the music, that's the way to do it  
All my hopes and dreams in flesh, the best  
Thank you for noticin', it's nothin' less than (100 percent to the core)  
It's nothin' less than (Fans tellin' us they want more)  
It's nothin' less than (One fist up for the pure, fo' sho, fo' sho)

La-la-la-la-la

Nowadays, parents never understand they children  
We used to play manhunt in abandoned buildings  
Still, we hardly crack a smile, they sellin' crack in vials  
Amazin' how they removed the filter from the black and mild  
Young, dumb and actin' wild, I went to boardin' school  
That's where people send they kids when they ignore the rules  
My father got a second job and tried to be five percent  
Back then, a lot of young black men respect the gods  
Livin' check to check was hard but he made it happen  
Thought I was buggin' when I told him I would make it rappin'  
We didn't have it so we had to learn to live without it  
We didn't bitch, we didn't moan, we didn't blog about it  
Life tried to beat him down but he wanna fight  
Taught me how to jab with the left, punch with the right  
When I was wrong, he didn't stop until I got it right  
I should call my pops tonight (Bet he got advice)  
Word (On how these others got heart but they are not as nice)  
Word (And when his men arguin', you never stop the fight)  
Word (You keep your mouth zipped up unless you got advice)  
Yo, I'm his hopes and dreams in the flesh, the best  
Thank you for noticin', it's nothin' less than (100 percent to the core)

It's nothin' less than (Fans tellin' us they want more)  
It's nothin' less than (One fist up for the pure) It's the best, yes

I got acquired, steppin' in my ah di das  
Picked the mic up, then I rocked the party like la di da  
Got a lot to do, think we gonna need a montage  
Life is a gamble, all sevens when the slots drop  
This one's for my pop pop, Statik mixed  
While I moved out from Panama  
On his hot box while I pop locked  
Who got the props: Obama or the world bank?  
I think we fuck with lady luck but that girl stank  
News flash, go and tell a friend  
I have seen the future and it's lookin' Orwellian  
Evil spirit takin' control of Laws' pen again  
I hope there's more to life than fuckin' waitresses from Bennigan's  
Stainin' up the couches in a foreclosed duplex  
Not everything it's cracked up to be like pool sex  
Got my head swollen like a baby from a tube test, who's next?  
Uh, let the applause die, saddle made of raw hide  
For this Laws guy 'cause the boy ride beats like Ciara  
My style animated like when Hanna met Barbera  
My attitude is Droopy Dog, the winner is usually Laws  
I'm the illest thing in existence, let's see you prove me wrong  
I guess the proof is in the puddin'  
But the puddin's in the trash 'cause you try but you couldn't  
You try to match me, I'm on fire like I'm wooden  
Pour some liquor out for all the towns that I'm good in  
Not no goody two shoes, more like a peg leg and eye patch  
You a Game Boy, I'm an I-Pad  
But I really think you need a 'How to spit rhymes' app  
'Cause you number two and I'm number two times that  
Now go rewind that, I'm at the bar, split cigar in the wine glass  
What's up fans of reflection? This is fan and reflection  
P-H at the beginnin' and four at the end  
I fucked hip-hop and then called up her friends  
What's up rock? What's up dance? What's up rhythm blues?  
Rap took my energy but y'all can get it too  
You like a prideful inmate, you never blue  
I watch a single flop and rape the instrumental too  
Now what you call that? You all fiction, Bruce Willis in a ball gag  
You a snitch, Paul Blart in his mall swag  
Wonderin' when they gonna get over this Laws fad  
Fuck crabs, call me Long John Silver with the flow I deliver  
Your weak record sales 'bout to bring back silver  
Your video vixens about to bring back scurvy  
Can't see it from the front, how you call that curvy?  
I call that nervy, you like telemarketers  
You called me out but I don't think the call back's worthy  
The milk's gone bad Murphy  
I'm all about unity, fuck you gonna do to me?