

Reflection

Young Dolph

A bag of money, ayy
Look in the mirror, my reflection a bag of money, ayy
Look in the mirror, my reflection a bag of money, ayy
Let the band play
I look in the mirror, my reflection a bag of money, uh-huh
Yeah
Ayo, Bandplay

Look in the mirror, my reflection a bag of money (Okay)
I look in the mirror, my reflection a bag of money (What?)
I look in the mirror, my reflection a bag of money (Okay)
I look in the mirror, my reflection a bag of money (Okay)
{I look in the mirror, my reflection a bag of money (A big bag of that shit)
My reflection a bag of money (Yeah)
I look in the mirror, my reflection a bag of money (Yeah, yeah)
Big bag of money (Yuh)}

Mirror, mirror, mirror, mirror, mirror on the wall
Can you tell me who's the most drippiest of 'em all?
This lil' nigga raw (Raw), actually, he a dog (Dog)
Every time he come outside his outfit match his car (Damn)
On the stage performin', bitches throwin' me they bra (Huh)
Self-made star (Star)
Baby, I'm parked in the front in a double-R (R)
I remix my lemonade, I keep on dozin' off (Dirty)
On the golf course with my neighbors, kickin' they ass in golf (Hahahaha)
Three-tone Dolph (Three-tone)
If I say that, I stand on it (Yeah, yeah)
Bought a pendant to stand on it (Yeah, yeah)
Yeah, I got them bands on me (Racks)
Shout out to my dead homie (Benjamin)
Plain rose gold Rolly (Yuh)
New coupe fully loaded (Yuh)

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I look in the mirror, my reflection a bag of money (Okay)
{I look in the mirror, my reflection a bag of money (A big bag of that shit)
My reflection a bag of money (Yeah)
I look in the mirror, my reflection a bag of money (Yeah, yeah, mirror, mirror, mirror on the wall)
Big bag of money (Yuh)}

I look in the mirror, I see a nigga that's one hundred (Yuh)
You know how I'm comin', I get comma after comma
And my first and last name changed to comma, comma
Yeah, big bag of that shit, big Glock
'Cause I keep them commas comin' in (Ch-cha)
Droppin' out the Benz with some twins, I'm so lit, yuh
All I do is win, feel like Khaled and Durant, yuh
Smoke big blunts, no pins, yeah
Yeah, I tote big Glocks, no Zigs, yeah
My bankroll won't bend, yeah, my bankroll too big (Woo)
This shit don't make no sense, yuh
I'm bent behind tint, yeah
Your bitch just seen my wrist

And now she all on my dick
Huh, hahaha, ayy (Ayy)
The bitch said, "Who you think you is, Glock?"

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