

I don't look at myself in the mirror because I'm a narcissist
I simply like to watch myself exist...(HHHH)
Now I'm in a fog and mist...(HHHH)
Now my reflection is anonymous
Ponder this!

I've seen a reflection of my soul in the store window
Caught in limbo 'cause I was dressed all in Timbo's
Having fantasies of playing Polo with Ralph Lauren on a Tommy Hill
And my paper thin spirit was still grieving from the Versace kill in Florida
Opened the door to the store and I walked down the corridor
To see they had a blow out sale on Nautica
I've always been a Lord of the button down Flies?
Being they were half-priced, I pass 'em on by looking for Levis
But Guess what? All my favorite clothing lines and hip designs
Were being liquidized and it made me sick to my eyes
I don't understand...when I had no ends...the price was quick to rise
I'd buy a pair of trends even if they didn't fit my size
Purchase a surplus of fads from merchants whose ads
Made these cheap ass fabrics that were so worthless and sad
Just look priceless, they used unethical devices to attack my sense of
Self-worth during my prepubescent crisis
It fed into my insecurities, so instead of being righteous
I want everyone to see me like this
It's all about who looks the nicest
Ice is falling off my Rolie onto my body shoot!
I hope to hell it doesn't melt and ruin my Armani suit
While I'm sweatin' this, some kid who doesn't got any loot
Is buying my necklace along with my same exact khakis and army boots
What?! This is blasphemous!
Since Adidas tried changing it's logo
There ain't been nothing as wack as this
It's probably a stunt being pulled by Animal Rights activists
Because of all that Third World country garbage
So while these monkeys sweat over my name brands that exchange hands
From enslaved lands, I wonder if I'm the same man
Without reward...for what I bought but CAN'T still afford
This is the type of self-realization that might have killed the Lord
I didn't mind working free as a walking billboard
But now I want my money back...as my ice spilled and poured
Onto the floor I did see a distorted reflection of my Nike hat
I don't know how others might react
For me it was an unsightly act that helped me get my psyche back
I stood 5 feet back, afraid that it might strike me like Shacmack clack!
Ya'll think I'm kidding? It's not big thing
What I seen made my heart hurt, stomach turn, throat burn, teeth cringe
Spine tingle, and ribs sting
I noticed that the swoosh symbol was nothing but a whip in mid-swing..

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