

Bloody murder, crime, drugs, folks smokin'
Man I remember when it used to be cool to leave ya screen door open
And let the mosquitos and the flies sneak in
Look mama and them play whistle
So I'ma play tackle football with my friends
I guess them times is gone cause like a wishbone
I wish I had em' back instead of watchin' brothers fiz-all
Catch em' out on every track, bar, street, boulevards
Sweet avenues with dead ends, neighborhoods with antens
Whatever happened to the days of Little League
Pop Warner and Boy Scouts, the Old Singing Boys Club
Voodoo to go to school not thinkin'
Too busy smokin' weed, sellin' dope and drinkin'
I guess we're livin' in the last days
Cause in the last days the Bible speaksof AIDS
Plagues, brothers killin' brothers, earthquakes
Youngsters tryin' to earn stripes as a work face
I'll be a sucker if I don't pull ya ho card
I used to be soft but now I'm hard
Fuckin' nigga, I practice lookin' hard

I got a mirror in my pocket and I practice lookin' hard
Mirror, mirror make the call
Who's the hardest of them all
I got a mirror in my pocket and I practice lookin' hard
Right before I go to bed
I make sure that my mirror's there

Take yo mean face off partner why ya muggin' me
Fools say shit, I can't help that shit's in me
It's automatic cause what's mine ain't even took
It's my mad at the world look
I said I feel ya man, sometimes I catch myself too
Mean muggin' folks that did no harm to me or my crew
But now it shouldn't have to be this way
Fools say, I don't care what nobody say
The other man got me this way
I'm fresh out the pen and out the system for years
Been fillin' out all kinds of applications to make a grip
But I don't know nothin' about no computer chip
It takes that to make a J-O-B in the 93
But a J-O-B in 93 consists of paper rarely
Jobs like the oil refinery
I'd rather work in Napa at the winery
And then ya wonder why I'm stubborn
Forever lookin' hard, I been scarred

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Can't tell me shit, I come from a broken up home
Every since I was a youth I thought that I was grown
Meet me after school nigga and we can get it on

Ya talked about my mammy now I'm goin' upside ya dome
I got a complex problem, my guard stay up
I'm always on the offense side, don't test my nuts
I'm not a Charles nor a Larry but I'm scary
Scared that I might lose it and chop you with my piece berry
I deep into my shit and it's straight like that
I be quick to clobber a motherfucker with my Flintstone bat
Nobody likes me on my father's side of the family
They can't stand me cause they think that I'm sellin' that candy
I kid you not, all bullshit to the side
I got 20,000 niggas in my organization
Now which one of y'all niggas down to ride
I gets juiced off the underground doja
You know that Click shit, that independent shit
It makes me feel like I want to
Got me a baggy full of broccoli and a crooked eye 22
I feel crafty, I mean that but I feel great

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[Various ad-libs]