

I am..  
More than two faced, I've got at least six with cheap  
tricks  
To hide my not-so-pretty side while accentuating cheeks  
and lips  
I use battin' rouge to battle crews who don't like the  
remix  
And you just act confused by the way I choose to fuck  
with a double helix  
Cuddle with me quick, get befuddled and sea sick  
My ugly mug'll be equipped to make it a struggle to see  
shit  
The beat kicks, my belly feels empty I want a person  
there  
I'll curse and swear, and act unmother-like until I  
persevere  
Haven't been to church in years, right now that's the  
setting  
I couldn't think of a better place to cover my face and  
have a wedding  
It's upsetting how plastic my mask is getting  
It's melting and releasing toxic fumes  
Covered by lots of perfume, never coming out of my  
closet of costumes  
Cartoon versions of myself get drawn out  
After that occurs, time gets consumed  
I'm in the dressing room with the caricatures  
Until my head is cured I'm heading for pedicures and  
manicures  
Man, if your not damn sure of whether or not  
to pop the question I'll let you in on the answer..  
Think of sex in a camper...  
A phony life with a trophy wife, menthol cigarettes and  
cancer

Smoke and Mirrors

So sophisticated

So cool

I AM..  
An illusion specialist turning tricks who could never  
diss  
The one the wake up next to even if it's not the one  
they went to bed with  
Breakfast at Tiffany's, skip lunch, make sure the  
dinner table is candle lit  
I squish my feet until they crunch, but I'm unable to  
make these sandals fit  
I can't just sit I need to MOVE and power walk, because  
Oprah said it  
And I won't forget it, she does it during the opening  
credits  
I'm so synthetic  
I like the smell of coke, get it? I powder my nose  
Power to hoes who pound on a hose while playing in a

pound of snow  
I'm getting snow plowed, I KNOW  
It's time to fuck a guy now  
I just applied blush and look surprised  
but it's the way I plucked my eyebrows  
Time out, I'm in a tanning booth... reading Danielle  
Steel  
And I'm planting banana peels beneath every damn man's  
heel  
Waiting for them to fall for my sad trick I stop, drop  
and kneel  
With a little touch of magic, I'll let David cop a feel  
I'm not real, but I've got FEELINGS...  
except in my nipples because of the breast implants  
To have my chest enhanced I pant in dresses but never  
dress in pants  
A club hopping strobe light honey...addicted to wrinkle  
cream  
Sipping on Listerine, Mr. Clean don't like the smell of  
nicotine

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I AM..

Dirtyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy