

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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