

Boot Camp Clik, Take A Look (In The Mirror)

(Intro)

Why? Yeah, uh-huh, what you see?
What you see? Uh-huh, uh-huh, who dat?

(Verse 1-Buckshot (Steele))

Damn, how does it feel to see shit change
Like the season? For no reason, you out of range
It's strange how time go by
Like tick-tick-tock and you don't know why
(Why ask why? I live everyday like my last
Take a second, get in check with that nigga in the glass
What he think, how he move, is he ready for action?
In the streets when you snoop, then you soon get a casket)
The tactics, never throw rocks at a glass house
Mind over matter, no matter who spaz out
'Cause you could do a ten-to-lifer
Pretendin' life ain't worth it, but you know that you're hurtin'
(That's why I stay puttin' work in, hood hurtin', some hungry
Out late, trey-eighty, crazy for that blood money
Take this quote from the Book of Life from me
Love hella right, sonny, life ain't all that funny, when you...)

(Hook-vocal samples)

"Look In the Mirror" "In the Mirror" "In the Mirror" "In the Mirror"
"In the Mirror" "In the Mirror" "Look at yourself"
"Look In the Mirror" "In the Mirror" "In the Mirror" "In the Mirror"
"In the Mirror" "In the Mirror" "Look at yourself"

(Verse 2-Tek (Louieville Sluggah))

Ain't near 'nother like me, that's one with the streets
Blow on the mic, become one with the beats
Can't change who I be, you get what you see
Only one way to do it, and that's B-I-G
(Look, to the day I D, just remember me
Blow a chronic sack, down some Hennessy
Life is a hustle, we buck you for money
I might crack a smile, but ain't a damn thing funny)
I shoot the dice, I holler "Get 'em girls", all my niggaz twirl
Up the pissy and the swishy, this is Smokey's world
(Stackin' like a hustler, run a good run for two years
Now he got two stores in laundromats, ooh yeah
So wash the dirty off, 'cause if the boy's burned out
Dinner's gonna be...)
Since I left the smoke alone, you know my hustle got stronger
Team got more guns, our money got longer

(Hook-vocal samples)

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(Verse 3-Sean Price)

Hey yo, Black African rap, slap your naps with the back of the gat
And smoke a spliff where I traffic the crack
Y'all niggaz can't rhyme, y'all more like a amateur show
Get out of line and the hammer will blow
Goddamn it, the flow have' niggaz sayin' "He's so nice"
Supernatural the shit, pa, Rico Price
I'm an African readin' 'bout Stephen Biko's life
You an addict and thinkin' 'bout how you beat yo wife
Listen, that's my word, Sean the best rapper you ever heard
That be spittin' that, this and the third
Don't make me click-clack, put your six-pack on the curb

It is what it is then, and that's what you deserve
Sean is the shit, fuck it, you want a assist
I throw you the pass, bank shot, two off the glass, bam, bam

(Hook-vocal samples)

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