Nas, The Makings Of A Perfect Bitch

[Chorus]

I know you think you got it together player, but fuck the bird you with And listen close to the makings of a perfect bitch Listen close to the makings of a perfect bitch There's always one thing wrong and you wish that you could switch Or fix, while you shapin' every curve and hips, you heard of this? The makings of a perfect bitch

A ghoul at night, I role like Jack the Ripper trying to choose my wife I need a ass of a stripper, fat lipper Mad niggaz in this one predicament You try to choose a loyal one and stick with it My stupid dick again searching for something to jump and then start humpin' Convincing me that the history of a woman is about leaving a nigga with nothing So my experiences taught me how to come up with a plan to make a right one for the man A toy for the boy, the one that righteously will understand And since I can't find her I guess I gotta make her I creep in the night like a kinky undertaker I think I'm on a caper to abduct a nerd from the Ivy League Next stop at the strip club snatch a bad one and flee What's next, I'm stakin' out a five star restaurant to kidnap the chef

[Chorus]

Say goodbye to the stress

[Nas]

I stitch 'em together then I kiss 'em forever These surgical gloves are made of love, couldn't be better Four cycles of blood, child birth first Men-e-stral cycle, last men-e-stral cycle then death That's four, so I guess rebirth is the fifth Put 'em together, that's a genius, a slut and a chef Holdin' the scalpel while cutting the flesh Heavy bleeding, so I need suction, it's such a mess If she survives she'll be sucking me next Dark nipples on her D-cup breasts so I could titty fuck while she do my taxes for the IRS So I could just relax, shit, by now I'm blessed I'm her daddy, I'm her messiah, I'm god Cause I injected obedience and loyalty in her heart Know you mad cause you with a bitch that nag you to death I smack mine on the ass and she breathe her first breath

[Chorus]

[Nas]

Gimme Sade's mystique, she gotta know her way in the streets Like Billie Holiday in Harlem Body from Ketoi Johnson and Kenya Moore and Apple Bottoms Maya Angelou's brain and some groove from Terry McMillan Them Angelina Jolie lips, Angela Davis, Sista Souljah's wit Helping me load clips Some words form a pimp was, " Nas, it just don't exist" But homes is twisted, a home ain't a home without without the misses All the girls that I named are queens, no disrespect But I need me someone to disappear, reappear like I dream of Jeannie Whenever I want, I think I met her, it's on, forever I'll flaunt

[Chorus]