

Jeru The Damaja, Da Bichez

(Unclear words are in curly braces.)

(REFRAIN:)

I'm not talking about the queens
But <what?> the bitches
Not the sisters <what?> the bitches
Not the young ladies <what?> the bitches
The bitches, the bitches

Now a queen's a queen and a stunt is a stunt
You can tell who's who by the things they want
Most chicks want minks,
Diamonds, a Benz
Spend up all your ends
Prob'bly f**k your friends
High-post attitudes, real rude with fat asses
Think that the pussy is made out of gold
Try to control you by slidin' up and down on the wood
They be givin' up sex for goods
Dealin' with bitches is the same old song
They only want you 'til someone richer comes along
Don't get me wrong, strong black women
I know who's who so due respect I'm givin'
While queens stand by you, and stick around
Bitches suck you dry and push you down
So it's my duty to address
This vampiress
Givin' the black man stress
Recognize what's real and not material
Or burn in hell, chasin' Polo and Guess, dumb bitches

(REFRAIN)

My man had a chick an' thought she was finger-lickin'
I knew her style that's why I'm vegetarian
I told him she was out to get what she could get
He didn't believe me, so she bagged him up in the end
Made the pussy do tricks then she sucked his dick
He got caught up in the grip now he's payin' the rent
Black Widow: she even killed dead presidents
That he'd owe. Shouldn't have got one red cent
I body slam her But I'm not a misogynist
When I see a brother gettin' nabbed it makes me pissed
Cosmetic enchantress scandalous temptress
The way my man went out you'd think she was a pimpstress
Bitches come my way, I make 'em hop
'Cause I'm hip to the game
I'm not a slave so I don't get pussy-whipped
bear in mind you'll lose em' to end material riches
F**kin' around with those bitches.

(REFRAIN)

Since I've been club-hoppin'
You've been ho-hoppin'
You've seen them pop up in every spot that I'm in
Any nigga with a record
Could get your butt naked
So your man got a Lex'(is)
You live in the projects
Tryin' a flex but you ain't the smartest
Your ass ain't the fattest
F**k around, play yourself and get dissed
I know your status, you can't touch my status
Deep down you want this
Dyin' a be famous but you can't attain this
Poppin' that coochie for Gucci
Bitches like you ain't shit to me
And don't talk about R-E-S-P-E-C-T

'Cause I treat my black sisters like royalty
Now go in peace Don't make me get raw
And treat you like the harlot that you are
Filthy bitches