

The Makings of a Perfect Bitch

Nas

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?
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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 nothin'
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
Say goodbye to the stress

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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

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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

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