

# B\*tch Bad

## Lupe Fiasco

Yeah, I say  
Bitch bad, woman good, lady better  
Hey, hey  
Hey, hey Now imagine there's a shorty, maybe five maybe four  
Ridin' 'round with his mama listening to the radio  
And a song comes on and a not far off from being born  
Doesn't know the difference between right and wrong  
Now I ain't trying to make it too complex  
But let's just say shorty has an undeveloped context  
About the perception of women these days  
His mama sings along and this what she says  
"Niggas, I'm a bad bitch, and I'm that bitch  
Something that's far above average"  
And maybe other rhyming words like cabbage and savage  
And baby carriage and other things that match it  
Couple of things are happenin' here  
First he's relatin' the word "bitch" with his mama comma  
And because she's relatin' to herself, his most important source of help  
And mental health, he may skew respect for dishonor Bitch bad, woman good  
Lady better, they misunderstood  
(I'm killin' these bitches) Uh, tell 'em  
Bitch bad, woman good  
Lady better, they misunderstood  
They misunderstood (I'm killin' these bitches) Yeah, now imagine a group of little girls nine through twelve  
On the internet watchin' videos listenin' to songs by themselves  
It doesn't really matter if they have parental clearance  
They understand the internet better than their parents  
Now being the internet, the content's probably uncensored  
They're young, so they're malleable and probably unmentored  
A complicated combination, maybe with no relevance  
Until that intelligence meets their favorite singer's preference  
"Bad bitches, bad bitches, bad bitches  
That's all I want and all I like in life is bad bitches, bad bitches"  
Now let's say that they less concerned with him  
And more with the video girl acquiescent to his whims  
Ah, the plot thickens  
High heels, long hair, fat booty, slim  
Reality check, I'm not trippin'  
They don't see a paid actress, just what makes a bad bitch Bitch bad, woman good

Lady better, they misunderstood  
I say, I say, I say, I say, I say, I say (I'm killin' these bitches)  
Bitch bad, woman good  
Lady better, they misunderstood  
(I'm killin' these bitches)Disclaimer, this rhymer, Lupe, is not usin' "bitch" as a lesson  
But as a psychological weapon  
To set in your mind and really mess with your conceptions  
Discretion's, reflections, it's clever misdirection  
'Cause, while I was rappin' they was growin' up fast  
Nobody stepped in to ever slow 'em up, gasp  
Sure enough, in this little world  
The little boy meets one of those little girls  
And he thinks she a bad bitch and she thinks she a bad bitch  
He thinks disrespectfully, she thinks of that sexually  
She got the wrong idea, he don't wanna fuck her  
He think she's bad at bein' a bitch, like his mother  
Momma never dressed like that, come out the house hot mess like that  
Ass, titties, breasts like that, all out to impress like that  
Just like that, you see the fruit of the confusion  
He caught in a reality, she caught in an illusion  
Bad mean good to her, she really nice and smart  
But bad mean bad to him, bitch don't play your part  
But bitch still bad to her if you say it the wrong way  
But she think she a bitch, what a double entendreBitch bad, woman good  
Lady better, they misunderstood  
I say, I say, I say, I say, I say, I say (I'm killin' these bitches)  
Bitch bad, woman good  
Lady better, they misunderstood  
(I'm killin' these bitches)Bitch bad, woman good, lady better  
They misunderstood  
You're misunderstood (I'm killin' these bitches)  
Bitch bad, woman good, lady better  
Greatest mother hood (I'm killin' these bitches)

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