The Bum-Bitch Ballad

J-Zone

Yo, what up Zone man?
Yo, what's craculatin', man?
Yeah, you got a lot of folks mad last year, man
That bitch magna t-shirt buggin' out on stage, yeah, yeahAll that shit, man, people got heated
Yo, let me tell these girls something, man
Yo, if you know you got it going on, we cool
I ain't talking bad about youBut to the girls that's getting offended
I mean you must be talking to you if you're gettin' mad
Look like the girls right around from the Pony Cafe
Yo, break it on down, man, break it on downEvery time I do a show, I catch beef with these weak ass groups
And headwrap chicks drinkin' wheat grass juice
Offended by my t-shirts and how I behave
Just because I ain't rockin' dashiki's and braidsBut if you know you ain't a bitch then you wouldn't get mad
You're a fake Mya Angelou, stunt, get a job, bitch
The Metro, The Scholar to The Poet's Cafe
You got mad, you're a biatch and you know it that way, bitchTo the fake-ass activist headwrap chicks on the low kidnappin' dicks
Bitch, stop starin' like I walked out of Bellvue
If you lookin' for enlightened, men, I can't help you
You got your degree? You can still be a bitchIf you knew your baby's father maybe you wouldn't be a bitch (Asshole)
Who the fuck you mean, me?
Stunt, you must be out of your mind
Must be something in the green teaAnd some of these chicks used to dance on the table
Now they hatin' on me, actin' educational
You can get mad, turn blue in the face
But when I pee, I hit your grill so I don't ruin the drapesBitch, bitch, bitch, bitch
Bitch, bitch, bitch, bitchOh, I see how it's going down
You know what I'm saying?
Yo, if it don't apply to you, you ain't gonna get mad
But, yo, it ain't only a gender thingSome of these dudes is bitches too, man
I'm gonna talk the fellas real quick
Hey, you're talking about my sister
I'ma start about these punk ass cats, b-b-bitchFemales are quick to get mad but it's hard to remember
You can still be a bitch regardless of gender
Come at me like a Muslim, nigga
I saw you in Florida with a hot dog, bitch, stop lyin'You a bitch 'cuz you told me, "Stay underground forever"
Fuck you, I want a Caddy with some dice in the mirror
Catch any DJ puttin' 6 joints of mine on a mix tape

We fightin' this yearOnline or on stage, you took time to diss me?
Thanks for the promotion, I was delighted
Male or female, if the shoe fits you
Blow me in the key of F sharp, biatchListen, you no-job having, scrub motherfucker
You need to learn to respect a righteous sister
I went to a show and all I heard was bitch this, bitch that
Me and my fellow sisters, we don't play that shit, niggaYou grabbing yourself on stage? That's not conscious
It's bullshit, where is the uplifting message?
You don't deserve a goddess like me anyway
So fuck you, bitchHey, what about me? You're nothing but a bitch
Bitch, killed the bitch, yo, bitch
Don't be callin' me no bitch, bitch
Who you talkin' 'bout? You, bitchPunk bitch, bitch, bitch, bitch
Fuck you, bitch, and kept goin'
Now wait a minute, you're talking about my sister
Fifty-cent juice drinkin', bitchBiatch

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