

Sophisticated Bitch

Public Enemy

That woman in the corner, cold playin' the role
Leave her ass in the corner till her feet get cold
Knowin' for a fact that girl is whacked
If you hold your hand out she'll turn her back
Better walk, don't talk, she's all pretend
Can't be her friend unless you spend
Wall to wall after all
Get ready to throw only money at the bitch 'Cause she thinks she's sophisticated
Sophisticated, sophisticated, sophisticated
Peekin' an' seekin' inside a book
Her demands for a man with a chemical look
Wishes an' desires, gettin' worse with age
She doesn't want a man, all she wants is a pay
Ain't got a man so she goes to a club
She thinks it's classy but it's really a pub
But that's the kind of place where she likes to go
The bitch got a problem 'Cause she thinks she's sophisticated
Sophisticated, sophisticated, sophisticated
Jackets, shoes, everyday ties
The girl only wants one of those guys
Suckers who front it like it ain't no thang
Pretend to be friends and don't want that thang
Talk like this, don't talk slang, do anything to get that thang
Tries to be chic and playin' it off
Peekin' through the window, saw her take her clothes off
Nasty girl, a stone cold freak
Stayin' in the bed a whole goddamn week
Comin' and leavin', guys servin' up storms
From execs with checks, boys from the dorms
Never kept a name, never seen a face
She could pass 'em in the street like it never took place
I know she's a ho so I'ma go, expose the funky bitch 'Cause she thinks she's sophisticated
Sophisticated, sophisticated, sophisticated
Now, she wants a sucker boy with an attach
And if you ain't got it, she'll turn you away
You can smile with style as you profile
'Cause you got a gold tooth an' she thinks you're wild
She don't want a brother that's true and black
If you're light, you're alright, better you stay back
'Cause the sucker with the bag is out to catch
With something in his bag keepin' her attached
The man's got a plan, it's IBM
The Devil at her level, yes it is him
His Audi she rides, his gold and clothes
The ill base method, turning up her nose
A lack, a lack, a lack, cold beaming her up
She's still got the nerve to turn her fuckin' nose up
Her status looks at us from down below
Now, the bitch is in trouble 'Cause she thinks she's sophisticated

Sophisticated, sophisticated, sophisticated
Little is known about her past
So listen to me 'cause I know her ass
Used to steal money out her boyfriends clothes
Never got caught so the story goes
She kept doin' that to all her men
Found the wrong man when she did it again
And still to this day people wonder why
He didn't beat the bitch down till she almost died
Sophisticated

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