

Bitch Bad

Angel Haze

Bitch bad, woman good
Lady better, they misunderstood
They misunderstood
Now imagine that there's a shorty
Maybe fatherless or optionless
Grinding from checks deposited
Trying to get on public housing list
Mother meets a man with an ample amount of funds
But in order to get that she's gotta give 'em some
So he treats her like a beats her like a
Cleans her up and keeps her like a
Screams and yells then seats her like a
Like a bitch, well
You wonder how she got the whole idea
Her ear to the wall and she could hear him pretty clear yellin'
Oh you make me mad bitch shut up or get slapped bitch
Roll over you stand bitch who's the fucking man bitch
See what I'm saying is the bed you make you layin' in
But what you put out well it kinda remains the same huh
Now you might not be believing what you hear
But the objects they tend to mirror be closer than they appear so
To sit instead she learned it from her mother
But imagine how it all affected her little brother
Bitch bad, woman good
Lady better, they misunderstood
They misunderstood
I'm killing these bitches
Bitch bad, woman good
Lady better, they misunderstood
They misunderstood
Now imagine her little brother's maybe 9 or 10
We have have no idea exactly what's relaying on his end
Until one day he's out and probably playing with his friends
And to beat and treat a woman like a bitch is what he pretends
We thought that his sister would be the pawn in all his drama
But mixed with misconceptions and his hatred for his mama

He grows up to hate the weakness in a woman
Thinks that if he beats her it will potentially make her stronger

Ah the plot thickens
Little boy bystander gets infected with a sickness
See he grew up wishing his father would come and fix it
But the abuser put his fist in all the little boys dreams
Till he sifted and mixed his shit in
To be what he hated wasn't the aim
But his hatred really made him exactly what he became
Ok bitch was just a weapon I'm using it to suggest that
The primary example is usually the parents, see
Mama didn't stand up 'cause mama couldn't lift her chin up
With all the shame she carried she figured they won't forgive her, see
Mama didn't notice that the baby wasn't old enough
She coulda really shown em that there's nowhere left to go but up
All mama had to do is look and listen but
Mama as afraid as both of her little children
So she let 'em hear it, let 'em see it
Let 'em grow up, let 'em be it
When all she had to do was just show up and help 'em beat it
Now as they grew up in the world
The little boy's lost and has him a little girl
And his life changes -- again
He don't ever wanna see her hurt by men
To protect her through everything on earth he can
And that moment he understands
Woman should never be hurt by words or hands
And just like that that little boy becomes a man
Bitch bad, woman good
Lady better, they misunder -
I can't do that part, fuck it
I gotta hear that fat nigga do it
Bitch bad, woman good
Lady better, they misunderstood
I'm killing these bitches
Yeah fuck the singing part

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