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?
The makings of a perfect bitch
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 nothing 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
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?
The makings of a perfect bitch
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 menstrual cycle, last menstrual 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

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?
The makings of a perfect bitch
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
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?
The makings of a perfect bitch

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/