

XTC

"The Makings of a Perfect Bitch"

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[Chorus]

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

[Nas]

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

[Chorus]

[Nas]

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

Men-e-stral cycle, last men-e-stral 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

[Chorus]

[Nas]

Gimme Sade's mystique, she gotta know her way in the
streets
Like Billie Holiday in Harlem
Body from Keti 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

[Chorus]

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