

J-Wall

"The Bum Bitch Ballad"

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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, yeah
All 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 you, but 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 down

[J-Zone]

Everytime 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 braids
But 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
Bitch!! (echoes)
To 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. . *bitch*
If 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 tea
And 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 drapes

bitch (8 X)

Oh, 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 thing,

Some 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-b-b-b-b-bitch

Females 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 year

Online, or onstage, 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, Biatch!

[Female's voice]

Listen, 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, nigga

You 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 *scratching 'bitch'*

Hey, what about me? *You're nothing but a*

*bitch!**bitch!**killed the bitch**yo, bitch*

Don't be callin' me no bitch *scratching 'bitch'*

*who you talkin' bout?**you, bitch*

*Punk Bitch**Bitch, bitch, bitch**Fuck you bitch! And kept goin'*

Now wait a minute, you're talking about my sister!

Fifty-cent juice drinkin' bitch!

Biatch!

