

J-Zone

"The Bum Bitch Ballad"

Visit "[The Bum Bitch Ballad](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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

Every time 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

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, bitch, bitch, bitch
Bitch, bitch, bitch, bitch

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-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 on stage, 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, bitch

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, bitch

Hey, what about me? You're nothing but a bitch
Bitch, killed the bitch, yo, bitch
Don't be callin' me no bitch, 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

Visit [J-Zone](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.