

Jay-Z

"Bitches & Sisters"

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Let's describe a certain female
Let's describe a certain female
Let's describe a certain female
Female

(Bitch)
You know my name and the company I own
(Bitch)
You like my style and you smell my cologne
(Bitch)
Don't try to act like my track record ain't known
(Bitch)
You probably got a couple CD's in your home

(Bitch, bitch)
Don't make me say it twice, you actin' all uptight
And also diddy like, like, like
You ain't a
(Bitch)

I ain't no ball player, you ain't gonna get pregnant
again
Hit off with paper, you gonna get hit off and slid off
Before the neighbors take off to go to work
So just, take off your shirt, don't hit me with that church
shit

(Bitch)
I got a sister who schooled me to shit you chickens do,
trickin' fools
Got a whole Robin Givens crew that I kick it to
They be hippin' dudes, how you chickens move, I be
listenin' to

(Bitch, bitch, bitch)
Don't make me say it thrice, you actin' all uptight
And also diddy like, like
You ain't a
(Bitch)

You ain't no better 'cuz you don't be fuckin' rappers
You only fuckin' with actors, you still gettin' fucked

backwards
(Bitch)
Unless you fucked a dude on his own merit
And not the way he dribble or ball or draw leverage

You're a
(Bitch, bitch)
No, ma, you're a, that's real
(Bitch, bitch, bitch, bitch)

Let's describe a certain female
Let's describe a certain female
Let's describe a certain female
(Say Jay-Z, why you gotta go and disrespect the women
for, huh?)

(Bitch)
Sisters get respect, bitches get what they deserve
Sisters work hard, bitches work your nerves
Sisters hold you down, bitches hold you up
Sisters help you progress, bitches will slow you up

Sisters cook up a meal, play their role with the kids
Bitches in the street with their nose in your biz
Sisters tell the truth, bitches tell lies
Sisters drive cars, bitches wanna ride

Sisters give-up the ass, bitches give up the ass
Sisters do it slow, bitches do it fast
Sisters do their dirt outside of where they live
Bitches have niggers all up in your crib

Sisters tell you quick, "You better check your homie"
Bitches don't give a fuck, they wanna check for your
homie
Sisters love Jay 'cuz they know how hov is
I love my sisters, I don't love no bitch

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

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