

## **Jeru The Damaja "Da Bichez"**

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I'm not talking about the queens  
But the bitches  
Not the sisters, the bitches  
Not the young ladies, the bitches  
The bitches, the bitches

Now a queen's a queen and a stunt is a stunt  
You can tell who's who by the things they want  
Most chicks want minks, diamonds, a Benz  
Spend up all your ends probably fuck your friends

High-post attitudes, real rude with fat asses  
Think that the pussy is made out of gold  
Try to control you by slidin' up and down on the wood  
They be givin' up sex for goods

Dealin' with bitches is the same old song  
They only want you 'til someone richer comes along  
Don't get me wrong, strong black women  
I know who's who so due respect I'm givin'

While queens stand by you and stick around  
Bitches suck you dry and push you down  
So it's my duty to address this vampire's  
Givin' the black man stress

Recognize what's real and not material  
Or burn in hell, chasin' Polo and Guess, dumb bitches

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My man had a chick an' thought she was finger-lickin'  
I knew her style that's why I'm vegetarian  
I told him she was out to get what she could get  
He didn't believe me, so she bagged him up in the end

Made the pussy do tricks then she sucked his dick  
He got caught up in the grip now he's payin' the rent

Black Widow, she even killed dead presidents  
That he'd owe, shouldn't have got one red cent

I body slam her but I'm not a misogynist  
When I see a brother gettin' nabbed it makes me  
pissed  
Cosmetic enchantress, scandalous temptress  
The way my man went out you'd think she was a pimp  
stress

Bitches come my way, I make 'em hop  
'Cause I'm hip to the game  
I'm not a slave so I don't get pussy-whipped  
Bear in mind you'll lose em' to end material riches  
Fuckin' around with those bitches

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Since I've been club-hoppin', you've been ho-hoppin'  
You've seen them pop up in every spot that I'm in  
Any nigga with a record could get your butt naked  
So your man got a Lex'[unverified]  
You live in the projects

Tryin' a flex but you ain't the smartest  
Your ass ain't the fattest  
Fuck around, play yourself and get dissed  
I know your status, you can't touch my status

Deep down you want this  
Dyin' a be famous but you can't attain this  
Poppin' that coochie for Gucci  
Bitches like you ain't shit to me

And don't talk about R E S P E C T  
'Cause I treat my black sisters like royalty  
Now go in peace, don't make me get raw  
And treat you like the harlot that you are filthy bitches

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