

Keyshia Cole

"BITCH"

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[Chorus]

Goodbye American Bitch you've got to go
Don't think you'll ever, ever, never, ever know
How you shot me down so put that gun right back on to
the ground
And hit the road. Yeah leave me alone, yeah

I was downtown leaning, sipping Honey Brown Sleeman
Saw an American chick with eyes, brown beaming
Girl was steaming. Had that Britney Spears look
You know that "Not quite what she appears" look
She strutted over with stars and stripes on her bandana
Ass made me scream. "Ariba!", like I'm Tito Santana
"Hey aren't you Anni Slayd? You must be mad paid
Ryze, Giant, Alliance. Y'all got it made "
There was something about her I just couldn't quite
place
Something shady, jaded, something not right in her
face
But before I knew it, we were getting down to it
On her knees to please as she red, white and blew it
Hanky Panky, she said, "Hurt me, spank me!"
Tattoo on her ass that read "Damn, Dirty Yankee"
We concluded, then I looked at her eyes for approval
That's when I noticed the dollar signs in her pupils

[Chorus]

Oh say can't you see what you've done to me?
She took her patriot missiles and shot right through me
She seemed the perfect girl but she was stealing my
pearls
More cash than M.J. but she ain't healing the world
I needed her, so bad that I fiened for her

I would've had seeds with her, I even left my Queen for
her
Propaganda. Information second handed
Dissed up my girl so she'd be last trick standing
"Your girls got bad hair", She said with a dead stare
"Her lipstick is frightening", I guess that's my Red
Scare

I was swindled as my relationship dwindled
When I gave all my cream to those gold diggin'
dimples
By the dawn's early light, tried hard to treat her right
But she was the most gung ho, ho since Condeleeza
Rice
See the Canadian in me was just lovin' the beaver
But I had to chase that ass out my house with a cleaver

[Chorus]

This is my Orange Alert so open your eyes
This American Dream ain't who you're hoping to find
She invaded your land, now staying is the plan
Stealing your resources like candy from a baby's hand
That's a fact so check lines in the track
I know you love titties but get your mind off her rack
Whether black or white, Spanish or Chinese
Grenadian, Korean or Vietnamese
She'll make you fall flat for her and snatch your
collateral
Then leave you all alone now that's unilateral
To ladies in the U.S. here's the point that I push
I ain't hatin' on y'all, I just ain't lovin your Bush

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