

## Nas

# "The Makings Of A Perfect Bitch"

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I know you think you got it together player but fuck the  
bird

You with and listen close to the makings of a perfect  
bitch

Listen close to the makings of a perfect bitch there's  
always

One thing wrong and you wish that you could switch or  
fix

While you shapin' every curve and hips, you heard of  
this?

The makings of a perfect bitch

A ghoul at night, I role like Jack the Ripper trying to  
choose my wife

I need a ass of a stripper, fat lipper mad niggaz in this  
one predicament

You try to choose a loyal one and stick with it, my  
stupid dick again

Searching for something to jump and then start  
humpin'

Convincing me that the history of a woman is about  
Leaving a nigga with nothing so my experiences taught  
me

How to come up with a plan to make a right one for the  
man

A toy for the boy, the one that righteously will  
understand

And since I can't find her I guess I gotta make her I  
creep in the night

Like a kinky undertaker I think I'm on a caper to abduct  
a nerd

From the Ivy League, next stop at the strip club snatch  
a bad one

And flee what's next, I'm stakin' out a five star  
restaurant

To kidnap the chef, say goodbye to the stress

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I stitch 'em together then I kiss 'em forever these  
surgical gloves  
Are made of love, couldn't be better four cycles of  
blood  
Child birth first menstrual cycle, last menstrual cycle  
then death  
That's four, so I guess rebirth is the fifth put 'em  
together  
That's a genius, a slut and a chef holdin' the scalpel  
While cutting the flesh heavy bleeding, so I need  
suction  
It's such a mess if she survives she'll be sucking me  
next

Dark nipples on her D-cup breasts so I could titty fuck  
While she do my taxes for the IRS so I could just relax,  
shit  
By now I'm blessed I'm her daddy I'm her Messiah, I'm  
God  
'Cause I injected obedience and loyalty in her heart  
Know you mad 'cause you with a bitch that nag you to  
death  
I smack mine on the ass and she breathe her first  
breath

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Gimme Sade's mystique, she gotta know her way in the  
streets  
Like Billie Holiday in Harlem body from Kethi Johnson  
And Kenya Moore and Apple Bottoms Maya Angelou's  
brain  
And some groove from Terry McMillan them Angelina

Jolie lips

Angela Davis, Sista Souljah's wit helping me load clips

Some words form a pimp was, "Nas, it just don't exist"  
But homes is twisted, a home ain't a home without,  
without the misses

All the girls that I named are queens, no disrespect  
But I need me someone to disappear, reappear like I  
dream of Jeannie

Whenever I want, I think I met her, it's on, forever I'll  
flaunt

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