

## Poor Righteous Teachers

### "Sista"

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featuring missjones

I met the strangest chick imported from Bangladesh  
So what's your angle miss?  
Weak wicked and dangerous?  
She spoke the languages English and Arabic  
Told me very quick she won't be sucking any dick  
Say Wise Intelligent you're unlike most other men  
A lot of brothers been filling me up with compliments  
So where your body's been  
That's all we need to know love  
Can turn this raven to a dove  
Or are you just gon' try to rise above  
Her kiss bionic, stimulating like a roots tonic  
Let's be platonic sister I ain't even hearing it  
You got me fearing that love's among the actual facts  
I gots to come correct, all wise right and exact  
I want you mentally and physically reflecting me  
You wants my agony penetrating sexually  
You won't commit but you persist with this sex shit  
I won't submit cause I'm Allah and God is dominant  
The sex is good but I don't need another lover sis  
I'm on this trip in pursuit of Miss Intelligent  
Not my type but I felt like I could change a bit  
Strange, I had this thing for Miss Bangladesh  
Was it the way she used to feed me fruit and rock me  
well?  
Her wet body and punanny drip the sweetest smell  
Ain't hard to tell she was the bomb like Nas and  
Akinyele  
Skin black, poom fat, sexy as hell.

Chorus (missjones)

I can't hate you, though I have tried  
Ahhhh, ahhh, ahhh  
I still really really love you  
Love is stronger than pride

Africa, ain't quite over her  
Scoping her, my style with Ethiopia  
Direct descendant from the Queen of Sheba, Makeba

And King Solomon, Fela'sha in origin  
The sweetest lips that my tongue ever taste  
Cute face the softest thing my arms ever embraced  
Displaced for centuries from the rest of her race  
Erased from history, see we had that much in common  
We used to kick it on the dock by the Red Sea  
Or on the Nile in a boat made of papyrus leaves  
She told the tales of the perfect love and I was it  
I tell the tales of how I fell for Miss Bangladesh  
Pure finesse, the moon reflected silhouette  
As I caress the nipples of her naked breast  
Chest to chest, one, flesh of my flesh  
Bone of my bone Africa had it going on  
She spoke "shalom", peace in Hebrew style  
Her voice melodic and exotic like the Virgin Isles  
No Madagascar, or how I was tempted to ask her  
To be my wife but my conscience wouldn't let me trap  
her  
I felt like I was being selfish to perceive the thought  
And having sharks crowning me the thief of hearts  
This sister had the kind of beauty Wise Intelligent  
Thinks every brother on the planet should experience

Chorus

I can't hate you baby, though I have tried  
Ahhhh, ahhhh, ahhh  
I still really really love you  
Love is stronger than pride

I stopped off to reminisce, it's a natural bliss  
But yo, I fully miss her, sort of like this other sister  
Me and her walked the sands of India  
Me and India, took showers and plenty of  
Baths together, made love in the rainy weather  
Yet even better, I shared many orgasms with her  
She took me home, disconnected the phone  
Played the jazz of Billie Holiday and Nina Simone  
She said a man is not a man if he's no worker man  
Some old Patra shit, but I admit I was loving it  
She said I did it for the love of the shit  
So get it up hold it down like a son of bitch boy  
It brings me joy making me make noise  
But don't you know my roommate's trying to sleep next  
door  
I said sure, let's swing up out of this piece  
We swung the next episode, back seat of my jeep  
Peep how we did creep, iller sex no sleep  
She blamed it on me because she ain't no freak  
Sing joy to the world the lord is come, let Earth receive  
her king  
But how you mean, crack a tin relax and I'll explain

She called me names of ancient kings I called her  
queen  
I was her first, she called me God I called her Earth  
We just conversed on the first full moon of May  
And Miss Bombay India still ain't over me.

Chorus

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