

A Tribe Called Quest F/ Busta Rhymes "Sista"

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(Chorus: Sung by a woman):
Sista, you've been on my mind.
Sista, we're two of a kind.
Sista, I'm keeping my eyes on youâ€¦!

Sista. Black girl, how you living?
Niggaz say you trippin'. They talk about how you're
bitching
Some feel, you're out to get them, and you're wicked
as shit
They say your actions make you deserve to be treated
like a bitch
But, as the sun can make the Earth travel at
magnificent speeds
I can make these sistas stop and revolve around me
See, I'm your D to the O to the D to the P to the R: your
teacher
I'll turn the savagest sista, into Shakilah
I leave no room for imperfection. I'm as god as god
gets
I love your hair when it's nappy. Your lips when they
thick
Manipulate that excess fume. Lubricate you at the
womb
Girl, you could've been my earth, but you chose to be
his moon
Why of course. I like scorts and the daisy duke shorts
But "Word is Life." The gods are righteous
You should've been rocking three-quarters
It seems the bigger your breast, the tighter the shirt
And the larger your behind, the smaller the skirts
I never wanted to be pointing out the wrong within you
But I see room for correction in some things that you
do
You telling me, "All men are dogs," and we ain't about
shit
So when a fool call you "bitch," you insist on flip
But what really fucked me up is when I saw you that day
Your girlfriend called you a bitch and it was peace and
okay
Sista, your situation ethics never did mean jack

And I know for a fact, you can't explain that
I give a shout out, to all the full time queens:
Anti-bitch around the clock, who know what black
woman means
Ain't trying to paint no evil picture
I'm trying to get with ya
Your righteous people miss ya:
Black sista

(Chorus: Sung by a woman. From "The Color Purple."):
Sista, you've been on my mind.
Sista, we're two of a kind.
Sista, I'm keeping my eyes on you.

Brother. Black man, how you living?
Sistas say we trippin'. They talk about how we're
slipping
They feel we out to get them, and we know that it's
wrong
They say our actions make us deserve to be treated
like we're dogs
But as the sun can maintain and provide for the earth
The black man can fat her, and not bounce at the birth
See, she's your Q to the U to the E to the EN: your sista
Some brothers often diss her. Impregnate n' not be
with her
See brother, you can draw her up
Make her as earth as earth as earth gets
But it takes a god of a black man to plant and grow this
But you manipulate her brain. Throw her on that transit
train
Trafficking your crack cocaine. You niggaz is insane
I'll tell you plain and simple. As long as Sha got
instrumentals
I can brush this off you mental: from here to infinite
She's a hooker. She's a slut. A mother fucking hood rat
But you telling her for the sex, she's a queen and all of
that?
Man, I cram to understand . God damn. I swear to the
Vilan
This shit gets out of hand. Must be worth 50 grand
I'm not trying to paint no evil picture
I'm trying to get with ya
Your righteous people miss ya:
Black sista

(Chorus: Sung by a woman):
Sista, you've been on my mind.
Sista, we're two of a kind.
Sista, I'm keeping my eyes on you.

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