

RZA**"Jazzy Belle"**

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Verse One: Andre

Yeah

Oh yes I love her like Egyptian, want a description, my
royal highness

So many plusses when I bust that there can't be no
minus

Went from yellin crickets and crows, bitches and hoes
to queen thangs

Over the years I been up on my toes and yes I seen
thangs

like Kilroy, chill boi because them folks might think you
soft

talkin like that, man fuck them niggaz I'm goin off
and comin right back, like boomerangs when you throw
em

With these old ghetto poems, Bankhead is better for
em

When they can let they throw em, down from hitchikin
and bitin niggaz

until the temple they call the body, now everybody got
it

Had it, talked about it amongst they friends

Comin around my crew lookin Jazzy, wanna pretend
like you Ms. Goodie, Four-Shoes, even Bo knew, that
you got caught

like accupuncture patients while our nation is a boat
Straight sinkin, I hate thinkin that these the future
mommas

of our chillun, they fuckin a different nigga every time
they get the feelin to, I'm willin to go the extra kilo-
meter

just to see my seniorita get her pillow

on the side of my bed where no good ever stay

House and doctor was the games we used to play
but now it's real Jazzy Belle...

Verse Two: Big Boi

See what if you was a playa real playa not no slouch

Havin the very best of life lots of steak and Perignon

Smokin an ounce of weed yeah every single day was
personal FreakNik
Freakin these hoes in Polo clothes life as you conceived
it
but your conception, deception, lookin into your watch I
see
you weapon and it's depressin, they're diggin up in
your thighs
leavin deposits keep your closets open not your boots
and drawers
Hopin to get you sprung like bell-bottoms, steadily
callin me Antwan
cause you thinkin that you my lady bitch don't play me
cause you're chanky
I wanted to hit that ass but me and the Goodie we got
danky
So thank thee, you runnin that Southerplayalistic game
You was the only one to blame, a nigga don't even
know yo' name
it's a shame, you crackin em up and fuckin a nigga like
Tupac up
I'm leavin these foes to be the flowers and wake don't
get me see
I gotta be feedin my daughter, teach her to be that
Natural Woman
Cause you'll be Waiting to Exhale while you other hoes
be
Dumb and Dumber, yeah you know what I'm sayin?

Verse Three: Andre, Big Boi

One two, yessss, ummkay, check this out right here
now
See me ain't no good, in the black on black 'Llac no star
Windows are tinted so that no one knows who us are
Talk bad about her nigga guaranteed to snap like bra
Strap stickin together like grandma and grandpa-pa
In this dog eat dog world, kitty cats be scratchin on my
furry coat to curl, up with me and my bowl of kibbles
and bits
I want to earl, cause most of the girls that we was likin
in high school, now they dykein *laughin*

Havin no mercy for the disrespect-ful ones, some
be hangin around the crew lookin for funds, dumb
deaf and fine, they be, askin me all about mine
How she doin how she be, I know she's sippin that wine
behind my back they skwak like vultures
Off and On like Trendz of Cultures baby
hey he, fakin it like these sculptured, nails
But they can go to hell and lay with Lucifer

Cause they burnin anyway, Big Boi user and abuser

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