

Lupe Fiasco, Bitch Bad

Yeah

I say bitch bad, woman good, lady better
Hey, hey, hey, hey

Now imagine there's a shawty, maybe five maybe four
Ridin' round with his mama listening to the radio
And a song comes on and a not far off from being born
Doesn't know the difference between right and wrong
Now I ain't trying to make it too complex
But let's just say shawty has an undeveloped context
About the perception of women these days
His mama sings along and this what she says
'Niggas I'm a bad bitch, and I'm bad bitch
far above average?
And maybe other rhyming words like cabbage and savage
And baby carriage and other things that match it
Couple of things that are happenin' here
First he's relatin' the word 'bitch' with his mama, comma
And because she's relatin' to herself, his most important source of help,
And mental health, he may skew respect for dishonor

Bitch bad, woman good
Lady better, they misunderstood
I say, I say, i say
Bitch bad, woman good
Lady better, they misunderstood
(I'm killin' these bitches)
Uh, tell 'em

Yeah, now imagine a group of little girls nine through twelve
On the internet watchin' videos listenin' to songs by themselves
It doesn't really matter if they have parental clearance
They understand the internet better than their parents
Now being the internet, the content's probably uncensored
They're young, so they're malleable and probably unmentored
A complicated combination, maybe with no relevance
Until that intelligence meets their favorite singer's preference
'Bad bitches, bad bitches, bad bitches
That's all I want and all I like in life is bad bitches, bad bitches?
Now let's say that they less concerned with him
And more with the video girl acquiescent to his whims
Ah, the plot thickens
High heels, long hair, fat booty, slim
Reality check, I'm not trippin'
They don't see a paid actress, just what makes a bad bitch

Bitch bad, woman good
Lady better, they misunderstood
I say, I say, i say
Bitch bad, woman good
Lady better, they misunderstood
(I'm killin' these bitches)
Uh, tell 'em

Disclaimer: This rhymer, Lupe's not usin' bitch as a lesson
But as a psychological weapon
To set in your mind and really mess with your conceptions
Discretions, reflections, it's clever misdirection
Cause, while I was rappin' they was growin' up fast
Nobody stepped in to ever slow 'em up, gasp
Sure enough, in this little world
The little boy meets one of those little girls
And he thinks she a bad bitch and she thinks she a bad bitch
He thinks disrespectfully, she thinks of that sexually

She got the wrong idea, he don't wanna fuck her
He thinks she's bad at being a bitch like his mother
Momma never dress like that, come out the house, hot mess like that
Ass, titties, dress like that
All out to impress like that
Just like that, you see the fruit of the confusion
He caught in a reality, she caught in an illusion
Bad mean good to her, she really nice and smart
But bad mean bad to him, bitch don't play your part
But bitch still bad to her if you say it the wrong way
But she think she a bitch, what a double entendre?

Bitch bad, woman good
Lady better, they misunderstood
I say, I say, i say
Bitch bad, woman good
Lady better, they misunderstood
(I'm killin' these bitches)
Uh, tell 'em

Bitch bad, woman good
Lady better, they misunderstood
You're misunderstood
Bitch bad, woman good
Lady better, greatest motherhood
(I'm killin' these bitches)