

## Descriptive Introduction to JEZEBEL for d/Deaf and Hard-of-Hearing Patrons



JEZEBEL starts with repetitive music with a slow, hypnotic beat and no words. It has a cool mood that continues for the whole first section.

The beat drops out when the performer dances her hands around her face. The sound is quiet and ambient.

It stays quiet and ambient for a long time, until the performer lies down next to the microphone. The sounds are resonant, and highly distorted, sounding more like an electric keyboard than a human voice. At first, the tones stop and start, like testing things out. Eventually the sounds become more continuous, and turn into words that turn into singing. These lyrics are projected on the screen at the back of the stage.

When the performer stops singing, a bass-heavy track with a strong, consistent beat comes on. This track continues for a long time, eventually evolving into a new, bouncy rhythm that matches the flashing lights. It only stops when a big puff of smoke is released and the performer rests.

When the performer rides the bicycle, Big Pimpin' by Jay-Z comes on. The lyrics aren't projected, but they're printed below. The song continues even after she gets off the bike and as she dances in the inflatable suit.

There is a transition in quiet as the performer returns to the microphone. The words of her rap are projected on the stage behind her. At the end of her rap, her voice is drowned out by a droning dissonant noise, layered over a looped beat.

The sound disappears when the stage goes dark.

## Big Pimpin' by Jay Z ft UGK

Uh, uh uh uh

It's big pimping baby (That's right)  
It's big pimping, spending Gs  
Feel me uh-huh uh, uh-huh  
Ge-ge-geyeah, geyeah  
Ge-ge-geyeah, geyeah

You know I thug 'em, fuck 'em, love 'em, leave 'em

'Cause I don't fucking need 'em

Take 'em out the hood, keep 'em looking good

But I don't fucking feed 'em  
First time they fuss I'm breezing  
Talking about, "What's the reasons?"  
I'm a pimp in every sense of the word  
Bitch, better trust and believe 'em  
In the cut where I keep 'em

'Til I need a nut, 'til I need to beat the guts  
Then it's "beep beep" and I'm picking them up  
Let 'em play with the dick in the truck  
Many chicks wanna put Jigga's fists in cuffs  
Divorce him and split his bucks  
Just because you got good head

I'ma break bread, so you can be living it up?  
Shit, I part with nothing, y'all be fronting  
Me give my heart to a woman?

Not for nothing, never happen; I'll be forever macking

Heart cold as assassins, I got no passion  
I got no patience and I hate waiting  
Ho, get your ass in and let's ride!  
Check em out now, ride!

Ride!

Check em out now, ride!

We doing big pimping, we spending cheese  
Check 'em out now, big pimping on B-L-A-Ds

We doing big pimping up in NYC

It's just that Jigga Man, Pimp C, and B-U-N B  
We doing big pimping, we spending cheese  
Check 'em out now, big pimping on B-L-A-Ds

We doing big pimping up in NYC

It's just that Jigga Man, Pimp C, and B-U-N B  
Nigga, it's the big Southern rap impresario  
Coming straight up out the black barrio  
Makes a mill' up off a sorry ho  
Then sit back and peep my scenario  
Oops, my bad, that's "my scenario"  
No, I can't fuck a scary ho

Now every time, every place, everywhere we go  
Hoes start pointing, they say: "There he go!"  
Now these motherfuckers know we carry mo'

Heat than a little bit

We don't pull it out over little shit  
And if you catch a lick when I spit  
Then it won't be a little hit

Go read a book, you illiterate son of a bitch!

And step up your vocab!

Don't be surprised if your ho stab out with me  
And you see us coming down on your SLAB  
Living ghetto-fabulous, so mad, you just can't take it

But nigga if you hating I

Then you wait while I get your bitch butt-naked  
Just break it; you gotta pay like you weigh  
Wet with two pairs of clothes on

Now get your ass to the back as I'm flying to the track

Timbaland, let me spit my prose on  
Pump it up in the pro-zone

That's the track that we breaking these hoes on

Ain't the track that we flows on

But when shit get hot then the Glock start popping like

ozone

We keep hoes crunk like Trigger-man  
For real, it don't get no bigger, man  
Don't trip, let's flip, getting thrown on the flip  
Getting blown with the motherfucking Jigga Man, fool!

We be big pimping, spending cheese  
We be big pimping on B-L-A-Ds  
We be big pimping down in P.A.T

It's just that Jigga Man, Pimp C, and B-U-N B  
We be big pimping, spending cheese  
We be big pimping on B-L-A-Ds  
We be big pimping in P.A.T

It's just that Jigga Man, Pimp C, and B-U-N B

Smoking out, pouring up  
Keeping lean up in my cup  
All my car got leather and wood  
In my hood we call it "buck"  
Everybody wanna ball  
Holler at broads at the mall  
If he up, watch him fall  
Nigga, I can't fuck with y'all  
If I wasn't rapping, baby  
I would still be riding Mercedes  
Coming down and sipping daily  
No record 'til whitey pay me

Uh, now what y'all know about them Texas boys?

Coming down in candied toys  
Smoking weed and talking noise  
We be big pimping, spending cheese  
We be big pimping on B-L-A-Ds  
We be big pimping down in P.A.T

It's just that Jigga Man, Pimp C, and B-U-N B  
We be big pimping, spending cheese  
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It's just that Jigga Man, Pimp C, and B-U-N B  
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We be big pimping in P.A.T

It's just that Jigga Man, Pimp C, and B-U-N B

On the canopy, my stamina be  
Enough for Pamela Anderson Lee  
MTV jam of the week

Made my money quick, then back to the streets  
But still sitting on blades, sipping that Ray  
Standing on the corner of my block, hustling

Still getting that 'caine

Half what I paid slipping right through customs  
It'll sell by night, it's egg-shell white  
I got so many grams, if the man find out

It will land me in jail for life

But I'm still big pimping, spending cheese  
With Bun B, Pimp C, and Timothy  
We got bitches in the back of the truck  
Laughing it up, Jigga Man: that's what's up!  
We be big pimping, spending cheese  
We be big pimping on B-L-A-Ds  
We be big pimping down in P.A.T

It's just that Jigga Man, Pimp C, and B-U-N B  
We be big pimping, spending cheese  
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