

## Destinys Child "Big Momma's Theme"

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[JD with Destiny's Child in background]

Yo New York in da house

(DC: Do do do do...)

Brooklyn in da house

Uptown in da house

Chi Town in da house

Atlanta, Georgia are you in da house?

West Coast in da house (Vita)

Everybody in da house

Baby, baby come on

Baby come on

[Vita]

Yo, yo, yo who that be?

V-I-T-A

Big Momma lady murders away

We play twenty-four hours a day

Mind on money twenty-four hours a day

It's hard to say or tell when there's love in the air

So I continue to be Miss Dawg of the year

And take care of my peeps when the street is hot

You need a place to stay, just pull out the cot

And I swerve in the two-door car without no shotgun

Driver took 'em lukewarm to hot like lava

I'm not one that's forgotten

There's a lot of haters that be hating for nothing

With their hand out waiting for something

Chick like me I waits for nothing

Put in work 'til the cake come in

So breathe easy whenever you need me

Just yell, V-I-T-A know it well

Chorus: [Destiny's Child]

This is Big Momma's house

We ain't gonna take no popping off at the mouth

This is Big Momma's house

Those that get a chance to dance they get turned out

This is Big Momma's house

One night spent here have you climbing up the wall

This is Big Momma's house

We ain't gonna take no mess at all, no no

[Da Brat]

You know how Da Brat-tat get  
The dough stack (what?)  
Ready for combat get your head cracked (what?)  
Could cook a steak up and dice that paper  
Chop it up like onions to add that flavor (o-oh!)  
I'm fresh, even your mami wish I was her seed  
I rip a hole in the track as it bleed  
I breeve on 'em and make 'em feel the heat  
Obviously it's evident I can't be beat, what?  
I strut in dem thirty-eight jeans or the fitted ones  
Either way you still wanna split something  
Could it be the curves in the waist?  
Or could it be the Suburban I push when I swerve  
through the place  
Got the nerve to not be able to be replaced  
Haters can't tap in 'cause I can't be traced  
This my house, don't speak until spoken to  
Disrespect me and I'm choking you, what?

CHORUS

[JD & Destiny's Child]

(Do, do, do, do...)  
Put your hands up  
(Do, do, do, do...)  
Put your hands up  
(Do, do, do, do...)  
Put your hands up  
(Do, do, do, do...)

CHORUS (2X)

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