

Jimmie's Chicken Shack

"Big Mama"

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[VERSE 1]

Save all the drama
Cause here comes the Big Mama
Any bitch who rip Shanny, I bomb her
Cause y'all weak-ass hoes got me fed up
So hookers, get your gloves, and yo, let's got head up
Wall to wall y'all all will fall
I don't stall cause in this brawl it's winner takes all
A title bout for all the clout
Any hooker tryin to step to this, it's lights out
One hit, your head split, throat slit
Think you're Miss It, but I started this shit
At 14 years old I was goin gold
While I was on tour, you was tourin the hoe stroll
Suckin dicks and turnin tricks to get a quick fix
While I was puttin dope hits in the mix
Rippin shows with Kane and Biz Markie
Fuckin up Roxanne and takin out Sparky
Niggas came in flocks from blocks and blocks
To watch the Rox knock bitches out the box
And every place I played, I headlined
Stricly big names on the topic read mine
The q-u-double e-n
Queen of emceein
Whenever I flow it's poetry in
Motion, so you can save all the drama
And get the fuck out the way, here comes the Big
Mama

(Mama - mama - Aww!)

(I gave birth to most of them MC's)

[VERSE 2]

Rhymes are deadly, so hooker, write out your will
Here comes the queen foot-first to your grill
Recitin poems that hit like boulders
Smackin your head dead off your muthafuckin
shoulders
So nip all the talk in a bud
This ain't no gameboy, I came to draw blood
At any hag thinkin that she can last with me

It only takes one blast, and that ass'll be
Wrecked, ruined, damaged, ripped
Cross my path, your ass'll get whipped
Cause ShantÃ© ain't about no games
Matter of fact, yo, I'ma start callin off names
First up there's Latifah
You roll up, and I'ma smoke that ass like reefer
Cause you ain't never in life been a star to me
Sold the fuck out tryin to go R&B
Now that shit is shady
You say ladies first, well I'm the first lady
And all y'all hoes are phoney
Try to get flippid, I'ma rip you and your girl Monie
You're illegitimate, tryin to get a little bit
And I'm about sick of that 'Monie-in-the-middle'-shit
Your album cold garbage
Had one good jam, now you think you a star, bitch
Breakin your neck tryin to be in the limelight
But give you a mic, and you can't even rhyme right
So get the fuck off the scene
Cause I got a M-16 that says 'Shanny's the queen'
And all you bitches got your style from me
The capital S-h-a-n-t-Ã©
Used to go to my show, analyze how the sound flow
On the down low, fuck around, lay around, hoe
So save all the drama
And make room for the Big Mama

(Mama - mama - Aww!)
(I gave birth to most of them MC's)

[VERSE 3]

The real queen's in effect
Whenever I come, yo, I come correct
And niggas give me the utmost due respect
And any hag that try to last
'll cold get smoked like marihuana cause her ass is
grass
I dig ditches for you bitches
While I collect riches and give you a head full of
stitches
Cause in a beef I don't sleep or lollygag
Sendin you hags off-stage in a bodybag
Cause ShantÃ© is a rebel
You say you're lyte as a rock, you get crushed like a
pebble
One word, and I'ma bag her
Watch the bitch stagger, cause I don't dig the
bulldagger
To me a wush don't deserve a mic in hand
Somebody tell her to stop actin like a man

She needs somethin real thick to help her out quick
(What?) And that's a good piece of dick
Now as for that West Coast slut
With fake-ass hair, contacts, and a patted butt
Instead of stompin to the 90s, use your brain
And stomp your ass down to Jack Lelane
You better hurry and hop on a diet plan
And keep the pork chops out the fryin pan
Yeah, I said it, so what?
You roll up, slut, you get a fuckin gumbut to your gut
I'm bringin tears to all my peers
I ain't new, I been doin this shit for 10 years
Bring any hoe, and I wreck her
I rip the nicest, from Isis down to Salt-N-Pepa
And now you know that I'm the star of the show, hoe
While I get dough, you're givin up the yo-yo
You say a nigga can't play with it
You got another job? Well bitch, you better stay with it
Cause you ain't shit in this here
Shant'©'s the queen, and I'm makin it clear
Kickin flavors the way it's supposed to be
That's why no other MC's comin close to me
I leave em all in the dust
>From crumbs to crust
It's a must that all opponents get bust
So get the fuck off the stage and save all the drama
And make room for the Big Mama

(Mama - mama - Aww!)
(I gave birth to most of them MC's)

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