

Joe Budden "Big Shot (G-Unit Diss)"

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[Joe Budden]

Okay Thugs...

It's...It's...It's (What?)

It's that on Top Music

[Chorus]

You had to be a big Shot, Didn't Ya'?

Had to open up Ya' Mouth

You had to be a big Shot, Didn't Ya'?

Had to prove it to the crowd

Had to Have the last word that Night

You Know what everything's about

You had to be a big Shot, Didn't Ya'?

You had to be a big Shot, Didn't Ya'?

[Verse 1]

Yeah Yeah, It's Ya' Boy Boy, Listen to 'em

I think maybe the steroids is finally gettin' to him

Or maybe it's people Believing all the Hard raps

Or maybe it's the tank top with the Bra Straps

Maybe he's really beleiving he's a thief'n

like the dude he stole his name from

Dude ain't the same none

Nothing's hardbody about him, He's like Puddin'

So can't we all beat off all his white Goodmen

Now I can and just wait till his team dissolve

Or I can go and get ya thick (Broad) No Screens

involved

I get you offed for a clip, No fiends involved

or we can take it one further, get queens invovled

Where they know he never went to Jail, Never over a
banger

He went to bootcamp, not in pop with the Gansgters

Sorta' like Yayo who stayed in D.C

and you can ask anybody up in D.C

But I guess he's a tough guy now, The Kids Free

but doing that kind of Jail time is easy

but it's not beneath me, Really I gives a fuck

I could put the whole Unit on the next Nip & Tuck (But!)

to keep his dudes in cheek, I keep it real with him

punched banks in the face and he still with 'em

Don't worry 'bout me putting clips in the forty

to pistol whip Lloyd when fifty'll do it for me

[Chorus]

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[Verse 2]

Far as the kid game, he lame to say the least
mad he from the west, so he diverted to the East
All he talk about, Him and his Man that'll blast pounds
but when you see him, He just dancing in the
Background
I tore Game apart
thought by now the asshole would have a change a
heart
Especially since I got the tape of this GANGSTA on
change of Heart
Teary eyed cause his shorty had a change of Heart
But I smell something fishy, there's a con in the Air
Slacks, His tongue pierced, Streaks Blonde in his Hair
Who's he Playing With? Keep saying shit
And ya' body will take the same tour Reagan's did
Still trying to get a buzz, Embarassed, The Kid's Hurtin'
Reachin', He's losin' his head, He's Nick Birkman
And far as Banks & Buck, I'm done duscussing 'em
(Why?)
I only beef with Nigga's who own Publishing
Curtis you a bum, and you almost done
Same artist you dissing exactly's what become
Saw him at Summer Jam, and all he did was stare
Walked on stage, all you heard was Chairs/ Cheers
(Man, Ya'll don't get it)
Don't be Singin' No More, You a queen, No More
And he can't even step foot in queens no more
Selling his soul, Banks, Don't be proud of Ya' Father
Now we all see the power of the dollar

[Chorus]

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