

Js

"Big Shot"

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A-one, a-one-two

It's like, it's like, it's like, it's like, it's like...

CHORUS

Everybody wants to be a big shot

Everybody wants to make a quick buck

Everybody wants to be on the top

Everybody wants to be...

(repeat)

Just like me, just like me

The S to the A to the L to the fa-sol-la T's makin' dough

(Nuts?) No, but as in big bucks

So (huh?), so (who?), so what the hell

It doesn't matter who goes 'n buy my records long as
they sell

And I can tell that you don't like me very well

Pop-popular hit, pop hits is makin' my pockets swell

And makin' me a little rich now (yeah, baby)

You ain't seen nothing if you think that I'm a bitch now

Check it out, check it out

Just watch me, just watch me

I wasn't tryin' to be a hooker sellin' pootang

Up and down the block just ain't my thang

I seen a lot of women fall and gettin' fast money

Cuz either AIDS or jail will get that ass, honey

I needed more to explore so I tried rap

Now in 1993, I'm livin' mack stack

Check my attitude it comes with the territory, baby

And now I'm drivin' niggas crazy

CHORUS

Everybody wants to get paid, paid like a Lou Mays

Poppin' that coochie or sellin' fake Guccis

Whatever's in style and costs some big ?

Just to get one, niggas get a real five

It's all about the great paper chase

A million dollars worth of whip appeal could even buy
Babyface

So read me all the rules so I can have my money right

Cuz I'm a new lady boss keepin' game tight

So, you think you're all that, feelin' kinda phat

But can you see where the wrong is?

I, I don't know much about ya

But there's no doubt you're out to get yours anyway you
can

CHORUS

[You know what? I can't stand them Salt-N-Pepa bitches

They think they're all that cuz they're popular in Europe

Yeah, probably sell-out hookers

Oh, oh, and they swear everybody want to be like them

Please, I don't wanna be like them bitches

I know - live in a big house and have all them bills and
headaches and stuff

Oh, and Spinderella

Nah, nah, nah, she's cool, it's them other bitches I can't
stand

(So I'm a bitch now?)

Oh, Sue, there they go, right there Salt, Pepa!

(Sometimes I be buggin' because I'm rich now)

Yo, Pepa, can I get your autograph for my son?

(Well, I don't need nothin' cuz you know that I'm a bitch,
y'all)

Yo, y'all's hair is real fly, where'd ya all get your hair
done at?

(You say, "oh, ain't she somethin'" because I'm rich
now

And I'll bet you wanna be like me)

Still can't stand them bitches

(Because I'm rich, y'all, and I'm a bitch, y'all

A rich bitch, y'all, and I know)]

CHORUS

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