

Eye Empire

"Big Shot"

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You know the type of girl that walks in front of you and
makes your jaw drop?
She talks in riddles, and sort of tickles your soft spot
You see her in the club. She treats you like a scrub
She ain't trippin' off you, she got your whole crew in
love
Your day dreamin' of getting her in the bedroom alone
Straight feedin', You's beg like a dog for the bone
And she's peepin', and the reason is she knows
There's a demon in between your legs with a mind of
it's own
Now, you're a weakling, overwhelmed with hormones
Y'all start speakin', she grabs the number to your
phone
And next weekend you invite her to your home
You weren't even thinking. You got played by a pro
She's a big shot. Thick lips, nice legs, green eyes
Took advantage of a thousand. Only slept with three
guys
Ain't a hoe or a groupie. Jane Doe or a Lucy
Her innocent looks are deceiving, so I'm telling you to
be wise
I know she's a cutie, but there's power in that coochie
Underneath those booty tight, cutoff, daisy-dooksy
Levi's

(chorus)

She's a big shot. You know your dream girl
She knows how to use her looks to take advantage of
the world
She's a big shot. You thought you could school her
She dissed you like you were neutered, and told you to
go get a sexual tutor
She's a big shot. She wouldn't touch your ruler
She's so beautiful. A cute but cruel looter, user and
abuser
She's a big shot. Your eyes are glued to her behind
You know her steeze, but you fall for it every time

Now, what about that popular school kid?
The always have been, always will be cool kid?

The class president valedictorian. "A plus", star
quarterback
Cadillac convertible drivin', signin' cheerleaders
autographs
The letter on the jacket. Medal around the neck
Pin on his chest, and mind on his rep
He only dates models. Drinks his Summit from the
bottle
When he walks he waddles, and he ain't never lost a
squabble
He put you in the locker, and took your girlfriend to
prom
He's in your life everyday, and you can't wait 'til he's
gone
But daddy owns a business, so it won't be long
Before he inherits it, makes carats, and sings a rich
man's song
He's got the most expensive clothes and jewelry to
wear
While your looking for a job, he's looking in the mirror
He walks the halls surrounded by his fan club
Starts fads, ends trends, and hits the ceiling when he
stands up
He's a preppy, fame hoggin', pig headed fool
When he has a party, everyone's invited except you
And your crew. And there really ain't nothin' y'all can do
He's in every state, city, and town, as long as they got
a school

(chorus)

He's a big shot. Thick knot in his wallet
Parents got enough money to send your whole family
to college
He's a big shot. Testosterone thirsty
Hallway fahter figure with his masculianity stained on
his jersey
He's a big shot. I.B. class whiz-kid
Braggin' about a big dick, that chick and this chick
He's a big shot..

My favorites are rappers, the egoistical bastards
The people that never clap for your set, they think
you're whacker
Than them 'cause they're the masters
I bet disaster is caused in their mind when you rhyme
And plaster their jaws shut with a fat verse
To him you're a hazard. Weak matter. A reason for
laughter
He's preachin' he's live. But he's only that word
backwards
After he dies, you can climb the ladder, start a chapter

Art you'll capture finally.
But while he breathes, m.c.'s don;t even flatter him
Add a tad if his acrobatical arrogance
To his genteically engineered emotional pattern of
tearin' kids in battles
That'll explain why he mean mugs. He told ya' your
team sucks
Said you dream of choking him with that mic cord
Instead, he blows your mind straight out your head
He says, "Fuck You!" with clarity. You cry hysterically
As it makes a parody of your passion
You tell friends you think he's tight
But secretly, you hope his career won't be lasting
'Cause he's an asshole. But you know he's got nice
sound
You know what else? Your looking at him right now

(chorus)

I'm a big shot. Don't front, you know you love me
Girls never wash their hands after they get a chance to
touch me
I'm a big shot. Hey, you can say I'm a creep
But put me in a room with your idols and I'll make 'em
look weak
I'm a big shot. Shit, can nobody fade me
The only way we can do a song is if somebody pays me
I'm a big shot. Big Shot. Big Props
The best thing to ever happen in the history of hip hop

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