

# Big Shot

Salt-N-Pepa

A-one, a-one-two  
It's like, it's like, it's like, it's like, it's like...

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...

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

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

(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))