

Aretha Franklin, Mr. Bigstuff

ARETHA FRANKLIN

Miscellaneous

Mr. Bigstuff

Oh yeah, hoo

Mr. Bigstuff, who do u think u are?

Mr. Bigstuff, you're never gonna get my love

Not because you wear

All those fancy clothes (oh yeah)

And have a big fine car

Oh yes you do now

Do you think I can't afford

To give you my love (oh yeah)

You think you're higher,

Than every star above

Mr. Bigstuff, who do you think you are?

Mr. Bigstuff, you're never gonna get my love

Now I know all the girls

I've seen you with

I know you broke their hearts

And ate them up bit by bit

You made them cry,

Many poor girls cry

When they trying to keep you happy,

They just trying ta keep you satisfied

Mr. Bigstuff, (tell me tell me), who do you think you are?

Mr. Bigstuff, you're never gonna get my love

I'd rather give my love

To a poor guy that has a love that is true

(Oh yeah)

Then to be fooled by,

And get hurt by you

Cause when I give my love,

I want love in return (oh yeah)

Now I know this is a lesson

Mr. Bigstuff you haven't learned

Mr. Bigstuff, tell me, who do you think you are?

Mr. Bigstuff, you're never gonna get my love

Mr. Bigstuff, you're never gonna break my heart

Mr. Bigstuff, you're never gonna make me cry

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