

# Eyedeas, Big Shot

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  
Theres a demon in between your legs with a mind of its 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, "F\*\*k 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