

# Joe Budden, Big Shot (G-Unit Diss)

[Joe Budden]  
Okay Thugs...  
It's...It's...It's (What?)  
It's that on Top Music

[Chorus]  
You had to be a big Shot, Didn't Ya'?  
Had to open up Ya' Mouth  
You had to be a big Shot, Didn't Ya'?  
Had to prove it to the crowd  
Had to Have the last word that Night  
You Know what everything's about  
You had to be a big Shot, Didn't Ya'?  
You had to be a big Shot, Didn't Ya'?

[Verse 1]  
Yeah Yeah, It's Ya' Boy Boy, Listen to 'em  
I think maybe the steroids is finally gettin' to him  
Or maybe it's people Believing all the Hard raps  
Or maybe it's the tank top with the Bra Straps  
Maybe he's really beleiving he's a thieve'n  
like the dude he stole his name from  
Dude ain't the same none  
Nothing's hardbody about him, He's like Puddin'  
So can't we all beat off all his white Goodmen  
Now I can and just wait till his team dissolve  
Or I can go and get ya thick (Broad) No Screens involved  
I get you offed for a clip, No fiends involved  
or we can take it one further, get queens invovled  
Where they know he never went to Jail, Never over a banger  
He went to bootcamp, not in pop with the Gansgters  
Sorta' like Yayo who stayed in D.C  
and you can ask anybody up in D.C  
But I guess he's a tough guy now, The Kids Free  
but doing that kind of Jail time is easy  
but it's not beneath me, Really I gives a fuck  
I could put the whole Unit on the next Nip & Tuck (But!)  
to keep his dudes in cheek, I keep it real with him  
punched banks in the face and he still with 'em  
Don't worry 'bout me putting clips in the forty  
to pistol whip Lloyd when fifty'll do it for me

[Chorus]  
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[Verse 2]  
Far as the kid game, he lame to say the least  
mad he from the west, so he diverted to the East  
All he talk about, Him and his Man that'll blast pounds  
but when you see him, He just dancing in the Background  
I tore Game apart  
thought by now the asshole would have a change a heart  
Especially since I got the tape of this GANGSTA on change of Heart  
Teary eyed cause his shorty had a change of Heart  
But I smell something fishy, there's a con in the Air  
Slacks, His tongue pierced, Streaks Blonde in his Hair  
Who's he Playing With? Keep saying shit

And ya' body will take the same tour Reagan's did  
Still trying to get a buzz, Embarassed, The Kid's Hurtin'  
Reachin', He's losin' his head, He's Nick Birkman  
And far as Banks & Buck, I'm done duscussing 'em (Why?)  
I only beef with Nigga's who own Publishing  
Curtis you a bum, and you almost done  
Same artist you dissing exactly's what become  
Saw him at Summer Jam, and all he did was stare  
Walked on stage, all you heard was Chairs/ Cheers (Man, Ya'll don't get it)  
Don't be Singin' No More, You a queen, No More  
And he can't even step foot in queens no more  
Selling his soul, Banks, Don't be proud of Ya' Father  
Now we all see the &lt;Power of a Dollar&gt;

[Chorus]

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