

## Mr. Big Stuff

Heavy D

I'm rough and tough and all that stuff  
I make you dance and prance 'til you huff and puff  
There's just no way you can get enough  
of ME, yo' Mister, Big Stuuuuff!  
I'm the overweighter, prince dominator  
Emcee Heavy D, constant weight gainer!  
And since I choose, the weight not to lose  
I will stay THIS way, so that I can bruise  
emcees around, who front and frown  
You go round for round, I go pound for pound  
At the end of the party when you're sayin g'night  
Don't come to me and say "take it light"  
I'm your Mr. Big Stuff

I'm a quick rhyme shooter, rap rookie, recruiter  
I always say could, never ever say coulda  
I'm healthy and stacked, not a beast or all fat  
I get applause and awards every time I rap  
I love the way I am, I would NEVER switch!  
I'm the greatest entertainer since a porno flick  
You move and groove to my funky tune  
Party people, it's TIME to make room  
for your Mr. Big Stuff

Rock it, Big Stuff, the record, me the mastermind  
A top dollar money better, go get a, designer  
A fly girl lover and a woman pleaser  
Girls come to me say "Heavy let me squeeze ya"  
An incredible, overweight huggable  
prince, a bold treat, that's why I'm so lovable  
I got the knack to keep the fly girls shovin  
Two hundred and sixty pounds of good lovin  
They all want me, emcee Hev D  
The more of the beef the mo' there is to squeeze  
Got the juice to get loose, make you all get up  
You want a swig, give me a ring, Heavy D  
Your Mr. Big Stuff!  
Eddie F, break down!

Now I'm the swing beat artist with skills to kill  
Money earnin Mt. Vernon's where I live and chill  
When I walk the streets, I get MUCH respect  
Get hellos and what-nots from the young'uns and the vets  
Cause I never been beaten, rhymes are pre-sweetened  
Duck, punk panty emcees, stop retreatin  
Cause on Heavy D, you shouldn't be sleepin  
Takin dirty emcees, away I'm sweepin  
Got a tower, of power, emcees I devour  
Every second of the hour, I send 'em to the shower  
I'm cool! Not a fool, from the new school!  
Drinkin brew by my pool, sittin on my gold stool  
Gotta rock, that I drop, like a horse, on the trot  
When it comes to makin money, it takes what I got  
I know you're sayin to yourself you can't get enough  
But I'll be back, to attack, Heavy D  
Your Mr. Big Stuff!