

Mr. Bigstuff

Aretha Franklin

Oh yeah, hooMr.Bigstuff, who do u think u are?
Mr.Bigstuff, you're never gonna get my loveNot 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 aboveMr.Bigstuff, who do you think you are?
Mr.Bigstuff, you're never gonna get my loveNow 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 satisfiedMr. Bigstuff,(tell me tell me), who do you think you are?
Mr.Bigstuff, you're never gonna get my loveI'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 youCause when I give my love,
I want love in return (oh yeah)
Now I know this is a lesson
Mr.Bigstuff you haven't learnedMr.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
x3

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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