

Shopping Bags (she Got From You)

De La Soul

Shopping bags they weigh down her arms
Popping tags and collars her charm
All them things she got, she got from you
All them things she got, she got from you
Manolo and Prada's her style
Louis, Burberry by the pile
All them things she got, she got from you
All them things she got, she got from you
Yo she know you come to do it, so what'cha want?
Candle light might flick at'cha
Put your credit card to it, she know what to flaunt
Her handle tight like a master
She used to taunt on the runway, yeah she's down to tree
The avenue like her catwalk
Struck a bit to the gun play, that housing street
Looks to die for, ask that chalk man for yo' hand
Spend it, you live to show
All the cash that you can burn
What you need is to end it, 'cause you give the dough
But get no ass back in return
Stay laughin', straight at you dog
Best believe, you wastin' time
Don't deny what's happenin', just clear the fog
And achieve you a peace line, yo it goes like
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Popping tags and collars her charm
All them things she got, she got from you
All them things she got, she got from you
She got from you, sh-sh-she got it
She got from you, sh-sh-she got it
Her frame goes beyond thick, she got you stunned
Livin' it up off the pop hits
Like a dame on a Bond flick, she's not the one
To give it up 'til you cop shit
Just because she's stacked right, she got your soul
Her every wish you now obey
You should be on that act right, but she got control
She say jump, you scream, okay I'm reloaded
Nigga you shootin' blanks

Tryin' to front like you got game
Her crib is sugar coated, like she lootin' banks
But it's your wallet, she done claimed
When the limit of your plastic, reaches the end
You start payin' for your time
She'll be in it for the last bit, of money to spend
And you'll be left with dimes while she fillin' up
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