

# Shopping Bags (She Got From You)

De La Soul

(We not goin to JC Penney's, we not goin to Macy's either)

Shopping bags they weigh down her arm  
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  
Candelight 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 gunplay, 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 (HA, HA HA)  
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

She got from you, she, sh-she, she got it  
She got from you, she, sh-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 actright, 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  
(HA, HA HA) And you'll be left with dimes  
While she fillin up

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She got from you, she, sh-sh, sh-she got it