

# She So

Tom MacDonald

Gucci all on her wrist  
No church for her, Christian Dior  
She sold her soul for designer shit  
And she still spend all day inside the store  
Louis all on her purse  
No church for her, she pray for fame  
She sold her soul for some fancy shit  
And some limo rides, and some cheap champagne  
She so, she so, she so, she so tired  
Bags under both her eyes, but both of them designer  
She go, she go, she go, she go too hard  
She just tryna work, work, work  
But it hurt, hurt, hurts

Uh, she at a party full of suits  
Chilling with the old money, tryna make a move  
She wonder why her parents and her friends don't approve  
But she living in the moment and she has nothing to prove to them  
Couple stacks on a week night, movie and some weed night  
Move a little shit in her free time  
Couple stacks on a week night, they ain't even good, that's a weak night  
Couple friends on her phone like "where you at?"  
She don't even know, she don't holler back  
She tryna make some money and escape  
But they tell her watch her language, she just tryna watch her weight, ah  
Couple guys on her phone like "where you been?"  
She gave 'em what they want, and never saw 'em since  
She tryna make it feel alright, so she shops all day and she cries all night

She don't even know what she wants  
She chilling all day, smoking blunts at the salon  
In her leopard print stilettos with a grape cigarillo  
And a rumor that she heard, and the bitches that she telling  
Dark skin, blonde hair  
Big booty, fake nails  
She acting like it's really what she wanted  
But all she really wanted was to really feel wanted, ah

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New Fendi heels, got the whole collection  
She just follow trends, she don't take directions  
She tryna match her nails with her belt  
She ain't proud of her outfit, she proud of herself  
She got the jewels all glued on her iPhone

Brand new lingerie, fucking with the lights on  
They wrote it off cause they never tried to write home  
She don't even feel like she came from the right home  
Couple girls got her back and they hold it down  
They link up every night and they roll around  
They all tryna get out the city cause they know if they don't all they'll ev  
er be is pretty  
Couple men who really treat her like they should  
Couple women that tell her what's really good  
She just tryna own this game  
And get out of this lonely place

She just tryna do it like she wanna  
Smoke a couple joints and not end up like her mama  
Got a stack in her pillow case  
Racks in a hidden place  
Racks on racks at a cribbo in a different place  
She crying cause there's diamonds in her eyes  
And they're not clear enough to see anything but the price  
She about that life, she about life, fuck, but she don't know why, uh

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