

MeShell Ndegocello**"Pocketbook"**

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Look-a-here

Huh

C'mon

Yeah

C'mon

C'mon

Yeah

C'mon

Ya like to have money in your pocketbook

That's alright

Ya gotta lotta sense

Runnin' through your bones

And that's alright

Your mama got to be fine

You probably breastfed

'Cause you look all healthy

Ooh

With your chi-chi pretty eyes

Put on your prada lip balm

And sit, baby

With the swerve in your hip

Order

Can i get a drink?

Yeah

Yes you can

Pull the wad from your purse

Tip

Start singin' my shit

With the chorus

First

Ya like to have money in your pocketbook

That's alright

Ya gotta lotta sense

Runnin' through your bones

And that's alright

You like to be in the know

With all the major figures

And
That's alright
You like to hang out and shake that thing
Mmm
And that's alright

Girl got your own thing
You know everybody
High class,
Mediocre
To riff raff
Love is the root politic
You read between the paragraphs
You know what you make after taxes
You like to get free
You've been to cuba
And you don't watch tv
You only get greedy
For the power of the p
Yeah
And me
Now

Ya like to have money in your pocketbook
That's alright
Ya gotta lotta sense
Runnin' through your bones
And that's alright
You like to be in the know
With all the major figures
And
That's alright
You like to hang out and shake that thing
All night
And that's alright

Yeah, ooh
How that feel?
How'd

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