

## No Chance

Avery

I ain't your prom queen  
I aint the one u need  
I aint some lil ball of clay u can mold  
In the palm of ur hand  
I dont need protection  
Or for u to hold my hand  
Or u to stick up for me just 'cause u can

I can do it myself

I can be just a little bit  
Of a little bitch when i want 2  
I can be that  
Lil bitch to you  
U know that u  
Don't appreciate dont want me  
So why u actin  
Like u really do?  
'cause i'll feel what i want to  
Do what i gotta do  
Say what i mean  
So no to you  
Why are u trippin  
What r u sippin  
If u think  
We'd be good

I'll never call ur cell  
Make u hurt like hell  
Not really care about what u do  
Piss u off so bad  
Get u really mad  
I hear opposites attract  
But not in this case  
I aint ur type  
U know i'm right  
So stop playin  
Ur foolin urself  
Don't wanna end it  
Lose our good friendship  
But we ain't meant to be