

You Don't Own Me

Grace

You don't own me
You don't own me

Woah, let's go
But I'm Gerald and I can always have just what I want
She's that baddest I would love to flaunt
Take her shopping, you know Yves Saint Laurent
But nope, she ain't with it though
All because she got her own dough
Boss bossed if you don't know
She could never ever be a broke ho

You don't own me
I'm not just one of your many toys
You don't own me
Don't say I can't go with other boys

Don't tell me what to do
And don't tell me what to say
Please, when I go out with you
Don't put me on display

You don't own me
Don't try to change me in any way
You don't own me
Don't tie me down cause I'd never stay

Don't tell me what to do
And don't tell me what to say
Please, when I go out with you
Don't put me on display

Really though, honestly
I get bored of basic bitches
She's the baddest, straight up vicious,
texting her asking her
If shes alone and if she'd sent some pictures,
she said no (what)
Well goddamn, she said come over
and see it for yourself
Never asking for your help, independent woman
She ain't for the shelf
No, she's the one
Smoke with her till the weed is gone
Stayin' up until we see the sun
Baddest ever, I swear she do it better than I've ever seen it done
Never borrow, she ain't ever loan
That's when she told me she ain't never ever ever ever gonna be owned

I don't tell you what to say
I don't tell you what to do
So just let me be myself
That's all I ask of you
I'm young and I love to be young
I'm free and I love to be free
To live my life the way I want
To say and do whatever I please

You don't own me