

# 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

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