

# You Don't Own Me

RZA

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

You telling me where to go  
What to smoke, what a joke  
How to sleep  
How to eat  
How to dress  
How to vote  
How to stress  
How to stroke  
How to bless  
How to  
Mostly you tryna tell me how to think, what a joke

You don't own me  
I'm not just one of your many toys  
You don't own me  
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Keep your nose out of my business and keep your eyes off my wizard  
Keep the game on those digits and keep that butter on that biscuit  
You acting like my name in Kunte and your's is Mr Smith  
You see this four fifth will give your ass a facelift  
Bumping with the guestlist in that Z-diamond necklace  
Tryna front like he's a Benz, son was in the Lexus  
Acting like he New York, he was more like New Texas  
Oh man, his whole style was reckless  
More like a mini-van, big with 4 cylinders  
Got 2 holes up in your chest now  
And it wasn't from no Dillinger  
This Shaolin finger jab, the Wu Tang finger style left him needing stitches  
Snitching like them bitches (bitches)

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