

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 wizards
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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