

You Don't Own Me

Grace

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
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
Stand up until we see the sun
Baddest ever, I swear she do it better than I've ever seen it done
Never fall, she ain't ever long
That when she told me she ain't ever ever ever going be on
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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