

**2 + 2**

**D.O.A.**

You just can't mold me  
I'll be what I wanna be  
And I'll see what I wanna see  
Even if two plus two you means three you can't hold me  
You know my name  
You got my number  
I'm just a somethin  
You wanna put under  
When I'm a walkin  
Down the empty street  
You put up a barrier  
That I have to meet  
You send me a message  
You want me to stop  
The things I'm takin  
From what you got  
Your talk-talk-a-talkin  
Bout what I do  
But ya better stop pushin  
Or it'll be all over for you