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