

# Done

Frazev Ford

I was taking every hit from you  
You drive-by shooting son of a bitch, and I'm done  
Oh whoa, I'm done  
Who told you that you could rewrite the rules, and do you  
Really take me for a goddamn fool cause I'm done  
Oh whoa, I'm done

And you can drag me out before some authority  
If that's what you have to do to feel like you can punish me  
But I can't, I can't, I can't, I can't keep the peace anymore  
With your dogs, with your dogs, at my door

You've been puncing my weaknesses, slandering my name  
You spent all your time trying to place your blame, and I'm done  
Ohh, I'm done  
I used to think I hold the best parts of me  
To sew the holes in your life and the cracks in your seams  
And I'm done  
Oh whoa, I'm done

And I'm sorry that you don't like your life  
But I fought for my own victories and for the beauty in my life  
My joy, my joy, my joy takes nothing from you  
No, my joy, my joy, my joy takes nothing from you

Well, you criticize my numbers, you hammer out the rules  
Wait for me to fuck up, and find yourself some proof  
And I'm done  
Oh whoa, I'm done  
You just soak in the hatred of a sorry line  
Yeah, you hide behind decorum and a fake smile  
And I'm done  
Oh whoa, I'm done

And you can drag me out before a judge and authorities  
If that's what you have to do to feel like you can punish me  
But I can't, I can't, I can't, I can't keep the peace anymore  
With your dogs, with your dogs, at my door  
Well, I can't, I can't, I can't, I can't keep the peace anymore  
With your dogs, with your dogs, at my door