

Power

Joy Crookes

I don't need your permission
I don't want that disease
Lurking through every finger
That you pointed at me
Don't you like it so sexy?
Wearing it like it's free?
Dropping half-priced opinions
But calling me "Coupon queen? ", hm

You got bitches, you got hoes
We the people, and we know
All we want is to be accepted
But you see? No, you don't
You got ideas, all the same
I'm your scapegoat, feed me blame
In the back of your mind
You know you wasted time
And you're crossing lines with your
Crossing lines with your

Power
Come and spend it on me
Power
What it means to be free
Here's the truth, one condition
Can't kill my ambition
Not about if you like how I sing
Can't take my power
You got nothin' on me

You're a man on a mission
But you seem to forget
You came here through a woman
Show some fucking respect, hm

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On me, on me, on me, on me

Close your eyes 'til you can't see me
Yellow polka dot burkini
That they stole off her body that day
If you really want to free me
Tell my mummy that she's pretty
Melanin is not your enemy

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