

# 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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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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