

## F\*\*\* Yourself

Leyla Blue

Ain't it funny how a man  
Who's never met me  
Tries to tell me what I  
Can and cannot do with my body?  
Ain't it funny how we tell our little girls  
Don't be a slut like it's my fault  
He held me down at that party

You'll say my dress was too short  
And if I bring him to court  
You'll let him off with a slap on the wrist  
Until he does it again  
And you'll have to pretend  
You didn't know that he was dangerous

You know what?  
Well you can go and fuck yourself  
I got nothin to say to you  
But fuck yourself  
You don't know what I'm going through

Do you have girls  
Oh, a mother or daughter  
Who got something to lose  
Well, fuck yourself  
'Cause I ain't doin' that for you

Ain't it funny how the guy  
Who gets with everyone in town  
Is a baller or a king or a player  
When the second that a girl  
Gets on her knees before she's married  
You go tell her that she needs a savior

And all the mamas at work  
Who don't get jobs after birth  
Because the man at the top don't understand  
That she can still be a mom  
And have it goin' on  
If you dare to say I'm wrong

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I got nothin to say to you  
But fuck yourself  
You don't know what I'm going through

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Oh, a mother or daughter  
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Well, fuck yourself  
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I ain't doin' that for you