

Avery, No Chance

I ain't your prom queen
I aint the one u need
I aint some lil ball of clay u can mold
In the palm of ur hand
I dont need protection
Or for u to hold my hand
Or u to stick up for me just 'cause u can

I can do it myself

I can be just a little bit
Of a little bitch when i want 2
I can be that
Lil bitch to you
U know that u
Don't appreciate dont want me
So why u actin
Like u really do?
'cause i'll feel what i want to
Do what i gotta do
Say what i mean

So no to you
Why are u trippin
What r u sippin
If u think
We'd be good

I'll never call ur cell
Make u hurt like hell
Not really care about what u do
Piss u off so bad
Get u really mad
I hear opposites attract
But not in this case
I aint ur type
U know i'm right
So stop playin
Ur foolin urself
Don't wanna end it
Lose our good friendship
But we ain't meant to be