

Leyla Blue - F*** Yourself

tom:
 Capotraste na 6ª casa
 Intro: C G Am Dm C G

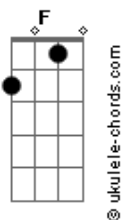
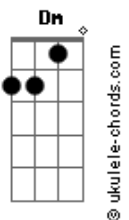
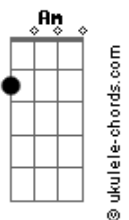
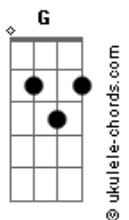
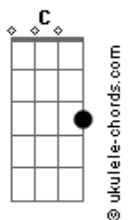
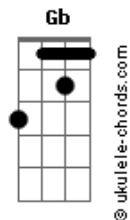
Ain't it funny how a man who's never met me
 Tries to tell me what I can and cannot do with my body?
 Ain't it funny how we tell our little girls
 Don't be a slut like it's my fault
 He held me down at that party

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

(C G Am Dm C G)

Acordes



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 men 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
 Then you can go and fuck yourself (hey)
 I got nothin' to say to you
 But fuck yourself (ooh yeah)
 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
 (C G Am)
 'Cause I ain't doin' that for you