Remember You (feat. The Weeknd)

Wiz Khalifa

She's about to earn some bragging rights
I'm 'bout to give it up like I've been holding back all night
Girl, take pride in what you wanna do
Even if that means a new man every night inside of you
Baby, I don't mind
You can tell by how I roll
Cause my clique hard and my cup cold
My tongue slurred cause I'm so throwed
And I'm wiping sweat from my last show
And he's TG and I'm XO
I'm only here for one night
And I'mma be your memory
Sing it in my ears, so I can hear what you're saying to me
I got cups full of that Rose
Smoke anything that's passed to me
Don't worry 'bout my voice
I won't need it for what I'm about to do to you
Bad bitch, girl I think I might get used to you
I'mma have to take your number when I'm through with you
All I ask of you is try to earn my memory
Make me remember you like you remember me
Bad bitch, girl I think I might get used to you
I'mma have to take your number when I'm through with you
All I ask of you is try to earn my memory
Make me remember you like you remember me
Old rapping ass
Lightyears past the class
Hit it, don't have to pass
Nigga, we the new Aftermath
Niggas after fame, I just had to laugh
Niggas after fame, I'm after cash
You's a fan i'm a player
I'm the man, you's a hater
And I always smoke papers
That's how you tell them Taylored
Nigga listen
Break it down, rolling weed on the island of my kitchen
And not a thing goes down without my permission
Look, everything I got on I was made for
Everything that I got I done came for
All the shit that you see I done slaved for
All the cars and the crib, yeah that's paid for

Need I say more
Spend so much money on clothes
Said fuck a store, making my own
I hope that you're rolling one up while you're singing along
And know I was rolling one while I was making this song
Pour out some shots
You're taking too long
Young and I'm rich
And plus all of my friends on that Bombay and lemondae
Do to you
Bad bitch, girl I think I might get used to you
I'mma have to take your number when I'm through with you
All I ask of you is try to earn my memory
Make me remember you like you remember me
Bad bitch, girl I think I might get used to you
I'mma have to take your number when I'm through with you
All I ask of you is try to earn my memory
Make me remember you like you remember meI'm on some gin, you on some gin
I'm moving slow, I'm driving fast
I hit the weed, you take the wheel
We lose control
Drop the top in that 69
Not Motor 1, not old Chevelle
Can't say things like supposed to feel
Stacking all of this paper, dawg
I like to call this shit old news
It means haters jocking our old moves
Popping champagne cause we made it
Back of the Phantom, we faded
All of this shit that I did I probably won't remember tomorrowDo to you
Bad bitch, girl I think I might get used to you
I'mma have to take your number when I'm through with you
All I ask of you is try to earn my memory
Make me remember you like you remember me
Bad bitch, girl I think I might get used to you
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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