Rolling Stone

The Weeknd

Now your thinkin' bout it Girl your thinkin' bout it What we got here How we fuckin' got here They recognize They just recognize I'm in a life without a home so this recognitions not enough I don't care about nobody else Cause I've been on these streets way too long Baby I've been on this too long Cause getting faded too long Got me on this rolling stone So I take another hit Kill another serotonin With a hand full of beans And a chest full of weed Got me singing bout a bitch While I'm blowing out my steam Yea I know I got my issues Why you think I fuckin' flow? And I'ma keep on smoking 'til I can't hit another note Oooo, but until then

I got you, ooooo Baby I got you, ooooo Until you're used to my face And my mystery fades I got you So baby love me Before they all love me Until you won't love me Because they all left me I'll be different I think I'll be different I hope I'm not different And I hope you'll still listen But until then Baby I got you I got you Girl I still got you I got you