

Rolling Stone

The Weeknd

Now your thinkin' bout it
Girl your thinkin' bout it
What we got here
How we f-ckin' 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
It's 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 f-ckin' 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 your 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

