

## **Weeknd, The "Glass Table Girls"**

Visit "[Glass Table Girls](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

(Verse 1)

Been on another level  
Since you came  
No more pain  
You look into my eyes  
You cant recognize my face  
You're up and now  
You can stay  
You can stay  
But you belong to me  
You belong to me

(Bridge)

If its hurts to breathe  
Open the window  
Hold your mind  
Close to me  
Let your pain go

(Chorus)

This is a happy house  
We're happy here  
In a happy house  
Oh this is fun  
Fun fun fun fun  
fun fun fun fun  
fun fun oh ohhhhhh

(Verse 2)

The music got you lost  
Nights end so much quicker than the days did  
Same clothes, you aint ready for your day shift  
This place will burn you up  
Baby its okay  
Them my niggas next door  
They be workin in the trap  
So get louder if you want  
Just don't pin it on me  
Cause I didnt call your home  
So dont blame it on me girl  
Cause you wanted to have fun

(Bridge)

(Chorus)

Bring the 707 out  
Bring the 707 out  
Bring the 707 out  
Bring the 707 out  
Bring the 707 out  
Bring the 707 out

Seven

Two puffs  
For the lady who be down for that,  
Whenever together  
Bring your whole stash of the greatest  
Trade it  
Roll it up  
burn it up  
Cough it up  
Taste it  
Then watch us chase it  
With a hand full of pills  
No chasers  
Jaw clenchin on some super size papers  
She bad and her head bad  
Escaping, van is her wonderland  
And its half past 6,  
Week's pass cuz time don't exist  
And when the stars shine back to the crib  
Superstar lines back at the crib  
We can test out the tables  
Got some brand new tables  
All glass and it's four feet wide  
But it's a must to get 10 feet high  
She give me sex in that hand bag  
I got her wetter than a wet-mare  
And no closed doors  
So I listen to her moans echo  
"I heard he do drugs now"  
You heard wrong  
I been on them for a minute  
We just never act a fool  
That's just how we fuckin live it  
And when we act a fool  
It's probably cuz we mixed it  
Ya I'm always on that okie dokie  
Them white boys know the deal  
Ain't no fucking phony  
Big O' know the deal

He the one who showed me  
Watch me light this fucking beat  
Like he fucking told me  
Is that your girl?  
What's her fuckin story?  
She cut up bad  
But she ride it like a fuckin pony  
I got down how her man be her fucking story  
Ya I'm talking bout you man get to know me  
Aint no offense though  
I promise you  
If you a real man do  
You gon' side the truth  
But I'm a nice dude,  
With some nice dreams,  
And we can turn this to a nightmare; elm street

La la la la la la so gone, so gone,  
Bring out the glass tables,  
Bring the 707 out x4

707 out  
bring the 707 out

Visit [Weeknd, The](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.