

Weeknd, The "Rolling Stone"

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Now you're thinkin' bout it
Girl you're 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 recognition's 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
But until then

I got you,
Baby I got you,
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

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