

## **Weeknd, The "Wicked Games"**

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I left my girl back home  
I don't love her no more  
And she'll never fucking know that  
These fucking eyes that I'm staring at  
Let me see that ass  
Look at all this cash  
And I emptied out my cards, too  
Now I'm fucking leaning on that

Bring your love, baby, I could bring my shame  
Bring the drugs, baby, I could bring my pain  
I got my heart right here  
I got my scars right here  
Bring the cups, baby, I could bring the drank  
Bring your body, baby, I could bring you fame  
That's my muthafucking word, too  
Just let me muthafucking love you

Listen, ma, I'll give you all I got  
Get me off of this, I need confidence in myself  
Listen, ma, I'll give you all of me  
Give me all of it, I need all of it to myself

So tell me you love me  
Only for tonight, even though you don't love me (Only  
for tonight)  
Just tell me you love me  
I'll give you what I need, I'll Give you what I feind  
(Even though you don't love me)

Let me see you dance  
I love to watch you dance  
Take you down another level  
Get you dancing with the Devil  
Take a shot of this  
But I'm warning you  
I'm on that shit that you can't smell, baby  
So, put down your perfume

Bring your love, baby, I could bring my shame  
Bring the drugs, baby, I could bring my pain

I got my heart right here  
I got my scars right here  
Bring the cups baby I could bring the drank  
Bring your body baby, I could bring you fame  
That's my muthafucking words to you  
So let me muthafucking love you

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