

# 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

