

# Wiz Khalifa, Remember You (ft. The Weeknd)

[The Weeknd:]

She's about to earn some bragging rights  
I'm 'bout to give it up like I've been holding back all night  
Girl, take pride in what you want to do  
Even if that means a new man every night inside of you  
Baby, I don't mind  
You can tell by how I roll  
Cause my clique hard and my cup cold  
My talk slurred cause I'm so throwed  
And I'm wiping sweat from my last show  
And he's TG and I'm XO  
I'm only here for one night  
And I'mma be your memory  
Say it in my ear, so I can hear what you're saying to me  
I got cups full of that Rose  
Smoke anything that's passed to me  
Don't worry 'bout my voice  
I won't need it for what I'm about to do to you

Bad bitch, girl I think I might get used to you  
I'mma have to take your number when I'm through with you  
All I ask of you is try to earn my memory  
Make me remember you like you remember me  
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[Wiz Khalifa:]

Old rapping ass  
Lightyears past the class  
Hit it, don't have to pass  
Nigga, we the new Aftermath  
Niggas after fame, I just had to laugh  
Niggas after fame, I'm after cash  
You's a fan, I'm a player  
I'm the man, you's a hater  
And I only smoke papers  
That's how you tell I'm Taylor'd  
Nigga listen  
Break it down, rolling weed on the island of my kitchen  
And not a thing comes out without permission  
Look, everything I got on I was made for  
Everything that I got I done came for  
All the shit that you see I done slaved for  
All the cars and the crib, yeah that's paid for  
Need I say more  
Spend so much money on clothes  
Said fuck a store, making my own  
I hope that you're rolling one up while you're singing along  
And know I was rolling one while I was making this song  
Pour out some shots  
You're taking too long  
Young and I'm rich  
And plus all of my friends on that Bombay and lemonade

Good to you  
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Make me remember you like you remember me

[Wiz Khalifa:]

I'm on some gin, you on some gin  
I'm moving slow, I'm driving fast  
I hit the weed, you take the wheel  
We lose control  
Drop the top in that 69  
And that motor roar in that old Chevelle  
Can't say a thing, how you supposed to feel  
Stacking all of this paper, dawg  
I like to call this shit old news  
It means haters jocking our old moves  
Popping champagne cause we made it  
Back of the Phantom, we faded  
All of this shit that I did I probably won't remember tomorrow

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