

The Party & the After Party

The Weeknd

I understand your body wants it
I know your thoughts
Oh you 'bout it, 'bout it
You're a big girl and it's your world
And I'ma let you do it how you wanna
We can just ride with it, ride with it
I know you know I know you wanna... with it
Don't be shy pretty, I'll supply pretty
I got you girl, oh I got it girl With your Louis V bag
Tatts on your arms
High-heel shoes make you six feet tall
Everybody wants you, you can have them all
But I got what you need
Girl I got your bag, I got it all
Hold your drink baby don't you fall
Be there in a minute baby just one call
You don't gotta ask me
You always come to the party
To pluck the feathers off all the birds
You always come to the party
On your knees
I will not beg you please Girl, pick up them shoes
I'll race your ass up on them stairs
Just grab a room I swear no one will interfere
Girl bring your friends if you want, we can share
Or we could keep it simple, baby
We can just ride with it, ride with it
I know you know I know you wanna... with it
Don't be shy baby, I'll supply baby
I got you girl, oh I got it girl
With your Louis V bag
Tatts on your arms
High-heel shoes make you six feet tall
Everybody wants you, you can have them all
But I got what you need
Girl I got your bag, I got it all
Hold your drink baby don't you fall
Be there in a minute baby just one call
You don't gotta ask me You always come to the party
To pluck the feathers of all the birds
You always come to the party
On your knees

I will not beg you please
I will not...Ride with it, ride with it
I know, you know, I know you wanna line with it
Don't be shy pretty, I'll supply pretty
I got you girl, oh I got it girl Won't you lie with it, lie with it
I know you know I know you wanna...
I got you girl, oh I got you girl Oh I got it girl, oh I got it girl
I think I'm fucking gone
Rolling on this floor
Messing up your carpet
I'll get on it after four
My sessions are the strong on your floor
Shouldn't have fucking rolled
But I fucking rolled
Feeling like a million bucks before
I walk through the store
When I walk through your door
Can't believe I made it but I made it that's for sure
For sure, loving I need more, I need yours
She ain't looking for that unconditional
What the fuck these bitches on
They want what I'm sittin' on
They don't want my love
They just want my potential
Fuck it though, sippin' on this
Baby livin' off bliss got me drowning in your love
Got me drowning in the mist
Gimme my attention or I'll start drowning from my wrist Baby if you knew the feeling I would
give to you
Oh you
You, oh you
'Cause I got it girl, oh I got it girl
With me, with me
Oh you, oh you
Oh you, oh you
Oh I got it girl, oh I got it girl
With me, with me I got a brand new girl call it Rudolph
She'll probably OD before I show her to mama
All these girls tryna tell me she got no love
And all these girls never ever got her blow job
Ringtone on silent
And if she stops then I might get violent
No calls worth stopping
So mama please stop calling
We could play all night
It just takes one night
To let me fucking prove this feeling I'ma give to you
Oh you, you
Oh you, Oh I got it girl, oh I got it girl

With me, with me
Oh you, oh you
Oh you, oh you
Oh I got it girl, oh I got it girl
With me, with me Oh I got it girl
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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