

# Remember You

## Music Ministry

[Intro -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 wanna 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 tongue slurred cause I'm so throwed  
    And I'm wiping sweat from my last show  
        And he's CG and I'm XO  
        I'm only here for one night  
        And I'mma be A memory  
Say it in my ears, 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  
    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  
[Verse 1 - 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 of a player  
        I'm the man, you's a hater  
        And I only smoke papers  
That's how you tell them Taylors  
    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 lemondæ  
[Hook]Good 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  
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  
[Verse 2 - 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  
The motor roaring , in that old Chevelle  
Can't say a thing, that's how you're suppose 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 in the Phantom, we faded  
All of this shit that I did I probably won't remember tomorrow

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