Material Girl

The Weeknd

I gotta confession to make,
I don't rush a date,
Commitment as an enemy to me.
But ever since your lips touched my face,
It's like a kiss was laced.
Imma feen, imma feen, imma feen.

I usually like to slow down the pace.
Love to tease and play,
But girl I need to be direct with you.
Cause in my mind your voice just replays,
Like a broken tape
What you do, what you do, what you do

Gon make a nigga buy,
A ring for ya finger,
Jimmies for ya feet,
Jeans for that back.
Lingerie for the sheets.
Material girl,
Anything you need.
And imma give it to ya, to ya,
Imma give it all, all, all, all, all, all, all
Imma give it all, all, all, all ,all, all, all

Super star undercover,
I'm your number one fan.
Give it to me right,
Watch that diamond glow ya hand.
Get you wetter than beefer,
Right after the de-ssert.
Baby you're my dairy queen,
Watch you make my baby cream.

Lady, you're the one,
That I wanna spend my cash on.
(Spend my cash on my baby like)
Baby, just picture that you'll always put your man on.

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Imma give it all, all, all, all, all, all, all
Imma give it all, all, all, all ,all, all, all

Trippin over you,
Like a crack,
On the floor.
Can't settle with a taste,
Baby girl,
Gimme more.

Baby take the keys,
To my ride,
Take me home.
Girl imma make it rain,
Like a tropical storm.

Trippin over you,
Like a crack,
On the floor.
Can't settle with a taste,
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Lyrics submitted by Angie Nava.

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