

Might Not (Belly Is Dead ft. The Weeknd)

The Weeknd

Eh oh yeah, oh yeah
Oh yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah oh yeah, oh yeah oh yeah
Oh yeah, oh yeah, nah
Everybody 'round me saying I should relax
'Cause I been going hard 'til my eyes roll backward
All I want to do is forget about my past
And smoke a little weed, really nothing too drastic
Any time you see me in a picture and I'm smiling
Probably 'cause I'm faded, or I'm chilling with the fans
Not really the type to let a nigga talk back
But I'mma let it slide 'cause my niggas too violent
Shout out to the ones who spend money like a habit
Even if they had a million dollars, they'd be trappin'
Got a couple girls shooting movies on the mattress
Then I hit the booth, make the motherfucking soundtrack
Then I play it back on the eighty-inch plasma
Then I get 'em faded off that super-fantastic
Roll that grandmaster, smell it through the plastic
Nobody can handle me, I'm gone when the shit's too strong
The night's too long
I took too much and I've gone too far
And I might not make it
I might not make it this time
I might not make it
I might not make it
I might not make it this time
I might not make it
I might not make it
I might not make it this time
I might not make it
I might not make it
I might notBitches know, told a hoe it's different strokes for different folks
Came up out the north, we was playing with a different snow
Took my niggas from the four-one to Pacifico
We no longer put no fish scale on the fishing boat
Listen, hoe, I know all you bitches want is liquor, smoke (Liquor, smoke)
I know all you bitches want is dick and dough (Dick and dough)
Told her you don't gotta make it difficult
Baby, sit calm, we don't need another episode
Hippie bitches sending me titty pictures
She told me no religion was the new religion

She said she don't believe in God, but her shoe's Christian
I heard she serving everybody like the soup kitchen
Getting hoes higher, getting hoes higher
She got work in the morning, I'm getting hoes fired
Why the fuck you call it purple when you mix it pink
You know I fucking mix the drinks when the shit's too strong
The night's too long
I took too much and I've gone too far
And I might not make it
I might not make it this time
I might not make it
I might not make it
I might not make it this time
I might not make it
I might not make it
I might not make it this time
I might not make it
I might not 'Cause I've been smoking a lot, and I've been drinking
I might not make it
Oh, no I might not make it
'Cause I've been smoking a lot, and I've been drinking
I might not make it
Oh no, I might not make it 'Cause I've been smoking a lot, and I've been drinking
I might not make it
Oh, no I might not make it
'Cause I've been smoking a lot, and I've been drinking
I might not make it
Oh no, I might not make it (Ooh)

Songwriters

ABEL TESFAYE, AHMAD BALSHE, BENJAMIN DYER DIEHL, CID EDUARDO MEIRELES
Published by
Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Peermusic Publishing, SONGS MUSIC PUBLISHING
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>