

The Party & The After Party (Phunkface Edit)

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'mma let you do it how you wanna
Girl, now ride wit it, ride wit it
I know you know, I know you wanna (fuck) with it
Don't be shy wit it, I'll supply with it
I got you, girl
Oh, I got it, girl With your Louie V. Bag, tats 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 parties
To pluck the feathers off all the birds
You always come to the parties
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 can keep it simple baby we can just
Ride wit it, ride wit it
I know you know, I know you wanna
Wit it
Don't be shy wit it, I'll supply wit it
I got you, girl
Oh, I got it, girl With your Louie V. Bag, tats on your arms
High heel shoes make you six feet tall
Everybody wants you, you can have them all
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 parties
To pluck the feathers off all the birds
You always come to the parties
On Your knees
I will not beg you please
I will not, I will not, I will not, I will not, I will not
I will not, I will not, I will not Ride wit it
Ride wit it
I know you know
I know you wanna line wit it
Don't be shy wit it
I'll supply wit it
I got you girl
Oh I got it girl Won't you line wit it, line wit it
I know you know
I know you wanna Ooh (ooh) ooh (whoah)
I got you girl
Oh I got you girl Ooh
Oh I got it girl
Oh I got it girl I think I'm fuckin' gone..
Rollin' on this floor
Messin' up your carpet
I'll get on it after four
(More, sessions of the strong upon your floor)
Shouldn't fuckin' roll
But I fuckin' rolled
Feelin' like a billion bucks before
I walked through the store
When I walked through your door
Can't believe I made it
But I made it that's for sure
For sure
Your lovin' I need more
I need yours
She ain't lookin' for that un-con-ditional
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 I'll be sippin' on
This, Baby livin' off bliss
Got me drownin' in your loft
Got me drownin' in the mist
Gimme right attention
Or I'll start drownin' from my wrist Baby, if you knew The feelin' I would give to you

Oh you
You
Oh you'Cause I got it girl
Oh I got it girl
With me
With meWoah you
Oh you
Woah youOh I got it girl
Oh I got it girl
With me
With meI, I got a brand new girl
Call her Rudolph
She'll probably O.D. Before I show her to momma
All these girls try to tell me she got no love
But all these girls never ever got her blow job
Ringtone on silent
If she stops, then I might get violent
No call is worth stoppin'
So, momma please stop callin'We can play all night
It just takes one night
To let me fuckin' prove
This feelin' I would give to youOh you
You
Oh youOh I got it girl
Yea, I got it girl
With me
With meWith you
Oh you
Oh you
Oh youOh I got it girl
Yea, I got it girl
With me
With meOh woah
Oh oh ohOh I got it girl

Songwriters

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