

# The Weeknd, Double Fantasy (ft. Future)

20.04.2023r

Temperature risin', bodies united  
Now that I trapped you in my arms  
No need to fight it, no need to hide it  
Now that I see what's in your heart  
Baby girl, I'm the only one who knows this side of you  
And baby, you know that I can pull out what's inside of you

Even though it's wrong  
It's wrong  
Even though it's wrong, baby  
My girl  
Oh-ooh-oh, ooh-woah, ooh-woah, ooh-woah, oh-oh (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)  
Oh-ooh-oh, ooh-woah, ooh-woah, ooh-woah, oh-oh (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)  
Oh-oh-oh

You want me inside it, beg me to slide in  
Knowing we should have never met  
Girl, when you ride it, see you decide it  
Don't say those words that you'll regret  
Baby girl, I can tell that you think that I'm right for you  
I already know that it's not true, but girl, I'll lie to you

Even though it's wrong (Yeah, yeah)  
It's wrong (Yeah, yeah)  
Even though it's wrong, baby (Yeah, yeah)  
My girl (Yeah)  
Oh-ooh-oh, ooh-woah, ooh-woah, ooh-woah, oh-oh (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)  
Oh-ooh-oh, ooh-woah, ooh-woah, ooh-woah, oh-oh (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)  
Oh-oh-oh

We do the things, but we know it's wrong  
All on my skin, you all in my palm  
I sent you an envelope, came with a poem  
You possess venom, that came with a charm  
You get the good out me when I perform  
I know the bad in you, that's what I want  
And you a baddie, you turnin' me on  
Fiend for your demons, I know where this goin'  
Love when you fuckin' me, talkin', I know what you doin'  
Caught up in love, what the fuck is we doin'?  
Models and bottles with us, ain't nothin' to it  
I tell you "I got you", that's well understood  
Your legs on the bed, got your head on the floor  
We go out shoppin' whenever we get bored  
We get it poppin', leave nothin' in the store  
If I go to Saturn, I know that you goin'  
Fuck me on Saturday, early in the mornin'  
Flyer than a bird, she gon' open her door  
Screamin' out murder, but showin' you remorse  
Gotta be cautious, can't pay the support  
Stars in the ceilin', don't feel like a Porsche  
Came from the trenches, just livin' at war  
Once was a prostitute, I can afford you  
The one I adore

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