

# The Weeknd, Kiss Land

When I got a stage, she swore I was six feet tall  
But when she put it in her mouth she can't seem to reach my (ball, ball, ball)  
Ballin' ain't an issue for me, I'll make a hundred stacks right back next week  
Do it all again, I'm faded off the wrong thing, the wrong thing  
And I'll admit baby, I'm a little camera shy  
But exceptions can be made baby, cause you're too damn fly  
For what it's worth, I hope you enjoy the show  
Cause if you're back here only takin' pictures  
You gon' have to take your ass home

Cause the only thing you're takin' is your clothes off  
Go 'head girl, strip it down, close your mouth  
I just wanna hear your body talk

Get on top of that thang girl  
Get on top of that thang girl  
Oh girl  
Don't hold back  
Let it out  
Get on top of that thang girl  
Get on top of that thang girl  
Oh girl  
Don't hold back  
Let it out  
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Let it out  
Get on top of that thang girl  
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Don't hold back

You can meet me in the room where the kisses ain't free  
You gotta pay with your body  
Not really into kisses leading into nothing  
I'm into shows every night, if you play your cards right  
I might fuck around, bring your whole crew on tour  
Fuck around, turn you 'to my west coast girl  
Until they book a show in NYC  
Gotta fly back east where the city don't sleep  
Woah, tryna finish all this potion  
Baby take your time, tryna sip it 'til the mornin'  
And if you're still hot, I'm tryna fuck you in the mornin'  
Said I'm two days strong, and never sleep until it's mornin'

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I got a brand new place, I think I've seen it twice all year  
I can't remember how it looks inside, so you can picture how my life's been  
I went from starin' at the same four walls for 21 years  
To seein' the whole world in just twelve months  
Been gone for so long I might have just found God  
Well probably not, if I keep my habits up  
Probably not if I can't keep up with lovin'  
I can't stand talkin' to brand new girls  
Only bitches down to fuck when you shower them with ones  
Probably not if my niggas round them up  
Probably not if we take 'em to my spot  
Probably not if I tweak all day just to sleep at night  
God damn I'm high  
My doctor told me to stop  
And he gave me something to pop  
I mix it up with some Adderall's and I wait to get to the top  
And I mix it up with some alcohol and I pour it up in a shot  
I don't care about you, why you worried 'bout me?  
All I want is that smoke, give me all of that smoke  
Last week was my rough week, I'm still drippin' down from my nose  
And I don't know how to drive, I make my driver get high  
But if he goes under that 110, believe my driver gettin' fired  
And I don't got any friends, I got XO in my bloodwork  
And I'm posted up down in Florida,  
Ft. Lauderdale to that MIA  
Cold drinks, Grand Marnier  
To the break of dawn, Kahlua milk  
White Russian when the sun hits,  
White Russian with tongue tricks  
I like the feeling of your tongue rings  
She likes the way my whole tongue flip  
She grind hard for tuition  
She grind hard 'til her teeth chip  
I make it harder, with gold grills  
I make her suck, with gold grills  
In the back room, In the VIP  
She don?t ever leave?

This ain't nothing to relate to /4x  
Even if you tried, you tried, you tried  
You tried, you tried, you tried /3x  
/2x