

Tell Your Friends

The Weeknd

We are not the same, I am too reckless
I'm not tryna go in that direction
These niggas, they been doin' too much flexin'
And they about to call the wrong attention
And I don't got no patience, no more testin'
I do shit how I want, don't need no blessin'
XO niggas ain't nothin' to mess with
Nobody stoppin' us, oh no, we destined
And everybody 'round you is so basic
I'm never rockin' white, I'm like a racist
I don't drink my liquor with a chasin'
That money is the only thing I'm chasin'
And some dope dimes on some coke lines
Gimme head all night, cum four times
Baby girl just wanna smoke a pound
Do an ounce, get some dick
Tell her friends about it

Go tell your friends about it (About it)
Go tell your friends about it (About it)
Go tell 'em what you know, what you seen
How I roll, how I be on the low
Go tell your friends about it (About it)
Go tell your friends about it
I'm that nigga with the hair
Singin' 'bout poppin' pills, fuckin' bitches, livin' life so trill

Last year I did all the politickin'
This year Imma focus on the vision
I think these hoes deserve another fixin'
I'm talkin' 'bout the ones from the beginnin'
Don't believe the rumours, bitch, I'm still a user
I'm still rockin' camo and still roll with shooters
I'm a villain in my city, I just made another killin'
Imma spend it all on bitches
And everybody fuckin', everybody fuckin'
Pussy on the house, everybody fuckin'
Man, I miss my city, man, it's been a minute
MIA a habit, Cali was the mission
Cruise through the west-end in my new Benz
I'm just tryna live life through a new lens
Drivin' by the streets I used to walk through
When I had no crib, I guess you call that shit a miracle

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My cousin said I made it big and it's unusual
She tried to take a selfie at my Grandma's funeral
Used to roam on Queen, now I sing Queen street anthems
Used to hate attention, now I pull up in that wagon

And I was broken, I was broken, I was so broke
I used to roam around the town when I was homeless
Me and Lamar would rob a nigga for his Jordans
And flip it just to get these hoes another nose fix
Now we get faded when we want, girl, we got choices
Lay them on the fuckin' table, we got choices
And if they wanna fuck my niggas, they got choices
They told me not to fall in love, that shit is pointless
Yeah, that shit is pointless
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