

Remember Me

Chris Brown

Girl you know we got the time
Got that pussy on my mind
Later on, what are we doing?
I know you're ready, show that ass
Girl you looking so bad, getting horny watching you do it
Girl I wanna kiss it, while you kissin your girlfriends
I wanna see a whole lot of licking, that's a memory
(Yeah, bet I make that pussy remember me)

I be banging all on that beat
808, she got the bass when her booty shake
She got her friends with her and they a sight to see
All that ass, don't let it go to waste
All this Hennessy, the liquor, 'bout to penetrate
While I'm pushing Lamborghini's on the interstate
I long-dick her, I'ma go for hours
You minute-made like lemonade
I'm fresh as fuck in these Margielas
I skate past a nigga better than veterans
Bipolar cold, give me the medicine
My chain too bright, no Thomas Edison
When I pull it out, bitch nervous
Better ride this wave - bitch, surf it
Girl, you better keep them legs open
The only thing you close is these curtains
And she only got time for a nigga if I take her out to eat
A nigga really gotta motivate
Man, that's too much work for the pussy
I don't work for the pussy, nigga really don't communicate
I'd rather lick it like a dinner plate
I'd rather keep my money in a safe
Bitch, I ain't got time to play
I need it now, not a minute late

Drive your head to a king, nigga
Dream house, my dream's bigger
Got a deck of cards if my heart switch up
Ace of spades, her eyes lit up
Diamonds glitter in my car, thriller
She pray for me, that's god willin
I'm hard to break my boss prison
Her new name : Ass-Zilla
She love a nigga and that pussy tight
Come thru, fuck you all night
Some foreplay, that's all right
But she rather do number 69
High notes, it's prime time
On a couch, hit it from behind
Hit you with that large stroke
Now she fiendin' for that good dope, yeah
That's my bae, she cook and clean and I got it made
Handcuff like she a slave, touch ya, let ya tongue taste
So high, no ceiling space
Numb to it, can't feel her face
Yeah, she numb to it, can't feel her face

Blowing up my line on the cellular
She wanna lock a nigga down, on the regular
Talking crazy to me like she own the dick
But I don't trust her as far as I can throw the bitch
Mamma told me to find a keeper
But I switch like designer sneakers
A girl with the finest features
Every nigga wanna talk to her
But I got her first, finders keepers
Violins in the back, is my theme music
Her ass on my mind, I dream booty
Any nigga tryna fuck my bitch
Then its off with his head, how kings do it
My rings ruby
Red bandana, I stay woopin'
Got too many cribs, I stay movin'
Three Lambos, I stay coupin'
Yeah, but you don't hear me though
Virginia to the Westside
My car foreign, the girl sit on the left side
Smokin' weed on the plane, that's the best high
She gotta sign the waiver 'fore I let her fly
It's helipads on the boat
Chilling in the South of France, Saint-Tropez, Nice, Monaco
But nothing compare to what's in my pants
Girl, stop playing!