

False Idols

The Weeknd

Be careful who you call a God
I can't go without my pole and my rod
Sipped a cup and then I nod
Made 100 million, must be good at my job
I done made it out of the land of the brave
I can tell you shake my hands that it's fake
Free the guys, the ones who never made a statement
Slidin' with a Drake, I made it home safe
Baseball numbers on all of my contracts
Billionaire buddies, they all in my contacts
I get you hit on GP, they want nothing back
Made twenty million last month trying to run it back

Watches over like a God

It goes down, I'm the one they gon' blame
Gotta leave, where my soul, how I came
I know it look lit when I'm rockin' these chains
But I went through a lot for this money and fame
For this money and fame
I did a lot to get here? No comment
I put a lot in my ear, both of them
The 'Rari is fast as it gets, hold on
I'm about to take off, bear with me
I don't want beef with you niggas
My beef with the system, big bro at the end of his habeas
I talk to him daily, I told him he still coming home
I just hope he don't think I'm just sayin'
The money keeps coming, the feeling is great
I pay eight-figure taxes, no more Section 8
I was working my wrist, trying to see what it take
Made a thirty do sixty, the feeling's amazing
Now I can charge by the hour
A sixty minute set, they pay me a million, that's crazy
My diamonds really be diamonds, no shade
I'm going all in, no stopping, okay

Watches over like a God

Makes you hurt again so you can heal and say amen
We will change for you
We will die for you, mmm

Yeah, yeah, yeah

Be careful who you call a God
L.A. filled with fake prophecies
They hate it when you get on top
Magazines tarnish legacies
Can you tell me, how much do they cost?
A hundred mill' ain't a stretch for me
Packing stadiums 'cause I'm a star
Bots can't buy box seats
If you ain't down, you an enemy
I got followers that'll kill for me
And they linin' up like a DMV
With the finest girls that you've ever seen
She's from California, she's sober lite
Diet Coke with a coke diet

She ride my face till my stash white
She got Chrome Hearts on with the black attire
My niggas roll with the chrome and the heavy metal
Talking guns, no rose, it ain't Coachella
I'm a goodfella, I'm a goodfella
Johnny Depp with the blow, I'm a good fellow
I'm in paradise, I'm in paradise
But these false idols got me terrified
I'm so terrified
I feel terrified

Life is war in the face of God
We still rockin' with the cameras off
She a femme fatale, she's a superstar
Even down to the way that she breakin' hearts
She ain't actin', I'm not an actor 'cause reality is what I'm after
Real emotions I'm trying to capture
Suck my soul up like the rapture
Don't remember my lines, but I'll cut up these lines
Rumors that you heard about me is right
Even startin' to believe all their lies
I'm even startin' to believe all their lies
So terrified
In this paradise
I'm so terrified, oh

Watches over like a God
Oh
Makes you hurt again so you can heal and say amen
We will change for you
I need it, oh
We will die for you, mmm

Ooh, ooh, ooh
He is coming
He will find her
He will fix her
To make us better, ooh

Ooh, ooh, ooh
Like a God in the sky watching over you
Put your heart in his hands and you'll be brand new
Like a God
Like a, mmm
Like a God