

Material Girl

The Weeknd

I got a confession to make
I don't rush a date
Commitment is an enemy to me
But ever since her lips touch my face
It's like a kiss was laced
I'm fiend, I'm fiend, I'm fiend
I usually like to slow down the pace
Love to tease and play
But girl I need to be direct with you
Cause in my mind your voice just replays
Like a broken tape
What you do, what you do, what you do

Gone make a nigga buy a ring for your finger
Jimmies for your feet
Jeans for that back
Lingerie for the sheets
Material girl, anything you need
And I'm a give it to you, to you
I'm a give it all, all, all, all, all, all, all
I'm a give it all, all, all, all, all, all, all

Super star undercover
You're my number one fan
Give it to me right
Watch the diamond glow your hand
Get you wetter than a beaver, right after the dessert
Baby you're my Dairy Queen
Watch me make my baby cream
Lady, you're the one that I want to spend my cash on
Spend my cash on my baby like
Baby just make sure that you'll always put your man on

Tripping over you, like a crack, on the floor
Can't settle with a taste
Baby girl, give me more
Baby, take the keys, to my ride, to my home
Girl, I'm a make it rain like a tropical storm