

# Remember Me

Tyga

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!