

# Escape From LA

## The Weeknd

You pillow talk to me about the men who try to get in between us  
They buy you bags and jewelry, yeah  
They think your kindness is so weak  
Know you don't give it up so easy, baby  
But you just wanted my attention  
You just wanted my affection  
You got me tattooed on your mind  
You just want me all the time  
We'll figure out our shit and find a way (Oh, yeah)  
When you say that you need space, I give you space (You space)  
Girl, when you're ready, you know where I stay  
When it comes to all these hoes, I'll never chase  
But this world is such a, such an evil place  
Man, these hoes will always find a way  
'Cause when I'm on the liquor, I go crazy  
And for that pussy, you know I'm a slave, yeah Well this place is never what it seems  
Take me out, LA  
Take me out of LA  
This place will be the end of me  
Take me out, LA  
Take me out of LA, yeah  
Yeah  
I'm in the Spyder Porsche cruisin' down the street  
Black on black venom colored seats  
Keanu Reeves, the way a nigga speed  
Diamond cross hangin' off of me  
I'm fighting for my soul, Constantine  
And it's slowly burning, it was never cheap  
If you see what I seen, you wouldn't sleep  
I can't sleep  
'Cause I got everything I wanted  
Got the money, got the cars, got the ceiling with the stars  
Got everything I wanted  
But I'd be nothing without you  
Gave you everything you wanted  
Gave you power, gave you life, gave you space so you can shine  
Gave you everything you wanted  
But none of that matters to you, oh-oh  
This place (This place) is never what it seems  
Take me out, LA  
Take me out of LA  
(Oh, out of it, woah-oh) This place will be the end of me

Take me out, LA  
Take me out of LA, yeahWoah, no, oh, no, no  
No, no, no, no, no, ooh-woah  
Oh-ah, no, no, no, no, woah-woah  
Oh, no, oh  
Hold up  
She pulled up to the studio  
Nobody's watching  
She closed the door and then she locked it  
For me, for me  
We had sex in the studio  
Nobody walked in  
I cut my verse and then she popped it  
For me, for me  
LA girls all look the same  
I can't recognize  
The same work done on their face  
I don't criticize  
She a coldhearted bitch with no shame  
But her throat too fire  
She got Chrome Hearts hangin' from her neck  
And them shits going wild  
When she ride, she hold tight  
She gon' ride 'til sweat fall down her spine  
She's all mine for the night  
She's all mine until he calls her lineShe pulled up to the studio  
Nobody's watching  
She closed the door and then she locked it  
For me, for me  
We had sex in the studio  
Nobody walked in  
I cut my verse and then she popped it  
For me, for me  
Oh-oh, oh-oh

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>