

# Kiss Land

## The Weeknd

When I got on stage, she swore I was six feet tall  
But when she put it in her mouth she can't seem to reach my  
(Reach my, reach my, reach my...)  
Ballin' ain't an issue for me, I'll make a hundred stacks right back next week  
Do it all again, I'm faded off the wrong thing, the wrong thing  
And I admit baby, I'm a little camera shy  
But exceptions can be made baby, cause' you're too damn fly  
For what it's worth, I hope you enjoy the show  
Cause if you're back here only takin' pictures You gon' have to take your ass home  
Cause the only thing you're takin' is your clothes off Go 'head girl, strip it down, close your  
mouth  
I just wanna hear your body talk  
(Get on top of that thang, girl)  
(Get on top of that thang girl)  
Oh girl, don't hold back, let it out  
(Get on top of that thang girl)  
(Get on top of that thang girl)  
Oh girl, don't hold back, let it out  
(Get on top of that thang girl)  
(Get on top of that thang girl) Don't hold back, let it out  
(Get on top of that thang girl) (Get on top of that thang girl)  
Don't hold back  
You can meet me in the room where the kisses ain't free  
You gotta pay with your body  
Not really into kisses leading into nothing  
I'm into shows every night, if you play your cards right  
I might fuck around, bring your whole crew on tour  
Fuck around, turn you to my west coast girl Until they book a show in NYC  
Gotta fly back east where the city don't sleep  
Woah, I'm tryna finish all this potion Baby take your time, tryna sip it 'til the mornin'  
And if you're still hot, I'm tryna fuck you in the mornin' Said I'm two days strong, and never  
sleep until it's mornin', until the morning.  
Cause the only thing you're takin' is your clothes off  
Go 'head girl, strip it down, close your mouth  
I just wanna hear your body talk  
(Get on top of that thang girl)  
(Get on top of that thang girl) Oh girl, don't hold back, let it out  
(Get on top of that thang girl)  
(Get on top of that thang girl)  
Oh girl, don't hold back, let it out  
(Get on top of that thang girl)  
(Get on top of that thang girl)

Whoa, don't hold back, let it out  
(Get on top of that thang girl)  
(Get on top of that thang girl)  
Don't hold back I got a brand new place, I think I've seen it twice all year  
I can't remember how it looks inside, so you can picture how my life's been  
I went from starin' at the same four walls for 21 years  
To seein' the whole world in just twelve months  
Been gone for so long I might have just found God  
Well, probably not, if I keep my habits up  
Probably not, if I can't keep up with lovin'  
I can't stand talkin' to brand new girls  
Only bitches down to fuck when you show them with ones  
Probably not if my niggas round them up  
Probably not if we take 'em to my spot  
Probably not if I tweak all day just to sleep at night  
God damn I'm high  
My doctor told me to stop  
And he gave me something to pop  
I mix it up with some Adderall's and I wait to get to the top  
And I mix it up with some alcohol and I pour it up in a shot  
I don't care about you, why you worried 'bout me?  
All I want is that smoke, give me all of that smoke  
Last week was my rough week, I'm still drippin' down from my nose  
And I don't know how to drive, I make my driver get high  
But If he goes under that 110, believe my driver get fired  
And I don't got any friends, I got XO in my bloodwork  
And I'm posted up down in Florida  
Ft. Lauderdale to that MIA  
Cold drinks with Grand Marnier  
To the break of dawn, Kahlua milk  
White Russian when the sun hits  
White Russians with tongue tricks  
I like the feeling her tongue rings  
She like the way my whole tongue flip  
She grind hard for tuition  
She grind hard to her Teacher  
I make her hide it with gold grills  
I make her suck it with gold grills  
In the back room of the VIP  
She don't ever sleep...  
This ain't nothing to relate to  
This ain't nothing to relate to  
This ain't nothing to relate to  
This ain't nothing to relate to  
Even if you tried, you tried, you tried  
You tried, you tried, you tried  
You tried, you tried, you tried  
You tried, you tried, you tried  
This ain't nothing to relate to

This ain't nothing to relate to  
This ain't nothing to relate to  
This ain't nothing to relate to  
Even if you tried, you tried, you tried  
You tried, you tried, you tried  
You tried, you tried, you tried  
You tried, you tried, ooh yeah...

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