

# Weekend

Daz Dillinger

Can't know, what this is, shaty

Tell your friends to get with my friends  
And we can be friends, and do it all weekend  
Smoke blunts, get drunk, do it all weekend  
From Thursday to Friday, to Saturday, to Sunday now

Well, I was chillin' sittin', smokin' in my Escalade  
Cadillac pimpin', lookin' for a escapade  
I saw some bad body with a beautiful face  
What it is hoe? You ain't from around the way

You got everybody lookin' and ya know that  
Hair right, outfit, ass so phat  
On top of that baby girl, know just how to throw that  
Too fine for me to fight and try to hold back

I had to immediately hit her with some West Coast game  
'Cause uh, all these niggaz screamin' 'What's yo' name?'  
And uh, buyin' roses and the best champagne  
She can see through the glass that yo' ass is lame

She cool, she ain't trippin' off no cash flow  
'Cause she went to school and still puff, puff pass though  
Right in my alley, as we sat there shootin' the shit  
I broke it down, broke it down to the shorty like this

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I told the hoe, "You ain't had it 'til you had mine"  
I'ma make you forget the nigga name of the last time  
I'ma have you in my bed beggin' me for halftime  
And after that we smoke, smoke and have some red wine

I can see it in her eye, she got the program  
And plus she know she ain't dealin' with a poor man  
I'm in the mood for some candles and some slow jams  
A lot of niggaz smooth but nigga I'm so down

And girl, I ain't playin' no games  
I hope you're ready for sure  
I got the bubbly and a pound of that weed  
And a pocket full of fetti, let's go

See all I want is some head and some pussy  
And I'll tell ya for sure  
Girl, I ain't playin' no games, I hope you're ready

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