

Weekend (feat. Johnta Austin)

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