

## **Daz f/ Johnta Austin**

### **"Weekend"**

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[Chorus: Johnta Austin]

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

[Daz]

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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[Daz]

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 your ready)  
{Is you ready?} (Let's go)

[Chorus: Johnta Austin]

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