

D.I.T.C "Weekend Nights"

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[A.G.]

Now once I flick my bick, and the dutch get lit
Bloodeye spit, like you bust my shit
Will it never happen, I'm forever rappin'
I clap 'em, and dead 'em
Send 'em home packing, for acting
The black's in
Ease the pain just like tunacting
Honey is fine as a fuck, plus she snuck the mack in
Guess what, next up, she turn assassin
Along with, thirty of my dirty niggaz, blastin'
I hear em platinum callin', and worldwide touring
You want hoes? Come to any show I'm performing
You rob me tonight? You want make it to the morning
Rolled up on 'em, when this killers froze up on 'em
And I came with a whole truck for 'em
Try to tell 'em, that he got no bucks they won't bust for
'em
And if shit get hectic, I'm calling mo' niggaz
Goldgetters, golddiggaz get no liquors
But no weed, we hold figgaz
And we so cheat (?), and we hold heat

[Chorus] [2x]

It was a weekend night and my niggas is chilling
Burners in the bushes and the Lexus spilling
Blunts getting blazed, mad chicks is tripping
My niggas get ya dirt on

[A.G.]

Now some cats in the hood wear shorts for draws
Sweats for longjohns, tryin' to get their warm on
I'm strong on, any song I perform on
Get papes, celebrate like the date I was born on
I spit blood and get love, sip Bud and flip cus
them niggas wanna leave me twisted like the spliff
does
But I react, hoes in ya head watch ya shit flood
Like Noa's Ark, blunts burnin' like Jona Fark (?)
I squeeze with ease like Tone and Mark
We (?) demolish straight from (?)
Deeper than knowledge

Equipped to speak at ya college
You kill me fronting when I'm for really coming
Carravans packed up with my mans in 'em
'Cause I really want em
It's all good like Willy Hunting
Watch my diamonds glitter, I sit back and really realize
That I'm the nigga, they wanna know me
If you feel me, come show me
Is it really real? Or 'cause I know Pun and Joey
Yeah my shit shine my sunny Rolly
It couldn't hold me, if you was thick like Shaq or quick
like Kobe
Show & A get the love, my niggaz mix the ? with the
Bud
Show the dirty don and mister Mud
Chicks give quickies and flicks in clubs, so hit the dutch
And if shit get hectic, I'm calling mo' niggaz
Goldgetters, golddiggaz get no liquors
But no weed, we hold figgaz
And we so cheat (?), and we hold heat

[Chorus] [2x]

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