

Gene Pitney

"Weight a Minute"

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(*breathing*)

Shawna, TrackBoyz, Def Jam

(verse 1)

You know I keep it Dickie down get it to my toe
And when you see me reachin fa that itchy hit da flo'
It me and all my girls and they got us at the door
That queen kickin in do this nigga really know
We push 'em to da side and we make it through the
club
They try to show me love, erebody want a hug
And now they tryin to hit me wit the bottles of the bub
But I be rollin sticky shawty hit me wit da dub
And now I got my hands up feelin real tight
We pourin out the Cognac buckin where the light
The dj shout me out and now they want me on the mic
Before I hit the stage I see some niggaz finna fight
And now they on they monkey bone missin in my flow
But yo I know you heard about the niggaz from the go
Roll up anotha B I see 'em slick its on the low
Here come security they tryin to kick us out the door.
Oh

(chorus)

Tryin to find out where the party at
Got a couple of them stacks finna mix it wit the Co-ni-ac
Weight a minute, weight a minute
Weight a minute, weight a minute
I'm at the club where the V.I.P
Stupid niggaz at the door tryin to say they wanna see
I.D
Weight a minute, weight a minute
Weight a minute, weight a minute

(verse 2)

I'm big balla but I don't drink champagne
White mink to da flo' color cocaine
Gator boots and the belt wit the low frame
Candy coated Monte Carlo wit the upgrain
Weight a minute now they wanna see a bitch ball
I'm iced out from my tittie to my tip toe

We at the bar finna but the whole thang out
And if somebody wanna start we can bang out
I let my chain swang down to my waistline
I won't dance we just move the baseline
And tell a nigga weight a minute 'fore I take mine
'Fore we do you like a victim of a hate crime
Its DTP I know you seen me in the video
If I ain't rappin then I'm scratchin off a serial
I'm bout to get this thang crackin out the sterio
You want a bitch to make it happen nigga here it go
Weight a minute Uh

(chorus)

(verse 3)

You get posted up in the club wit a white tee
A hood nigga keep a fitted and some Nikes
You know the steez wanna pull a bitch like me
And take me home try to turn we into wifey
But I ain't wit it gotta show a nigga who I be
You bought a bottle for the crew, we buyin two or three
Just tryin to show you how we do the thang usually
I holla to my nigga Weezy Wee and Deucie D
Now let my bitches in the club 'fore we shut it down
And matter fact g where I'm from they don't come
around
And now they got me on Bicardi and the butta brown
And everybody in the party wanna run around
But I ain't trippin park the Chevy half a mile away
I hit up Tone told her meet me down on Calloway
She got the kind, she got the Remy and the Alize
My head spinnin still bendin what I'm tryin to say
Weight a minute

(chorus)

Now these niggaz always tryin to fuck
Steady grabbin on my butt some think it no but I ain't a
slut
Weight a minute, weight a minute
Weight a minute, weight a minute
Now I think I had too many to drink
You tryin to get me but you cant, check yaself or get ya
fitted yanked
Weight a minute, weight a minute
Weight a minute, weight a minute

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