

Daz Dillinger "Weekend"

Visit "[Weekend](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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

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

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

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

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

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

Visit [Daz Dillinger](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.