

No Question "This Weekend"

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We are bona-fide, whut?

Look closely bought a unboard, no sho'
Yo, we got you wide open, I and our crew
The weekend we roll out, the watches is froze out
Yo, we came to get it down and like turn you out

Play the club outside, sittin' high in the expidal
Switch it up in the XL-5, Prada down
Tell me, do you like this thug-ass sound?
No Q, definitely about to blaze your town, whut?

Shout outs to my people on the streets
To my players makin' money with my CD's in they jeans
Much love to the ladies with jobs
Who makin' that cream and floss they own phat ride

And to my people who always keep it real
They work all week just to pay bills
Now and then gotta have a little fun
Go buy something to wear 'cuz the weekend's 'bout to
come

Time to get loud, let the music flow
Kick off your shoes and just let go
Have a little party, call a few friends
It's about to get fucked y'all, this weekend

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Jean sets a new pair of jeans
Gotta get jig for my ladies in the streets
Call the barber, get my hair laid
Roll out wit my crew to watch the ladies shake their
thing

All the ladies shop the town
Get real digs from the neck on down
Now and then gotta have a little fun

Go get up wit your dogs 'cuz the weekend's 'bout to
come

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Tougher, no no, whut?
I know the sound hot enough 'cuz this track is tough
I bump that when I'm riding all up in my Benz truck
I let 'em know, what you got for me
Is it big bills baby, can you cop for me

Wack the drop for me or grab a spot for me
I wanna spend those on the mink coats
Throughout the whole coast, baby
But on the weekend I'm blazing off

And if you don't spend dough then I ain't gon call
Get out there I'll show you how this playette roll
Nice frames, spit a game that'll make you fold
Toss it up, lookin' cute in the coup
At the Meadows', tough with some 'taly in the boots

Barceletto, some types lay down why, don't see me all
gracin'
Only my associates always stay lacin'
And when my squad come ain't no replacin'
Quarter head or you know what you praisin'

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