

The Weekend

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Barbie wanna party like all night
And she looking like a zombie in her off-white
Yeah, she looking yeah, she looking for a hand out
She think 'cause she with me she in a band now
Pull up in the truck
Pack it up like a limousine
Looking like a blast from the past
Look like Billie Jean
And you're the only ten I see
And I hope you like Hennessy

And why, why, why, why, why
Why, why, why, why, why
Aren't you into me?

You only call me on the weekend
You only love me when we freakin'
You got me jumpin' off the deep end
You only call me on the
You only call me on the
You only call me on the weekend

So weekends past
Now where you at
Where you go
Could you call me back
Would you answer all your missed calls
Will you tell me why you feel off
Would you answer all you missed calls
The weekend just don't feel long
And tell me why we don't talk
And why I'm right but feel wrong

Ooh, and why, why, why, why, why (Why)
Why, why, why, why, why
Aren't you into me? (Aren't you into me?)
Aren't you into me? (Aren't you into me?)
And why, why, why, why, why
Why, why, why, why, why
Aren't you into me?

(You)
You only call me on the weekend
You only love me when we freakin'
You got me jumpin' off the deep end
You only call me on the
You only call me on the weekend

Call me up if you're lonely
See, I got the keys from my homies
You the baddest one, my trophy
Only you, you, you, you
Only free past midnight
Type of shit don't sit right
Rather be alone and get high, oh

You only call me on the weekend

You only love me when we freakin'
You got me jumpin' off the deep end
You only call me on the
You only call me on the
You only call me on the weekend
Ah-ooh, ah, ah, ah
Oh-ah, ah, ah, ah, ah-ah
Ah-ah, ah