

## Weekend

Billy Marchiafava

Got your bitch comin' over for the weekend (yuh)  
I've been changing clothes like the mother fucking seasons (yuh  
, yuh, ay)  
Ice on my neck, got me chilly, got me freezin' (brr, brr)  
Haters talkin' down cos they broke that's their reason (yup)

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p)

(Ay, yuh, ay)  
Yeah switch it up, (yuh)  
Flow so sick gotta mop it up (yuh)  
I blew up quick, no stoppin' us (uh)  
You takin' L's, you floppin' bruh (yuh)  
I move so swift, yeah, I stay flawless (ay, ay, yuh)  
Chains on my neck and my wrist to gorgeous (ay)  
And my whip's so fast, yeah that shit's imported (vroom)

Woah, baby drop it low, show me how that thing move (ooh)  
My wrist stay chilly like a mother fucking igloo (skrrt)  
I'm flexing, I'm flexing, you broke you must be stressing (yeah  
)  
I made a few dollars now your girl undressing (yeah ay)

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