

# Weekend In Atlantis

Jaden Smith

Who am I?  
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This is my anthem, this is my anthem  
My baby, please don't throw a tantrum  
I'd love if you'd answer  
I'd love if you'd answer, my baby  
You know I'm a Cancer, emotional  
If I don't know, OSHO should know  
Where I'm supposed to go  
Out in the open, exposed  
Take off my clothes, take off my clothes

Whoa...  
You don't wanna read a poem when you in the club  
With your girls tryna get turnt  
In the club with the girls, you in love with the girls  
I noticed how you put the work in, girl  
You the type of girl to say come through, and you never come  
Guess a young thug gotta know what that means

You just wanna have fun, girl  
You don't wanna be the one, girl  
You just wanna be a kid, girl  
Show me how to live, girl  
Girl, I just wanna be a kid, too  
You ain't got a lot of issues  
Show me how to act, girl  
You don't never get mad, girl  
But you ain't ever get happy, either  
You ain't like that, girl  
So in tune like binaural  
You ain't care I got a side girl  
You ain't like my girl

But I like you on the sly, girl  
And let's keep it on the sly, girl  
Cause on the weekend, I be sleeping with you, baby  
We be peeking on a bike, girl  
Get a bike, girl and a white girl  
Nah, she come from Niburu (Ay)  
You know I got you if you need a room (Hey)  
Yeah, Jaden be a decent dude (Hey)  
Pop out, peek-a-boo, in a cheetah suit  
Like dang, girl, we be looking slayin' girl  
Wanna watch a movie? Hit Fandango  
Watch Django, there he go again, on the train slow  
Eating mangoes, so sick broke your ankle  
So playful, love learning, but I hate school  
And the case is closed  
I wander around with no place to go  
With no place to go

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You just wanna have fun, girl  
You know what it is, girl  
Show me what it is, girl  
Show me, show biz  
George Lopez, four mopeds and my dream girl  
Kinda lookin' like my dream, girl  
Show you stuff you never seen, girl  
Flow sick, nasty, show me how to keep it clean, girl  
Sass just like a mean girl  
Love you to the moon and nothing in-between, girl  
Me and you are so introvert in this dark room  
Got a couple poems for you in my arsenal  
My cursive verses bend the frequencies  
At least we'll see when you start to float  
My heart is sold  
I got a heart of gold, that turns to charcoal when I'm apart from yours  
I'm 'bout to start the tour and my life is yours  
You're up in France wearing bright couture

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