

# The Weekend

Wale

See I was once told that the heart wants who the heart wants  
But I feel your pride your inner thighs in my eyes  
Will decline such  
See, I love her cause of the times spent  
And I lust you possibly cause of the obvious newness and cluelessness of it  
But truthfully shall we didn't even found the real vibe yet  
Now, would you rather be the dry non-passionate, half-with-it  
damn near abstinent primary chick  
Or the one I laugh with and casually kiss on the kitty-cat and watch Glow, Bla  
ck Mirrors and break your back, and let me bask in the aftermath of your bl  
ack girl magic  
Shit, I'm just asking  
Damn my phone 4%

Look, I'm sorry we got us a lil' problem  
Monogamy not for the weak hearted (I know)  
Told her I'd give her the universe and it hurts  
'Cause I opened up, then I got Steve Harvey'd  
Hold up, ever had the right love at the wrong time?  
Netflix, sex quick, then it's awkward  
I know a lot of hoes so I know a lot of lies  
So one's cheerin' and the other's sittin' courtside with me  
Fear of God drippin', got towel with me  
Shawty Gortat sweaty  
And I ain't tryna play you like you not a part of me  
But that one in pom poms prolly put the paws on you  
Girl she reckless  
Or maybe I'm just selfish, got  
Ol' lady comin' on Monday  
Her crazy ass is back Wednesday  
Tuesday's for me to rest  
Thursday I'm with she, again  
Friday I'm with she, and yeah  
Saturday I gotta leave her fast because I need it passionately  
I bet you'd ask me why don't I leave the past  
But back of mind you see we creepin' now  
And now you thinkin' how that in a week from now  
You'll be she, forget it  
Maybe cheaters is sociopaths  
Maybe we be cheatin', we ain't heal from a ho in the past  
Or maybe I'm a ho and I can show you this hole in my heart  
I eat your liquid gold and go home to Golden Corral, you don't know  
I'm just tryna say quality over quantity  
I'm just tryna say I be tryna live honestly  
I'm just tryna say when you be sendin' nudes  
I turn to Pookie on New Jack, oh that shit be callin' me

You say you got a girl  
How you want me?  
How you want me when you got a girl?  
The feelin' is reckless  
Of knowin' it's selfish  
And knowin' I'm desperate  
Gettin' all in your love  
Fallin' all over love, like  
Do it 'til it hurts less  
Hanging out the back, all up in your lap

Like is you comin' home?  
Is you out with her?  
I don't care long as you're here by  
10: 30, no later than  
Drop them drawers, give me what I want

My man is my man is your man  
Heard it's her man too  
My man is my man is your man  
Heard that's her man  
Tuesday and Wednesday, Thursday and Friday  
I just keep him satisfied through the weekend  
You're like 9 to 5, I'm the weekend  
Make him lose his mind every weekend  
You take Wednesday, Thursday  
Then just send him my way  
Think I got it covered for the weekend

I gotta say I'm in the mood for a little bit more of that  
I mean I'm saying what kind of deal, just two days?  
I need me at least 'bout four of them  
More of them, more of you on me  
On us, just tell me you want me, yeah  
Monday and I'll be at your door  
Ready to take her place  
Ready to give you  
What you've been missin' on weekdays  
What you've been waitin' for  
10: 30, no later than  
Drop them drawers, I know what you want

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Ayyy  
Bright ideas  
We got bright ideas  
Ayyy  
Bright ideas  
We got bright ideas  
Ayyy  
Bright ideas  
We got bright ideas