

For The Weekend

Young Thug

Ayy

It's goin' down every weekend, yeah
Malibu, top gone, everything for the weekend
Yeehaw, ayy
Summertime, bathin' suit, jump in the pool for the weekend
Ayy, yeehaw
I can make any bitch leave her man, just for the weekend
She don't really know it's goin' down tonight
Up in the city goin' down tonight
All lights, our mission, they gone tonight
She like, "Shit, it's goin' down tonight"
I'm in my P1, doors up, I'm goin' places
She know that I'm goin' places
Seein' different faces
Blue hundreds, big faces
Tonight, yeehaw

Got it crackin' out in California

What I'm blowin' on strong, bottle of ammonia
"Keep your fuckin' phone on" what I tell my bitch
She don't answer, my mentality is hit a dancer
Fuck it, shit
I got no time for the fuck shit, I'm gettin' money or die
Get the fuck on with distractions, I'm way too dope not to have it
Rather say "bye" and stay fly than stay a part and me die
Some shit it just ain't no sheeshin', either you with it or not
If you gon' measure my bad more than you measure my good
Just think it coulda been worse, I could be dead in the hood
Instead I'm out here with Swift, poppin' bottles and shit
Tell me how we gettin' it, it feels like the '90s again, damn

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That Bentley truck'll get your dick sucked

I know you want that, but first you gotta run your chips up
I let lil' mama slurp on dick until her hiccups
Told her, "Keep that Rollie on" until her fuckin' wrist cut (Rollie on)
Ayy, okie, pokie, woah
I think my gators got a scoliosis, woah
Made it out the hood, ain't win no trophy, but I got gold
The obstacle is get this money up and, and go
Or you gon' end up stuck 'round here drinkin' beer

Listen to my music, I can put somethin' in your ear
Pussy nigga play I bop-brrrat-bop-bop their beard
Your mama seen you get bop-brrrat-bop-bopped then she teared
I pulled up to the party and walked in like ayy
I don't want no problems, I just wanna say...

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