

Cam'ron, Weekend Love

Verse 1:

Uh, Killa
Harlem World, '89, black Jordans they were mine
Hund'-eighth, Toy Dork is the only one ever pay me mine
Baby my lady fine (fine) you ever date a dime (dime)
Before your favorite rhymes, had gator lime
Major crime made me grind, copped fancy heat
You know, hater time, cat food, fancy feast
Dated Nancy niece, she like candy treats
Goddamn she sweet, we did the Lancy Street
We hopped the D-train, you don't understand us freezed
No hassle heifer, did we battle, never
We went Easter shoppin', coppin' them tassled leathers
From Gimbals we gained, make it simple and plain
I wanna nibble on ya ear, rekindle the flame
I'm God's child, but yeah I got devilish game
Once you meddle with Cam, ma'am, its never the same
So you through with the peekin', you pursuin' and seekin'
You know the season, Killa
What you doin' this weekend, huh, Killa

Chorus:

(Weekend Love)
You could be, you could be, you could be, you could be
You could be, you could be, you could be
(And I don't have time on the weekend)
You could be my, you could be my
(Weekend Love)
You could be, you could be, you could be, you could be
You could be, you could be, you could be
(Then maybe we can try to work it out)

Verse 2:

Uh, Killa
Some say that I'm belligerent, others say that I'm ignorant
I don't just experiment, intimate not my sentiment
Everyday at the tenement, yayo like I invented it
Scrambled just like eggs, like eggs they're Benedict
They don't ever remember shit, all they want is their membership

Only one that they gettin' is Jenkins, that's the end of it
They want designer recliner along with benefits
Won't take a risk, but wanna spread the mick
Wipe 'em off my agenda quick, I need the other gender thick
You seen my Monday to Fridays, I need a Friday to Sunday
We'll eat Friday's on Fridays, and go to Sunday's on Sundays
Drink a little liquor, maybe twist a L
Play catch and kiss, if you don't kiss and tell
Take the city bus, or come through with chauffers
We could do Air Ones hun or Louis loafers
Yeah i'm truly focused, take down your Snoopy posters
Put up Killa Season, now who the reason
Come through this weekend, huh, huh

Chorus

Verse 3:

Uh, Killa, Killa, Killa
I drive big cars, puff heaven haze
Not just the weekend, that's seven days
Rev up the engine, not a lemon, it's lemon
That's the color, wanna play 7-11
You know, catch and hump, your butt got a extra rump

Forget ya man, extra clip, extra pump
Don't mean to be extra, but ma, extra stunts
Extra money, extra piff, extra blunts
Extra, extra, really some neck I want
Not the dude for help, but you're truly felt
Ass fat, stomach flat, I could see ya Louis belt
Mine on too, for any gunplay
I'm a troublemaker, yeah yeah, some say
You model material, you need a runway
So let's runaway, we could hit the runway
Round-trip not a one way, come play
Rio Friday, Spain on Saturday
Back on Sunday, make work Monday

Chorus