Cam'ron, Weekend

[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 favoritè 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, it's 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:]

(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 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:] (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

(Then maybe we can try to work it out)