

# 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