

Weekend (feat. Miguel)

MAC MILLER

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I got a little bit of money feelin' my pockets
Roll around like I run this shit
I got a system filled up with toxins
I been broken hearted and I was fuck that bitch
Getting high to deal with my problems
Fucking bitches and getting drunk as shit
But these bitches getting obnoxious
They nothin' to me though I love this shit
Go long days, longer nights
Talk too much, the wrong advice
All the lights, and call my life
Doctor, doctor, will you help me
Keep me healthy, keep it lowest you can help me
Ain't shit you can tell me now
First rap shipment, sellin' out
Ooh shit, my new bitch, you jealous now
Smokin' weed at the crib watching Belly now
All the pain that they causin' like fuck it we ballin' now everythin' straight
You feeling the feeling, I'm chilling, just living, I'm living away
Conversations we having, I'm getting too static, too much on my plate
Lord I need me a break But I'll be good by the weekend
I'll be good by the weekend
Everything good by the weekend
Everything will be good by the weekend
We going out tonight, yeah we going out tonight, like fuck it
We going out tonight, yeah we going out tonight, fuck it
We going out tonight, yeah we going out tonight, it's the weekend
We going out tonight, yeah we going out tonight, it's the weekend I been having trouble sleeping
Battling these demons
Wondering what's the thing that keeps me breathing
Is it money, fame or neither
I been thinking about the places that I frequent

All the people that I see
I started livin' decent
But what do it mean to be a G
Only time we fall behind, bitches in the concubine, callin' mine crazy
See in God's desire make water wine, pause in time, it's common they often hate me
Never will I walk in line, I cross the T's and dot the I's
Wondering well, wonderin' how I got this high
Fell and asleep and forgot to die, god damn
I'm poppin' them dollars and drinkin' them powders, faded
Get it over the counter, I'm stuck on the browsers like how did I make it
These bitches don't know me, this shit is so lonely until she get naked
Don't even know what today is But I'll be good by the weekend
I'll be good by the weekend
Everything good by the weekend
Everything will be good by the weekend Mondays I think of you
But I ain't tripping on it
Tuesdays I'm in
Gotta get my hands up on ya
Wednesdays I'm lit with you
You know you're staying over
Thursdays I'm sick of you
I got to get rid of you
'Cause Fridays are always the start of the time of my life, alright
When I get faded you hate it but, baby, it's gon' be alright, ha, alright

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