

# Might Not (feat. The Weekend)

## Belly

Eh oh yeah, oh yeah  
Oh yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah oh yeah, oh yeah oh yeah  
Oh yeah, oh yeah, nah  
Everybody 'round me saying I should relax  
'Cause I been going hard 'til my eyes roll backward  
All I want to do is forget about my past  
And smoke a little weed, really nothing too drastic  
Any time you see me in a picture and I'm smiling  
Probably 'cause I'm faded, or I'm chilling with the fans  
Not really the type to let a nigga talk back  
But I'mma let it slide 'cause my niggas too violent  
Shout out to the ones who spend money like a habit  
Even if they had a million dollars, they'd be trappin'  
Got a couple girls shooting movies on the mattress  
Then I hit the booth, make the motherfucking soundtrack  
Then I play it back on the eighty-inch plasma  
Then I get 'em faded off that super-fantastic  
Roll that grandmaster, smell it through the plastic  
Nobody can handle me, I'm gone when the shit's too strong  
The night's too long  
I took too much and I've gone too far  
And I might not make it  
I might not make it this time  
I might not make it  
I might not make it  
I might not make it this time  
I might not make it  
I might not make it  
I might not make it this time  
I might not make it  
I might not make it  
I might notBitches know, told a hoe it's different strokes for different folks  
Came up out the north, we was playing with a different snow  
Took my niggas from the four-one to Pacifico  
We no longer put no fish scale on the fishing boat  
Listen, hoe, I know all you bitches want is liquor, smoke (Liquor, smoke)  
I know all you bitches want is dick and dough (Dick and dough)  
Told her you don't gotta make it difficult  
Baby, sit calm, we don't need another episode  
Hippie bitches sending me titty pictures  
She told me no religion was the new religion

She said she don't believe in God, but her shoe's Christian  
I heard she serving everybody like the soup kitchen  
Getting hoes higher, getting hoes higher  
She got work in the morning, I'm getting hoes fired  
Why the fuck you call it purple when you mix it pink  
You know I fucking mix the drinks when the shit's too strongThe night's too long  
I took too much and I've gone too far  
And I might not make it  
I might not make it this time  
I might not make it  
I might not make it  
I might not make it this time  
I might not make it  
I might not make it  
I might not make it this time  
I might not make it  
I might not'Cause I've been smoking a lot, and I've been drinking  
I might not make it  
Oh, no I might not make it  
'Cause I've been smoking a lot, and I've been drinking  
I might not make it  
Oh no, I might not make it'Cause I've been smoking a lot, and I've been drinking  
I might not make it  
Oh, no I might not make it  
'Cause I've been smoking a lot, and I've been drinking  
I might not make it  
Oh no, I might not make it (Ooh)

Songwriters

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