

# Weekends (feat. Esthero)

## Black Eyed Peas

I called Chad on Wednesday night  
So we could make plans for Thursday night  
He said "we could go hit the Peapods"  
I was like yeah, that's my favorite spot  
Plus I like it there, 'cause I got love on the list  
High powered juice, where I don't even get frisked  
Walk up in the place and get love from the misses  
Pounds from my brothers, 'cause they knowing that this is  
The place to be to let it all out  
But when the weekend come, the weekend come  
Y'all could come  
So go tell ya momma come and ya papa come  
Go to spin the record so we can get dumb  
Place packed, capacity maximum  
Due to my man Polo promotion  
And I can't wait to go out and hear some[Chorus]  
Jumping music, swift d.j.'s  
Smoke machines and laser rays  
Look out weekend 'cause, here I come  
Because weekends were, were Walk in the club at like 10 o' clock  
And the spot is hot, blowing up rooftops  
It's Thursday night and the night is young  
Four day weekend, time to have some fun  
D.j.'s scutter up, drop them joints  
Everybody's been waiting to dance and make noise  
B-boys, let me see you break it down  
And ladies, let your hips move around  
It's the sound of the B.E.P family  
Got a poet named Life and a sister Kimy (worrrrd up)  
And the blood of Abraham (worrrrd up)  
So let's get ready for the jam[Chorus] It was a Thursday night and the party was bumpin'  
And the bass was thumpin' and people was jumpin'  
And Taboo's at the front door comin'  
Taboo's at the front door comin'  
And  
And (here he come now)  
And  
Nah, nah, nah Yo, Mister Will.I.Am (Mister Will.I.Am)  
Win or win (Mister Will.I.Am)

Get our boogie on when the weekend come  
Check the Peapod, 'cause the vibes is strong  
Salinas Filipinas, they come one by one  
All lined up, and they ready for fun  
Short one's, tall one's, beautiful ones  
B-boys, b-girls, ready to what  
Breaking and shaking when we doing our 'ish  
J-rock from the Beat Junkies ready to mix  
'Cause they cutting up the wax for everybody  
Come on over 'cause were having a party  
We lighting up the sky with the burning star  
Throw your hands in the air, if you know who you are  
'Cause we jumpin' around with the broshigeez  
And get less by the beat pharmacy, 'cause they hitting you with[Chorus]Word up  
Word upLook out weekend 'cause, here I come  
Because weekends were, were

Songwriters

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JAMIEPublished by

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