

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, wereWalk 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, nahYo, 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

STEWART, SYLVESTER / PINEDA, ALLAN / BUTLER, TONY / ADAMS, WILL / GOMEZ,
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