

# Weekend (feat. Miguel)

Mac Miller

I got a little bit of money fillin' my pockets  
Roll around like I run this shit  
I got a system filled up with toxins  
I been broke at heart 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 low, this where hell be  
Ain't shit you can tell me now  
Fuck this rap shit, man I'm sellin' out  
Ooh shit, my new bitch 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 be good by the weekend  
I 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  
We going out tonight, yeah we going out tonight 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 are frequent  
All the people that I see  
I started livin' decent  
What do it mean to be a G  
And all the time we fall behind, bitches in the concubine, I call her mine, crazy  
She and God [?] 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 be good by the weekend  
I 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 live 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 your pride, ha, alright  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>