

# Pink - Here Comes The Weekend

Tom: A

Feat. Eminem

**Gbm** **D**  
 Here comes, comes the weekend  
**A** **E**  
 Hear it calling like a siren oh oh  
**Gbm** **D**  
 We don't want no problems  
**A** **E**  
 We don't like them , keep it moving  
**Gbm** **D**  
 Here comes The weekend  
**A** **E**  
 Set off your sirens oh oh  
**Gbm** **D**  
 Here comes The weekend  
**A** **E**  
 Set off your sirens oh oh  
  
**Gbm** **D** **A** **E**  
 I just wanna play, big city, holiday  
**Gbm** **D**  
 So get out of my way  
**A** **E**  
 If you know what's better for you  
**Gbm**  
 I'm tearing up the night  
**D**  
 Lipstick and leather tight  
**A** **E**  
 Not looking for a fight no oh oh  
**Gbm**  
 High heels and cherry wine  
**D**  
 Not wasting any time  
**A**  
 We're ticking like a bomb  
**E**  
 About to blow oh oh  
  
**Gbm** **D**  
 Here comes, comes the weekend  
**A** **E**  
 Hear it calling like a siren oh oh  
**Gbm** **D**  
 We don't look for trouble  
**A** **E**  
 Just enough to, see in double  
**Gbm** **D**  
 Here comes The Weekend  
**A** **E**  
 Set off your sirens oh oh  
**Gbm** **D**  
 Here comes The Weekend  
**A** **E**  
 Set off your sirens oh oh  
  
**Gbm** **D**  
 Drink some pink champagne  
**A**  
 I don't know you yet  
**E**  
 But we'll forget so  
**Gbm** **D**  
 F| -ck what they say  
**A** **E**  
 Let's run the floor until it breaks oh oh  
**Gbm**  
 I'm tearin up the night  
**D**

Lipstick and leather tight  
**A** **E**  
 Not looking for a fight no oh oh

**Gbm**  
 High heels and cherry wine  
**D**  
 Not wasting any time  
**A**  
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Chords: **Gbm - D - A - E**  
 Nothing high class in my glass  
 Only bottles of pop  
 My bottles are popped so when I pop up in the spot  
 Im probably not gonna be wanting to pop bubbly or Ciroc  
 I'm not Puffy but I'ma run this city tonight  
 When I hit it, I might act like a frickin' idiot  
 Diddy mixed with a medieval knight, big city lights  
 Little indignity, hot diggity  
 This Biggie is gettin' me hype  
 I don't get some liquor, I'll hurt you  
 I'll knock your d-ck in the dirt, bickerin' worse  
 Than that b-tch in that Snickers commercial  
 A mixture of Stiffler and Urkel  
 Hangin' from the light fixture  
 I hope you pricks are insured for this building  
 Cuz we're tearin' it down, security get out  
 The frickin' way, Jesus Christ the blaring is loud  
 I swear the only thing I hear is the sound  
 Of sirens going eeeeeh cause...

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Oh oh

**Gbm - D - A - E**  
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## Acordes

