

**Slim Thug f/ Bun B, Pimp C****"Leanin'"**

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[Pimp C sample] Leanin', Leanin', sittin' sideways [X2]  
Leanin', Leanin', Leanin', sittin' sideways Leanin', sittin'  
sideways, Leanin', Leanin', sittin' sideways I'mma  
young ghetto boy dat's why I act dis way rollin' in the  
candy car leanin' sittin' sideways [Chorus X2] [Slim  
Thug] Big boss of that damn nawf, grab the mic  
straight run his mouth Candy blue what you see me  
floss, when I pull the lac up out the house Lookin' good  
while I hold the wood, on the slab shit's understood Hit  
the (stash?) chunk up the hood, boys gotta see me  
stunt for good New car new ice, it ain't shit I can pay  
that price, Niggas ain't living like the boss live, that's  
what that is and I say that twice I tip the 4's and flip the  
roads, before that album got shipped to stores Boys  
betta keep they lips closed, before they punk-ass get  
exposed I done showed the world how the boss hold,  
Slab or foreign I floss those Drank and dro got me floss  
mode, doin' 100 on the toll road Pimp and Bun runnin'  
right behind, pieced up with the grill shine 10 years still  
putting it down, representin' for that H-Town Michael  
watts got the beats slow, slim thug keep the streets  
throwed Brains straight bout to be blowed, cause Rico  
got them sweets rolled Now ask them cause the streets  
know, the big boss man got it locked H-Town man  
I'mma shout that out, till I'm up in Heaven wit Pimp and  
Pac. [Chorus X2] [Pimp C] Sweet Jones bitch! Unnh  
Unnh Unnh Tony Snow the mack not the myth, the Pimp  
I got the gift to break a bitch, twenty thousand behind  
my lips A hundred thousand on my neck, everytime  
that I step out Bought the red thang from Chamillion,  
candy paint swangin in the drop I keep the hoes pussy  
drip drop wet, lamborghini fuck the vet Top gone lets  
get it on, I'm the real bitch he's a clone Smelling like  
Bar 9 cologne, gotta billion dollars out my microphone  
Slab crush, dome busta, Promethazine mixed with the  
tussa We call it banana split, choose a pimp hoe I'm  
legit Wrecked the grey bitch, bought the red I got a  
phantom too that's what the fuck I said And I ain't  
dropped an album yet spend my dirty money don't  
touch the check if the rap game die I buy some work  
and keep a young yella bitch that will pull up my skirt

and when the bitch get enough her pussy squirt tricks  
love to see (how it works?) I love the money she love  
the fame I gotta leveled head she gotta (piece of the  
brain) I gotta 3-way lover on my cingular She gotta 4  
inch cone with jet mink hair Between her legs I'm tellin  
you And she pay her daddy and that's what it do  
[Chorus X2] [Bun B] It's Bun B the man and not the  
myth, ridin on them 4's trunk got the fifth I push one  
button on my remote , start up my slab and my trunk  
will lift I got the gift I got straight from God, keep it real  
never fraud From P-A-T the land of the Trill, so when  
come out I'mma come out hard You know the name  
and the resume, my g-code files is documented  
Certified Rap-a-Lot for life, down with the mob  
represented Don't play them games because I got the  
change, to put it in ya mind and on ya brain You'll leak  
coming out the candy, die where you standing simple  
and plain I'mma gangsta baby not a baby gangsta, I'm  
overgrown it's understood Slim Thug the boss, C the  
Pimp, and I'm Bun the OG to run the hood We got the  
good, and the flower, hard or soft get it rock or powder  
But know ya shit when you hit ya lick, it don't come with  
a textbook tellin' ya how to And the power and the  
bread, so fuck a law dog, and fuck a fed I'm from the  
south and we got the crown, and you can't get it back  
until I'm dead Heard what I said, and press rewind,  
play it back so you can get the meaning Coming down  
in that candy slab, grippin on the grain and you know  
I'm leanin'! [Chorus X2] Leanin', Leanin', sittin'  
sideways [X2] Leanin', Leanin', Leanin', sittin' sideways  
Leanin', sittin' sideways, Leanin', Leanin', sittin'  
sideways

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