

Dem Franchise Boyz

"Lean Wit It, Rock With It"

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{Lean wit it, rock wit it
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~Verse 1~

I bounce in the club so the ho's call me Rocky,
Posted in the cut, and I'm lookin for a blockhead,
Yup in my white tee I break a bitch back,
And I keep a big bank, oh I think dey like dat
Before I leave the house, I'm slizzard on a goose,
And I'm higher then a plane, so a nigga really loose,
And I can lean wit it, and I can rock wit it,
And if u gotta freak, she gotta suck a cock wit it

~Verse 2~

Ay gon n rock wit it, gon n lean wit it,
Rock so damn hard, u break your spleen wit it,
Pull up ya jeans wit it, smoke some green wit it,
N da spot aint crunk? bitch if we ain't in it?
If u don't wanna do it, then I'll make ya dance,
Perfect example watch me make your face beat up my
hands,
When you see me hit the spot, betta watch dat boy,
Chalay, from da road wit dem franchise boyz

{Hook}

~Verse 3~

Now I'm gon lean wit it(yea), brush my shoulders off,
Cuz I'm supa clean wit it, SK don't play, I got a beam wit
it, (beam wit it)
If I fuck you gotta let the whole team hit it, yup let the
whole team hit it,
Now rock wit it, shake your dreads wit it, bend your
back,
Snap your fingers, bob your head wit it, I said lean wit
it,

Take a sip of that Henn, and rock wit it,
I'm off that X rollin hard wont chu pop wit me?

~Verse 4~

When shit pop off, I'm jumpin out jus like wassup hoe?
I'm jigglin dat shit, all the way down to the flo' ho,
I'm up in the club, and I'm creepin like I'm ice,
Cuz my shit down to the flo, like I'm rollin on a dice,
You know we jawin, yup, and we all in da white tee,
I lean n I rock, niggas wanna do it like me,
I run wit BM squad cuz that's my muthafuckin click fool,
Break that bitch back, jus like a real squad nigga do

{Hook}

~Verse 5~

Rock left den snap ya fingers, rock right den snap ya
fingers,
Ayyy wats hannenin? lean wit me, rock wit me,
Gotta pill pop wit me, gon take a shot wit me,
Call me Teddy, I got grahms don't hate, nigga shop wit
me,
DIB, Trap Squad, B.R.C, we known bitch,
Franchise aint got no money? shiiit hold on hold on
bitch,
Dis trap shit n rap shit, I done did dat shit,
Lean wit it, rock wit it, gon jig dat shit ayyy,

~Verse 5~

The Squad, Baker Road, and Franchise on some otha
shit,
Left witcha bitch, wit an ounce, and a stiff dick,
Didn't have to say much, cuz she seem obliged,
Walked off the club, got on the phone, called her gurl
for menage,
Wat I'm all up to, shit lets see how it turned out,
Gotta crack-headed broad, now we headed to my
house,
Ay u wit that G shit right?
Cuz I done leaned, I done rocked all muhfuckin night

{Lean wit it, rock wit it } x16

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