

## **Fat Amy**

### **"Lean Back"**

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(feat. Lil Jon, Eminem, Ma\$e, Remy Martin)

[Intro: Lil Jon]

Stop!

I'ts the remix, What

[Intro 2: Mase]

Uh yea Harlem in tact

Who in the world wanna problem with that?

For real I heard Harlem is back

Who in the world wanna problem with that?

Uh yea Harlem is back

Who in the world wanna problem with that?

You know I heard Harlem is back

Who in the world wanna problem with that?

[Lil Jon]

Let's Go!

[Chorus: Fat Joe + (Lil Jon in background)]

Said my nnniz don't dance we just pull up our pants

And do the rockaway (YEAH!), now lean back, lean

back, lean back, lean back

I said my niggaz don't dance we just pull up our pants

And do the rockaway (YEAH!), now lean back, lean

back, lean back, lean back

[Verse 1: Ma\$e (with Lil Jon in back round)]

Yo yo yo it's deja vu

And the day ya'll do (Wus up!)

It'll be the day ya'll bleed

Wrist minus 80 degrees

King of Harlem ain't nobody made me leave (tell em!)

Who else could take 5 years off

Cold turkey come back and fly lears off (Hey!)

Cats front leave them leaning like Smirnoff (What!)

If haters wanna hate then it's their loss (Yeah!)

Come up in the Rucker with all my Jake's on (Yeah!)

Car grills so big you can cook a steak on (yeah!)

People hear Ma\$e call em' wanna get their mase on

You hot 16 I'm a very great song (Yeah!)

Been beating on the DJ before the Ma\$e song (yeah!)  
You play Clake Kent you better have your cake on  
(What!)  
Plenty homes Mansion many rooms  
My necklace, 2 ex's and 3 Bentley bulls now  
Lean Back, Lean Back, lean back (come on)

[Lil Jon:] Lean Back, Lean Back, lean back (eminem  
What's Up!)

[Verse 2: Eminem (with Lil Jon in back round)]  
You don't want no problems with Harlem  
You don't want no problems with the boogie down  
Bronkster (Yeah!)  
You don't want no drama with the blond bomber  
Original don dotta of the blond bottle  
The model (hey!) from white America  
Then Joe the spokesperson for the Latino  
Then we got Ma\$e back to represent everything else in  
between including the  
Percentages of the press we don't  
The best from each coast  
The midwest to the "dirty dirty"  
Even further to Miami  
All the way back to Californ-i-a (hey, hey!)  
It would probably be best right now if I warned Dre to  
get on the horn and  
Tell him about the storm coming all our way  
So tell him pack grab a gat right now get on the floor I'll  
wait  
Shake that a-- a little more my way  
But baby I don't dance not that I can't there's a pis--I in  
my pants

[Chorus: Fat Joe + (Lil Jon in background)]  
Said my nnniz don't dance we just pull up our pants  
And do the rockaway (YEAH!), now lean back, lean  
back, lean back, lean back  
I said my niggaz don't dance we just pull up our pants  
And do the rockaway (YEAH!), now lean back, lean  
back, lean back, lean back

[Verse 3: Remy Martin]  
Ayo, remy pop but im hot,  
Like an out of state spot,  
And any body think im not,  
Your found in a vacant lot,  
You don't really wanna run wit da one chick who smoke  
dutchess for lunchess,  
Da castle hill i aint luncheon,  
Now it's on it 4 da terror squad, pun, prospect,

sunshine, geddy, crack and remy ma,  
Its the hottest chick, in this game wont it,  
Mah 16 so mean, put 20 g's and mah chain on it,  
Quik 2 flip,  
I aint da average chick,  
Im pakin a mac in da bak of the 45 pass 6,  
And u kno i got enough dudes to crush a country,  
Any dude disrespectin pun he betta play da run c,  
Bring your mans, and den we hands all him,  
Den we pull timbaland tramplum, den we pull da cats in  
dem,  
Lean bak 'cause i aint eva wry, see im foreva glory,  
smakin up any chick in mah territory

[Chorus: Fat Joe + (Lil Jon in background)]

Said my niggaz don't dance we just pull up our pants  
And do the rockaway (YEAH!), now lean back, lean  
back, lean back, lean back  
I said my niggaz don't dance we just pull up our pants  
And do the rockaway (YEAH!), now lean back, lean  
back, lean back, lean back

[Verse 4: Fat Joe (With Lil jon in back round)]

No Judas or cowardice that Caine's brother Abel is able  
to stop me  
Not me!  
Got the streets asking damn who can top P  
Summer jam killed it man they did it all with 1 beat  
I guess I'm bicoastal now  
Took a down south brother to bring your boy out  
As the wheel keeps spinning  
I can hear Nnniz thinking Crack got one hit then he out  
No Joey bring them semi's out  
Force you and yours to pour a little Henny out  
So much rappers acting in the game  
I had to tell them put the mic away and run and get  
your Emmy's out  
Lean back mother ....  
This here's a three peat we back at the Rucker  
It's good coke crack preach it to your brother  
The mic more rap and preach you mother...

[Chorus: Fat Joe + (Lil Jon in background)]

Said my nnniz don't dance we just pull up our pants  
And do the rockaway (YEAH!), now lean back, lean  
back, lean back, lean back  
I said my niggaz don't dance we just pull up our pants  
And do the rockaway (YEAH!), now lean back, lean  
back, lean back, lean back

[Hook: Lil Jon]

Said my nnniz don't dance we just pull out a gat  
And say blow your block away, lean back, lean back,  
lean back  
Lean back  
I Said my nnniz don't dance we just pull out a gat  
And say blow your block away, lean back, lean back,  
lean back  
Lean back  
(Hey!)

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