

Fat Joe

"Lean Back (remix) Fat Joe Ft. Eminem, Mase, Lil John, Pathos."

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{Lil john}

Stop â€¦ it's da muthafuckin remix â€¦

{Mase}

Ah yeah Harlem's back

Who in da world wanna problem wit dat

I hear Harlem's back

Who in da world wanna problem wit dat

Ah yeah Harlem's back

Who in da world wanna problem wit dat

I hear Harlem's back

Who in da world wanna problem wit dat

{Lil John}

Let's go

{Fat joe} X2

I said my niggaz don't dance,

We just pull up our pants 'n'

Do 'da Roc-away.

Now lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back.(with Lil Jon)

Come on

{Mase}

Yo yo yo

You know it's deja vu, 'n' da day y'all doâ€¦

It'd be da day y'all bleed

Rich minus 80 degrees

King of Harlem, ain't nobody made me leave

Who else can take 5 years off

Cold turkey, come back to fly lids off

Cats front, leave 'em leanin' like smirrnoff

If haters wanna hate then it's their loss

Come up in da rucka wit all my jigs on

Got grills so big you can cook a steak on..

People here may storm when they get da Mase on

You a hot 16, i'm a very great song

They beatin' on da DJ before the Mase song

You play Clark Kent,

You'd better have your cape on,

Plenty goons, mansion, many rooms
My necklace, two X's, 'n' three benny boons, lean back

{Fat Joe}

I said my niggaz don't dance,
We just pull up our pants 'n'
Do 'da Roc-away.
Now lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back.
Come on

{Mase}

Lean back, lean back, 'cause he's back

{Fat Joe}

I said my niggaz don't dance,
We just pull up our pants 'n'
Do 'da Roc-away.
Now lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back.
Come on

{Lil John}

Emineeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeem wussup

{Eminem}

You don't want no problems wit Harlem
You don't want no problems wit da boogie down
Bronxster
You don't want no drama wit da blonde bomber
Original Don gotta of da blonde bottle, tha model.
For white America, Then Joe, the spokesperson for the
Latino
Now we got Mase back, to represent everything else in
between
Including da percentage of da rest, we dope!
Da best from each coast to mid-west to da
Dirty dirty (with Lil John)
Even further to Miami,
All da way back to Californ-i-a
It'd probably best right now if I warned Dre.
Get on a horn and tell him about da storm comin' all
our way
So tell a pal grab a gal right now, get on da floor why
wait?
Shake dat ass a lil more my way
Well baby, I don't dance
Not that I can't, there's a pistol in my pants

{Fat Joe} X2

I said my niggaz don't dance,
We just pull up our pants 'n'
Do 'da Roc-away.

Now lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back.
Come on

{Pathos}

No Judas, or Camadis, or Cane's brother Able was ever
able to stop me

(all) not me

I got the streets asking damn who could top P.

Summer Jam, killed it man, and did it all wit one beat

I guess I'm bi-coastal now

Took a damn South brother to bring your boy out

As da wheel keep spinnin', i can hear niggaz thinkin'

crack at one hit benny out

No (with Eminem)

Joey bring 'em semi's out

Force you 'n' yours pour lil Henney out

So much rappers actin' in da game

I had to tell 'em put the mic away 'n' run 'n' go 'n' get
your Emmies out.

Lean back mothafuckas

This here's a three-peat. we back at da rucka

This cook coke crack preach it to your brother,

The mic more rap than preachin' your mother fucker

{Fat Joe} X2

I said my niggaz don't dance,

We just pull up our pants 'n'

Do 'da Roc-away.

Now lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back.

Come on

{Lil John}

I said my niggaz don't dance,

We just pull out our gats 'n'

Blow your block away.

Fuck nigga lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back.

Hey

I said my niggaz don't dance,

We just pull out our gats 'n'

Blow your block away.

Bitch nigga lean back, lean back, lean back, lean

baaaaaaack

Heyyyy

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