

Fat Joe

"Lean Back (remix) Fat Joe"

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I don't give a 'bout your fault or mishappenin's
We from the Bronx, New York thing happens
Kids clappin' love to spark the place
Half the on the Squad got a scar on they face
It's a cold world, and this is ice half a mil' for the
charm, this is life

Got the phantom in front of the building Trinity Ave
10 years been legit they still figure me bad
As a youngin', was too much to cope with
Why you think, B-X nick-named me, Cook Coke

Should've been called Don, robbery, extortion or
maybe grand Larceny
I did it all, I put the pieces to the puzzle
This long, I knew me and my peoples was gon' bubble.
Came out the gate, on some flow Joe fat with shotty
was the logo kid.

Said, my don't dance
We just pull up our pants and do the Roc-away
Now, lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back
I said, my don't dance
We just pull up our pants and do the Roc-away
Now lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back

R to the Ezzy, M to the whizz-I, my arms stay breezy
The Don's stay flizz-I, got a date at 8, I'm in a 740'fizz-
I've
And I just bought a bike so I can ride til' I die
With a matchin' jacket, 'bout to cop me a mansion

My Squad in the club, but you know they not dancin'
We gangsta, and gangstas don't dance, we boogie
So never mind how we got in here with the burners and
hoodies
Listen we don't pay admission, and bouncers don't
check us
And we walk around the metal detectors and there
really

Ain't a need for a VIP section in the middle of the dance

floor
Reckless, check it, said it, like my necklace, started
relaxin'
Now, that's what the hell I call a chain reaction
See, money ain't a thing , we still the same , flows just
changed
Now, we 'bout to change the game

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Now we livin' better now, Gucci sweater now
And that G4 could fly through, any weather now
See haters get tight, when you worth some millions
That's why I sport the chinchilla to hurt they feelin's

Your can find Joe Crack at all type of
Out at Vegas front roll on all the fights and
If I would've brought Compton, they'd prolly squeel
'Cause half these rappers dead broke like dirick fa' real

If you cross the line damn right, I'm gon' hurt you
These even made gang signs commercials
Even Lil' Bow Wow throwin' it up
B2K crip walkin' like that's what's up

Kay keep tellin' me to speak about da Rucker
Matter of fact, I don't wanna speak about da Rucker
Not even Pee-Wee Kirkland could imagine this
My champ Pee didn't have to play to win the
championship

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