

Fat Joe Feat. Mase, Eminem, Lil Jon & Remy Martin

"Lean Back Remix"

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Stop, it's the mother fucking remix

Uh yeah, 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 yeah, 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?
Let's go

Said, my niggaz don't dance
We just pull up our pants
And do the rock away
Now lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back
(Yeah)

I said, my niggaz
Don't dance we just pull up our pants
And do the rock away
Now lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back
(Yeah)

Yo, 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 Mase call 'em, wanna get their mase on
You hot 16 I'm a very great song
(Yeah)
Been beating on the DJ before the Mase 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)

Lean back, lean back, lean back
(Eminem, what's up?)

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 from white America
(Hey)
Then Joe the spokesperson for the Latino
Then we got Mase back to represent
Everything else in between including the
Percentages of the press we don't

The best from each coast
The mid-West to the 'Dirty dirty'
Even further to Miami
All the way back to California
(Hey, hey)

It would probably be best right now
If I warned Dre to get on the horn and
Tell hi'm about the storm coming all our way
So, tell hi'm, pack, grab a gat right now

Get on the floor I'll wait
Shake that ass a little more my way
But baby, I don't dance
Not that I can't, there's a pistol in my pants

Said, my niggaz don't dance
We just pull up our pants
And do the rock away now
Lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back
(Yeah)

I said, my niggaz don't dance
We just pull up our pants
And do the rock away
Now, lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back
(Come on)

Ayo, remy pop but I'm hot like an out of state spot
And any body think I'm 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 ain't luncheon

Now, it's on it 4 da terror squad, pun, prospect
Sunshine, geddy, crack and remy ma
It's the hottest chick, in this game, won't it?
Mah 16 so mean, put 20 g's and mah chain on it

Quick to flip, I aint da average chick
I'm pakin' a mac in da bak of the 45 pass 6
And you know, 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 back 'cuz I ain't eva wry
See, I'm foreva glory, smakin' up any chick in mah
territory

Said, my niggaz don't dance
We just pull up our pants
And do the rock away
Now lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back
(Yeah)

I said, my niggaz don't dance
We just pull up our pants
And do the rock away
Now lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back
(Yeah)

No Judas or cowardice that Caine's brother
Abel is able to stop me, nigga, 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 Niggas 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 fucker
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 fucker

Said, my niggaz don't dance
We just pull up our pants
And do the rock away
Now, lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back
(Yeah)

I said, my niggaz don't dance
We just pull up our pants
And do the rock away
Now, lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back
(Yeah)

Said, my niggaz don't dance
We just pull out a gat
And say blow your block away
Fuck, nigga lean back, lean back
Lean back, lean back

I said, my niggaz don't dance
We just pull out a gat
And say blow your block away
Bitch, nigga, lean back, lean back
Lean back, lean back
(Hey)

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