

Fat Joe Feat. Remy Martin "Lean Back"

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Oh yeah, my niggaz, uh, huh
Throw your hands in the air right now man
Feel this shit right here, Scott Storch nigga
Yeah, Khalid I see you nigga
Show Big Pun love, uh, yeah, uh, yo

I don't give a fuck about your faults or mis happens,
nigga
We from the Bronx, New York shit happens
Kids clappin', love to spark the place
Half the niggaz in the squad got a scar on their face

It's a cold world and this is ice
Half a mill for the charm, nigga this is life
Got the Phantom in front of the buildin', Trinity Ave
Ten years been legit, they still figure me bad

As a young n' was too much to cope with
Why you think mu'fuckers nicknamed me Cook Coke
shit?
Shoulda been called Armed Robbery
Extortion, or maybe Grand Larceny

I did it all, I put the pieces to the puzzle
Just as long, I knew me and my peoples was gonna
bubble
Came out the gate on some Flow Joe shit
Fat nigga with the shotty was the logo kid

Said, my niggaz don't dance we just pull up our pants
And do the Rockaway, 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, now lean back, lean back, lean
back, lean back
(Come on)

R to the Ezzy, M to the Yzzy
My arms stay breezy, the Don stay flizzy
Got a date at 8, I'm in the 7-4-fizzive
And I just bought a bike so I can ride till I die

With a matchin' jacket, 'bout to cop me a mansion
My niggaz in the club but you know they not dancin'
We gangsta, and gangstas don't dance with boogies
So never mind how we got in here with burners and hoodies

Listen we don't pay admission and the 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, he liked my necklace, started relaxin'
Now that's what the fuck I call a chain reaction
See 'Money Ain't A Thing' nigga, we still the same niggaz
Flows just changed now we 'bout to change the game nigga

Said, my niggaz don't dance we just pull up our pants
And do the Rockaway, 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, now lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back
(Come on)

Now we living better now, Coogi sweater now
And that G4 can fly through any weather now
See, niggaz get tight when you worth some millions
This is why I sport the chinchilla to hurt they feelings

You can find Joe Crack at all type of shit
Out in Vegas front row to all the fights and shit
If 5-0 boy come, then they'd proudly squeal
'Cause half these rappers they 'Blow' like Derek Foreal

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

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

Niggaz don't dance we just pull up our pants
And do the Rockaway, 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, now lean back, lean back, lean
back, lean back
(Come on)

Ha, ha, yeah
(Can you hear me?)
Bronx, BX borough, Terror Squad, uh
(Ha)
Big Pun forever, Tone Montana forever
(Can you hear me?)
Uh, yeah, streets is ours, come on
Nah man, it ain't never gonna stop
Search Raul, JB, Fat Ant come on, uh

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