

Fat Joe, Remy Martin, & Tego Calderon "Lean Back"

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Yeah, my niggaz, 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, yeah, yo

I don't give a fuck about your faults or mishappens,
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 gon'
bubble

Came out the gate on some 'Flow Joe' shit

Fat nigga with the shorty was the logo kid

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

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)

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 fizzle

And I just bought a bike so I can ride 'til 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 V.I.P. 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 rock away, 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 rock away, 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 gon' 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 rock away, 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 rock away, now lean back, lean back, lean
back, lean back
(Come on)

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

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