

Juvenile

"Way I Be Leanin'"

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Said, the ladies, they love me, they love the way I be leanin'

They love the way I be leanin', they love the way I be leanin'

All the ballers is bouncin', they love the way I be leanin'

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This is the year of the U, watch how I get on track

A young black Peyton manning in the rap gettin' his snaps

And also, he only rides in the year that he's in

'Cause he don't feel the year's bigger than him, so, let the boy be

He off the meter with tennis shoes and a white tee

Bitches watchin' him thinkin', "What if he wife me?"

And it's a certain kind of swagger you get

Especially when you're used to bein' the shit, that's if you're older right

All of my boss bitches know the type

When a nigga hug all on ya and he be smellin' like a motorbike

A nice fit and video on the TV'll

Get her to come out of them B.B.'s, believe me

I'm a thug and I'ma stay on pub

And I don't hug 'cause I carry the strap in the club

I see ya peepin' tryin' to figure out what's happenin' with us

They love the way I be leanin', that's why they baggin' it up

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You know that purple drank I be leanin', my diamonds
shinin' and gleamin'
I'm in that dropper with Juve the groupies boppin' and
fiendin'
I'm from the home of the candy paint, 84's and purple
drank
Ladies know when I hit they corner my slabs'll make
'em faint

Ice Age and U.T.P., ball-ballin' as you can see
Crawl-crawlin' on 23's, with candy on my HumVee
Honies love the way I talk, love the way I walk
Love the way I lean, they say that I'm so clean

I got a lot of money, I got a lot of ice
I got a lot of cars, many colors and lots of types
I got that paper 'cause I'm caked up like Betty Crocker
Comin' down on choppers single file with all the trunk
poppers

Gettin' money's my only task, stack up paper and count
cash
I'm ridin' on that pull over silver, the same color as a
bad rash
Gettin' full of that puff, puff, pass, it's Paul Wall, man,
what that do
Swishahouse baby, that's my crew, comin' down
jammin' on the Screw

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Drove over two dogs, sittin' on two fogs
My rims be talkin' too, they love to seduce hogs
They're dressed in cute clothes, manicured with cute
toes
I'm big paper; Wacko never stop for group hoes

Oh no, I don't scoop those, fly bitches salute those
Fatties with benefits, you know I recruit those
This a Soulja Slim T-shirt, this ain't no suit hoe
I got Pradas up under these, not no Timberland boots
hoe

I'm sick dog and there ain't no antidote
Bust your motherfuckin' head like a cantaloupe
Like Hannibal, woof, I'm an animal
Just cold dickin' the money down, huh, ain't it though?

I'ma do my damn thing 'til I can't no mo'
Don't make me pull this damn trigger 'til it ain't no mo'
And don't tell me where you ain't gon' go
I'ma just tell you one time, get to fuck 'til I ain't no mo'

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