

## Casely

# "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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