

Notorious B.i.g. "Lean Back"

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[Lil' Jon]

GAH!! IT'S THA MOTHERFUCKIN REMIX!!!!

[Biggie]

Where Brooklyn at (6x) Lean Back Lean Back

Where Brooklyn at (6x) Lean Back Lean Back

[Verse 1 (Biggie)]

I was a terror since the public school era
bathroom passes, cuttin classes, squeezin asses

smokin blunts was a daily routine since 13

A chubby nigga on the scene

I used to have the trey deuce and a deuce deuce in my
bubblegoose

Now I got the mac in my knapsack Loungin black

smokin sacks up in ac's and sidekicks with my

sidekicks rockin fly kicks

Honeys wanna chat but all we wanna know is where the
party at

And I can bring ma GAT, if not I hope i dont get shot

Better throw my vest on ma chest cause niggas is a
mess

It dont take nothin but frontin for me to start something

buggin and buckin at niggas like I was duck huntin

dumbin out just me and my crew

Cause all we wanna do is (The rockaway)

Chorus:

say ma niggas dont dance they just pull their pants and
do the rockaway

Lean Back (Brooklyn)

Lean Back (Uptown)

Lean Back (Queensbridge)

Lean Back (Bronx)

say ma niggas dont dance they just pull up their pants
and do the rockaway

Lean Back, Lean Back, Lean Back

[Verse 2 (Biggie)]

Hugs from the honeys, pound from the roughnecks,

seen my men sayd that I knew from the projects

Said he had beef, asked me if I had ma piece

Sure do two 22s in ma shoes
Holla if u need me luv, i'm in the house
room and stroom, see what the honeys is about
moet poppin ho hoppin aint no stoppin big papa Im a
bad boy
Niggas wanna front who got ur back? Biggie
Niggas wanna flex who got the GAT ? Biggie
It aint hard to tell Im an eastcoast overdoser
Nigga u scared ur supposed to
Nigga I toast ya put fear in ur heart
Fuck up the party before it even start
pissy drunk over henny and skunk
Or some brand newbian shit beating down punks

Chorus

[Verse 3 (Biggie)]

Bitches in the back looking righteous
In a tight dress I think I might just
Hit her wit a little Biggie one-on-one
how to tote a GUN and have fun with Jamaican rum
Conversation, blunts in rotation, ma men big Jock got
the GLOCK in his waist and was smokin, drinking got
the Hooker thinking
If money smell bad then this nigga BIG is stinkin
is it ma charm I got the Hookers eating out ma palm
She grabbed ma arm and said let's leave calm
Im hitting skins again
Rolled up another blunt, bought a heineken
Niggas start to Locke out, a kid got choked out
blows was stoned and a FUCKING fight broke out
Cant we just all get along?
So I can put hickeys on her chest like lil Sean

Chorus

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