

## **Notorious B.i.g. "Lean Back (Remix)"**

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Where broklin at x6  
lean back lean back  
Where broklin at x6  
lean back lean back

I was a terror since the public school era  
bathroom passes, cuttin classes, squeezin a\*\*es  
smokin blunts was a daily routine since 13  
A chubby ni\*\*a 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 ni\*\*as is a  
mess  
It dont take nothin but frontin for me to start something  
buggin and buckin at ni\*\*as like I was duck huntin  
dumbin out just me and my crew  
Cause all we wanna do is (The rockaway)

Chorus:  
ma ni\*\*as 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 ni\*\*as dont dance they just pull up their pants  
and do the rockaway  
Lean Back, Lean Back, Lean Back

Verse 2:  
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

roam and stroom, see what the honeys is about  
moet poppin ho hoppin aint no stoppin big papa Im a  
bad boy  
Ni\*\*as wanna front who got ur back? Biggie  
Ni\*\*as wanna flex who got the GAT ? Biggie  
It aint hard to tell Im an eastcoast overdoser  
Ni\*\*a u scared ur supposed to  
Ni\*\*a I toast ya put fear in ur heart  
F\*\*k up the party before it even start  
Is he drunk over henny and skunk  
Or some brand newbian shit beating down punks

Chorus

Verse 3:

B\*\*ches 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 ni\*\*a biggie's 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  
Ni\*\*as start to Loc out, a kid got choked out  
blows was thrown and a F\*\*KING fight broke out  
Cant we just all get along?  
So I can put hickeys on ya chest like lil' Shawn

Chorus

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