

## Notorious B.I.G. "Lean Back (Westwood Mix)"

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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  
roam and stroam, 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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