

Remy Ma "Lean Back"

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(feat. Terror Squad)

[Intro: Fat Joe]

Owwwww!!!! yeah! my niggaz
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!

[Verse 1: Fat Joe]

I don't give a fuc* about your faults or mishappens
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 'gon
bubble
Came out the gate on some Flow Joe shit
Fat nigga with the shotty was the logo kid!

[Chorus: Fat Joe]

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!)

[Verse 2: Remy Martin]

R to the Eazy, M to the Wizzi
My arms stay breezy, the Don stay fizzi
Got a date at 8, I'm in the 7-40-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 fuc* 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

[Repeat Chorus]

[Verse 3: Fat Joe]

Now we living better now, Gucci 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 Five-o 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 'gon hurt ya
These faggot 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!

[Repeat Chorus]

[Outro: Fat Joe]

Ha! ha! yeah! (Can you hear me?!)
Bronx, BX borough, Terror Squad, uh (Ha!)
Big Pun forever, Tone Montana forever
Uh! Yeah! Streets is ours, come on
Nah man, it ain't never gon stop
Search Raul JB, Fat Ant come on Uh

