

Terror Squad Feat. Eminem, Ma\$E & Lil' Jon "Lean Back (Rmx)"

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Stop, it's the mother fucking remix

Uh, yeah, Harlem in tact
Who in the world wanna problem with that?
For real, I heard Harlem is back
Who in the world wanna problem with that?

Uh, yeah, Harlem is back
Who in the world wanna problem with that?
You know, I heard Harlem is back
Who in the world wanna problem with that?
Let's go

Said, my niggaz
Don't dance we just pull up our pants
And do the rock away, now lean back, lean back
Lean back, lean back, come on

I said, my niggaz
Don't dance we just pull up our pants
And do the rock away, now lean back, lean back
Lean back, lean back, come on

Yo, yo, yo, yo, it's deja vu
And the day ya'll do
It'll be the day ya'll bleed
Wrist minus 80 degrees

King of Harlem, ain't nobody made me leave
Who else could take 5 years off
Cold turkey come back and fly lears off
Cats front leave them leaning like Smirnoff

If haters wanna hate then it's their loss
Come up in the Rucker with all my Jake's on
Car grills, so big you can cook a steak on
People hear Mase call em' wanna get their mase on

You hot 16, I'm a very great song
Been beating on the DJ before the Mase song
You play Clark Kent you better have your cape on
Plenty homes, mansion many rooms

My necklace, 2 ex's and 3 Bentley bulls, now, lean back

Said, my niggaz
Don't dance we just pull up our pants
And do the rock away, 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 rock away, now lean back, lean back
Lean back, lean back
(Come on)

You don't want no problems with Harlem
You don't want no problems with the boogie down
Bronkster
You don't want no drama with the blond bomber
Original don dotta of the blond bottle

The model from white America
Then Joe the spokesperson for the Latino
Then we got Mase back to represent
Everything else in between including the
Percentages of the press we don't

The best from each coast
The mid-West to the dirty, dirty
Even further to Miami
All the way back to California

It would probably be best right now
If I warned Dre to get on the horn
And tell him about the storm coming all our way

So, tell him, pack grab a gat right now
Get on the floor I'll wait
Shake that ass a little more my way
But baby, I don't dance, not that I can't
There's a pistol in my pants

Said, my niggaz
Don't dance we just pull up our pants
And do the rock away, 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 rock away, now lean back, lean back
Lean back, lean back
(Come on)

No Judas or cowardice, that Caine's brother Abel
Is able to stop me, nigga, not me
Got the streets asking, damn, who can top P?
Summer jam killed it, man, they did it all with 1 beat?

I guess, I'm bi-coastal now
Took a down South brother to bring your boy out
As the wheel keeps spinning
I can hear Niggars thinking
Crack got one hit, then he out

No, Joey bring them semi's out
Force you and yours to pour a little Henny out
So much rappers acting in the game
I had to tell them put the mic away
And run and get your Emmy's out

Lean back mother fucker
This here's a three peat, we back at the Rucker
It's good coke crack preach it to your brother
The mic more rap and preach you mother fucker

Said, my niggaz
Don't dance we just pull up our pants
And do the rock away, 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 rock away, now lean back, lean back
Lean back, lean back
(Come on)

Said, my niggaz
Don't dance we just pull out a gat
And say blow your block away, fuck, nigga, lean back
Lean back, lean back, lean back

I said, my niggaz
Don't dance we just pull out a gat
And say blow your block away, bitch, nigga, lean back
Lean back, lean back, lean back, hey

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