

## **Terror Squad, Fat Joe & Remy "Lean Back (Clean Version)"**

Visit "[Lean Back \(Clean Version\)](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I don't give a 'bout your fault or mishappenin's  
We from the Bronx, New York thing happens  
Kids clappin' love to spark the place  
Half the on the Squad got a scar on they face  
It's a cold world, and this is ice half a mil' for the  
charm, this is life

Got the phantom in front of the building Trinity Ave  
10 years been legit they still figure me bad  
As a youngin', was too much to cope with  
Why you think, B-X nick-named me, Cook Coke

Should've been called Don, robbery, extortion or  
maybe grand Larceny  
I did it all, I put the pieces to the puzzle  
This long, I knew me and my peoples was gon' bubble.  
Came out the gate, on some flow Joe fat with shotty  
was the logo kid.

Said, my don't dance  
We just pull up our pants and do the Roc-away  
Now, lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back  
I said, my don't dance  
We just pull up our pants and do the Roc-away  
Now lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back

R to the Ezzy, M to the whizz-I, my arms stay breezy  
The Don's stay flizz-I, got a date at 8, I'm in a 740'fizz-  
I've  
And I just bought a bike so I can ride til' I die  
With a matchin' jacket, 'bout to cop me a mansion

My Squad in the club, but you know they not dancin'  
We gangsta, and gangstas don't dance, we boogie  
So never mind how we got in here with the burners and  
hoodies  
Listen we don't pay admission, and 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 it, like my necklace, started  
relaxin'  
Now, that's what the hell I call a chain reaction  
See, money ain't a thing , we still the same , flows just  
changed  
Now, we 'bout to change the game

Said, my don't dance  
We just pull up our pants and do the Roc-away  
Now, lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back  
I said, my don't dance  
We just pull up our pants and do the Roc-away  
Now lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back

Now we livin' better now, Gucci sweater now  
And that G4 could fly through, any weather now  
See haters get tight, when you worth some millions  
That's why I sport the chinchilla to hurt they feelin's

Your can find Joe Crack at all type of  
Out at Vegas front roll on all the fights and  
If I would've brought Compton, they'd prolly squeel  
'Cause half these rappers dead broke like dirick fa' real

If you cross the line damn right, I'm gon' hurt you  
These even made gang signs commercials  
Even Lil' Bow Wow throwin' it up  
B2K crip walkin' like that's what's up

Kay keep tellin' me to speak about da Rucker  
Matter of fact, I don't wanna speak about da Rucker  
Not even Pee-Wee Kirkland could imagine this  
My champ Pee didn't have to play to win the  
championship

My don't dance  
We just pull up our pants and, do the Roc-away  
Now lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back  
I said, my don't dance  
We just pull up our pants and do the Roc-away  
Now lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back

Visit [Terror Squad, Fat Joe & Remy](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.