

Emilio Rojas

"Lean On Em"

Visit "[Lean On Em](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

feat. Iamsu!, Styles P & Troy Ave

And now we rolling in that 85, 85
Yeah, my shorty tatted up around the waistline
And when you sleeping in the motherfucking day time

I'm getting lowered on my bitches but they stay high

'Cause all we do is lean on 'em, we lean on 'em
I got some bitches in the back with something mean on 'em
Yeah, we lean on 'em, yeah, we lean on 'em
And when I finish, I'mma sick the fucking team on 'em

We lean on 'em, we lean on 'em
I got some bitches in the back with something mean on 'em
Yeah, we lean on 'em, yeah, we lean on 'em
And when I finish, I'mma sick the fucking team on 'em

Bad Spanish bitches with ass shots
Get it rolling with the team like a mascot
Matte black 85s in them back lots
Speeding down that motherfucking black top
Rolling with my spit, that's it
Anybody wanna pop that shit
And make it hit with a lil' bit of fists
Until they drop and that is it
You can find me with some pretty lil' mammies
Getting low up in the heights where they watching us
out at Crown V's
We living, this sinning not a religion
Never gonna ask no permission, I act and ask for
forgiveness
Yeah, we get it, we living off the interest
All these bitches doing lines like every day an audition
I'm taking trips and spend my winter with tan lines
Y'all never fly, I got argue bitches on stand by
And we be getting things money can't buy
Young Spanish motherfucker on the ride

And now we rolling in that 85, 85
Yeah, my shorty tatted up around the waistline
And when you sleeping in the motherfucking day time
I'm getting lowered on my bitches but they stay high

'Cause all we do is lean on 'em, we lean on 'em
I got some bitches in the back with something mean on
'em
Yeah, we lean on 'em, yeah, we lean on 'em
And when I finish, I'mma sick the fucking team on 'em

Tell the Jamaican homies pass the dutches
I can't stand you niggas like Uncle Ruckus
And these rappers be doing a bunch of nothing
But I stick to fundamentals like my name was Tim
Duncan
Like doing what pays me, always dressing crazy
Pulling up with badass B's like Jay-Z
What's the deal, yo?
It's young Suzy Holiday in the million
Rollin' in them 85 Audi's
What you know about it?
Leaning on them fools like I ate a weed brownie
Wavy on these haters then, now they all drowning
Money counting, every outing
And its heartbreak till my heart break
You should partake
Playing us is like hopping in the shark tank
And it's the gang in your ear
Stay in your lane 'cause we end your career

And now we rolling in that 85, 85
Yeah, my shorty tatted up around the waistline
And when you sleeping in the motherfucking day time
I'm getting lowered on my bitches but they stay high

'Cause all we do is lean on 'em, we lean on 'em
I got some bitches in the back with something mean on
'em
Yeah, we lean on 'em, yeah, we lean on 'em
And when I finish, I'mma sick the fucking team on 'em

Lean on 'em, yeah, they lean on 'em
He got swag but he ain't got no cream on 'em
If he did, then he would've put the beam on 'em
Got the iron and he don't want no steam on 'em
Yeah, I lean on 'em, big body V
Look at my company, assume I sold the lot of D
Them niggas spending it like they won the lottery
Me, I'm a plant man, fill me up like pottery
For real though, I'm vicious on a MI

See, I used to make rhymes, gripping on the semis
Scrambling, these just the ramblings of a Jedi
Late night, in the hallway with the red eyes
Lean on 'em, them nigga kick stand
Murder mummies with magazines, keep your distance
I'm in the gut, with the sound and the piff rims
Something mean, got sixteen on six vents, lean on 'em

And now we rolling in that 85, 85
Yeah, my shorty tatted up around the waistline
And when you sleeping in the motherfucking day time
I'm getting lowered on my bitches but they stay high

'Cause all we do is lean on 'em, we lean on 'em
I got some bitches in the back with something mean on
'em
Yeah, we lean on 'em, yeah, we lean on 'em
And when I finish, I'mma sick the fucking team on 'em

We lean on 'em, we lean on 'em
I got some bitches in the back with something mean on
'em
Yeah, we lean on 'em, yeah, we lean on 'em
And when I finish, I'mma sick the fucking team on 'em

It's Troy Ave I'm that nigga, don't mean to boast
A BK well known dealer heavy in coke
White leather in chinchilla, the top off
Late with the swag like a fiend who pop dope
I'm fixing to pop off, and you snort that
Fixing up the pot, whipping salt, where the dough at?
Show me the money, I'll say it more clearer
Show me the money and show me a mirror
Reflecting on my past, pedal getting masked
High speed paper chase straight ahead to cash
Money off the bates, money chosen hate
Murder was the case when he came and bought the
wakes

'Cause all we do is lean on 'em, we lean on 'em
I got some bitches in the back with something mean on
'em
Yeah, we lean on 'em, yeah, we lean on 'em
And when I finish, I'mma sick the fucking team on 'em

We lean on 'em, we lean on 'em
I got some bitches in the back with something mean on
'em
Yeah, we lean on 'em, yeah, we lean on 'em
And when I finish, I'mma sick the fucking team on 'em

Visit [Emilio Rojas](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.