

Botany Boys

"Smokin N Leanin"

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(*talking*)

Yeah this that motherfucking B.G. Gator, off that
Botany
Coming from that Southside, of Twoston Texas
Where niggaz known, for rolling in teras
Swangas, and cock back chambers
And right about now, my big homies bout to loc up
And drop some shit for y'all G's, sluts and pimps peep
game

[Hook - 2x]

(smoke), till you can't smoke no mo'
(lean), think about it in your dreams

[C-Note]

Well I'm smoking smoking, high off that endo
Ready to hit the switch on the bitch, in the pinto
The Botany Boys got static, tragic
Automatics, get your ass whipped like them addict
We ain't playing no games, we just swanging them
thangs
Creeping through the Clover, where the real niggaz
hang
Catch us flipping on the blades, or them 1-2-3's
Or in the kitchen, cooking a whole bunch of G's
Got to get my pay on, my lean and my strut
Now the Botany Boys, busting caps
We get in the do', like that Riddid Bo
I'm leaning on the fo', right before I do a show

[Verse 2]

Smoking and leaning, is my hobby
Everytime you see me, I be out trying to get mine
Laws peeping me trying to get nine, think I'm slipping
Cause I'm sipping, on boonswine
But I'm on my P's and Q's, my homies G's and fools
The golden rule stay true, never cap always strapped
Rolling 18's, on Dunlaps
On a 400 Lexus, from Mo' Money Texas
Brother be plexing, but I be stressing
My feelings, 1-87 killing now I'm chilling

At my crib, on my leather high as ever
I'm real, I gotta keep myself together

[Hook - 2x]

[Head]

I smoke sweet after sweet, cause I can't do without it
Lean hard on that drank, till I start to dream about it
Wake up and can't wait, puffing dank
Mix another drank, mind focused on my bank
Just your average everyday G, yup it's me Head
Ripping up the beat, hooked up by the D-Red
All the G's got my back, grab your gat and start busting
Botany Big Shots, produced by Platinum Productions
Southside Playaz, in the motherfucking house
Smoking and leaning, stacking the green and breaking
the haters off
Now let me hit the killer herb, like it ain't shit
Grab the boons of syrup, time to get the drank mix
wanna smoke I wanna lean

[Hook - 2x]

[Lil' 3rd]

Smoke made me choke, as I'm coming down clowning
Codeine on my mind, as I'm coming down McGowen
Nothing but players and pimps, walking with limps
The hustlers and the macks, separate the busters and
simps
So boy when you step, you better step with respect
Ain't a start ain't none involved, or dumping with the
techs
Automatic weapons, when I'm coming down wrecking
Seventeen shot glocks, when the jackers start to
stepping
So it should, I do just chill with my crew
Get some killer from that Mello, and smoke a ounce or
two
Why all the haters, wait scoping the scheme
I'ma keep making paper, straight smoking and leaning

[Hook - 2x]

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