

Slim Thug "Leanin'"

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Leanin', leanin', sittin' sideways
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I'ma young ghetto boy that's why I act this way
Rollin' in the candy car, leanin', sittin' sideways
I'ma young ghetto boy that's why I act this way
Rollin' in the candy car, leanin', sittin' sideways

Big boss of that damn nawf, grab the mic straight, run
his mouth
Candy blue, what you see me floss when I pull the Lac
up out the house
Lookin' good while I hold the wood on the slab shit's
understood
Hit the stash, chunk up the hood, boys gotta see me
stunt for good

New car, new ice, it ain't shit, I can pay that price
Niggas ain't living like the boss lives
That's what that is and I say that twice
I tip the 4's and flip the roads before that album got
shipped to stores
Boys betta keep they lips closed before they punkass
get exposed

I done showed the world how the boss hold, slab or
foreign I floss those
Drank and dro, got me floss mode, doin' a hundred on
the toll road
Pimp and Bun, runnin' right behind, pieced up with the
grill shine
Ten years, still putting it down representin' for that H-
Town

Michael Watts got the beats slow, Slim Thug keep the
streets throwed
Brains straight 'bout to be blowed 'cause Rico got them
sweets rolled
Now ask them 'cause the streets know, the big boss

man got it locked
H-Town man I'mma shout that out
Till I'm up in heaven with Pimp and Pac

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Tony Snow the mack not the myth, the Pimp
I got the gift to break a bitch, twenty thousand behind
my lips
A hundred thousand on my neck every time that I step
out
Bought the red thang from Chamillion, candy paint
swangin' in the drop

I keep the hoes pussy drip drop wet Lamborghini, fuck
the Vet
Top gone let's get it on, I'm the real bitch, he's a clone
Smelling like Bar 9 cologne, gotta billion dollars out my
microphone
Slab crusha, dome busta, promethazine mixed with the
tussa

We call it banana split, choose a pimp hoe I'm legit
Wrecked the gray bitch, bought the red
I got a Phantom too that's what the fuck I said

And I ain't dropped an album yet
Spend my dirty money, don't touch the check
If the rap game die, I buy some work
And keep a young yella bitch that will pull up my skirt

And when the bitch get enough, her pussy squirt
Tricks love to see how it works
I love the money, she love the fame
I gotta leveled head she gotta piece of the brain grain

I gotta three way lover on my cingular
She gotta four inch [Incomprehensible] hair
Between her legs, I'm tellin' you
And she pay her daddy and that's what it do

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It's Bun B, the man and not the myth, ridin' on them 4's
trunk got the fifth

I push one button on my remote start up my slab and
my trunk will lift
I got the gift, I got straight from God, keep it real,
never fraud
From P A T the land of the Trill so when come out I'mma
come out hard

You know the name and the resume, my G-Code files is
documented
Certified Rap-a-Lot for life down with the mob
represented
Don't play them games because I got the change
To put it in ya mind and on ya brain, you'll leak coming
out the candy
Die where you standing simple and plain

I'ma gangsta baby not a baby gangsta, I'm overgrown
and it's understood
Slim Thug the boss, C the Pimp and I'm Bun the OG to
run the hood
We got the good and the flower, hard or soft, get it
rock or powder
But know ya shit when you hit ya lick
It don't come with a textbook [Incomprehensible]

And the power and the bread
So fuck a law dog and fuck a fed
I'm from the south and we got the crown
And you can't get it back until I'm dead

Heard what I said and press rewind
Play it back so you can get the meaning
Coming down in that candy slab
Grippin' on the grain and you know I'm leanin'

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