

Terror

"Lean Back"

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[Intro- Lil Jon]

Stop! It's the mothufucking remix!

[Lil Jon over Mase]

Yeah!

Yeah!

Eminem nigga!

Lil Jon nigga!

Mase and Bethem!

That is yours!

[Mase]

Uh Ya Harlem is back

Who in the world want a problem wit that

For real I heard Harlem is back

Who in the world want a problem wit that

Uh ya real Harlem is back

Who in the world want a problem wit that

Uh I heard Harlem is back

Who in the world want a problem wit that

[Chorus x2- Fat Joe]

I said my niggas don't dance

We just pull up our pants

And do the roc-a-way

Now lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back

[Verse 1- Mase]

Yo we goin Deja Vu

And the day ya'll due

It'll be the day ya'll bleed

Wrist minus eighty degrees

King of Harlem ain't nobody made me leave

Who else could take five years off

Cold turkey, come back, and fly lids off

Cats front leave 'em leanin' like smirnoff

If haters wanna hate then it's their loss

Come up in the rucka wit all my jigs on

Car grills so big you can cook a steak on

People hear Mase gone

When they get they Mase on

You a hot 16, I'm a very great song
If beatin on the DJ before the Mase song
He play Clark Kent, you better have your cape on
Plenty rooms, mansion many rooms
My neckless, two X's, and three Benny Boom's (lean
back)

[Chorus x2- Fat Joe]
I said my niggas don't dance
We just pull up our pants
And do the roc-a-way
Now lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back

[Lil Jon]
Eminem what's up!

[Verse 2- Eminem]
You don't want no problems with Harlem
You don't want no problems wit da boogy down
Bronxton
You don't want no drama wit da blonde bomber
Original don gotta of the blonde bottle, the model
For white america, then Joe,
The spokesperson for the Latino
Then we got Mase back to represent
Everything else in between
Includin the percentages of the rest, we dope
The best from each coast, the mid west to the dirty
dirty!
Even further to Miami,
All the way back to Californ I A
It'll prolly be best right now if I warn Dre
And get on the horn wit him tell him
Bout the storm comin all our way
So tell a pal grab a gal, right now get on the floor why
wait
Shake that ass a lil more my way but baby I don't dance
Not that I can, there's a pistol in my pants

[Chorus x2- Fat Joe]
I said my niggas don't dance
We just pull up our pants
And do the rock-away
Now lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back

[Verse 3- Fat Joe]
No Judas, or cowardice or Caine's brother
Able is able to stop me nigga not me!
Got the streets askin damn who could top Pete
Summer Jam, killed it man did it all with one beat
I guess I'm bi-coastal now, took a

Down south brother to bring your boy out
As the wheel keep spinnin I can hear
Niggas thinkin crack i got one hit benny out
Nope Joey bring them semi's out of
Course you and yours pour a lil henny out
So much rappers actin in the game,
I have to tell him put the mic away
And run and go and get your emmies out
Lean back mothafuckas, this here's a three piece
We back at the rucka
Its joe crack preachin to your brother,
The mic more rap, impeachin you mothafuckers

[Chorus x2- Fat Joe]

I said my niggas don't dance
We just pull up our pants
And do the roc-a-way
Now lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back

[Lil Jon]

Say my niggas don't dance we just pull out our gats
And blow your block away
Fuck nigga lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back
Say my niggas don't dance we just pull out our gats
And blow your block away
Bitch niggas lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back
Hey!

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