

# The Youngbloods

## "Lean Low"

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feat. Backbone

Ooh ooh!

[Verse 1 - Sean Paul]

Now everybody pull ya' whips out, get 'em shined up  
Hit the mirror make sure ya' boy leaned up  
Brush up out the clean up, ya' team freezed up  
I know you knew the name, gull, when you seen us  
Walkin' up in the V.I.P.I.M.P when I walked by  
Man, I, don't holla at no lame ho's  
I go to the bar, get somethin' to sip on, for my folk  
Man, this is how it goes down, where I stay  
When them Tram boys done had a good day  
Then I'ma buy the bar up, later on tear the car up  
Flip a new one by the mornin', nigga back crunk  
Good Times, if you in the club blowin' good pine  
Freakin' ho's while ya' car bein' stripped down  
Sick now, nowhere for her to sit down  
Ya' Escalade, man, it's sittin' on bricks now

[Chorus - Seal Paul]

Lean Low (Bitch!) To the Flo' (Bitch!)  
Can you work it, can you twerk it lemme know

Yeah, I'ma lean low (Nigga!) To the Flo' (Nigga!)  
Can you pay what you weight gimme mo'

But Can Ya' lean low? (Bitch!) To the Flo'? (Bitch!)  
Can you work it, can you twerk it lemme know

Yeah, I'ma lean low (Nigga!) To the Flo' (Nigga!)  
Can you pay what you weight gimme mo'

[Verse 2 - J-Bo]

I pull up bumpin Attic, choppin, whippin' the wheel  
Straight fresh off that Drizzle boy you know who it is  
It's them loud-mouth motherfuckers at it again  
Poppin' bottles, cuttin' up, livin' life to the end

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So lean low, if you feelin like I'm feelin', let's go  
Got a cup, throw it up, now hit the flo'  
Shawty choosin' wit' a look and I know  
Gotta lighter, fire it up and just blow  
And just puff till you can't no mo'  
We in the mix, backfacin' cuz that's just how it go  
At the bar, we trippin', throwin' it up  
Like kings in a castle, yeah we toastin' it up  
So everybody, clap, and break it down  
Cuz we the same old fools slidin' thru yo' town  
So on yo' mark, get ready for this brand new era  
Drankin' Patnaz is the name, it don't get no better

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Backbone]

Stay workin' back do', till every sack is sold  
Ima hit you in the back wit' hot callico  
If not then my rock, it I can hardly afford  
Old school at the bar buyin' bottles of Moe  
We swervin' Cheverolets up and down the road  
When you hear "Shorty in town" hide ya' ho  
Cuz aww shit, lil' buddy fire the dro'  
I stay, fresh a fool, keep a crease in my clothes  
Im puttin' on the scene, and let the champagne flow  
Im tryin' to get outta here wit' somethin' freaky to poke  
You know what it is, you seen it befo'  
We call him "H2O, he froze ice cold"  
What the fuck you sayin'? This shit is fa sho'  
Tell Sean to keep 'em comin', gon' and order one mo'  
Lil' Girl, work it out on the flo'  
Post up young G, get drunk some mo'

[Chorus Until Fade]

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