

Lean Back

Fat Joe

Owwwu!
Yeah! My niggaz! Uh-huh!
Throw ya hands in 'da air right now, man!
Feel 'dis shit right here!

Scott Storch nigga!
Yeah Khalid, I see you, nigga!
Show Big-Pun love! Uh!
Yeah! Uh! Yo!

I don't give a fuck about 'cha faults, or mishappenins, nigga.
We from Da Bronx, New York... Shit happens.
Kids clappin, luv ta spark da place.
Half da niggaz in 'da squad got a scar on dey face.

It's a cold world, and dis is ice.
Half a mill' for da charm, nigga, dis is life.
Got 'da Phantom in front of da buildin, Trinity Ave.
Ten years been legit, dey still figure me bad.

As a youngin, I was too much to cope with.
Why you think, mo'fuckers nick-named me "Cook Coke" shit.
Should'a been called Don Robbery,
Extortion, or maybe Grand Larceny.

I did it all, I put 'da pieces to da puzzle.
Just as long, I knew me and my peoplez was gonna' bubble.
Came out da gate on some Flow-Joe shit.
Fat nigga with da shotty was "The Logo Kid".

Said my niggaz dont dance,
We just pull up our pants and,
Do da Roc-away.
Now lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back.

I said my niggaz don't dance,
We just pull up our pants and,
Do 'da Roc-away.
Now lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back.
(Come on!)

R to the E'zzie',
M to the whiz-zY,
My arms stay breezy,
The Don stays fizz-zY,

Got a date at 8, I'm in the 740'fizz-ive,
And I just bought a bike, so I can ride till I die,
Wit' a matchin' jacket,
Bout' to cop me a mansion,

My niggas in 'da club, but you know 'dey not dancin'.
We gANGSTA, and gangstas don't dance- we boogie,
So nevermind how we got in here,
Wit' burners 'n hoodies.

Listen, we don't pay admission,

And da bouncers dont check us,
And we walk around 'da metal detectors.

And there really aint a need for a VIP section,
In 'da middle of da dance floor,
Reckless; Check it!

Said He Like my necklace, started relaxin now,
Dats what da fuck I call a chain reaction.

See, money aint a thang nigga,
We still da same niggaz,
Flows just changed
Now we 'bout'ta change 'da game, nigga.

Now we livin' betta' now,
Gucci sweata' now.
And 'dat G4 could fly through,
Any weatha' now.

See, niggaz get tight,
When you wurf' some millions.
'Dis is why I sport 'dis chincilla;
'Ta hurt 'dey feelin's.

You can find Joe Crack at all type 'a shit,
Out at Vegas, front row 'ta all 'da fights n' shit,
If 5-0 boy come, then they'd prod'llly squeel.
'Cause half 'deez rappers did blow like Derek, fo'real.

If you cross 'da line, damn right I'm gonna hurt'chu.
These faggot niggaz even made gang-signs commercial.
Even Lil' Bow Wow throwin' it up,
B2K crip-walkin', like dat's wass' up.

Kay keep tellin' me 'ta speak about 'Da Rucker,
Matter 'fact, I don't wanna' speak about 'Da Rucker,
Not even Pee-Wee Kirkland could imagine 'dis,
My niggaz didn't haff'ta play'ta win the championship.

Ha! Yeah! (Can 'ya hear me?!)
Bronx, BX Borough, Terror Squad, Uh... (Ha!)
Big-Pun forever, Tone Montana forever... (Can you hear me?!)

Uh! Yeah! Streetz is ours, come on!
Nah man, it ain't never gonna stop...
Serge! Raoul! J.B., Fat Ed, come on! Uh!