

# Way I Be Leanin'

Juvenile

"Said the ladies they love me, they love the way I be leaning"  
"They love the way I be leaning, they love the way I be leaning"  
"All the ballers is bouncing, they love the way I be leaning"  
"They love the way I be leaning, they love the way I be leaning"

This is the year of the U, watch how I get on track  
The young black Payton Manning of rap getting his snaps  
And also, he only rides in the year that he's in  
Cause he don't feel the year's bigger than him, so let the boy be  
He off the meter with tennis shoes and a white tee  
Bitches watching him thinking "What if he wife me?"  
And it's a certain kind of swagger you get  
Especially when you're used to being the shit, that's if you're older right  
All of my boss bitches know the type  
When a nigga hug all on ya and he be smelling like a motorbike  
A nice fit and video on the TV'll  
get her to come out of them B.B.'s, believe me  
I'm a thug and I'ma stay on pub'  
And I don't bug, cause I carry the strap in the club  
I see ya peeping trying to figure out what's happening with us  
"They love the way I be leaning" - that's why they bagging it up

Geah! Ice Age, Mike Jones!  
You know that purple drank I be leaning, my diamonds shining and gleaming  
I'm in that dropper with Juve the groupies bopping and fiendin  
I'm from the home of the candy paint, 84's and purple drank  
Ladies know when I hit they corner my slabs'll make 'em faint  
Ice Age and U.T.P., ball-balling as you can see  
Crawl-crawling on 23's, with candy on my HumVee  
Hon-ies love the way I talk, love the way I walk  
Love the way I lean, they say that I'm so clean

I got a lot of money, I got a lot of ice  
I got a lot of cars, many colors and lots of types  
I got that paper cause I'm caked up like Betty Crocker  
Coming down on choppers single file with all the trunk poppers  
Getting money's my only task, stack up paper and count cash  
I'm riding on that pull over silver, the same color as a bad rash  
Getting full of that puff puff pass, it's Paul Wall man what that do  
Swishahouse baby that's my crew, coming down jamming on the Screw

Drove over two dogs, sitting on two fogs  
My rims be talking too, they love to seduce hogs  
They're dressed in cute clothes, manicured with cute toes  
I'm big paper; Wacko never stop for group hoes  
Oh no I don't scoop those, fly bitches salute those  
Fatties with benefits, you know I recruit those  
This a Soulja Slim t-shirt, this ain't no suit hoe  
I got Prada up under these, not no Timberland boots hoe

I'm sick dog! And there ain't no antidote  
Bust your motherfucking like a cantaloupe  
Like Hannibal, WOOF, I'm an animal  
Just cold dickin' the money down huh - ain't it though?  
I'ma do my damn thing 'til I can't no mo'  
Don't make me pull this damn trigger 'til it ain't no mo'  
And don't tell me where you ain't gon' go

I'ma just tell you one time, get to FUCK 'til I ain't no mo'