

## Lean Wit It

Meek Mill

Uh, In the kitchen goin ham again  
Fuckin' with dem birds like Cam and them  
I'll tell you what's the word when the tan is in  
We dem niggas on the curb with dem hammers and  
Whole brick throw it on a triple beam  
It get hectic we gon' stretch it like a limousine  
Ain't no question if I touch it then it's Mr.Clean  
I be reppin in yo' section me my nigga Keem  
Ghost boys, in a ghost nigga  
I burn bread I ain't talkin toast nigga  
Whole team of killers, I'm the coach nigga  
Presidential on my wrist, now take ya votes nigga  
Rookie of the year, cookies in the rear  
I got some bad bitches that'll get it there  
If you don't wanna get it we gon send 'em there  
If it's heavy then Omelly comin in a Lear  
Bricksquad, like Waka and dem  
If its gucci like D.Howard get a block for dem  
I don't touch I just leave it up to Tock and dem  
Meek Mill started wasn't chopper we was poppin den

Lean wit it, rock wit it  
Throw some bake up in the pot wit it  
Microwave or we gon pop whip it  
When it get right we drop that ice and make it lock wit it  
I tell em lean wit it, rock wit it  
Throw some bake up in the pot wit it  
Microwave or we gon pop whip it  
When it get right we drop that ice and make it lock wit it, Ughh!

I made a million off a mixtape  
Nigga get ya shit straight  
I'm sellin that raw shit, you sellin that weak weight  
Cookin' up a whole bird until I make my wrist ache  
When I pulled up to the club you should've seen ya bitch face, Ughh!  
Fitfy cash in my pocket  
Nigga, I got the stash in my pocket  
I'm blowin money fast in my pocket  
Said its lookin like I got Nicki ass in my pocket  
Talkin Ass Ass Ass Ass, all I get is cash cash  
Club lit my last tag, could've bought a fast Jag  
The way these bitches wavin' at me, you would think a cab passed  
Wondered why u hatin on me, nigga wit 'cho mad ass  
Rollie on me cost a whole brick  
Killers with me ain't go no pics  
These groupie bitches ain't got no sense  
So we make a movie on them bitches no script

Thirty-six treat it like a dirty bitch  
Cuz I hit it and then send it to the other strip  
Call me anything don't call me by my government  
Cuz when I'm out 'chea in the jungle we be sellin bricks  
Half these niggas in my hood be on some tellin shit  
We be on some if you snitchin crack ya melon shit  
If I ain't rockin with the Smith its Parabellum shit  
Papi bring 'em on the boat they know we sellin shit  
Lean wit it, rock wit it

Posted Mac. 11 in the lot wit it  
Seven fifty gettin' busy wit a box in it  
So when they pull us over they don't find dem Glocks in it

[Hook]