

## Lean

## Styles P

Lean in the whip, Lean in the cup  
Lean off a blunt, Lean on a butt  
I lean on these bitch niggas with' a gun  
I lean on my money cus I stacked it up

I'm on the lean off of ramulin and earwax  
Mad high getting stuck on fairfax  
Now let me hit you with the clear facts  
Got a bunch of sons but I didn't go bareback  
Ghost Bars, Dead verses, to get a nigga high is the meds purpose  
To bring a nigga down is the feds purpose  
Like my insides white, but let me get a red surface  
White walls, caddy flow  
That boy so G that even ya mom and daddy know  
Ghost be getting high on the patio  
Hit you with the tho right where you tatted tho  
I'm buggin out, nah you buggin out  
Them niggas on the lean so they went and pulled the bubbie out  
It's a lot of blue shit and it's real bloody out  
And it's real pretty but I bet it get real ugly out, yeah

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Right when fools thought I was all music  
Leaned on them flexed green on em and pinky ring on em  
Never seen garments, Iceberg knits got Bart Simpson on em  
Luxury sedans under car covers interior gravy, softer than butter  
I got that from hard work, I got more coming  
My fly, My style got your woman  
My nigga Corner Boy P keep his cup muddy  
I don't drink but I keep it in my fridge for him  
Me I'm Champagne pouring  
Pedal to the floor in something foreign vertical lifting door  
Woke up this morning, and came up with a way  
To settle the score on these ol' ho ass niggas  
Run up the store, roll up the smoke stand on the throat on these ol'  
ho ass niggas  
I be so mad with em, but I ain't stressing I'm chillin  
Living off the land, leaning like a kick stand, yeah

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