

Lean Like Me

U-God

It's your time, baby, when it comes, it comes
I come down crashin' like a hundred tons
Run sound through you, if you want it grunge
Soak up the lyric like a human sponge
Slow down baby, don't jump the gun
Song sound crazy when he pump the drums
One's in my pocket, gators half ostrich
Style created by the 36 monsters
Sponsors in the building, franchise the concert
Snatch mob besmirched, watch the don work
Go berserk, tear off your shirt, the scenery
It's V.I.P., you can't lean like me

Song sound crazy when you pump the drums
Slow down baby, don't jump the gun
Straight from the slums to the V.I.P
It's the gangsta scene, you can't lean like me
(2x)

Guess who's back just to blow your mind
Zero to nine, nigga, press rewind
In the ball room grind, on her fat behind
Throw it back when you wine cuz the meat is prime
I'm, too hot to handle, too cold to hold
Fresh off parole with a monster stroke
Soul control the dance floor, what more can you ask for?
Rush the back door, amped off the raw
The champ in valor, hammers galore
Off the wall, sweat cognac out the pores
Down by law, you won't make it to round four
Shake it, don't break it, what more can you ask for?

Song sound crazy when you pump the drums
Slow down baby, don't jump the gun
Straight from the slums to the V.I.P
It's the gangsta scene, you can't lean like me
(2x)

Blood style did the scenery
Blowin' on that greenery
Pushin' heavy machinery
It's the gangsta scene, you can't lean like me

It's the master of ceremonies, king of rump shakers
Back, it's the bold in the golden bracelets
Need to roll a facelift, you die if the paint chip
Hit the hydraulic, then I raise up the spaceship
Drop, off gracious, cuz you're obsolete
The tw