

Lean Back (feat. Fat Joe & Remy Ma)

Terror Squad

I don't give a 'bout your fault or mishappenin's
We from the Bronx, New York thing happens
Kids clappin' love to spark the place
Half the on the Squad got a scar on they face
It's a cold world, and this is ice half a mil' for the charm, this is life
Got the phantom in front of
the building Trinity Ave
10 years been legit they still figure me bad
As a youngin', was too much to cope with
Why you think, B-X nick-named me, Cook Coke
Should've been called Don, robbery, extortion
or maybe grand Larceny
I did it all, I put the pieces to the puzzle
This long, I knew me and my peoples was gon' bubble.
Came out the gate, on some flow Joe fat with shotty was the logo kid.
Said, my don't dance
We just pull up our pants and do the Roc-away
Now, lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back
I said, my don't dance
We just pull up our pants and do the Roc-away
Now lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back
R to the Ezzy, M to the whizz-I, my arms stay
breezy
The Don's stay flizz-I, got a date at 8, I'm in a 740'fizz-I've
And I just bought a bike so I can ride til' I die
With a matchin' jacket, 'bout to cop me a mansion
My Squad in the club, but you know they not
dancin'
We gangsta, and gangstas don't dance, we boogie
So never mind how we got in here with the burners and hoodies
Listen we don't pay admission, and bouncers don't check us
And we walk around the metal detectors and there really
Ain't a need for a VIP section in the middle of the dance floor
Reckless, check it, said it, like my necklace, started relaxin'
Now, that's what the hell I call a chain reaction
See, money ain't a thing, we still the same, flows just changed
Now, we 'bout to change the game
Said, my don't dance
We just pull up our pants and do the Roc-away
Now, lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back
I said, my don't dance
We just pull up our pants and do the Roc-away
Now lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back
Now we livin' better now, Gucci sweater now
And that G4 could fly through, any weather now
See haters get tight, when you worth some millions
That's why I sport the chinchilla to hurt they feelin's
Your can find Joe Crack at all type of
Out at Vegas front roll on all the fights and

If I would've brought Compton, they'd prolly squeel
'Cause half these rappers dead broke like dirick fa' realIf you cross the line damn right, I'm gon'
hurt you

These even made gang signs commercials
Even Lil' Bow Wow throwin' it up
B2K crip walkin' like that's what's upKay keep tellin' me to speak about da Rucker
Matter of fact, I don't wanna speak about da Rucker
Not even Pee-Wee Kirkland could imagine this
My champ Pee didn't have to play to win the championshipMy don't dance
We just pull up our pants and, do the Roc-away
Now lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back
I said, my don't dance
We just pull up our pants and do the Roc-away
Now lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>