

Leanin'

Slim Thug

Leanin', leanin', sittin' sideways
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I'ma young ghetto boy that's why I act this way
Rollin' in the candy car, leanin', sittin' sideways
I'ma young ghetto boy that's why I act this way
Rollin' in the candy car, leanin', sittin' sideways
Big boss of that damn nawf, grab the mic straight, run his mouth
Candy blue, what you see me floss when I pull the Lac up out the house
Lookin' good while I hold the wood on the slab shit's understood
Hit the stash, chunk up the hood, boys gotta see me stunt for good
New car, new ice, it ain't shit, I can pay that price
Niggas ain't living like the boss lives
That's what that is and I say that twice
I tip the 4's and flip the roads before that album got shipped to stores
Boys betta keep they lips closed before they punkass get exposed
I done showed the world how the boss hold, slab or foreign I floss those
Drank and dro, got me floss mode, doin' a hundred on the toll road
Pimp and Bun, runnin' right behind, pieced up with the grill shine
Ten years, still putting it down representin' for that H-Town
Michael Watts got the beats slow, Slim Thug keep the streets throwed
Brains straight 'bout to be blowed 'cause Rico got them sweets rolled
Now ask them 'cause the streets know, the big boss man got it locked
H-Town man I'mma shout that out
Till I'm up in heaven with Pimp and Pac
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Tony Snow the mack not the myth, the Pimp
I got the gift to break a bitch, twenty thousand behind my lips
A hundred thousand on my neck every time that I step out
Bought the red thang from Chamillion, candy paint swangin' in the drop
I keep the hoes pussy drip drop wet Lamborghini, fuck the Vet
Top gone let's get it on, I'm the real bitch, he's a clone
Smelling like Bar 9 cologne, gotta billion dollars out my microphone
Slab crush, dome busta, promethazine mixed with the tussa

We call it banana split, choose a pimp hoe I'm legit
Wrecked the gray bitch, bought the red
I got a Phantom too that's what the fuck I said
And I ain't dropped an album yet
Spend my dirty money, don't touch the check
If the rap game die, I buy some work
And keep a young yella bitch that will pull up my skirt
And when the bitch get enough, her pussy squirt
Tricks love to see how it works
I love the money, she love the fame
I gotta leveled head she gotta piece of the brain grain
I gotta three way lover on my cingular
She gotta four inch [Incomprehensible] hair
Between her legs, I'm tellin' you
And she pay her daddy and that's what it do
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I'ma young ghetto boy that's why I act this way
Rollin' in the candy car, leanin', sittin' sideways
It's Bun B, the man and not the myth, ridin' on them 4's trunk got the fifth
I push one button on my remote start up my slab and my trunk will lift
I got the gift, I got straight from God, keep it real, never fraud
From P A T the land of the Trill so when come out I'mma come out hard
You know the name and the resume, my G-Code files is documented
Certified Rap-a-Lot for life down with the mob represented
Don't play them games because I got the change
To put it in ya mind and on ya brain, you'll leak coming out the candy
Die where you standing simple and plain
I'ma gangsta baby not a baby gangsta, I'm overgrown and it's understood
Slim Thug the boss, C the Pimp and I'm Bun the OG to run the hood
We got the good and the flower, hard or soft, get it rock or powder
But know ya shit when you hit ya lick
It don't come with a textbook [Incomprehensible]
And the power and the bread
So fuck a law dog and fuck a fed
I'm from the south and we got the crown
And you can't get it back until I'm dead
Heard what I said and press rewind
Play it back so you can get the meaning
Coming down in that candy slab
Grippin' on the grain and you know I'm leanin'
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