Lean With It

Meek Mill

[Verse 1: Meek Mill]Uh, In the kitchen going H.A.M again
Fucking with them birds like Cam and them
I'll tell you whats the word when the tan is in
We them niggas on the curb with them hammers in
Whole brick, throw it on the triple beam
If it get hectic we gon stretch it like a limousine
Ain't no crutching if I touch it then its Mr. Clean
I be reppin in your section, me and my nigga Dean
Ghost boy in the ghost nigga
I burn bread I ain't talking toast nigga
Whole team of killers, im the coach Digger
Presidential on my wrist now take your votes nigga
Rookie of the year, cookies in the rear
I got some bad bitches that will get it there
If you dont wanna get it we gon send them there
If its heavy then O' Melly comin in the lear
Brick Squad like Wack and them
If its gucci like D. Howard I get a block for them
I dont touch it I just leave it up to Tak and them
Niggas started, was a drought but we was poppin' then[Hook]Lean wit it, Rock wit it
Throw some bak up in the pot wit it
Microwave or we gon pot whip it
When it get right we drop that ice and make it lock wit it
I tell them
Lean wit it, Rock wit it
Throw some bak up in the pot wit it
Microwave or we gon pot whip it
When it get right we drop that ice and make it lock wit it[Verse 2: Meek Mill]I made a million off a mixtape, nigga get your shit straight
Im selling that raw shit, you sellin that whip weight
Cookin up a whole bird until I make my wrist ache
When I pulled up to the club you should've seen your bitch face
Ugh, 50 cash in my pocket, nigga I got your stash in my pocket
Im Blowin' Money Fast in my pocket
I said its lookin like I got Nicki ass in my pocket
Talkin ass ass ass ass all I get is cash cash
Club LIV my last tag, I could've bought a fast Jag
The way these bitches waving at me you would've thought a cab past
No wonder why you hatin' on me nigga wit your mad ass

Rolee on me cost a whole brick
Killers with me ain't got no pics
These groupie bitches ain't got no sense
So we make a movie on them bitches, no script[Hook][Verse 3: Meek Mill]36 treat it like a dirty bitch
Cause I hit it then I send it to the other strip
Call me anything, don't call me by my government
Cause when I'm out here in the jungle we be selling bricks
Half these niggas in my hood be on some telling shit
We be on some if u snitchin' crack your melon shit
If I ain't rockin' with the Smith its Parabellum shit
Papi bring them on the boat he know we selling shit
Lean wit it, rock wit it, posted Mac 11 in the lot wit it
750 getting busy wit a box in it
So when they pull us over they dont find them Glocks in it[Hook]

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