

# Lean back

## NFS U2

Yeah, my niggas  
Throw your hands in the air right now man  
Feel this shit right here, Scott Storch, nigga  
Yeah, Khalid I see you nigga, show Big Pun love yeah  
I don't give a fuck 'bout your fault or mis-happenin's, nigga  
We from the Bronx, New York shit happens  
Kids clappin', love to spark the place  
Half the niggas in the squad got a scar on they face  
It's a cold world and this is ice  
Half a mil' for the charm, nigga this is life  
Got the Phantom in front of the building, Trinity Ave  
Ten years been legit, they still figure me bad  
As a young, it was too much to cope with  
Why you think, mo'fuckers nick named me, Cook Coke Shit  
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 shit  
Fat nigga with shoty was the logo kid  
Said my niggas 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 niggas 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 e'zzy', M to the whizz I  
My arms stay breezy, the don's stay flizz  
I got a date at eight, I'm in a seven forty '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 niggas in the club, but you know they not dancin'  
We gangsta, and gangstas don't dance or boogie  
So never mind how we got in here with the weapons 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 he like my necklace, started relaxin' now

That's what the fuck I call a chain reaction  
See, money ain't a thing nigga, we still the same nigga,  
Flows just changed now we 'bout to change the game nigga  
Said my niggas 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 niggas 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 niggas 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 shit  
Out at Vegas front roll on all the fights and shit  
If I woulda brought Compton, they'd prolly squeal  
'Cause half these rappers dead broke like Derick fo' real  
If you cross the line damn right, I'm gon' hurt you  
These fagot niggas even made gang signs commercials  
Even Lil' Bow Wow throwin' it up  
B2K crip walkin' like that's what's up  
Kay 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 niggas didn't have to play to win the championship  
Said my niggas 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 niggas don't dance  
We just pull up our pants and do the roc away  
Now lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back  
Yeah, Bronx, B X bird Terror Squad  
Uh, Big punk forever, to more terror forever  
Yeah, streets is ours, come on, now I mean  
It ain't never gonna stop, search, Raul, J.P. fa' ev'r come on

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