# Lean Back

## Shadow Attack

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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