Lean Wit It (Sanitee.com)

Meek Mill

[Verse 1]
Uh, In the kitchen goin ham again
Fuckin' with dem birds like Cam and dem
I'll tell you what's the word when the tan is in
We dem niggas on the curb with dem hammers and
Whole brick throw it on a triple beam
It get hectic we gon' stretch it like a limousine
Ain't no question if I touch it then it's Mr.Clean
I be reppin in yo' section me my nigga Keem
Ghost boys, in a ghost nigga
I burn bread I ain't talkin toast nigga
Whole team of killers, I'm the coach nigga
Presidential on my wrist, now take ya votes nigga
Rookie of the year, cookies in the rear
I got some bad bitches that'll get it there
If you don't wanna get it we gon send 'em there
If it's heavy then Omelly comin in a Lear
Bricksquad, like Waka and dem
If its gucci like D.Howard get a block for dem
I don't touch I just leave it up to Tock and dem
Meek Mill started wasn't chopper we was poppin den
[Hook]
Lean wit it, rock wit it
Throw some bake up in the pot wit it
Microwave or we gon we gon pop whip it
When it get right we drop that ice and make it lock wit it
I tell em lean wit it, rock wit it
Throw some bake up in the pot wit it
Microwave or we gon we gon pop whip it
When it get right we drop that ice and make it lock wit it, Ughh![Verse 2]
I made a million off a mixtape
Nigga get ya shit straight
I'm sellin 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 ya bitch face, Ughh!
Fitfy cash in my pocket
Nigga, I got the stash in my pocket
I'm blowin money fast in my pocket
Said its lookin like I got Nicki ass in my pocket

Talkin Ass Ass Ass Ass, all I get is cash cash
Club lit my last tag, could've bought a fast Jag
The way these bitches wavin' at me, you would think a cab passed
Wondered why u hatin on me, nigga wit 'cho mad ass
Rollie on me cost a whole brick
Killers with me ain't go no pics
These groupie bitches ain't got no sense
So we make a movie on dem bitches no script
[Hook][Verse 3]
Thirty-six treat it like a dirty bitch
Cuz I hit it and then send it to the other strip
Call me anything don't call me by my government
Cuz when I'm out 'chea in the jungle we be sellin bricks
Half these niggas in my hood be on some tellin shit
We be on some if you snitchin crack ya melon shit
If I ain't rockin with the Smith its Parabellum shit
Papi bring 'em on the boat they know we sellin shit
Lean wit it, rock wit it
Posted Mac. 11 in the lot wit it
Seven fifty gettin' busy wit a box in it
So when they pull us over they don't find dem Glocks in it[Hook]
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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