Way I Be Leanin'

Juvenile

Said, the ladies, they love me, they love the way I be leanin'
They love the way I be leanin', they love the way I be leanin'
All the ballers is bouncin', they love the way I be leanin'
They love the way I be leanin', they love the way I be leanin'
This is the year of the U, watch how I get on track
A young black Peyton manning in the rap gettin' his snaps
And also, he only rides in the year that he's in
'Cause he don't feel the year's bigger than him, so, let the boy be
He off the meter with tennis shoes and a white tee
Bitches watchin' him thinkin', "What if he wife me?"
And it's a certain kind of swagger you get
Especially when you're used to bein' the shit, that's if you're older right
All of my boss bitches know the type
When a nigga hug all on ya and he be smellin' like a motorbike
A nice fit and video on the TV'll
Get her to come out of them B.B.'s, believe me
I'm a thug and I'ma stay on pub
And I don't hug 'cause I carry the strap in the club
I see ya peepin' tryin' to figure out what's happenin' with us
They love the way I be leanin', that's why they baggin' it up
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You know that purple drank I be leanin', my diamonds shinin' and gleamin'
I'm in that dropper with Juve the groupies boppin' and fiendin'
I'm from the home of the candy paint, 84's and purple drank
Ladies know when I hit they corner my slabs'll make 'em faint
Ice Age and U.T.P., ball-ballin' as you can see
Crawl-crawlin' on 23's, with candy on my HumVee
Honies love the way I talk, love the way I walk
Love the way I lean, they say that I'm so clean
I got a lot of money, I got a lot of ice
I got a lot of cars, many colors and lots of types

I got that paper 'cause I'm caked up like Betty Crocker

Comin' down on choppers single file with all the trunk poppers
Gettin' money's my only task, stack up paper and count cash
I'm ridin' on that pull over silver, the same color as a bad rash
Gettin' full of that puff, puff, pass, it's Paul Wall, man, what that do
Swishahouse baby, that's my crew, comin' down jammin' on the Screw
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Drove over two dogs, sittin' on two fogs
My rims be talkin' too, they love to seduce hogs
They're dressed in cute clothes, manicured with cute toes
I'm big paper; Wacko never stop for group hoes
Oh no, I don't scoop those, fly bitches salute those
Fatties with benefits, you know I recruit those
This a Soulja Slim T-shirt, this ain't no suit hoe
I got Pradas up under these, not no Timberland boots hoe
I'm sick dog and there ain't no antidote
Bust your motherfuckin' head like a cantaloupe
Like Hannibal, woof, I'm an animal
Just cold dickin' the money down, huh, ain't it though?
I'ma do my damn thing 'til I can't no mo'
Don't make me pull this damn trigger 'til it ain't no mo'
And don't tell me where you ain't gon' go
I'ma just tell you one time, get to fuck 'til I ain't no mo'
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