

# Leanin'

## Mike Fresh

Leanin', leanin', sittin' sideways  
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Leanin', sittin' sideways  
Leanin', leanin', sittin' sideways  
I'ma young ghetto boy that's why I act this way  
Rollin' in the candy car, leanin', sittin' sideways  
I'ma young ghetto boy that's why I act this way  
Rollin' in the candy car, leanin', sittin' sideways  
Big boss of that damn nawf, grab the mic straight, run his mouth  
Candy blue, what you see me floss when I pull the Lac up out the house  
Lookin' good while I hold the wood on the slab shit's understood  
Hit the stash, chunk up the hood, boys gotta see me stunt for good  
New car, new ice, it ain't shit, I can pay that price  
Niggas ain't living like the boss lives  
That's what that is and I say that twice  
I tip the 4's and flip the roads before that album got shipped to stores  
Boys betta keep they lips closed before they punkass get exposed  
I done showed the world how the boss hold, slab or foreign I floss those  
Drank and dro, got me floss mode, doin' a hundred on the toll road  
Pimp and Bun, runnin' right behind, pieced up with the grill shine  
Ten years, still putting it down representin' for that H-Town  
Michael Watts got the beats slow, Slim Thug keep the streets throwed  
Brains straight 'bout to be blowed 'cause Rico got them sweets rolled  
Now ask them 'cause the streets know, the big boss man got it locked  
H-Town man I'mma shout that out  
Till I'm up in heaven with Pimp and Pac  
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Rollin' in the candy car, leanin', sittin' sideways  
Tony Snow the mack not the myth, the Pimp  
I got the gift to break a bitch, twenty thousand behind my lips  
A hundred thousand on my neck every time that I step out  
Bought the red thang from Chamillion, candy paint swangin' in the drop  
I keep the hoes pussy drip drop wet Lamborghini, fuck the Vet  
Top gone let's get it on, I'm the real bitch, he's a clone  
Smelling like Bar 9 cologne, gotta billion dollars out my microphone  
Slab crush, dome busta, promethazine mixed with the tussa

We call it banana split, choose a pimp hoe I'm legit  
Wrecked the gray bitch, bought the red  
I got a Phantom too that's what the fuck I said  
And I ain't dropped an album yet  
Spend my dirty money, don't touch the check  
If the rap game die, I buy some work  
And keep a young yella bitch that will pull up my skirt  
And when the bitch get enough, her pussy squirt  
Tricks love to see how it works  
I love the money, she love the fame  
I gotta leveled head she gotta piece of the brain grain  
I gotta three way lover on my cingular  
She gotta four inch [Incomprehensible] hair  
Between her legs, I'm tellin' you  
And she pay her daddy and that's what it do  
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Rollin' in the candy car, leanin', sittin' sideways  
It's Bun B, the man and not the myth, ridin' on them 4's trunk got the fifth  
I push one button on my remote start up my slab and my trunk will lift  
I got the gift, I got straight from God, keep it real, never fraud  
From P A T the land of the Trill so when come out I'mma come out hard  
You know the name and the resume, my G-Code files is documented  
Certified Rap-a-Lot for life down with the mob represented  
Don't play them games because I got the change  
To put it in ya mind and on ya brain, you'll leak coming out the candy  
Die where you standing simple and plain  
I'ma gangsta baby not a baby gangsta, I'm overgrown and it's understood  
Slim Thug the boss, C the Pimp and I'm Bun the OG to run the hood  
We got the good and the flower, hard or soft, get it rock or powder  
But know ya shit when you hit ya lick  
It don't come with a textbook [Incomprehensible]  
And the power and the bread  
So fuck a law dog and fuck a fed  
I'm from the south and we got the crown  
And you can't get it back until I'm dead  
Heard what I said and press rewind  
Play it back so you can get the meaning  
Coming down in that candy slab  
Grippin' on the grain and you know I'm leanin'  
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