

# Lean Back (remix)

Fat Joe

Stop  
It's the mother fucking remix  
Uh yeah, Harlem in tact  
Who in the world wanna problem with that?  
For real I heard Harlem is back  
Who in the world wanna problem with that?  
Uh yeah, Harlem is back  
Who in the world wanna problem with that?  
You know I heard Harlem is back  
Who in the world wanna problem with that?  
Let's go  
Said, "My niggaz don't dance, we just pull up our pants  
And do the rockaway"  
(Yeah)  
"Now lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back"  
I said, "My niggaz don't dance, we just pull up our pants  
And do the rockaway"  
(Yeah)  
"Now lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back"  
Yo yo yo yo, it's deja vu  
And the day y'all do  
(Wus up)  
It'll be the day y'all bleed  
Wrist minus 80 degrees  
King of Harlem ain't nobody made me leave  
(Tell 'em)  
Who else could take 5 years off?  
Cold turkey come back and fly lears off  
(Hey)  
Cats front leave them leaning like Smirnoff  
(What)  
If haters wanna hate then it's their loss  
(Yeah)  
Come up in the Rucker with all my Jake's on  
(Yeah)  
Car grills so big you can cook a steak on  
(Yeah)  
People hear Mase call 'em wanna get their mase on  
You hot 16 I'm a very great song

(Yeah)  
Been beating on the DJ before the Mase song  
(Yeah)  
You play Clake Kent you better have your cake on  
(What)  
Plenty homes Mansion many rooms  
My necklace, 2 ex's and 3 Bentley bulls now  
Lean back, lean back, lean back  
(Come on)  
Lean back, lean back, lean back  
(What's up)  
You don't want no problems with Harlem  
You don't want no problems with the boogie down Bronkster  
(Yeah)  
You don't want no drama with the blond bomber  
Original don dotta of the blond bottle  
The model from white America  
(Hey)  
Then Joe the spokesperson for the Latino  
Then we got Mase back to represent everything else  
In between including the percentages of the press we don't  
The best from each coast  
The midwest to the, "Dirty dirty"  
Even further to Miami  
All the way back to California  
(Hey, hey)  
It would probably be best right now  
If I warned Dre to get on the horn  
And tell him about the storm coming all our way  
So tell him, pack, grab a gat right now get on the floor I'll wait  
Shake that ass a little more my way  
But baby, I don't dance, not that I can't, there's a pistol in my pants  
Said, "My niggaz don't dance, we just pull up our pants  
And do the rockaway"  
(Yeah)  
"Now lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back"  
I said, "My niggaz don't dance, we just pull up our pants  
And do the rockaway"  
(Yeah)  
"Now lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back"  
(Come on)  
Aye yo, remy pop but I'm hot like an out of state spot  
And anybody think I'm not, you're found in a vacant lot  
You don't really wanna run wit da one chick  
Who smoke dutchess for lunchess

Da castle hill I ain't luncheon  
Now it's on it 4 da terror squad, pun, prospect, sunshine  
Geddy, crack and remy ma  
It's the hottest chick, in this game won't it  
Mah 16 so mean, put 20 g's and mah chain on it quik 2 flip  
I ain't da average chick, I'm pakin' a mac in da bak of the 45 pass 6  
And you know I got enough dudes to crush a country  
Any dude disrespectin' pun he betta play da run C  
Bring your man's, and den we hands all him  
Den we pull timbaland tramplum, den we pull da cats in dem  
Lean back 'cuz I ain't eva worry, see I'm foreva glory  
Smakin' up any chick in mah territory  
Said, "My niggaz don't dance, we just pull up our pants  
And do the rockaway"  
(Yeah)  
"Now lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back"  
I said, "My niggaz don't dance, we just pull up our pants  
And do the rockaway"  
(Yeah)  
"Now lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back"  
No Judas or cowardice that Caine's brother Abel  
Is able to stop me, nigga not me  
Got the streets asking damn who can top P  
Summer jam killed it man they did it all with 1 beat  
I guess I'm bicoastal now  
Took a down south brother to bring your boy out  
As the wheel keeps spinning  
I can hear niggas thinking crack got one hit then he out  
No Joey, bring them semi's out  
Force you and yours to pour a little Henny out  
So much rappers acting in the game  
I had to tell them put the mic away and run and get your Emmy's out  
Lean back motherfucker  
This here's a three peat we back at the Rucker  
It's good coke, Crack preach it to your brother  
The mic more rap and preach you motherfucker  
Said, "My niggaz don't dance, we just pull up our pants  
And do the rockaway"  
(Yeah)  
"Now lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back"  
I said, "My niggaz don't dance, we just pull up our pants  
And do the rockaway"  
(Yeah)  
"Now lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back"  
Said, "My niggaz don't dance, we just pull out a gat

And say blow your block away  
Fuck nigga, lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back"  
I said, "My niggaz don't dance we just pull out a gat  
And say blow your block away  
Bitch nigga lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back"  
(Hey)

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