

# Lean Wit It

## Meek Mill

[Verse 1]

Uh, In the kitchen goin ham again  
Fuckin with dem birds like Cam and dem  
Ill tell you whats 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  
Aint no question if I touch it then its Mr.Clean  
I be reppin in yo section me my nigga Keem  
Ghost boys, in a ghost nigga  
I burn bread I aint talkin toast nigga  
Whole team of killers, Im 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 thatll get it there  
If you dont wanna get it we gon send em there  
If its heavy then Omelly comin in a Lear  
Bricksquad, like Waka and dem  
If its gucci like D.Howard get a block for dem  
I dont touch I just leave it up to Tock and dem  
Meek Mill started wasnt 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  
Im 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 shouldve seen ya bitch face, Ughh!  
Fifty cash in my pocket  
Nigga, I got the stash in my pocket  
Im 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, couldve 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 aint go no pics  
These groupie bitches aint 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 dont call me by my government  
Cuz when Im 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 aint 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 dont find dem Glocks in it[Hook]

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