

Fat Joe, Lean Back (Edited)

Yeah... My niggas... Throw ya hands in the air right now man... Feel this **** right here...

[Verse 1 - Fat Joe a.k.a Joey Crack]

I don't give a **** 'bout your faulty mishappens,
Nigga we from the Bronx, New York... **** happens,
Kids clappin'; love to spark the place,
Half the niggas on the block got a scar on they face,
It's a cold world, and this is ice,
Half a mil' for the charm, nigga this is life.
Got the family in front building on Trinity Ave.
10 years billed legit they still figure me bad.
As a young, I was too much to cope with.
Why then, mo'fuckers nick-name me, cause I could coat ****.
Cause they caught the big Don on robbery, extortion or grand larceny...
I did it all, I put the pieces to the puzzle,
This long, I knew me and my peoples was gon' bubble.
Came out the gate, no I didn't flow yo ****.
Fat nigga with shorty and the logo kicks.

[Chorus]

See my niggas don't dance,
See we just pull up the pants and,
Do the Roc-a-way.
Now lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back.
I said my niggas don't dance,
See we just pull up the pants and,
Do the Roc-a-way.
Now lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back.

[Verse 2 - Remy]

R to the E'zzy',
M to the Y'iz',
My arms stay breezy,
The Don's stay fizzi,
Got a date, the day I was in the 740'izzi',
And I just bought a bike so I can ride til' I die,
With a matchin' jacket,
Bout' to cop me a mansion,
My niggas in the club, but you know they not dancin'.
We gangsta, and gangstas don't dance with boogies,
So nevermind how we got here with the burlies and hoodies.
Listen we don't pay admission,
And bouncers don't check us,
And we walk around the metal detectors.
And there really ain't a need for a VIP section in the middle of the dance floor,
The regulars check it, said it?!
Like my necklace, started relaxin' now, that's what the **** I call a chain reaction.
See, money ain't a thing nigga, we still the same nigga, flows just changed nigga.
And now we 'bout to change the game nigga.

[Chorus]

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[Verse 3 Fat Joe a.k.a Joey Crack]

Now we livin' better now,
Gucci sweater now,
In that G4 we fly through,

Heny wether now,
See niggas get tight, when you worth some millions.
That's why I sport the cincilla to hurt they feelin's.
Your can find Joe Crack at all type of ****,
Out at Vegas front roll out on all the fights and ****,
If I visited Compton, they'd prolly squeel.
Cause have the rappers there blow like dirt-fa' real.
If you cross the line damn right, I'm gon' hurt you,
These faggot niggas even made gang size commercials.
Even Lil' Bow Wow throwin' it up,
B2K crip walkin' like that's what's up.
Can't keep tellin' me about all this rucker,
Matter of fact, I don't wanna speak about the rucker,
Not even Pee-Wee Herman could imagine this,
My niggas didn't have to play to win the championship.

[Chorus]

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