

Fat Joe, Lean Back (Remix) Fat Joe

{Lil John}
Stop its da muthaf**kin remix

{Mase}
Ah yeah Harlem's back
Who in da world wanna problem wit dat
I hear Harlem's back
Who in da world wanna problem wit dat
Ah yeah Harlem's back
Who in da world wanna problem wit dat
I hear Harlem's back
Who in da world wanna problem wit dat

{Lil John}
Let's go

{Fat Joe} X2
I said my niggaz don't dance,
We just pull up our pants 'n'
Do 'da Roc-away.
Now lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back.(with Lil Jon)
Come on

{Mase}
Yo yo yo
You know it's deja vu, 'n' da day y'all do
It'd be da day y'all bleed
Rich minus 80 degrees
King of Harlem, ain't nobody made me leave
Who else can take 5 years off
Cold turkey, come back to fly lids off
Cats front, leave 'em leanin' like smirnoff
If haters wanna hate then it's their loss
Come up in da rucka wit all my jigs on
Got grills so big you can cook a steak on..
People here may storm when they get da Mase on
You a hot 16, i'm a very great song
They beatin' on da DJ before the Mase song
You play Clark Kent,
You'd better have your cape on,
Plenty goons, mansion, many rooms
My necklace, two X's, 'n' three benny boons, lean back

{Fat Joe}
I said my niggaz don't dance,
We just pull up our pants 'n'
Do 'da Roc-away.
Now lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back.
Come on

{Mase}
Lean back, lean back, 'cause he's back

{Fat Joe}
I said my niggaz don't dance,
We just pull up our pants 'n'
Do 'da Roc-away.
Now lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back.
Come on

{Lil John}
Emineeeeeeeeeeeeeem wusssup

{Eminem}

You don't want no problems wit Harlem
You don't want no problems wit da boogie down Bronxster
You don't want no drama wit da blonde bomber
Original Don gotta of da blonde bottle, tha model.
For white America, Then Joe, the spokesperson for the Latino
Now we got Mase back, to represent everything else in between
Including da percentage of da rest, we dope!
Da best from each coast to mid-west to da
Dirty dirty (with Lil John)
Even further to Miami,
All da way back to Californ-i-a
It'd probably best right now if I warned Dre.
Get on a horn and tell him about da storm comin' all our way
So tell a pal grab a gal right now, get on da floor why wait?
Shake dat ass a lil more my way
Well baby, I don't dance
Not that I can't, there's a pistol in my pants

{Fat Joe} X2
I said my niggaz don't dance,
We just pull up our pants 'n'
Do 'da Roc-away.
Now lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back.
Come on

{Pathos}
No Judas, or Camadis, or Cane's brother Able was ever able to stop me
(all) not me
I got the streets asking damn who could top P.
Summer Jam, killed it man, and did it all wit one beat
I guess I'm bi-coastal now
Took a damn South brother to bring your boy out
As da wheel keep spinnin', i can hear niggaz thinkin' crack at one hit benny out
No (with Eminem)
Joey bring 'em semi's out
Force you 'n' yours pour lil Henney out
So much rappers actin' in da game
I had to tell 'em put the mic away 'n' run 'n' go 'n' get your Emmies out.
Lean back motha f**kas
This here's a three-peat. we back at da rucka
This cook coke crack preach it to your brother,
The mic more rap than preachin' your mother f**ker

{Fat Joe} X2
I said my niggaz don't dance,
We just pull up our pants 'n'
Do 'da Roc-away.
Now lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back.
Come on

{Lil John}
I said my niggaz don't dance,
We just pull out our gats 'n'
blow your block away.
f**k nigga lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back.
Hey
I said my niggaz don't dance,
We just pull out our gats 'n'
blow your block away.
bitch nigga lean back, lean back, lean back, lean baaaaaaack
heyyyy