

# Fat Joe, Lean Back (Remix) Feat. Tego Calderon

[Intro- Lil Jon]

Stop! It's the mothafuckin remix!

[Lil Jon over Mase]

Yeah!

Yeah!

Eminem nigga!

Lil Jon nigga!

Mase and Bethem!

That is yours!

[Mase]

Uh Ya Harlem is back

Who in the world want a problem wit that

For real I heard Harlem is back

Who in the world want a problem wit that

Uh ya real Harlem is back

Who in the world want a problem wit that

Uh I heard Harlem is back

Who in the world want a problem wit that

[Chorus x2- Fat Joe]

I said my niggas don't dance

We just pull up our pants

And do the roc-a-way

Now lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back

[Verse 1- Mase]

Yo, yo, yo, we goin Deja Vu

Then the day ya'll do

It'll be the day ya'll bleed

Rich minus eighty degrees

King of Harlem ain't no body made me leave

Who else could take five years off

Cold turkey, come back, and fly leers off

Cats front they gonna leanin like smirnoff

If haters wanna hate then its their loss

Come up in the rucka wit all my jigs on

Got grills so big you can cook a steak on

You gonna hear Mase gone

When they get a Mase on

You a hot 16, I'm a very great song

If beatin on the DJ before the Mase song

He play Clark Kent, you better have your cape on

Plenty grooms, mansion many rooms

My neckless, two X's, and three benty boom (lean back)

[Chorus x2- Fat Joe]

I said my niggas don't dance

We just pull up our pants

And do the roc-a-way

Now lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back

[Lil Jon]

Eminem whats up!

[Verse 2- Eminem]

You don't want no problems with Harlem

You don't want no problems wit da boogy down Bronxton

You don't want no drama wit da blonde bomber

Original don gotta of the blonde bottle, the model

For white america, then Joe,

the spokesperson for the Latino

Then we got Mase back to represent

everything else in between  
Includin the percentages of the rest, we dope  
The best from each coast, the mid west to the dirty dirty!  
Even further to Miami,  
all the way back to Californ I A  
It'll prolly be best right now if I warn Dre  
And get on the horn wit him tell him  
bout the storm comin all our way  
So tell a pal grab a gal, right now get on the floor why wait  
Shake that ass a lil more my way or baby I dont dance  
Not that I can, cuz of the pistol in my pants

[Chorus x2- Fat Joe]  
I said my niggas don't dance  
We just pull up our pants  
And do the rock-away  
Now lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back

[Verse 3- Fat Joe]  
No Judas, a comadis Caine's brother  
Able to able to stop me nigga not me!  
Got the streets askin damn who could top Pete  
Summer Jam, killed it man did it all with one beat  
I guess I'm bi-coastal now, took a  
damn south brother to bring your boy out  
As the wheel keep spinnin I can hear  
niggas thinkin crack i got one hit benny out  
Nope Joey bring them semi's out of  
course you and yours pour a lil henny out  
So much rappers actin in the game,  
I have to tell him put the mic away  
and run and go and get your emmies out  
Lean back mothafuckas, this here's a three beat,  
we back at the rucka  
This ??? crack preachin to your brother,  
the mic more rap, we perachin to you mothafuckas

[Chorus x2- Fat Joe]  
I said my niggas don't dance  
We just pull up our pants  
And do the roc-a-way  
Now lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back

[Lil Jon]  
Say my niggas don't dance we just pull out our gats  
And blow your back away  
bitch nigga lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back  
Say my niggas don't dance we just pull out our gats  
And blow your backs away  
Bitch niggas lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back  
Hey!