

Terror Squad, Lean Back

(feat. Fat Joe (a.k.a Joey Crack) & Remy)

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

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

I don't give a fuck 'bout your fault or mishappenin's,
Nigga we from the Bronx, New York... shit happens,
Kids clappin' love to spark the place,
Half the niggas on the squad 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 phantom in front building Trinity Ave.
10 years been legit they still figure me bad.
As a youngin', I was too much to cope with.
Why you think, mo'fuckers nick-named me, Cook Coke shit.
Should've been called armed robbery, extortion or maybe 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 Joe shit.
Fat nigga with shotty was the logo kid.

[Chorus]

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

[Verse 2 - Remy]

R to the E'zzy',
M to the whizz-i [Y],
My arms stay breezy,
The Don's stay fizz-i,
Got a date at 8, I'm in the 740'fizz-i
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- we boogie,
So nevermind how we got in here with the burners 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 no need for a VIP section in the middle of the dance floor,
Reckless, check it, said it?!
Like my necklace, started relaxin' now, that's what the fuck I call a chain reaction.
See, money ain't a thing nigga, we still the same nigga, flows just changed
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,
And that G4 could fly through, any weather now,
See niggas get tight, when you worth some millions.
That's why I sport the chincilla to hurt they feelin's.
Your can find Joe Crack at all type of shit,
Out at Vegas front roll on all the fights and shit,
If I visited Compton, they'd prolly squeel.
'Cause half these rappers get "Blow" like Dereck Foreal.
If you cross the line damn right, I'm gon' hurt you,
These faggot niggas even made gang signs commercials.
Even Lil' Bow Wow throwin' it up,
B2K crip walkin' like that's what's up.
Kay keep tellin' me to speak about rucker,
Matter of fact, I don't wanna speak about the rucker,
Not even Pee-Wee Kirkland could imagine this,
My niggas didn't have to play to win the championship.

[Chorus]

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