

# Juvenile, Way I Be Leanin'

(feat. Mike Jones, Paul Wall, Skip, Wacko)

[Chorus]

&quot;Said the ladies they love me, they love the way I be leanin&quot;  
&quot;They love the way I be leanin, they love the way I be leanin&quot;  
&quot;All the ballers is bouncin, they love the way I be leanin&quot;  
&quot;They love the way I be leanin, they love the way I be leanin&quot;

[Juvenile]

This is the year of the U, watch how I get on track  
A young black paid man in the rap gettin his snaps  
And also, he only rides in the year that he's in  
Cause he don't feel the year's bigger than him, so let the boy be  
He off the meter with tennis shoes and a white tee  
Bitches watchin him thinkin &quot;What if he wife me?&quot;  
And it's a certain kind of swagger you get  
Especially when you're used to bein the shit, that's if you're older right  
All of my boss bitches know the type  
When a nigga hug all on ya and he be smellin like a motorbike  
A nice fit and video on the TV'll  
get her to come out of them B.B.'s, believe me  
I'm a thug and I'ma stay on pub'  
And I don't bug, cause I carry the strap in the club  
I see ya peepin tryin to figure out what's happenin with us  
&quot;They love the way I be leanin&quot; - that's why they baggin it up

[Chorus - 2X]

[Mike Jones]

Geah! Ice Age, Mike Jones!  
You know that purple drank I be leanin, my diamonds shinin and gleamin  
I'm in that dropper with Juve the groupies boppin and fiendin  
I'm from the home of the candy paint, 84's and purple drank  
Ladies know when I hit they corner my slabs'll make 'em faint  
Ice Age and U.T.P., ball-ballin as you can see  
Crawl-crawlin on 23's, with candy on my HumVee  
Hon-ies love the way I talk, love the way I walk  
Love the way I lean, they say that I'm so clean

[Paul Wall]

I got a lot of money, I got a lot of ice  
I got a lot of cars, many colors and lots of types  
I got that paper cause I'm caked up like Betty Crocker  
Comin down on choppers single file with all the trunk poppers  
Gettin money's my only task, stack up paper and count cash  
I'm ridin on that pull over silver, the same color as a bad rash  
Gettin full of that puff puff pass, it's Paul Wall man what that do  
Swishahouse baby that's my crew, comin down jammin on the Screw

[Chorus - 2X]

[Wacko]

Drove over two dogs, sittin on two fogs  
My rims be talkin too, they love to seduce hogs  
They're dressed in cute clothes, manicured with cute toes  
I'm big paper; Wacko never stop for group hoes  
Oh no I don't scoop those, fly bitches salute those  
Fatties with benefits, you know I recruit those  
This a Soulja Slim t-shirt, this ain't no suit hoe  
I got {?} up under these, not no Timberland boots hoe

[Skip]

I'm sick dog! And there ain't no antidote  
Bust your motherfuckin like a canteloupe

Like Hannibal, WOOF, I'm an animal  
Just cold dickin the money down huh - ain't it though?  
I'ma do my damn thing 'til I cain't no mo'  
Don't make me pull this damn trigger 'til it ain't no mo'  
And don't tell me where you ain't gon' go  
I'ma just tell you one time, get to FUCK 'til I ain't no mo'

[Chorus - 2X]