

# Terror Squad, Lean Back (Remix)

(feat. Fat Joe, Eminem, Lil Jon, Ma\$e)

[Lil Jon]

Stop!

It's the mother fucking remix

[Mase]

Uh yea Harlem in tact

Who in the world wanna problem with that?

For real I heard Harlem is back

Who in the world wanna problem with that?

Uh yea Harlem is back

Who in the world wanna problem with that?

You know I heard Harlem is back

Who in the world wanna problem with that?

[Lil Jon]

Let's Go!

[Chorus: Fat Joe]

Said my niggaz don't dance we just pull up our pants

And do the rockaway, now lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back

Come on

I said my niggaz don't dance we just pull up our pants

And do the rockaway, now lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back

Come on

[Ma\$e]

Yo yo yo yo its deja vu

And the day ya'll do

It'll be the day ya'll bleed

Wrist minus 80 degrees

King of Harlem ain't nobody made me leave

Who else could take 5 years off

Cold turkey come back and fly lears off

Cats front leave them leaning like Smirnoff

If haters wanna hate then its their loss

Come up in the Rucker with all my Jake's on

Car grills so big you can cook a steak on

People hear Ma\$e call em' wanna get their mase on

You hot 16 I'm a very great song

Been beating on the DJ before the Ma\$e song

You play Clark Kent you better have your cape on

Plenty homes Mansion many rooms

My necklace, 2 ex's and 3 Bentley bulls now lean back

[Chorus: Fat Joe]

Said my niggaz don't dance we just pull up our pants

And do the rockaway, now lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back

I said my niggaz don't dance we just pull up our pants

And do the rockaway, now lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back

(Come on!)

[Eminem]

You don't want no problems with Harlem

You don't want no problems with the boogie down Bronkster

You don't want no drama with the blond bomber

Original don dotta of the blond bottle

The model from white America

Then Joe the spokesperson for the Latino

Then we got Ma\$e back to represent everything else in between including the percentages of the press we don't

The best from each coast

The midwest to the dirty dirty

Even further to Miami  
All the way back to Californ-i-a  
It would probably be best right now if I warned Dre to get on the horn and  
tell him about the storm coming all our way  
So tell him pack grab a gat right now get on the floor I'll wait  
Shake that ass a little more my way  
But baby I don't dance not that I can't there's a pistol in my pants

[Chorus: Fat Joe]

Said my niggaz don't dance we just pull up our pants  
And do the rockaway, now lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back  
I said my niggaz don't dance we just pull up our pants  
And do the rockaway, now lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back  
(Come on!)

[Fat Joe]

No Judas or cowardice that Caine's brother Abel is able to stop me  
Nigga not me  
Got the streets asking damn who can top P  
Summer jam killed it man they did it all with 1 beat  
I guess I'm bicoastal now  
Took a down south brother to bring your boy out  
As the wheel keeps spinning  
I can hear Niggars thinking Crack got one hit then he out  
No Joey bring them semi's out  
Force you and yours to pour a little Henny out  
So much rappers acting in the game  
I had to tell them put the mic away and run and get your Emmy's out  
Lean back mother fucker  
This here's a three peat we back at the Rucker  
It's good coke crack preach it to your brother  
The mic more rap and preach you mother fucker

[Chorus: Fat Joe]

Said my niggaz don't dance we just pull up our pants  
And do the rockaway, now lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back  
I said my niggaz don't dance we just pull up our pants  
And do the rockaway, now lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back  
(Come on!)

[Lil Jon]

Said my niggaz don't dance we just pull out a gat  
And say blow your block away, fuck nigga lean back, lean back, lean back  
lean back  
I Said my niggaz don't dance we just pull out a gat  
And say blow your block away, bitch nigga lean back, lean back, lean back  
lean back  
Hey