

Leanin (feat. Pimp C & Bun B)

Slim Thug

[Pimp C sample:]

Leanin', Leanin', sittin' sideways [X2]

Leanin', Leanin', Leanin', sittin' sideways

Leanin', sittin' sideways, Leanin', Leanin', sittin' sideways. I'm a young ghetto boy that's why I act this way, rollin' in the candy car leanin' sittin' sideways. [Slim Thug:]

Big boss of that damn nawf, grab the mic straight run his mouth

Candy blue what you see me floss, when I pull the lac up out the house

Lookin' good while I hold the wood, on the slab shit's understood

Hit the stash? chunk up the hood, boys gotta see me stunt for good.

New car new ice, it ain't shit I can pay that price,

Niggas ain't livin' like the boss live, that's what that is and I say that twice.

I tip the 4's and flip the roads, before that album got shipped to stores

Boys better keep they lips closed, before they punk ass get exposed.

I done showed the world how the boss hold, Slab or foreign I floss those

Drank and dro got me floss mode, doin' 100 on the toll road.

Pimp and Bun runnin' right behind, pieced up with the grill shine

10 years still puttin' it down, representin' for that H-Town.

Michael watts got the beats slow, Slim Thug keep the streets throwed

Brains straight bout to be blowed, cause Rico got them sweets rolled.

Now ask them cause the streets know, the big boss man got it locked

H-Town man I'm a shout that out, till I'm up in Heaven wit Pimp and Pac.

[Chorus X2][Pimp C:]

Sweet Jones bitch! Uh Uh Uh

Tony Snow the mack not the myth, the Pimp

I got the gift to break a bitch, 20, 000 behind my lips.

A hundred thousand on my neck, everytime that I step out

Bought the red thang from Chamillion, candy paint swangin in the drop.

I keep the hoes pussy drip drop wet, lamborghini fuck the vet.

Top gone lets get it on, I'm the real bitch he's a clone

Smellin' like Bar 9 cologne, gotta billion dollars out my microphone.

Slab crush, dome busta,

Promethazine mixed with the tussa.

We call it banana split, choose a pimp hoe I'm legit

Wrecked the gray bitch, bought the red

I got a phantom too that's what the fuck I said.

And I ain't dropped an album yet

Spend my dirty money don't touch the check.

If the rap game die I buy some work

And keep a young yella bitch that will pull up my skirt.

And when the bitch get enough her pussy squirt tricks love to see.

I love the money she love the fame

I gotta leveled head she gotta (piece of the brain/grain?)

I gotta 3-way lover on my cingular
She gotta 4 inch? with jack Mick hair?
Between her legs I'm tellin' you
And she pay her daddy and that's what it do.

[Chorus X2][Bun B:]

It's Bun B the man and not the myth, ridin on them 4's trunk got the 5th
I push one button on my remote, start up my slab and my trunk will lift.
I got the gift I got straight from God, keep it real never fraud
From P A T the land of the Trill, so when come out I'm a come out hard
You know the name and the resume, my G-code files is documented
Certified Rap-a-Lot for life, down with the mob represented
Don't play them games because I got the change, to put it in your mind and on your brain
You'll leak comin' out the candy, die where you standin' simple and plain
I'm a gangsta baby not a baby gangsta, I'm overgrown it's understood
Slim Thug the boss, C the Pimp, and I'm Bun the OG to run the hood.
We got the good, and the flower, hard or soft get it rock or powder
But know your shit when you hit your lick, it don't come with a textbook.
And the power and the bread, so fuck a law dog, and fuck a fed
I'm from the south and we got the crown, and you can't get it back until I'm dead.
Heard what I said, and press rewind, play it back so you can get the meanin'
Comin' down in that candy slab, grippin on the grain and you know I'm leanin'. [Chorus
X2] Leanin' Leanin' sittin' sideways [X2]
Leanin' Leanin' Leanin' sittin' sideways
Leanin' sittin' sideways, Leanin' Leanin' sittin' sideways.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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