

# Lean Wit It

Abra Cadabra

Sho, sho, sho you know  
AB in the building, 7 shit  
O way or no way, get right or get left or get stretched  
Free the drillers 10 times, you know  
OFB shit  
AJ made this  
Yeah, right now it's an Fs up or get your chest up  
Wear your vest cuz  
You know, gang

Four opp blocks, went purging, lurking, spin it and burst him  
Who that's chilling on the opp block district?  
Come like the opps ain't learning  
He ain't who he says he is in his tracks, lil prick, cah I know him in perso  
n  
He can tweak on the net till we catch him and hurt him  
Burn him, close them curtains  
Pull up, squeeze on it, lean with it, don't get seen with it, you likkle idi  
ot  
More time we don't take time when it's on top  
Stepping out daytime or the evening  
How you lean into nine mili sweets at them?  
Back in the block in my uncles reaching it  
Told him, "I don't bang no guns on this evening"

He said that we got too much rappers and not enough slappers  
He's a little liar  
Pants on fire, like he never got shot out, he's a tire  
Chest shot, make it leak like juice on the opp block  
When they get chopped like fruit, aim for your head, try split it to two  
Then I'm doing date night, just me and my boo  
Pretty pon any side, she look good, she a Ghana tings, yes  
Said her ex-man was a pum plex, stretch out man like who's next  
You know how we run this bombaclarat  
Why you think she wan ride me and done my dance  
Promises she a army man, done the talk, grab the gyal and lean

Lean wit your wap (Sho, sho)  
Lean wit your gyal (Sho, sho)  
Gyal lean wit your man (Sho, sho)  
Lean wit the gang  
Just lean wit it (Gang, gang)  
Lean wit it (Gang, gang)  
Lean wit it (Sho, sho)  
Lean wit it (Gang, gang)  
Lean wit your wap (Sho, sho)  
Lean wit your gyal (Gang, gang)  
Gyal lean wit your man (Gang, gang)  
Lean wit the gang  
Just lean wit it (Bop, bop)  
Lean wit it (Bop, bop)  
Lean wit it (Gang, gang)  
Lean wit it (Sho, sho, sho)

Gangland, gangland  
We got hammers like West Ham  
Catch man, you don't wanna see the gang vex man

Pull up in two-litre dingers and press that  
Bad man from the Farm estate in jet black, sight me an opp and kweff that  
It could be a good yute or a bad boy from opp block  
Lord knows I can't left that  
If I hop out the ride and (Bop, bop), dodge that corn when I fling that  
Rise the mash upwards like Simba, gunshot make you fall down like timber  
Waps on the block, grab that, fill it up, opp block, no satnav, hit him up  
What's that that I see? Opp boy, hit him up, bare nine milimetres in the cab  
, fill 'em up

He said that we got too much rappers and not enough slappers  
He's a little liar  
Pants on fire, like he never got shot out, he's a tire  
Chest shot, make it leak like juice on the opp block  
When they get chopped like fruit, aim for your head, try split it to two  
Then I'm doing date night, just me and my boo  
Pretty pon any side, she look good, she a Ghana tings, yes  
Said her ex-man was a pum plex, stretch out man like who's next  
You know how we run this bombaclarat  
Why you think she wan ride me and done my dance  
Promises she a army man, done the talk, grab the gyal and lean

Lean wit your wap (Sho, sho)  
Lean wit your gyal (Sho, sho)  
Gyal lean wit your man (Sho, sho)  
Lean wit the gang  
Just lean wit it (Gang, gang)  
Lean wit it (Gang, gang)  
Lean wit it (Sho, sho)  
Lean wit it (Gang, gang)  
Lean wit your wap (Sho, sho)  
Lean wit your gyal (Gang, gang)  
Gyal lean wit your man (Gang, gang)  
Lean wit the gang  
Just lean wit it (Bop, bop)  
Lean wit it (Bop, bop)  
Lean wit it (Gang, gang)  
Lean wit it (Sho, sho, sho)

H1K made this