

Lean On Me

B.o.B

If you ever need somebody to lean on
Lean on me, lean on me
Cause I'mma make you feel so high that you could live for eons
Lean on me, lean on me

See it's me they leanin' on
Let me get my Morgan Freeman on
Brand new this, brand new that
Won't see no one with these sneakers on
Drunk as fuck by three in the mornin'
She came through 'bout four AM
Five o'clock I'm back in the club
And they goin' crazy cause they know that's him
Who's that's him? Yeah, that's me
Call that boy young Bobby Ray
The way she moves, she don't need to worry
I can tell everything her body say
But, DJ, bring that record back
DJ bring that record back
She leaned up, booty hella fat
I'm throwin' that cheese like pepper jack
Lean on me

Lemme get down to the business
Young nigga came from the trenches
Why the weed lit like that?
Cause you don't ever know when it's finished
So we in this thing 'till it's done
Go hard, fuck it, we young
We turned up in this motherfucker
You scared of life, you better run
I'm so high I can elevate
Get your glass in the air, let it levitate
Pour some out for the homies
Then save some for the better days
She give it to me like it's mine
I'mma chop her down with this pine
I spit codeine if you need a fix
You can lean off of these lines
Lean on me

You need something to lean on, this your faded song
This your faded song, this your faded song
And if you need a light, you can never lean wrong
This your faded song, this your faded song