

# Leaning

Don Trip

Mama was hurtin'  
And we just made shit worst, what a bruise  
In middle school I took money out of her purse  
I'm in Class just trying to impress some woman  
I thought I grabbed they five, it turns out I took a hundred  
Stupid me, and I know how hard she works  
She had to beg and borrow just so I could wear this shirt  
And I just stole her nail money or even worse her Bill money  
I lied until I looked into her eyes and I saw tears running down (Damn...)  
Silly me, almost 20 years later we still making mama cry, only now I got more paper  
Well my Dough ain't so Legit  
Filled her dryer with my bricks  
I know once I had my Son I was supposed to quit, shit (Shhhhit...)  
I'm still trying to get that work off  
And then life threw a nigga a curve ball  
And then I wrote "Letter To My Son"  
Does it really matter if I feed my child with dirty funds?  
I'm just getting it how I live  
I'm just trying to make something out of nuthin'  
And everything's A-ok until mama decides to do her Laundry  
I got an appetite, who wants beef?  
I'll slaughter you on Front Street  
I will not turn the other cheek  
I do not agree with Dr. King, but R.I.P to Doctor King  
And I am almost certain that this was not his Dream...  
But fuck it, I got money, bitches love me  
And if I give these hoes my All, then they will all leave me with nothing so  
I'm leaning

Leaning, leaning, leaning, leaning, leaning, leaning  
What am I doingggg?  
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What am I doingggg?  
Leaning

Your girl Friend is on my penis because I made a dollar out a Dime  
Damn it, I'm a genius  
We all on the road to riches  
See me, I chose the scenic  
Baby I survived the jungle if you can name it, I done seen it  
Chasing all these dead pres'  
I got Friends that I don't know  
But when my Doe start running low they all turn Casper the Friendly Ghost (G one.)  
A rivederci, Adios  
Like balloon in a parade, I'm just trying to stay afloat  
Therefore, I'm leaning

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Leaning, leaning

And I'm not on promethazine  
But my flow so methamphetamine  
Didn't stop me, well let 'em Dream  
Bring the fat bitch, go ahead, let her sing  
And I'll pop up like a Gopher and then load up and kill everything  
Fuck you and fuck them niggas with you

I'm at 'cho door like Jehova witness  
You a pussy nigga, I know the difference

I lay that barrel right on your whiskers  
Those shots loud, my ears whistle  
HD you get a clearer picture  
Got more bullets than a deck of cards  
I'll shuffle up then come deal with you  
I'm popular but I'm still with it  
I'm bawling like Kidd-Gilchrist  
And we ain't talking about luncheon cards when we say we after that meal ticket  
Rest in peace to Mill Tickett [sp]  
And little Milton, in loving memory  
Know I ain't one of those rapper niggas  
I'm satisfied with my own identity, Leaning

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