

# Way I Be Leanin' (Featuring Mike Jones, Paul Wall, Skip, and Wacko)

Juvenile

[Chorus]

Said the ladies they love me, they love the way I be leanin'  
They love the way I be leanin', they love the way I be leanin'  
All the ballers is bouncin', they love the way I be leanin'  
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[Verse 1: Juvenile]

This is the year of the U, watch how I get on track  
Young black Peyton Manning of rap gettin his snaps  
And also, he only rides in the year that he's in  
'Cause he don't feel the year's bigger than him, so let the boy be  
He off the meter with tennis shoes and a white tee  
Bitches watchin' him thinkin', "What if he wife me?"  
And it's a certain kind of swagger you get  
Especially when you're used to bein' the shit, that's if you're older right  
All of my boss bitches know the type  
When a nigga hug all on ya and he be smellin' like a motorbike  
A nice fit and video on the TV'll  
Get her to come out of them B.B.'s, believe me  
I'm a thug and I'ma stay on pub'  
And I don't hug, cause I carry the strap in the club  
I see ya peepin' tryna figure out what's happenin' with us  
They love the way I be leanin, that's why they baggin' it up

[Chorus]

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[Verse 2: Mike Jones]

Geah!  
Ice Age, Mike Jones!  
You know that purple drank got me leanin'  
My diamonds shinin' and gleamin'  
I'm in that dropper with Juve  
The groupies boppin' and fiendin'  
I'm from the home of the candy paint  
84s and purple drank  
Ladies know when I hit they corner, my slabs'll make 'em faint  
Ice Age and U.T.P., ball-ballin as you can see  
Crawl-crawlin on 23s, with candy on my HumVee  
Honeys love the way I talk, love the way I walk  
Love the way I lean, they say that I'm so clean

[Verse 3: Paul Wall]

I got a lot of money, I got a lot of ice  
I got a lot of cars, many colors and lots of types  
I got that paper 'cause I'm caked up like Betty Crocker  
Comin' down on choppers single file with all the trunk poppers  
Gettin money's my only task  
Stack up paper and count cash  
I'm ridin' on that pull over silver

The same color as a bad rash  
Gettin' full of that puff puff pass  
It's Paul Wall man what that do  
Swishahouse baby that's my crew  
Comin' down jammin' on the Screw

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[Verse 4: Wacko]

Drove over two dogs, sittin on 2-4s  
My rims be talkin' too, they love to seduce hoes  
They're dressed in cute clothes, manicured with cute toes  
I'm big paper Wacko, never stop for group hoes  
Oh no, I don't scoop those, bad bitches salute those  
Bad divas with benefits, you know I recruit those  
This a Soulja Slim t-shirt, this ain't no suit ho  
I got [?] up under these, not no Timberland boots, ho

[Verse 5: Skip]

I'm sick dog and there ain't no antidote  
Bust your muh'fuckin' head like a cantaloupe  
Like Hannibal, I'm an animal  
Just cold dickin' the money down, huh, ain't it though?  
I'ma do my damn thing 'til I cain't no mo'  
Don't make me pull this damn trigger 'til it ain't no mo'  
And don't tell me where you ain't gon' go  
I'ma just tell you one time, get to fuck 'til I ain't no mo'

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