

Drank on Your Lean

Lil B

Like I said it's your boy Lil B
It's the BasedGod on the beat

Yeah

I keep that chopper in the back
I keep that Mac in the front
I got more bitches online
I got them hoes getting drunk
We bout out in the day
We be out in LA
My niggas done came to that party
Living life everyday
I'm gon' stay with that pole
I'm gon' stay with that ladder
I'm coming down like Pimp C
I got that drink and that Fanta
Shout out to Atlanta
All we do is ball
Look at the sky, we superstars
The bitch talking about nigga February
I'm gon' need the motherfuckin' palm trees and sanctuary
I be mixing these bitches heads up, they be acting
I got options bitch, you know I'm trying to get married
Coming down in a Lexus
Shout out to Texas
Me and my young niggas coming down and we flexing
Pop your truck nigga and sip some lean
And fuck with me bitch, we on the team

Drank on your lean baby, drank on your lean
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Fuck them niggas that did whatever they did to me
Bitch Mob I got niggas that doing time for me
I'm holding niggas back and I ain't taking no slack
My head hurt, I got so many knives up in my back
I can't see but my spider sense is tingling
Made in America, my nigga I'm just being me
Niggas hating on me, looking through a glass
I was locked down but now I'm free at last
Rolls Royce or Bentley, nigga smoking that sour kush
I got options, I turned a life into a book
Everything you see nigga ain't what it look
Nigga made a billion dollars writing a couple hooks
Nigga playing with me, [?] for shit
Niggas still mad about all my childhood shit
I guess I can't let it go so I'm getting high
Nigga making fun of me, I'll send him to the sky

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