

Leanin'

Slim Thug

Leanin', Leanin', sittin' sideways Leanin', Leanin', Leanin', sittin' sideways

Leanin', sittin' sideways, Leanin', Leanin', sittin' sideways

I'mma young ghetto boy dat's why I act dis way, rollin' in the candy car leanin' sittin' sideways

Big boss of that damn nawf, grab the mic straight run his mouth
Candy blue what you see me floss, when I pull the lac up out the house

Lookin' good while I hold the wood, on the slab shit's understood
Hit the stash chunk up the hood, boys gotta see me stunt for good

New car new ice, it ain't shit I can pay that price,
Niggas ain't living like the boss live, that's what that is and I say that twice

I tip the 4's and flip the roads, before that album got shipped to stores
Boys betta keep they lips closed, before they punk-ass get exposed

I done showed the world how the boss hold, Slab or foreign I floss those
Drank and dro got me floss mode, doin' 100 on the toll road

Pimp and Bun runnin' right behind, pieced up with the grill shine
10 years still putting it down, representin' for that H-Town

Michael watts got the beats slow, slim thug keep the streets throwed
Brains straight bout to be blowed, cause Rico got them sweets rolled

Now ask them cause the streets know, the big boss man got it locked
H-Town man I'mma shout that out, till I'm up in Heaven wit Pimp and Pac.

Sweet Jones bitch! Unnh Unnh Unnh

Tony Snow the mack not the myth, the Pimp
I got the gift to break a bitch, twenty thousand behind my lips

A hundred thousand on my neck, everytime that I step out
Bought the red thang from Chamillion, candy paint swangin in the drop

I keep the hoes pussy drip drop wet, lamborghini fuck the vet

Top gone lets get it on, I'm the real bitch he's a clone
Smelling like Bar 9 cologne, gotta billion dollars out my microphone

Slab crush, dome busta,
Promethazine mixed with the tussa

We call it banana split, choose a pimp hoe I'm legit
Wrecked the grey bitch, bought the red
I got a phantom too that's what the fuck I said

And I ain't dropped an album yet
spend my dirty money don't touch the check

if the rap game die I buy some work
and keep a young yella bitch that will pull up my skirt

and when the bitch get enough her pussy squirt
tricks love to see (how it works?)

I love the money she love the fame
I gotta leveled head she gotta (piece of the brain/grain?)

I gotta 3-way lover on my cingular
She gotta 4 inch hair

Between her legs I'm tellin you
And she pay her daddy and that's what it do

It's Bun B the man and not the myth, ridin on them 4's trunk got the fifth
I push one button on my remote , start up my slab and my trunk will lift

I got the gift I got straight from God, keep it real never fraud
From P-A-T the land of the Trill, so when come out I'mma come out hard

You know the name and the resume, my g-code files is documented
Certified Rap-a-Lot for life, down with the mob represented

Don't play them games because I got the change, to put it in ya mind and on
ya brain
You'll leak coming out the candy, die where you standing simple and plain

I'mma gangsta baby not a baby gangsta, I'm overgrown it's understood
Slim Thug the boss, C the Pimp, and I'm Bun the OG to run the hood

We got the good, and the flower, hard or soft get it rock or powder
But know ya shit when you hit ya lick, it don't come with a textbook that te
ll ya how ta

And the power and the bread, so fuck a law dog, and fuck a fed
I'm from the south and we got the crown, and you can't get it back until I'm
dead

Heard what I said, and press rewind, play it back so you can get the meaning
Coming down in that candy slab, grippin on the grain and you know I'm leani
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