

Lean I Sip

Travis Porter

Okay lean I sip, kush I blow
Big bank roll, throwin tips on you hoes
Up in Philly, spend a grill on some clothes
Pourin zips, pourin zips, rollin dro

Walk in scrambles, throw some tips on you hoes
Get feelings with a grip and buy the store
Red Versace like red fox
I know so ya'll niggas ain't fuckin with headshots
Have a boy wearin Reeboks
Posted up, I'm cleanin it - free spot
Yea, every day I got a cash night
I told myself I want that whip, I went and cashed that
Iced out my repeater, your beat we blowin get now
My friend asked for a molly, now she want a half 9
Smash 15 minutes, can't lay with us
By the hours on my hip don't play with us
Rich nigga stand his head, yea ho I got it
How the fuck you put 40000 in one pocket
Rogue band and up, do it like this
A part but wise ass with my white bitch

Ride in the Camaro in the city where the bitches know me
Looked over there, Estrada told em that the 40 on me
Look back at me said cool 'cus it's bout 40 on me
Know we talkin racks 'cus I know the homie
223 and 15 since the world end
And half a bag of weed, promethazine
Why the world spendin?
Big belly bees robbin jeans got your girl digging
Cash talk, big boss shit, make yo girl listen

Geek'd off purchases, the invest that I ain't purchased yet
All I wanna say - these hoes ain't really worth the check
I can't even flip 'cus all I really got was neck
I knobbed that on er neck and then she hit me with the licks

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Man my pockets all so cashy, man I think that's why I'm laughin
Get my house so fuckin nappy, I don't kill cause I got cashy
All my bank accounts are sloppy and my pockets on full
Rack it up in rubber bands like I do sellin drugs
Bitches say I'm flashy, say I'm handsome so she flash me
I'm so classy but I'm actually how I do it? Bitch don't aks me
How much the pussy, you gon text me? No, she gon do it for free
She gon bust it open for jew, she gon bust it open for 3
Look, sippin on the brusky and I'm rubbin on her coochy
Only money can seduce me,
How much I'm makin? Bitch I'm Gucci
How bout you hop in my Jacuzzi and let all my niggas hit it?
You need molly, you need lean, shit whatever you can get it

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I'm shittin on you haters and you fake hoes
I'm fresher than you niggas in my play clothes
And what I'm bout to say you'd probably call me mean
I'm bout to slap this bitch if she spill my lean
Oh shit, I'm bout to spill the beans
All them niggas left behind going against the team
PHM, I know you niggas hate them
Don't forget that G-Unit, better G on it, that she want it
Coupe ain't got no sleeves on it
I hop in it, I fly away
Feels like I'm on the highway and I ain't even left my driveway
Damn dog I'm trippin, like 2 Chainz I'm different
Bitch say she wanna come and taste what I'm sippin

Big house strong, shit that thang we got them Benzes
Spot get hot, I guess we servin out the 12 then
Blunt so big, I swear like my arm
I put fendy all on my Scully
I put Fendy all on my scarf
Bitch you know we got them bands
Bitch you know we havin our way
Bitch you know I ain't got no worries
You can see it all on my face
We all act like we dumb, but my niggas be on point
I put weed all in my swishas, I put weed all in my joints
My lil homie's got them drums,
We fuck all niggas for fun
I call any ho on my phone
Make er do anything I want uh
When I got there, man something money fall
Weird magic make this money do some some assaults

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