

Lean On Me

Yo Gotti

Got a spot in the A
Got a spot in N.O. (Fo' sho')
Lookin for them real toys, to see what they goin fo'
Down hurr in Texas
When I'm ballin at Max's
Get a bitch, fuck a hotel
Hit the crib, relaxin
Them Body boys
They bringin noise
Mike Jones and Paul Wall
Slim Thug and Bun B and Z-Ro and all y'all
I'm Y-O, G-O, double T to the I, trick
Don't get it confused though, I represent this Memphis shit
Represent for the real niggas
For the drug dealers, for the hard hitters
Represent for my brother doin the 10 years in Fort Piller
Represent for the Dirty South
Gettin that money, what we about
Livin the life, rockin ice
That's why I put 20 g's in my mouth
See them diamonds, see me shinin
Hear me rhymin, see me climbin
Straight to the top of the charts, bitch
Like this shit on lock, bitch

Just call on me (Homie)
And you got a plane
You gon' need
Somebody, to leeeeaaaan onnnn
Lean on me

I'm puffin green, strong
Sippin, get my lean on
Comin down, candy paint
Get my gleam on
The fo' poured up
The 'Dro rolled up
One-deep, with the heat
Beat slowed up
I'm outta Memphis, Ten.
With about ten to spend
Got with Gotti, put me down with some lady friends
I'm showin diamond grin, leanin, walkin with' a limp
Hoes on the 'vard, "It's Hard Out Here for a Pimp"
I'm Slim Thugga motherfucka, dirty south boss
Eyes low from the 'Dro, plus I'm cotton-mouth
That's how we do it down in Texas, holdin wood-wheel
"Swang n' Bang" down the lane, til' my drank spill
Blow kill', bet the Kush get'cha mind right
Everythang I drive candy, so I shine bright
I'm either on the grind, tryin'a get my bank on
Or on recline mayn, tryin'a get my drank on

Hol' up, hol' up

Roll up, roll up
Ho what, ho what
Hol' up, hol' up
Roll up, roll up
(Lean on me)
Ho what, ho what
Hol' up, hol' up
Roll up, roll up
Ho what, ho what
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Ho what, ho what
(Lean on me)