

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