

Lean Low

YoungBloodZ

Youngbloodz, streetboy
Now everybody pull ya' whips out, get 'em shined up
Hit the mirror make sure ya' boy leaned up
Brush up out the clean up, ya' team freezed up
I know you knew the name, gull, when you seen us
Walkin' up in the V.I.P., I.M.P. when I
walked by
Man, I, don't holla at no lame ho's
I go to the bar, get somethin' to sip on, for my folk
Man, this is how is goes down, where I stay
When them Tram boys done had a good day
Then I'ma buy the bar up, later on tear the car up
Flip a new one by the mornin', nigga back crunk
Good times, if you in the club blowin' good
pine
Freakin' ho's while ya' car bein' stripped down
Sick now, nowhere for her to sit down
Ya' Escalade, man, it's sittin' on bricks now
Lean low, bitch, to the flo' bitch
Can you work it, can you twerk it lemme know?
Yeah, I'ma lean low nigga, to the flo' nigga
Can you pay what you weight gimme mo'?
But can ya' lean low, bitch to the flo'? Bitch
Can you work it, can you twerk it lemme know?
Yeah, I'ma lean low nigga, to the flo' nigga
Can you pay what you weight gimme mo'?
I pull up bumpin' attic, choppin, whippin' the wheel
Straight fresh off that drizzle boy you know who it is
It's them loud-mouth motherfuckers at it again
Poppin' bottles, cuttin' up, livin' life to the end
So lean low, if you feelin' like I'm feelin', let's go
Got a cup, throw it up, now hit the flo'
Shawty choosin' wit' a look and I know
Gotta lighter, fire it up and just blow
And just puff till you can't no mo'
We in the mix, backfacin' 'cuz that's just how it go
At the bar, we trippin', throwin' it up
Like kings in a castle, yeah we toastin' it up
So everybody, clap, and break it down
'Cuz we the same old fools slidin' thru yo' town
So on yo' mark, get ready for this whole new era
Drankin' Patnaz is the name, it don't get no better
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Yeah, I'ma lean low nigga, to the flo' nigga
Can you pay what you weight gimme mo'?
Stay workin' back do', till every sack is sold
I'ma hit you in the back wit' hot callico
If not then my rock, it I can hardly afford

Old school at the bar buyin' bottles of MoeWe swervin' Cheverolets up and down the road
When you hear "Shorty in town" hide ya' ho
'Cuz aww shit, lil' buddy fire the dro'
I stay, fresh a fool, keep a crease in my clothesI'm puttin' on the scene, and let the champagne
flow
I'm tryin' to get outta here wit' somethin' freaky to poke
You know what it is, you seen it befo'
We call him "H2O, he froze ice cold" What the fuck you sayin'? This shit is fa sho'
Tell Sean to keep 'em comin', gon' and order one mo'
Lil' Girl, work it out on the flo'
Post up young G, get drunk some mo'Lean low, bitch, to the flo' bitch
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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