Gangsta Lean

Gimme somethin' to roll Somethin' gangstafied Gimme somethin' to roll Somethin' gangstafied Gimme somethin' to roll Somethin' gangstafied Hey hey Star Trak, Star Trak Now let's smoke and ride

Oh girl ya taste is Sweet like mornin' dew I would go crazy girl If I couldn't have none of you I said ya from Jamaica Straight outta my Mercedes trunk You make me wanna roll ya up And then you make my body slump Which make a nigga have a gangsta lean (Talk about the gangsta lean) You make a nigga have a gangsta lean (Talk about the gangsta lean) Make a nigga have a gangsta leeean (Talk about the gangsta lean) You make a nigga have a gangsta lean (Talk about the gangsta lean)

I only love her on occasions Keep my heart racin' Love to take her on vacations Where the time zone changes and money exchanges And meters and kilometers on the dials of the ranges Far away with my Jamacian sexy everyday is like a holiday The cheeba got me in a slum sleeper But when I try to leave her I just find out that it's cheaper to keep her Plus she keep my thoughts deeper, really zonin' Like my Cali homies 6-4 rollin' Or them Deroit 'Lacs trimmed in golden Or my Texas family 150 white strollin' Damn, I was caught up in the Matrix But not Keanu Reaves, as she rolls in bamboo leaves I think a way to ship off these piano keys Since the traffic in a gangsta lean

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If you put me where I need to be Twist you anytime I feel the need Love ya touch and how you set my mind at ease In Virginia where you kept me motionless From that point on I knew I could never get over this Clipse

Now they wanna see us broke up 'Cuz I'm lovesick, got me all choked up Look, you keep my head in the clouds mami ,'till I can't breathe And next to that heat seeker you my main squeeze Plus I get twistin' didn't even spend my money on Now either I'm a fool or you really must got me gone You got me open these days I must admit Body numbed up and in a slump like I been hit But luckily it's just the green got me leavin' smoke streams And blowin' smoke rings as I flee from the scene Gangsta leanin' in a 850 beamin' I'm like K-Ci and Jo-Jo, love you got me fiendin'

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Her sex so sticky, I'm talkin' real icky Have me gone and twisty Make my other women miss me Just by the way she kiss me Hold her wit the index and thumb tippys Ma I'm so trippy Hard to hold back, scent so sweet Got to Cognac and honey wrap her this ain't drink From Taiwanese to Amsterdam greeny green To hydroponic that make a weak stomach vomit

Listen, at times you hinder my vision Blinded by ya love and you got the room spinnin' It's not jealousy the reason why I keep you hidden Hell, I hit you then I pass you to my man like I do my women I know just what I'm investin' in I done traded currency wit the Mexicans In Texas just so we could get affectionate Your complexion lime green wit red specks in it I love you

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