

# Lean Like Me

U-God

It's your time, baby, when it comes, it comes  
I come down crashin' like a hundred tons  
Run sound through you, if you want it grunge  
Soak up the lyric like a human sponge  
Slow down baby, don't jump the gun  
Song sound crazy when he pump the drums  
One's in my pocket, gators half ostrich  
Style created by the 36 monsters  
Sponsors in the building, franchise the concert  
Snatch mob besmirched, watch the don work  
Go berserk, tear off your shirt, the scenery  
It's V.I.P., you can't lean like me

Song sound crazy when you pump the drums  
Slow down baby, don't jump the gun  
Straight from the slums to the V.I.P  
It's the gangsta scene, you can't lean like me  
(2x)

Guess who's back just to blow your mind  
Zero to nine, nigga, press rewind  
In the ball room grind, on her fat behind  
Throw it back when you wine cuz the meat is prime  
I'm, too hot to handle, too cold to hold  
Fresh off parole with a monster stroke  
Soul control the dance floor, what more can you ask for?  
Rush the back door, amped off the raw  
The champ in valor, hammers galore  
Off the wall, sweat cognac out the pores  
Down by law, you won't make it to round four  
Shake it, don't break it, what more can you ask for?

Song sound crazy when you pump the drums  
Slow down baby, don't jump the gun  
Straight from the slums to the V.I.P  
It's the gangsta scene, you can't lean like me  
(2x)

Blood style did the scenery  
Blowin' on that greenery  
Pushin' heavy machinery  
It's the gangsta scene, you can't lean like me

It's the master of ceremonies, king of rump shakers  
Back, it's the bold in the golden bracelets  
Need to roll a facelift, you die if the paint chip  
Hit the hydraulic, then I raise up the spaceship  
Drop, off gracious, cuz you're obsolete  
The tw