Eminem, Lean Back

[Lil Jon]
Stop!
It's the mother fucking remix
[Mase]
Uh yea Harlem in tact
Who in the world wanna problem with that?
For real I heard Harlem is back
Who in the world wanna problem with that?
Uh yea Harlem is back
Who in the world wanna problem with that?
You know I heard Harlem is back
Who in the world wanna problem with that?
[Lil Jon]
Let's Go!
[Chorus: Fat Joe]
Said my niggaz don't dance we just pull up our pants
And do the rockaway, now lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back
Come on
I said my niggaz don't dance we just pull up our pants
And do the rockaway, now lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back
Come on
[Ma$e]
Yo yo yo yo its deja vu
And the day ya'll do
It'll be the day ya'll bleed
Wrist minus 80 degrees
King of Harlem ain't nobody made me leave
Who else could take 5 years off
Cold turkey come back and fly lears off
Cats front leave them leaning like Smirnoff
If haters wanna hate then its their loss
Come up in the Rucker with all my Jake's on
Car grills so big you can cook a steak on
People hear Ma$e call em' wanna get their mase on
You hot 16 I'm a very great song
Been beating on the DJ before the Ma$e song
You play Clark Kent you better have your cape on
Plenty homes Mansion many rooms
My necklace, 2 ex's and 3 Bentley bulls now lean back
[Chorus: Fat Joe]
Said my niggaz don't dance we just pull up our pants
And do the rockaway, now lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back
I said my niggaz don't dance we just pull up our pants
And do the rockaway, now lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back
(Come on!)
[Eminem]
You don't want no problems with Harlem
You don't want no problems with the boogie down Bronkster
You don't want no drama with the blond bomber
Original don dotta of the blond bottle
The model from white America
Then Joe the spokesperson for the Latino
Then we got Ma$e back to represent everything else in between including the
percentages of the press we don't
The best from each coast
The midwest to the dirty dirty
Even further to Miami
All the way back to Californ-i-a
It would probably be best right now if I warned Dre to get on the horn and
tell him about the storm coming all our way
So tell him pack grab a gat right now get on the floor I'll wait
Shake that ass a little more my way
But baby I don't dance not that I can't there's a pistol in my pants
[Chorus: Fat Joe]

Said my niggaz don't dance we just pull up our pants
And do the rockaway, now lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back
I said my niggaz don't dance we just pull up our pants
And do the rockaway, now lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back
(Come on!)
[Fat Joe]
No Judas or cowardice that Caine's brother Abel is able to stop me
Nigga not me
Got the streets asking damn who can top P
Summer jam killed it man they did it all with 1 beat
I guess I'm bicoastal now
Took a down south brother to bring your boy out
As the wheel keeps spinning
I can hear Niggars thinking Crack got one hit then he out
No Joey bring them semi's out
Force you and yours to pour a little Henny out
So much rappers acting in the game
I had to tell them put the mic away and run and get your Emmy's out
Lean back mother fucker
This here's a three peat we back at the Rucker
It's good coke crack preach it to your brother
The mic more rap and preach you mother fucker
[Chorus: Fat Joe]
Said my niggaz don't dance we just pull up our pants
And do the rockaway, now lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back
I said my niggaz don't dance we just pull up our pants
And do the rockaway, now lean back, lean back, lean back, lean back
(Come on!)
[Lil Jon]
Said my niggaz don't dance we just pull out a gat
And say blow your block away, fuck nigga lean back, lean back, lean back
lean back
I Said my niggaz don't dance we just pull out a gat
And say blow your block away, bitch nigga lean back, lean back, lean back
lean back
Hey