

ICIBILLET

Paroles de chanson

03/05/2026

Lean Wit It, Rock Wit It

Par Dem Franchise Boyz

Album : Now 21

Lean wit' it, rock wit' it

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I bounce in the club so the hoes call me Rocky

Posted in the cut, and I'm lookin' for a blockhead

Yup in my white tee, I break a bitch back

And I keep a big bank, oh I think they like that

Before I leave the house, I'm slizzard on the Goose

And I'm higher then a plane, so a nigga really loose

And I can lean wit' it (lean wit' it)

And I can rock wit' it (rock wit' it)

And if you gotta friend, she gotta suck the cock wit' it

Ayy, gon' and rock wit' it (gon' and rock wit' it)

Gon' and lean wit' it (gon' and lean wit' it)

Rock so damn hard, you break your spleen wit' it (you break your spleen wit' it)

Pull up ya jeans wit' it (pull up ya jeans wit' it)

Smoke some green wit' it (smoke some green wit' it)

And the spot ain't crunk bitch if we ain't in it (bitch if we ain't in it)

If you don't wanna do it (if you don't wanna do it)

Then I'll make ya dance (then I'll make ya dance)

Perfect example watch me make your face beat up my hands (beat up my hands)

When you see me hit the spot (spot), betta watch that boy (boy)

Charlay from the road, wit' Dem Franchise Boyz

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I'm too clean to wanna pop, lock from left to right a nigga lean
Vibin' to the beat, check my feet, he ain't got these
I rock then bend my knees every time the beat drop
Lean wit' it, rock wit' me, freeze before yo fingers pop
Purple lean, purple green grams in my socks
The fuck you mean you ain't seen buddy on the block?
They call me Doctor Doc, I prescribe what a nigga need
Make 'em lean and rock, old school people pat ya feet
Bitch I'm pimpin' in the club, so the hoes start to act up
'Cause they see my chain and a nigga throwin' them stacks up
I keep a full clip and my pistol in my pants
I'm in the middle of the flo', they screamin', "Nigga do yo' dance!"
You can roll yo' arms (roll yo' arms), and just put 'em in rotation (rotation)
Go side to side and snap yo' fingas like them Temptations
Dog, I'm all outta state doin' a dance, they never seen that
I ain't Fat Joe, but snap yo' fingas then you lean back

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Rock left then snap yo' fingers, rock right then snap yo' fingers

Ayy, what's hannenin'? Lean wit' me, rock wit' me

Gotta pill pop wit' me, gon' take a shot wit' me

Call me Teddy, I got grams don't hate, nigga shop wit' me

D.F.B., So So Def, hell yeah, we on bitch

Franchise ain't got no money? Shit, hold on, hold on bitch

Ayy, rock left rock right, you can get that shit

Lean back like Fat Joe and snap your wrist back

Gangsters don't dance (nah)

They lean wit' it rock, wit' it

Glock wit' me, pop quickly (uh)

gansters gon' rock wit' me (uh)

One, two, pop (uh)

And bring it 'cross the chest wit' it (uh)

Get nasty, flashy, go on flex wit' it

Do it how you want it, slow it up, do the matrix

Play wit' it, straight hit it, get all in they face wit' it

This dance is for the killers, the dealers, the cutthroats

You already know, the chillen, the grown folk

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