

Head Turner

Rittz

A-yuh-a-yeah
Trade Mark
Look

I'ma head turner
People wanna sweat me I just let 'em stare
Disrespect me and I'll check 'em like a questionnaire
Yeah, Gwinnett's in here, so bring the sireens 'Cause we in the club rollin'
up some sticky lime green
High beam spot
Light is mine for the time bein'
On a murder, rappers turn a track into a crime scene
I taken from investigators they gon' find weed
Ridin' dirty, no I'm not referring to my hygiene
No sir, brushin' my shoulder there's no dirt, no
I'm so fly that I should be stylin' in a fur coat
Oh, my pinky is twinkling, I let it radiate
Two step n' snappin' in the pattern leather bathin' apes
Some 808's, boomin' like a cannon bro
I ain't knockin' where you from but this is how we do it in Atlanta dawg
Purple lurpin', xanny bars, rollin' on them hard drugs
Plurgin' in a fancy car, survivin' on the hood should
In the club buzzed like a yellow jacket
We could get those cigarillos crackin'
I tried to tell 'em

I-I-I'm a head turner
A b-bread burner
Bitch I'm a head turner
I know you like what you see
Girl, I'm a head turner
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I bet you wish I bet you wish that you was ridin' with me
Bitch I'm a head turner
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770 is where I'm reppin' you better let 'em know
Where they be lettin' them hoes go for the extra load
I'ma let what I gross grow till I get it sold
'til my necklace is rose gold with those precious stones
Let it show, I used to flex on my Pre Velo bro
Tretchin' though, I ain't talkin' pretzels and crescent rolls
But now that several O's be runnin' them decimals
So every hoe that knows it approaches me sexual
But no I don't get attached
Where them gold diggers at
Probably at the club sittin' on a go-getter's lap
I'm bar doing Jägerbombs and Redheaded Sluts
Or in the Chevy with the rail of the gut gettin' some cut
And I'ma beat it and butcher it
Teasin' her with the green that she couldn't get
Because baby Jesus sweeter than sugar it's
the only way I can put it is that we gettin' it
Count it up

Chevy Impala's my clique as slick as we mount it up
Ain't nobody in the county fuckin' around with us
Nobody put it down like the homey Jonny Valiant does
It truly is beautiful as acute in this hustle
Try to turn around too fast and end up pullin' a muscle 'cause

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Now I can't even go anywhere without people staring me up and down
Like I'm walkin' on red carpet, I guess they love my style
I'm stickin' out like a sore thumb when I'm on the Crown
Walkin' up in this, discover me droppin' a couple thou'
I be in SoCal buyin' the whole aisle
Walkin' by and these hoes smile like "Oh wow"
Like I think he's a rapper, he walks around like he's famous
They call me Rittz bitch
In case you forgot what my name is
Competition invisible
A ton of other crackers call themselves Rittz but this is the authentic original
Man the kid is invisible
And I don't mean to be so egotistical
But being broke for me seems so pitiful
We be moving o's some sugar lows
To people room and road
And if not we in the city doing shows
All the pretty hoes sayin' "God dang did you see him?"
Man my chain swing like Tarzan from a tree limb
It's paper season
Cause this the chief in
Nothin' commercial
Puffin' purple like perches on the Pacific region
We drinkin' free Hen
When we up in the club we automatically begin
All the hoes attracted to the cash that we spend
I could fuck around on a rap 'til the end
So fuck a sixteen bars
I'm tryin' to start a ménage à trois with fifteen brauds
And I'mma hit that pussy hard 'til the bitch see's stars
That's how it is when you living large
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