

2 The Head

Ant Banks

For the funky beats I made I get for my grade
I'm from the Dangerous Crew, I can't hang with you
Cause I'm from Oakland, bitch, where the game is true
You don't believe me? Well, come on slide through
Because the city of dope will give you somethin' to ride to
Put my tape in your deck and do some damages
But the six by nines, they can't handle this
I'm twenty-three so I'm far from a young buck
This gin and juice is gettin' me pumped up
Fake rappers get chumped up
You wanna slang'em, watch your face gettin' lamped up
Well, what's my name? You can call me Banks for short
You wanna book me? You're about to see a gangsta show
Cause I be tighter than tight, give me a brew and the mic
And it will be on like chickenbone, you know that's right
Some mothafuckas didn't believe that I can do this shit
Kick some funky ass rhymes with some beats that hits
Now I'm provin' them wrong but still suckas wanna clown
But you jealous mothafuckas ain't bringin' me down
I kept faith in myself, that's what I had to do
To make it out here and stop fuckin' with you
I'm 2 the head...

Yeah! Now all you fake niggaz: get the fuck off my nuts!

I got my shit rollin' so now I'm like a mack in town
And when I'm ridin' through, the hoes be flaggin' me down
I'm just a player kickin' funky shit with the Dangerous Clique
And all these bitches, they out to get some famous dick
But I ain't trippin', girl, you can bring that ass on
Cause all this jockin' shit ain't guaranteed to last long
But while it's happenin' you know I'm straight lovin' it
You put your pussy in position and I'm pluggin' it
But if you're lookin' for a nigga with a touch of affection
You better take your ass to the love connection
Cause, hoe, I ain't got no trust in you
Cause if another rapper comes you'll be fuckin' him too
And that's real, save the love for ?????
Cause it's all about mackin' in 92
One love, I ain't goin' that far
I'm better known as a gigolo rap star
I like to fuck groupie bitches cause it's fun too
And I never get played cause I'm young true
Hoes wanna be mine but that's a no no
Get the fuck off my face, bitch, I'm 2 the head, hoe

Now for verse three, you know it never quits
Cause Ant Banks is in the house makin' hits
And since I'm doin' this I gotta deal with jealous punks
Mad cause my shit like pumps in the trunks
And when I'm ridin' I gotta roll strapped in my 500 Benz
Cause it's sittin' kinda phat, fake niggas smile on my face
But they ain't bold ones
Trippin' out cause they ain't ridin' on gold ones
I know you're envies, that's hell of dumb for me
Cause the shit I got, it didn't come for free
Late nights at the studio bustin' my ass crack

Tryin' to make hits, man, but where was your ass at?
Probably at the corner drinkin' Old E, slangin' D
See, you was sleepin', now everybody's know me
I guess hard work pays and doin' nothin' is off
Lazy niggas like you were once fuckin' us off
Stop talkin' about me and get a J-O-B instead
Bitch ass nigga, I'm 2 the head...

Yeah and this goes out to all you shit talkin'
bandwagon ridin' mothafuckas: get off...