

## 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 envious, 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...