

# 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, survin' 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  
A b-bread burner  
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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