

411**"Head Turner"**Visit "[Head Turner](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Talking:]

Come on mayn huuuh, head turner
Geah feel it, I turn motherfucking heads
When I walk in, I don't know about you

[Hook: x4]

Swisha sweet burner, big face earner
Boy I's, a fucking head turner

[Big Pluck:]

Swinging in the Benz, swinging through the lot
Fo' niggaz in the back, bout to punch the roof out
Getting crunk then thoed, Nobody through the do'
Big Pluck I represent it, bitch you already know
Niggaz get mad, and wanna knock me like a do'
Nigga don't get mad, cause a fat nigga took your hoe
She's not your dame though, she's your main hoe
I chunked the deuce, and took your bitch to Shanango
Bitch turn your head, when you see a head turner
I got your bitch deep throating, sucking she's a head
turner
So I'ma go ahead and turn her, into a freak a head
hunter
I got her neck her hair done on my nuts, and my bed's
gonna
Break soon like boom, I got my camera on zoom
Don't disturb me I'm in my room, Yung Ro coming soon

[Yung Ro:]

Here I am the one and only, pimptastic with
tenderonies
Got em regretting what they did, compared to how
long they know me my homie
See you can't clone me, you only wanna cut she lonely
I fuck her tell her to phone me, then fuck em my
number's phony
But if I tell her to turn her head, and I get a light turn up
I'm subject to might turn up, and flip into Ike Turner
I'm a head turner, big faces counting these heads
turning
Now these boppers heads turning, smiling at me my

head turning
Head burning chest burning, cause I'm feeling this X
Bitches looking for me in a Lac, but I'm still in a Lex
I'm still with the Flex, D. Black, B. Booker ain't late
We reminiscing and listening, to karaoke tapes
Life is great I thank the Lord, when I get out my bed
Even hoes who don't know me, curious could I turn so
many heads
Like who is he Yung Ro, oh that dude that rhyme tight
And automatically they hooked, mesmerized by the
limelight I'm a head
Turner baby

[Hook x4]

[Sipp:]
I'm a head turner, because these hoes love the whip
My game's a overdose, and that's why hoes love the
Sipp
And boy, I's a fly smooth talking goon sparking
These bops flock, when they see me in the Platoon
parking
They see the car and think MJ, that's just the shoes
talking
I'm on 23's, but look like the rims is moon walking
My car's a tomboy, bitch she wears skirts and shoes
But if you touch her, man I'ma have to hurt you dudes
Look how they stare and shit, this is what I gotta bare
with
She kissing on me, damn girl you fucking up my velvet
But she's on this one man thang, but can't get one man
brain
But she know that I can fuck, like a one man train
I know you going hard on me, want my dicks and air
But your job is done ma, now go fix your hair
This is for my thugs, who let they bumper drag down
the break
You ain't got no candy on your car, that's a flag on the
plate

[L. Dogg:]
Well I jump out the six grinning, hating niggaz can't
stand it
I'm in a car that look like something, that came from a
different planet
I got a jet, that gets me to L.A. in twelve minutes
And I'm young but got money, long as a rapist jail
sentence
You can call me the hardest, the rap game land lord
Them boys rapping bout Jags, but driving '92 Fords
And I'm the head turning, y'all boys ain't messing with

me
I'm getting Paid In Full, y'all making cents like 50
And I dare y'all to label me, as a commercial rapper
Piss my little ass off, and I bet you I hurt a rapper
Shotgun in the trunk, 22 under the seat
And Sprewells on the Benz, 22's under the Jeep
And I'm the rawest nigga rapping, on these
underground tapes
I'm trying to handle more weight, and put candles on a
cake
And I turn heads, with the big heads I earn
Just call me neck and shoulders, cause I'm the reason
heads turn

[Hook x4]

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