

Assholes By Nature

"Turnin Heads"

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(Chorus - Pimp C + Z-Ro Repeat 2x)

Everytime we hit the parkin lot - we turn heads
Every - Everytime we hit the parkin lot - we turn heads
Every - Everytime we hit the parkin lot - we turn heads
Some hoes wanna choose, but them bitches too scary

[Verse 1 - Trae]

Everytime I hit the parkin lot I turn heads
I told J replace the swisha's with hundreds to burn
bread
on that other shit too much attention attract feds
like it was cool then parkin my Lac by the sherm heads
hood figgas got these niggas tryna swagga jack
they old school they could never get they swagga back
Caliminio seats, steppin on the plastic mats
I gave the hood a heart attack, bangin some classic Pat
who's next to plex? bitch I got that plastic mac
belts jumpin off the trunk, now watch me pass the rats
niggaz hatin on the truth I'm bout to pass it back
they prolly pissed I lit the torch and never passed it
back
I'm Houston along, some people might say that I'm
wrong
but I'm a asshole - rules don't apply in my zone
slugs might fly out the chrome, my gangsta too fly to
be cloned
I ride by sayin fuck you and continue to roam

(Chorus - Pimp C + Z-Ro)

[Verse 2 - Z-Ro]

Uh I use to rock green converse and tan dickies
way befo ballin, not playin with hundreds and fifties
parkin lot pimpin from the passenger side
my partna's lookin good in they ride, so I had to get
mine
24/7 I was on my grind
lookin forward to shinin and lookin lovely
lookin forward to niggaz hatin cause they bitches
wanna fuck me
but ain't nobody gon'touch me cause I'm a boss

fuck around and send a wave thru a niggaz house
and it'll wipe his whole family out
anyway, I'm on top of my game today
plus I'm on top of my page today
Asshole By Nature, I'm real and the fake gon' fade
away
Fogori glasses sittin on my nose, the Dodge is sittin on
84's
and Z-Ro treats his clothes, better then his hoes
I wrap Alligator skin around my toes
Lamborghini doors, open up and close - my mouth, my
neck, my wrist is froze
I'm doin this shit for Robert Earl Davis and John Hawkins
I'm the center of attention I got the whole city talkin

(Chorus - Pimp C + Z-Ro)

[Verse 3 - Z-Ro]

Everytime I hit the parkin lot I turn heads
havin money even though the record label ain't pay me
my bread
I go get it and then come back with it cause I'm a street
nigga
my people need to be fed, I'm a make sure all my
people can eat nigga
and we ain't fuckin with wing dinners no mo'cause we
feast nigga
with expensive taste that's the name of the game, ain't
fuckin with it if it come cheap nigga
I got out of jail on July 9th, spent the night in the Hotel
the next day I was in a new house, big body in the
driveway - bitch I'm makin that mail

[Verse 4 - Trae]

I told 'em the world'll see me in a minute
I went and got my weight up and graduated from broke
to callin shots like a leutenant
now when I slide by people be lookin like who the fuck
is that?
jackers watchin but I'll be the first to show 'em where
they luck is at
it ain't too wise to get to close to me
cause when it get gangsta, you'll see me show you how
it's 'ppose to be
I'm here to show my hustle when I get this bread
I don't give 'em the blues
I give 'em a brace around they neck from the way that
I'm turnin heads

(Chorus Till End)

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