

# Turn Heads

## Dem Franchise Boyz

It be Young Lloyd and Dem Franchise Boyz  
We rippin' it hard in them old skool toyz  
Got my top down and my trunk out noise  
We turnin' heads now wen we turn em out  
Young Lloyd and Dem Franchise Boyz we rippin' it hard  
In them old skool toyz we turnin' headsShe wanna kick it in my pimped out Chevrolet  
On 28's with the kandy paint  
Steady clippin' while I'm dippin' on the interstates  
Yeah she can't waitMy top back with my beat down low  
Running round the city I don't know where to go  
I guess I pull up on strip and turn a couple heads  
A couple heads, turn a couple headsI'm in a 6 9 Chevy-verk tudahuk dunk  
Who we rhyme wit' Nigga who knows?  
Who I rhyme wit' Nigga two hoe's  
My girl got a girlfriend yeh I do the O's28's on the wip verse  
Wen I hit the block I turn heads like they nigga here  
I'm still rolling and the niggas still cruising  
Hoe's dun chose n hoe's still choosingShe wanna kick it in my pimped out Chevrolet  
On 28's with the kandy paint  
Steady clippin' while I'm dippin' on the interstates  
Yeah she can't waitMy top back with my beat down low  
Running round the city I don't know where to go  
I guess I pull up on the strip and turn a couple heads  
A couple heads, turn a couple headsI bet you turn heads wen you step out the pimpin'  
Like your main course and all you hear is cameras flickin'  
She ain't like a real nigga she dun' really like a square  
In the bed turnin' heads like a bottle o' jonShe got a nift on and she keep her hair fixed  
28 inches make it hard to stud a bitch  
She got a man but shawty want know  
She wana' fuck and really keep it on the low hahaShe wanna kick it in my pimped out Chevrolet  
On 28's with the kandy paint  
Steady clippin' while I'm dippin' on the interstates  
Yeah she can't waitMy top back with my beat down low  
Running round the city I don't know where to go  
I guess I pull up on the strip and turn a couple heads  
A couple heads, turn a couple headsWomen double take wen' they see me pushin' that foreign  
New skool' bubble but my old skool' colour orange  
Shoes from a distance wen' they see me cumin' up  
Old skool big block 28's mounted upPull a stop arrh let the rim's spin

Rim's spin so hard wheel 3 chicks in  
Yo we outi' 30 like were we goin'?  
On the E way destination unknown She wanna kick it in my pimped out Chevrolet  
On 28's with the kandy paint  
Steady clippin' while I'm dippin' on the interstates  
Yeah she can't wait My top back with my beat down low  
Running round the city I don't know where to go  
I guess I pull up on the strip and turn a couple heads  
A couple heads, turn a couple heads You can ride wit me shawtie no sense of direction  
Let me stick game to ya figure out your perfection  
Do you like the base knocking? Or the beat down low?  
Do you get real sloppy stroke, the meat real slow? Baby girl lemme know, so I know how to go  
I like it slow and sloppy I dun' told you once before  
Aye, make no mistakes, go on a dinner date  
Can't wait, can we get started on the interstate? She wanna kick it in my pimped out Chevrolet  
On 28's with the kandy paint  
Steady clippin' while I'm dippin' on the interstates  
Yeah she can't wait My top back with my beat down low  
Running round the city I don't know where to go  
I guess I pull up on the strip and turn a couple heads  
A couple heads, turn a couple heads All right  
'Cause' all I need to know  
Is if your ridin' wit' me baby  
And anywhere we can go, my lady

Songwriters

Moore, Todd / Gleaton, Maurice / Leverette, Bernard / Willingham, Jamall / Tiller, Gerald Published by  
Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other  
patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>