Head Hunta (feat. Lucky Luciano & Z-Ro)

Baby Bash

[Chorus: Z-Ro]
Catch me ridin' on them numbers
Either four, five or six hundred
Top down, lookin' for a head hunter
If it's in a mob, she can't be my baby mother
You know, I wanna fuck you bitch
But I know, I'm not givin' you one red cent
My dough, ain't helpin' you with your rent
I never been a trick, you oughta pay for the dick[Verse 1: Baby Bash (Z-Ro)]
Slidin' on a slab and all she wanna do was rape me
But payin' for some puss, girl, you must be mistaken greatly
You say you wanna taste me, blow and decapitate me
What you need ain't give me gravy, paid me, my dick ain't lazy
Trickin' is dead, holmes, she givin' me head phones
She thick in the red thong, I refuse to be led on
Cause I'm a leader, not a follower
She gon' be a squirter and a swallower
Late night gobbler
Big maniac, she a brainiac, just like she go to Princeton
In a Cadillac, fuck a battle rap, motherfucker, keep it pimpin'
I'm a let her know, I'm federal, when T bag that hoe like Lipton
And to inspire, she opened wide, and swimmin' in my denim (You, you, you, you, you bitch)[Repeat Chorus][Verse 2: Z-Ro]
You don't roll twenties, girl, we pokin' in the side
I don't want no pussy ass, long as you open in your mind
No pussy could, but tell her put that throat up in your life
Got me a drug dealer ride, put liq' with coke up in her eye
Tryin' to charge me for that trash ass, pussy, she out of mind
Same thang I can get out her pussy, I'm a get out her mind
Money in my pocket, good, but it ain't comin' out of mine
If you pay for sexual favors, your trick ass out of line
And with every time I call her phone number (Number)
My neighbor is what she lay her head under (Under)
Ain't no filin' child support on me unless a nig get pregnant
Bitch, suck it while I'm behind the wheel, that's why I'm drivin' reckless
She a head hunter[Repeat Chorus][Verse 3: Lucky Luciano]
I don't love her, I don't want her, you can have her, I got another
Did it however which way I could've, then I kicked her up out the Hummer
Nothin' but a head hunter, and she wanna taste me

Bitch, pay me, this dick ain't free
I said on how she bring it back, so how the hell could I pay for that
Choose me, she know the scope, it's pimpin', no love for a hoe
Lucky, yeah, they love me, and they wanted me to hit it
If I put that dick up on her, she gon' get out there and get it[Repeat Chorus]

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