

Head Hunta

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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