

Barbershop

Ya Boy

Ayo I walk it like I talk it

Spray it how I say it

Get it how I live it and sell it how I weigh it

My name in they streets I'm a tell you what they sayin

They know ya boy got them birds like ronald reagon

Getten kinda famous getten kinda paid

And them girls love me cause the dick good like meagan

They sayin he traded in his coupe and bought a range

And it's all black just like a baltimore raven

They sayin he put a few bitches on the blade

And hes pimpin now getten money in differnt states

And hes on the radio they hearin him on differnt stations

They herd hes in l.a. with game

Hes gang bangin nah

I herd he still in the bay he yay slangin

They herd he got hitters that keep the k bangin

When they see em they gone rob him

Balla block ya boy turn the whole world to a barbershop

Everyday I hear them talkin about me

Everywhere I go the talk is bout me

The people wanna no what the talk is bout

So welcome to the barbershop

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Ayo I call it like I see it

Live it like I breathe it

Set the hood on fire ya boy got the street fien

They sayin I'm a demon I should'ntbe breathe

I guess they mad cause my name buzz like bees

And I'm rich for no reason ballin all season

But still I squeez and leave ya brains on the cement

They sayin I'm a heathen they sayin that I'm teasen

Roll threw the jects with my whole mouth gleemin

They herd that I'm a sucker but still they won't touch em

They herd I chop shit up like west coast customs

His jewels got took they herd I was in the buildin

They wanna no about fat rat and about the million

They herd I'm in l.a. recordin with the docter

They no I'm fitten to blow it's clearer than a glass of vodka

They herd I run shit call the shot

Ya boy turn the whole world to a barber shop

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[Bishop Lamont:]

Yo I get my shit chopped
Fake niggas don't stop
If it ain't our people then it's brothers cuttin up spot
When niggas plot and niggas pop and get popped
Over the usual cash, pussy, n pharماسotics
Motivated by jealousy inremovable
When cemetarys get so filled ain't no room for no more funerals
Preety soon theyll hang no vacancy signs
Niggas will have to get cremated and add to the smog line
It's pathetic I admit it I regret it
When you no where u headed it's a curse bein pathetic
I tried to stand by keep quit and just let it
But once u touched by god till u die u gotta rep it
Hard got lines it's easy to over step it
That's why I never mind when rappers gossip on a record

Cause there's worse problems then niggas lie on a record

I'm a real soldier nigga world wide respect it

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