

Ya Boy "Barbershop"

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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 baltamore raven
They sayin he put a few bitches on the blade
And he's pimpin now getten money in differnt states
And he's on the radio they hearin him on differnt
stations
They herd he's in l.a. with game
He's 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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Everywhere I go the talk is bout me
The people wanna no what the talk is bout
So welcome to the barbershop

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 pharماسoticals
Motavated by jealousy inremovable
When cematarys get so filled ain't no room for no more
funerals
Preeety soon they'll 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 lien on a
record
I'm a real soldier nigga world wide respect it

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