

## Y&T

### "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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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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