

Class of '01 "Beauty Shop"

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[Nikki D] Good morning, honey
[Busta Rhymes] Good morning, honey
Ah! Awww! Ahhh! Ahhhhh!
Ahhhhhhhhhh!
[Nikki D] What's wrong?
[Busta Rhymes] Help, help, help, help!
[Nikki D] Honey, what's wrong?
[Busta Rhymes] You looked chopped
Awwwwww! Awwwwww!

[VERSE 1]
It's shop time, in line, hurry on the quickness
Couch gorillas, you all need fitness
Word up, word up, kick out the dead presidents
All nightmares and Elm Street residents
Come on down, there's nothin wrong with that
But when Booga Bears do it - it's wack
In fact, I was in the shop the other day
Girls, hear me out, okay?
Reading Essence magazines
The latest fashions, adults and teens
Walkman kicks with the Jam that's Def
I see a female with a mask as I glance to the left
Slide to get my nails done
A manicure for sure - huh, can ya dig it, hon?
Suddenly the girl's mask came down
Grill piece looks ill, skips town
Pieces of skin were here, there, everywhere
A horrorflick and scare
Why do so much when it shouldn't be done?
There's someone for everyone
No, you had to go overboard
Lipstick, but lips got cold sores
Next time you need a fix-up, don't mix up the chop
shop
Honey, you need the beauty shoop

Your face looks chopped
(You need the beauty shop)
Your face looks chopped
(You need the beauty shop)

Your face looks chopped
(You need the beauty shop)
(The beauty shop
You need the beauty shop)

[VERSE 2]

Now fishlip with lipstick don't match
Caked up make-up makes up the monster mash
Splash bubblebath, don't laugh
Not the natural look, but the truth rises to the top
Chop into the beauty shop flock, don't drop
Look in deep skin, then stop
If you see no wins, don't spend your ends
On those millions of hundreds, or even tens
Of pairs of pieces of horse hairs, tear upon
Ashes of trashes of where they shared food
Don't be rude, let self rule
Who'll be cool in the midst of confused
With this on the mind at the end of the mop
Clean it up please, at the beauty shop

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[VERSE 3]

Build up a structure, imagine a fixture
Skip a paragraph, then develop a picture
Oo-wee, che-check out the brand new mixture
Artificial everything, sorry, Mister
How could you do your generical set-up?
And look faked up walkin the street lookin chopped up
Material's a thing you choose to get to strike a pose
Get cosmetic ears and get a cosmetic nose
No Siree, because you look wack, buddy
If loooks were makin paper, you would be broke and
ugly
Berries are suckin, yo, I wish you good luck

Walkin up the street and still your face looks fucked
Ain't no misbehavin, get outta here
You look like a ghost, alakazaam, disappear
Go on, keep thinkin you're the cream of the crop
But what you need to be is crematated by the beauty
shop

(The shop, the shop, the shop, the shop)
Your face looks chopped
(You need the beauty shop)
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