

Deep Purple

"Music, Money, Women"

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Barbershop.. Emcees
Yeah.. yeah.. yeah
They don't know about is..
Barbershop, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah..
In case you didn't know, who this is

[Verse One]

It's the Barbershop, the one and only
Crushing all these phoneys, in the clubs they my homie
In the streets, they don't know me
They cowards, they try to live a lifestyle, that's ours
For the people who live hip-hop, hour after hour
Minute by minute, as the seconds tick I'm reccing shit
Put it in writing till my seeds get inperited
The place keep fearing it, people keep hearing it
Barber Shop MC's, freestylin' over instruments
Spark a blunt then a incent, fix it
They put on a tape, my DJ was pissing, sat on a mission
To dimes I blow kisses, to wack crews I throw disses
'Cause it's the point they missing,
This is what you call the best in the West,
Full flex hip-hop, without the bulletproof vest

[Verse Two]

See our word to life, breathtaking rhymes
Signed, connected by me, collected emcees
Elected by the crusher heights, officially
See my duty as an emcee, from the Barber Shop, fresh
cut the hip-hop
Chicks pussy pop to this, while I'm sippin' Guinness
Clothes smellin' like Cis' without the Yes-Yes, we bless
this
It ain't my fault like Mr. Cruelty, so intengiable to much
to handle
Battlers that are just to be gambled, that you might
lose, fuck it you will
Toting guns that kill, this is for real
S-K, watch my dayring, my A.K.-shot sounds is
The same thing that's heroine, that's why the brain

fiends

Haters spotting trainspotting, they baking on a scheme
To annihilate the number one team

[Hook] [4x]

The Barber Shop, got
The music, the music
The money, the money
The women, the women

[Verse Three]

Yo, hitting corners, rolling quick
Barber Shop's city slicks, that's the main of type a
nigga to blow a nigg
Do or dub, hit the ball walking in the club
Telly on the rock, tight twisting up a dub
Is in the corner rollowing, wards walking through the
club
Dames following, drove on his neck with the bottle 'n
That's expected, I can't help it if my whole crew's
infected
with dopeness, it's hopeless
Â¿Like Heru told you to focus, chop form just like
LocusÂ¿
Out for the kill and the take-over, drove around from
L.A. to Dover
The type of cats you can call Rovers
We roaming, like some Rah Rah Wild is foaming
We sick 'cause we kick, the sick-ass ly-rics
It's contagious, 'cause my whole crew's outrageous
Barber Shop nigga, can't nobody else stage this

[Verse Four]

The Barber Shop crew, we got nothing else to do
But hit y'all niggas of with some shit that's brand new
Understand, I'm so hype man, I don't even need a hype
man
Just give me a motherfucking mic-stand
The third good Marshall education
And look forward to taking on the nation with the
inspiration
My desperation, my eye-examination, concentration,
congratulations!
Before Jane and Lee, I torture emcee like the Bliddy
Burn a nigga up like a black committee
Fresh-baked breads, and vegetables, put it up to
Lectables
These women we meet wanna get sexual
Heavy drinker, heavy thinker
Corrowicks, that's the questions you wanna know to the
niggas that know that shit

Half-a-house, a car one night, blow it
You got the skills, show it
I drink hard liquor, and shake up the Moet
Celebrate toast to the upmost great, net weight, fish on
the plate
Niggas in emergency state, get ya weapons
Protect your family and get to stepping (stepping)

[Hook] ['til fade-out]
The Barber Shop, got
The music, the music
The money, the money
The women, the women

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