

# Barbershop

Ghostface Killah

Hey yo man, what's the deal fam (yo yo)  
Yo stay on top of that nigga when you getting your cut G  
That nigga just fucking zeked me (damn son)  
Look what he did to my motherfucking shit (check this shit out)  
Got me looking all out of order (damn!)  
(Yo cut my shit right nigga)

Hey yo son what up man what's good what's good  
What's popping with y'all niggas though and shit  
How the fuck this nigga skimp me and shit like  
The fuck like I don't spend no bread in here and shit  
(Got that money, I got that money nigga)  
I give that nigga fucking Swiss Rolls, Jags, minks  
I give that nigga shit for his fucking grill man (true, true indeed)  
The fuck man? Like I don't fucking spend money in this bitch  
Nigga what the fuck man? (for real for real)

Yo what up man, how you want it cut? {Shit what up Starks?}  
(Just give it to me how you been doing it) {Yeah yeah yo}  
{Yo I just got that brand new 40 Cal son}  
(Know mean? Do no bullshit, and don't fuck me up this time neither)  
{I gotta open it right now son}

(Hey yo fam keep it cool, you know we got them thing things up in here man)  
Yeah my nigga, buy you a Foreman Grill  
Straght up, you like to eat right?  
Fuckin with niggas heads and all that shit  
Y'knahmean you got niggas going to different barbers 'n shit  
Nigga be throwin you forty beans, fifty beans and  
And then can't get not one free cut out your lil' monkey ass right?  
Alright

Didn't I tell you don't touch the sides? I'm going bald on top!  
You lucky you cool, I'ma let it ride  
Slide, you played me so you can't get paid  
How you goin' fuck up a don and cold dog his fade?  
I look like UTF0 one of them dudes from back in the days  
The Educator Clapper is housing your coke and the spray  
Barbershop niggaz, always wind up fucking around  
One minute you hot, next minute you not  
Remind me of the New York Knicks with they jumpshots  
Ox, whack as hell, my ratchet spell  
Fuck up again you'll have a funny smell  
All Reneece is doing straight nails  
Putting in bangs for bitches  
Hundred dollar weaves, some different strains of horsehair

Yo Tone put the gun away, the cops is here  
(I want everybody down! I wanna see ID, and I don't wanna nobody saying noth  
ing)  
(I put one of you moolies back, I'm telling you right now)  
(I will shoot any one of you guys, I'm telling you)  
(Don't hit the exit) [man running and breathing hard]