Barbershop

Instrumental

[friend talking to Ghostface]
Hey yo man, what's the deal fam (yo yo)
Yo stay on top of that nigga when you gettin your cut G
That nigga just fuckin zeked me (damn son)
Look what he did to my motherfuckin shit (check this shit out)
Got me lookin all out of order (damn!)
(Yo cut my shit right nigga)[another friend]
Aiyyo son whattup man what's good what's good
What's poppin with y'all niggaz 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 fuckin Swiss Rolls, Jags, minks
I give that nigga shit for his fuckin grill man (true, true indeed)
The fuck man? Like I don't fuckin spend money in this bitch
Nigga what the fuck man? (Ha ha ha) (f'real f'real)[barber to Ghostface + {random fan}]
Yo whattup man, how you want it cut? {Shit whattup Starks?}
(Just give it to me how you been doin it) {Yeah yeah yo}
{Yo I just got that brand new 40 Cal son}
(Knahmean? Do no bullshit, and don't fuck me up this time neither)
{I gotta open it right now son}[music starts]
(Aiyyo fam keep it cool, you know we got them thang thangs up in here man)
Yeah my nigga, buy you a Foreman Grill
Straght up, you like to eat right?
Fuckin with niggaz heads and all that shit
Y'knahmean you got niggaz goin 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[Ghostface]
AHH! Didn't I tell you don't touch the sides? I'm goin bald on top!
You lucky you cool, I'ma let it ride
Slide, you played me so you can't get paid
How you gon' fuck up a don and cold dog his fade?
I look like UTFO one of them dudes from back in the days
The Educator Clapper is housin your coke and the spray
Barbershop niggaz, always wind up fuckin 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 doin straight nails
Puttin in bangs for bitches
Hundred dollar weaves, some different strains of horsehair[outro]
Yo Tone put the gun away, the cops is here
(I want everybody down! I wanna see ID, and I don't wanna nobody sayin nothin)
(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]

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