

Piano Man (feat. Young Buck)

G-Unit

I'ma work of art
A ghetto version of Mozart, yeah I move the keys, they call me the piano man
I'm classically trained nobody do it better, man
I do my thang, me and my beretta, man
I got that girl you wanna come and get her, man Call me the piano man
Call me the piano man
Call me the piano man
Call me the piano man Cartier glasses, Cartier belt
Cartier watch, tell me time somewhere else
Like Germany Sweden and Serbia
Nigga, one, two birds and I'm servin' ya
I'ma ball like Julius, Erving, Iverson and Manning
I got that cannon in that two door Phantom
Nigga hundred EX shit suicide doors
Get a top or low fade, now, the body lookin' hard These snake ass niggas is reptiles
Till I shoot 'em up and fill 'em up with projectiles
Yay' got the best styles, Yay' got the best clothes
Yay' got the best weed, Yay' got the best hoes, yeah I move the keys, they call me the piano man
I'm classically trained nobody do it better, man
I do my thang, me and my beretta, man
I got that girl you wanna come and get her, man Call me the piano man
Call me the piano man
Call me the piano man
Call me the piano man
Fresh out the rim shot, my wheels tick-tock
My steel six shot, the paint flip flop
My charm truckie, that's why they wanna fuck me
207 McLaren body like Bucky Old head get rusty and I'm a can of oil
And if hip hop do die a 100 grand'll boil
Show up at your bougie event give your body harm
Slide you all over the stage like Omarion Don't need a party, calm on the Pepsi and Bacardi
bomb
Bail ain't nothin' I make a Gotti bond
Magician, I can make a dollar flip
Stick a whole na bottle in a model chick I move the keys, they call me the piano man
I'm classically trained nobody do it better, man
I do my thang, me and my beretta, man
I got that girl you wanna come and get her, man Call me the piano man
Call me the piano man
Call me the piano man
Call me the piano man I'm richer than a muhfucka ridin' in a dirty ass Phantom
We kill undercovers, down here we can't stand 'em

Fill up the door panels and stuff the floor boards
I can fit a hundred in a Honda Accord
Blood of a drug lord, brain of a baller
Hand of a hustler, I'm all about a dollar
Everybody's a customer, nobodies a friend
Somebody's gotta do it, anybody can win
If I did it then I can do it now
When we get 'em in we can ship 'em out
A Gucci briefcase, dressed in a suit and tie
Cartiers, you can tell that I move the keys, they call me the piano man
I'm classically trained nobody do it better, man
I do my thang, me and my beretta, man
I got that girl you wanna come and get her, man
Call me the piano man
Call me the piano man
Call me the piano man

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