

Piano Man

G-Unit

I'm a work of art
The ghetto version of Mozart
Yeah, ha ha

I move the ki's/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 want her 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 want two birds and I'm servin ya
I'ma ball like Julius Irving, Iverson
Demandin I got the cannon in that two-door Phantom
Nigga hundred E-X shit, suicide do's
Get a top a low fade, now the body lookin hard
These snake ass niggaz is reptiles
'Til I shoot 'em up, 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!

Yeah, uhh
Fresh out the rim shot, my wheels tick-tock
My steel six shots, the paint flip-flop
My charm trucky, that's why they wan' fuck me
Two-oh-seven McClaren, body like Buffy
Ol' head get rusty, and I'm a can of oil
If hip-hop do that, a hundred grand'll boil
We show up at your bougie event, get your body hung
Slide you all over the stage like Omarion
Then leave the party calm, on a Pepsi and Bacardi bomb
Bail ain't nothin, I make a Gotti bond
Magician, I could make a dollar flip
Stick a whole Corona bottle in a model chick

I'm rich than a muh'fucker ridin in the dirty-ass Phantom
We kill undercover down here, we can't stand 'em
Fill up the door panels, and stuff the floorboards
I could 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
E'rybody's a customer, nobody's a friend
Somebody gotta do it, anybody can win
If I, did it then I can, do it now
When we, get 'em in we just, ship 'em out
A Gucci briefcase, dressed in a suit and tie
Cartiers, you can tell that I