

Citipointe Live

"200,000"

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One day he's a Greek
One day he's Italian
He's 42 years old
He's George from Baltimore
He's a hustler
Making money on the street every day
What he does with his dough
Is a mystery
It's a shame Petey Reds thinks he's gamblin'
Everybody knows George is gettin' high
But he'll swear on his mother's grave
That he spends all his dough
On the horses at the Pimlico
Hit 'em for 700 last night
Now he's got his hand out
Somethin' ain't right
You can call it profit
You can call it lost
If he gets that train back to Baltimore

200,000 in counterfeit 50 dollar bills
[repeat]

George can turn a ten to a grand real quick
To spend on his medicine
He ain't gettin' sick
His doc's gotta Benz
A white girlfriend
Now the state's gotta Benz
The country's got a Benz 'cause
She could turn the lights out
Over at the White House
Still George has got to get his
Looking for a pocket for his 50 dollar bills
Looking for a thruway to his thrills
On the train ride back to Baltimore

[chorus]
[repeat]

