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## **G-Unit** "Piano Man"

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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

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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 Corona bottle in a model chick

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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

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