

## Fes Taylor f/ G-Clef Da Mad Komposa "Piano Gangsta"

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[Intro: Fes Taylor, (G-Clef Da Mad Komposa)] Yeah, Chambermusik, Two 4 War Entertainment Taylor, Yo Clef what it is baby, (It's nothing man) Uh huh (Just let these fools know what time it is with you man) [Fes Taylor] They say Taylor falling off, Well it's a long drop from the top Hard enough to make the concrete crack if I flop And I still got crack on the block So my income, It come like I'm cashing a lot A fetish for jewelry your passion is shot Still, I threaten the jury, Blasting the glock See times passing on the clock, I'm tryna take the batteries out A G until the coroners carry me out A salary ouch, Hurt a broke nigga's feeling We aint got college degrees, So my niggas dealing Four wheel'n the drop, You see the ceiling This nigga squealing, So we concealing Only revealing when it comes to dealing with drama That's nine llamas to your baby Momma Shouts to Big Gill, Every dollar he invest Some niggas talk about, Clef write it on the check [Chorus 2X: Fes Taylor] I'm a piano gangsta, I'm just playing with these keys So much ice on they saying I'm a freeze Like it's cold outside, Below zero degrees Growing up, Niggas on corners they was heroes to me [Fes Taylor] Ayo, I'm too cool to be a fool, Too fly to even do Any type of sucker shit, Just look how my hustle groove I seen a couple crews crumble through the struggle too Yeah I had to struggle too, Just to get comfortable Nah that aint enough for you, Hip Hop still got love for you Tryna get something new for the summer group I play the corner guzzle'n brews, Honies with hair do's That stop stare and smile at my dudes Since days one-four-two break bread, I'm the state champ World wide, Can enter passport, Aint scared Now it's back to Park Hill, I'm Shaolin's finest So now when they speak to me it's pardon me your highness Inside of me feel like a part of me is dying Cause I just got word that my Grandfather dying So I'm still in the studio writing these hits While niggas in the business still biting my shit [Chorus] [Fes Taylor] Might see me with Yung Budd, Hoes say I'm a young stud Most niggas yelling one blood, I'm yelling one dove It takes one slug to put you under the rug Under a house, Picture a corpse

covered with bugs Cause you snitching, Caught, Crib  
covered with bugs Not roaches, Speaking CD's think I'm  
talking bout drugs On the phones I aint talking bout  
much If you hear me saying that we eating listen I aint  
talking bout lunch Crunch n' Munch breaks the Fruity  
Pebble chain Ruby red rains, Kind of like a booty of a  
dame Wow, I raise my brow up like The Rock Still down  
for a flip I get it twenty a whop I sell it thirty a pop, But if  
I bag it I can make sixty thousand at times, That's a lot I  
guess I'm just a chip off the old block You know first my  
Grand Pop's did it Then my Pop's, Now it's my turn  
[Chorus 4X]

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