

# 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 I'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

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>