

FANCY

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Moderate Hip-Hop groove

N.C.

mf

The piano introduction is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of three flats (B-flat major). It features a consistent bass line in the left hand consisting of quarter notes on the notes B-flat, A-flat, G-flat, and F. The right hand is mostly silent, with a few scattered notes.

Play 3 times

Rap 1: (See additional lyrics)

This system shows the first three measures of the piano accompaniment for the first rap line. The bass line continues with the same pattern as in the introduction. The right hand has some chords and melodic lines.

This system shows the next three measures of the piano accompaniment. It continues the rhythmic and harmonic pattern established in the previous system.

Cm

x03211

I'm so fan - cy, you al-read - y know. I'm in the fast lane

This system contains the vocal line and piano accompaniment for the lyrics. The vocal line is written in a treble clef with a key signature of three flats. The piano accompaniment continues in the same style as the previous systems.

from L. - A. to To-ky-o. — I'm so fan - cy, can't you taste this gold? — Re -

mem - ber — my — name, 'bout to blow. —

N.C.

Rap 2: (See additional lyrics)
(Hey, hey, hey, hey,

Play 4 times

hey, hey, hey, hey.)

Cm

I'm so fan - cy, you al-read - y know. — I'm in the — fast — lane

from L. - A. to To-ky-o. — I'm so — fan - cy, can't you taste this gold? — Re -

mem - ber — my — name, 'bout to blow. — Trash the ho - tel.

To Coda ⊕

Let's get drunk on the min - i bar. Make the phone — call,

feels so good get - tin' what I want. Yeah, keep on turn - in' it up.

Chan - de - lier swing - in', we don't give a f**k. Film star, yeah, I'm de - luxe.

N.C.
Clas-sic, ex-pen-sive, you don't get to touch, ow.

Rap 3: (See additional lyrics)

D.S. al Coda

CODA



Who dat, who dat? I - G - G - Y that do dat, do dat, I - I - G - G - Y, blow.

Who dat, who dat? I - I - G - G - Y, b - b - blow. blow.

Additional Lyrics

Rap 1: First things first, I'm the realest, realest. Drop this and let the whole world feel it. Let 'em feel it.
 And I'm still in the Murda Bi'ness. I can hold you down like I'm givin' lessons in physics. Right, right.
 You should want a bad bitch like this, hah? Drop it low and pick it up just like this, yeah.
 Cup o' Ace, cup o' Goose, cup o' Cris. High heels, somethin' worth a half a ticket on my wrist, on my wrist.
 Takin' all the liquor straight, never chase that, never. Rooftop like we bringin' '88 back. What?
 Bring the hooks in. Where the bass at? Champagne spillin', you should taste that.

Rap 2: I said, baby, I do this. I thought that you knew this. Can't stand no haters, and honest, the truth is
 And my flow retarded. HPD departed. Swagger on suit but I can't shop in no department
 And get my money on time. If they got money, decline. And swear I'm in that there so much, better give that line a rewind.
 So get my money on time. If they got money, decline. I just can't worry 'bout no haters, gotta stay on my grind.
 Now tell me, who dat, who dat, dat do dat, do dat? Put that paper over all, I thought you knew dat, knew dat.
 I be the I-G-G-Y, put my name in bold. I been workin', I'm up in here with some change to throw.

Rap 3: Still stunting, how you love dat? Got the whole world askin' how I does that.
 Hot girl, hands off. Don't touch that. Look at it, I bet you wishin' you could clutch that.
 It's just the way you like it, huh? You're so good, he just wishin' he could bite it, huh?
 Never turn down money. Slayin' these hoes, gold trigger on the gun like...