

King Of New York

Fun Lovin' Criminals

Franky was a mook from the block we used to live on
The want to be gangster;
The want to be dapper Don, Don John on
The wall, I'm your biggest fan Next to my little brother Paul.
Losing his grip, like Pesci, he'd flip
If you talk to his brother he says they
Always planned this trip He wasn't oky-dokie running around like
Don Quixote, trying to free a man he
Didn't even know B.

He had the roots he bought the suits But the boys didn't like him mto tell you the truth
He had "J.G." on his pinky ring and he
Lied about doin' some time up in sing-sing

He flipped one fine summer afternoon He told his brother Paulie, something had to be done soon.
He took Paulie and a couple of boys and jacked the
Coup de Ville to Illinois.

La-di da-di, free John Gotti, "The King of New York" He got a clipper from a stripper, he met at a club
Two sticks of dynamite and a .38 Snub
He tried to see the Don, without an invitation

Stood outside the gate with his three man demonstartion Waving picket signs, the C.O. saw a nine;
And only Paulie go away with the skin on his behind.
Back in the borough the cops are acting

Thorough; they raided Franky's room And then they saw his bureau; upon it was a note,
With a rhyme that was dope, about
How he was breaking John out and how he couldn't cope.

It sait, "I don't fly coach, never save the roach, The King of New York".
La-di da-di, free John Gotti, "The King of New York"

Songwriters

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