

King Of N Y

Fat Joe

An' bamba clad boy feel dem bobbins try an' test now
Is that? Cut off dem blood-clot nigga don't give a fuck
Watta feel like? Don't know how to kill? Saya, Saya
What is it Khalid, what is it?
The original King of New York has returned
The King of New York, the Don Cartagena
Joe Crack, Terror Squad leader The fuck? What?
Yeah, mind on my money, money on my mind
Nigga mind on my money, money on my mind Aiyyo, who can test I, the true King of N.Y.
Well, ever since Big Boy died from Bed-Stuy
I've been, controllin' the street, holdin' the heat
Shit I only want what's stolen from me
(Nah you ain't fuckin' wit' us)
Rollin' with me, could only get you fast cars and
Fuck mad bitches and, dine amongst the stars
But we gettin' mad chavez in the life we live
MTV's comin' over just to feel my "Crib"
Man, fuck them other kids, that's how I feel
I thought I said it all in, "He's Not Real" But you beggin' me to kill, must want ya brain spilled
I tryna keep cool but it's hard to tame still
Shit's still real man you never shoulda bought it
Must feel ill to see your boss get extorted
Specialize in audits and makin' hot tapes
This rap shit don't cut it then it's back to flippin' weight
Man, I'm feelin' great, pushin' mad units
Hustlin' is the key to success but could you do it
I been layin' it down, the spray and the town
It's about time the rightful owner claimed his crown Who the fuck you know be fuckin' with this?
As Big Pun's knowin' you'll be givin' a shit
Not a damn soul, I let you know from the get go
Wanna war with the Squad, walk through the threshold Who the fuck you know be fuckin' with this?
As Big Pun's knowin' you'll be givin' a shit
Not any squad or clique can squab with this
Shit I'm O.G. nigga y'all know how this is Hey yo, it's all over, I want a piece of the pie
Nigga hand it over or all your seeds gon' die
And it don't take much for me to kidnap a DJ
Or clap at ya truck while you ridin' through the freeway
Shit is mad ea-say to wet you up
Betta, watch yo' bitch and who's dick she sucked

She gon', set you up, I been to the crib
I don't know why you surprised, bitches love the kid
I'm more realer than the way you act
A born killer quick to wave the mack
And all you niggaz gotta face the fact I pop shit 'cuz you can't stop me
More rich 'cuz they can't rob me
I plant clips at ya fam's lobby
Joe the Don and you been warned
But niggaz never wanna listen till they kin's gone
Now you wanna get it on 'cuz ya dollars stack
Now how you plan to holla back with a hollow back?
Joey Crack and I be the truth
Don't believe that's the streets till proof
Ask the deez how my Eagle blew
Betchu sayin', "Damn, what we did to duke?"
Better gather them young'ns and hope you make it through Who the fuck you know be fuckin' with this?
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Not any squad or clique can squab with this
Shit I'm O.G. nigga y'all know how this is The Don is the King of New York
The Don is the King of New York

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