

# King of New York (feat. Raekwon)

## Ghostface Killah & Adrian Younge

Pushing for the King of New York, I see it  
Gangsters try so hard but can't be it  
Only one could rise above all the rest  
And I got faith in my man, Lest  
Take down the King's throne  
Conquer the warzone Lester Kane, I call him LK for short  
See LK pushing for that King of New York  
Few million dollar cribs  
Liberace jewel box, go ox  
Ostrich leather shoes, the egyptian socks  
Tailor made shoes built like a brick house  
Six foot nine, son  
The guard had to duck in his house  
Keep a trail of bitches, I'm talking three on each side  
The head of this to the kid  
Walk with black pride  
He a monsoon mastermind  
Flyer than the Isleys  
Put a pop in your pudding  
But not the Cosby's type  
I'm talking big guns and Cadillac coupes  
The New York monsignor's just scared of his suits  
And his truth is like loyal lions, ready to feast  
At the first drop of blood that falls down from the beast  
Roam these streets with iced out case for the syndicate  
Fucking with Lester on these blocks, boy, you in for it  
Pushing for the King of New York, I see it  
Gangsters try so hard but can't be it  
Only one could rise above all the rest  
And I got faith in my man, Lest  
Take down the King's throne  
Conquer the warzone All hail to the King Kane  
Sling remarkable razor lines  
Organized crime brung shotty's under the trenchcoat  
Black Bugatti with gold spokes, folks get heart attacks  
Sitting on top of the glow. money in garbage bags  
Washing up the restaurants, nightclubs, etc  
Pinky ring worth a small island, I raise the bezel up  
Women on they're night strolls turning tricks and they trained to go

Nothin' stoppin' my function, got coppers on the payroll  
Lawyers and judges quick to toss cases when I say so  
King of New York with pesos  
Leaving 'em foaming, mouths stitched  
Eyes wide shut but speaking on my firm  
When will they learn, loose lips will get your flesh burned  
Puffing on a Cohiba Cuban  
Them rubies got some bullets with they're name on it  
And I'm itching to send it through  
City is mine with war on my mind  
And take the throne by design  
Yes, it's mine, I claim the spot cause I'm  
Pushing for the King of New York, I see it  
Gangsters try so hard but can't be it  
Only one could rise above all the rest  
And I got faith in my man, Lest  
Take down the King's throne  
Conquer the warzone  
Temper like a old dad who lost his kids  
Lester'd be the first to spaz out and slap you with  
Headlocked the bitch, spit in the mouth while she screaming  
Tie her to the cross in the church and write "Demon" in blood  
On her titties, no remorse for life  
He wild for the night, son, gun and knife  
Living trife reckless, hang a man by his necklace  
Then mail it to his family with blood still on it  
Few black roses, maybe a finger or two  
He out to be the King of New York  
And he gon' do exactly what he put his mind to  
He a crimeboy, he's diligent  
Silverback gorilla and he's killing it  
Ruthless, this man reminds me of myself  
Tony Stark, the King obsessed with wealth and power  
Built for the takeover  
Rearrange your whole damn face  
You need a makeover  
Pushing for the King of New York, I see it  
Gangsters try so hard but can't be it  
Only one could rise above all the rust  
And I got faith in my man, Lest  
Take down the King's throne  
Conquer the warzone

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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