

# New York (King Krule Rework)

## Angel Haze

I'm running, running through the jungle  
Running like a slave through the underground tunnel  
Told you all niggas better get these bitches  
'Cause I spit till my lips need 16 stitches  
I am, lyrical intrusion,  
You bitches can't see me like I'm really an illusion  
I hop upon your face and do my motherfucking tooth that  
Till I know the meat out like a motherfucking toothpick  
Ah, I'm nasty nigga, like Nas like kim, like Cassie bitches  
Like I'm fucking Chris dope or that raspy nigga  
Or the skin on the feet of a ashy nigga  
I am, whatever they say I am  
Bumping like the asses on them thick bitches at stadiums  
Fuck them other bitches I sound better in the place of them  
I kill this shit this the motherfucking raping  
Sick bitch, chicken noodle soup face  
Calls from oversea like a motherfucking crusade  
Crack rock and you hit it till your nose hurts  
Rooftop Brooklyn, made the shit and cover I run New York, I run New York I am 0 past a hundred, spitting like  
a dragon  
That went missing from a dungeon  
Y'all a bunch of niggas getting trippy off of nothing  
Tie a rope around your neck and let me kick you off a bungee  
I'm Satan, and I'ma take your ass to church now  
Running my fields and you midgets on your first down  
I love it, when these bitches know I'm better than them  
'Cause I don't hear, not a word or a letter from them  
I'm a fire, enemies of the force round  
Bitches and I rap, elliptical, all it's round  
Bitches and a condo, I sit with an open mouth  
Bitches and you bitches are lyrically  
Like some fucking down syndrome, no offense  
No shame in all, but y'all bitches on knees like baby claws  
You can catch me out in Cover, chilling like a stoop kid  
Yeah hate don't talk bitch do Sick bitch, chicken noodle soup face  
Calls from oversea like a motherfucking crusade  
Crack rock and you hit it till your nose hurts  
Rooftop Brooklyn, made the shit and cover I run New York, I run New York I'm lyrical coming on general  
Take shots when I was a criminal

Don't stop, continue on running around  
But never some of the shit that I'm fin to do  
Y'all that I'm giving you  
If you front, I'm gonn put and end to you  
I'm like scorpion, bitch I will finish you  
Making nasty, real, real nasty  
Way you bitches running like you will get past me  
Won't happen you bitches could get on, when I'm off it  
Try to cross me now, you be gone in a coffin  
It's just me, myself and I  
Talk tough shit and I'ma beat you till you die  
Ask why, because I'm better than you'll ever be  
That's why shit negotiate seems lighter than heavy dSick bitch, chicken noodle soup face  
Calls from oversea like a motherfucking crusade  
Crack rock and you hit it till your nose hurts  
Rooftop Brooklyn, made the shit and cover I run New York, I run New York.

Songwriters

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