

## Fat Joe "King of N. Y."

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An' bamba clad boy feel dem bobbin' 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

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The Don is the King of New York  
The Don is the King of New York

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