

Robert Palmer

"King of New York"

Visit "[King of New York](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Muthafuck it, I get straight to the point
You don't dig what I'm sayin, then fuck you
Cause sellin drugs only job that a nigga got
Sellin caine to the kids in the parkin lot
Some niggas live, some niggas gotta get dropped
You say 'damn' - my man, you don't understand
How could you be so cold to a brotherman?
Don't come around here teachin and preachin
Because a nigga like me you ain't reachin
Cause all I care about is sellin my lleyo
Makin money like a nigga make mayo
Toke on weed, sippin on my Olde E
All the crackheads all on my wee-wee
Rollin hard in a rag-top Volvo
911 on my ass, I'ma roll on
You don't understand where a brother comin from
That's why young black men always on the run
You either gangbang, or you get hanged
Kill another nigga, it ain't no thang

(Gangster Boogie)

Pull a 8 on a nigga, say 'fuck you'
Then pull away in my BMW
Cause on the street you gotta be a little meaner
But that's how my pockets get greener
Runnin shit, gotta be a little candid
Some time you be a little a bandit
Sellin dope out of my crackhouse
You either kick game, or you get gamed
(You don't know the pain)

(Kick that shit)

King of New York

Yo muthafucka, it's time to get rolled on
Strolled on, you better get a hold on
How the fuck you expect me to get back
If I never had to pull on my git-gat?
Because to me it ain't nothin but a killin

That's how a nigga be feelin
I call a homie on the mobile (*dialing*)
What up, my nigga, it's about that time
Grab the Uzi, the eight and the nine
When a nigga be rollin on the ave
Sometime it gonna be a blood bath
But when I'm comin, no playin, no jokin
I let the Uzi and nine be smokin
Alright now, back to my tale, yo
Spot the nigga on the corner sellin lleyo
Pull up, "Yo, what up, gee?"
He didn't see my nigga in the backseat
All I heard was "Please don't shoot!"
(*shots*) grabbed the caine and the loot
(It's like that, and that's the way it is)
(So damn) (tough)
Now a nigga on the top of the world, see
I got the women, the dope and the jewelry
I'm livin large in a fat-ass crib
Don't give a damn about the shit I just did
Then I heard a knock-knock at my door
Said "Oh shit!" - I hit the floor
One of my homies on the ave was a big snitch
I said "Oh shit!" - jumped through the window
Bullets were flyin, people was cryin
Fuck it, some nigga was dyin
You either gas on or you get gased
Now I die with a bullet in my ass

(So damn) (tough)

(So damn) (tough)

King of New York

(Two years ago a friend of mine)

(Two years ago a friend of mine) --> Run

(They try to be like me) --> Dr. Dre

Visit [Robert Palmer](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.