

MF GRIMM

"King of New York"

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[Verse 1]

I'm the king of New York, I rule with an iron fist
Gold around my neck and on my fingers and wrist
A shift full of pitiful punks on my shit list
Drop the S, now shit means hit list
Motherfuckers want to sit at my spot a lot
Cause what I got, but my seats hot
It's not your turn, your black ass'll burn
To the ground, pound for pound
Twelve rounds, how that sound?
A title bout called time out
Your rhymes are tied without a doubt
No clout, smelling like sauerkraut
Mine stay hard, like a dick on stout guinness
I'm in this to win this, you're pissed
So you pout like a trout in a drought, can't get out
You want to scream but fish can't shout
I'm five foot ten, so don't wonder how
I'm the king of New York, just get down and bow

[Chorus]

Let the king do his thing, don't give me no hassle
The streets is my thrown, New York is my castle
Some come close, but they can't get it right
(I'm the king, king of New York like Frank White)
Let the king do his thing, don't give me no hassle
The streets is my thrown, New York is my castle
Some come close, but they can't get it right
(I'm the king, king of New York like Frank White)

[Verse 2]

I pulled triggers on hard head niggas, I'm leaving
dense
Climbing motherfuckers like a school yard fence
A posse tried to jump me, to get a good rep fine
That's why the tec nine is always kept
Sixteen shots, sixteen niggas hurt
Sixteen stagger, sixteen hit the dirt
No hospital beds, coffins all instead
Cause all sixteen shots went dead to the head
I can't think about anything else (Naw kid)

Just my family, and then I go for self
In the streets it's hard but in jail it's even tougher
That's when shit get rougher
So I stay far away, no horse play
I stray from negativity and I wait for my pay day
Play basketball to let time pass
But to let a nigga know, once in a while I kick some ass
If I go so I have beef with a crew
(gun shots) He's dead, (gun shots) the dog too
Main maniac of all maniacs in Manhattan
Step on the sidewalk, and suckers start scattin'
Respect with a tec, I get my money with a mac
A 380 infrared light is exactly what I pack

[Chorus]

I had it hard, but I took it in stride
I did a lot of bad shit, then I had to hide
The messenger of death killing rappers and lovers
All the brothers get smothered, also mothers, under covers
To get paid was the reason (Gotta make that dough)
From murder the treason, it depended on the season
Cause I did all types of shit
I murder niggas for free, and also contract hits
I specialize in hand to hand combat
More street fights than a motherfucking alley cat
As I bash ya head, I laugh at ya
The baddest little nigga since Shaft in Africa
I'm not peaceful like Desmond Tutu
I drink blood like it's Yoo-Hoo, I kill like Shaka Zulu
There's three rules I live by boy
And that's Crush, Kill, Destroy (motherfucker)

[Chorus]

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