

## ScHoolboy Q

### "King Of New York"

Visit "[King Of New York](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://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  
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!"  
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)

(They try to be like me)

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