

# Fat Joe, King Of New York

[Saya]

An' bamba clad boy feel dem bobbin try an' test now!  
Is that? Cut off dem blood-clot nigga don't give a f\*\*k!  
Watta feel like? Don't know how to kill?

[Khalid] Uh-uh.. Saya, Saya!!

[Saya] What is it Khalid, what is it?

[Khalid] The original King of New York has returned  
The King of New York, the Don Cartagena  
Joe Crack, Terror Squad leader!  
(Whoo.. whoo, whoo, whoo, whoo, whoo, whoo!!)

[Fat Joe]

The f\*\*k?! 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 f\*\*kin wit us)  
Rollin with me, could only get you fast cars and  
F\*\*k 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 f\*\*k 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 (Whoo!) 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

[Chorus: Buju Banton + Fat Joe]

[BB] Who the f\*\*k you know be f\*\*kin with this?!

As Big Pun's knowin you'll be givin a shit!

[FJ] Not a damn soul! I let you know from the get go!

Wanna war with the Squad, walk through the threshold!

[BB] Who the f\*\*k you know be f\*\*kin with this?!

As Big Pun's knowin you'll be givin a shit!

[FJ] Not any squad or clique can squab with this!

Shit I'm O.G. nigga y'all know how this is!

[Fat Joe]

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 'cause you can't stop me  
More rich 'cause 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 'cause 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

[Chorus] 2x

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