

King of New York

Ghostface Killah

Pushing for the King of New York, I see it
Gangsters try so hard but can't be it
Only one could rise above all the rest
And I got faith in my man, Lest
Take down the King's throne
Conquer the warzone

Lester Kane, I call him LK for short
See LK pushing for that King of New York
Few million dollar cribs
Liberace jewel box, go ox
Ostrich leather shoes, the egyptian socks
Tailor made shoes built like a brick house
Six foot nine, son
The guard had to duck in his house
Keep a trail of bitches, I'm talking three on each side
The head of this to the kid
Walk with black pride
He a monsoon mastermind
Flyer than the Isleys
Put a pop in your pudding
But not the Cosby's type
I'm talking big guns and Cadillac coupes
The New York monsignor's just scared of his suits
And his troops is like loyal lions, ready to feast
At the first drop of blood that falls down from the beast
Roam these streets with iced out case for the syndicate
Fucking with Lester on these blocks, boy, you in for it

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All hail to the King Kane
Sling remarkable razor lines
Organized crime brung shotty's under the trenchcoat
Black Bugatti with gold spokes, folks get heart attacks
Sitting on top of the glow. money in garbage bags
Washing up the restaurants, nightclubs, etc
Pinky ring worth a small island, I raise the bezel up
Women on they're night strolls turning tricks and they trained to go
Nothin' stoppin' my function, got coppers on the payroll
Lawyers and judges quick to toss cases when I say so
King of New York with pesos
Leaving 'em foaming, mouths stitched
Eyes wide shut but speaking on my firm
When will they learn, loose lips will get your flesh burned
Puffing on a Cohiba Cuban
Them rubies got some bullets with they're name on it
And I'm itching to send it through
City is mine with war on my mind
And take the thrown by design
Yes, it's mine, I claim the spot cause I'm

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Temper like a old dad who lost his kids
Lester'd be the first to spaz out and slap you with
Headlocked the bitch, spit in the mouth while she screaming
Tie her to the cross in the church and write "Demon" in blood
On her titties, no remorse for life
He wild for the night, son, gun and knife
Living trife reckless, hang a man by his necklace
Then mail it to his family with blood still on it
Few black roses, maybe a finger or two
He out to be the King of New York
And he gon' do exactly what he put his mind to
He a crimeboy, he's diligent
Silverback gorilla and he's killing it
Ruthless, this man reminds me of myself
Tony Stark, the King obsessed with wealth and power
Built for the takeover
Rearrange your whole damn face
You need a makeover

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