

## Faith

Papoose

I believe  
I believe  
I believe  
I believe

I'm feelin grouchy, saucy, hungry  
Rolocini, new sex, lookin for bruised necks and blondies  
Won't make em baby mommies, I just wan em to swallow me  
Sometimes that be the only thing that calms me  
Police be actin like Starsky and Hutch  
These fucks scheming so they could charge me  
Cops needs colors so they could feel bossy  
You tryna get yo colors up, you think you Fonzy?  
I eat a lot of fish and parsley  
Green vegetables, sweet peas and broccoli  
Drink a lot of water so it could wash me  
My homie told me stop eatin rappers, he tryna starve me  
I ain't startin trouble but pardon me  
Rappers get a little hard and start actin cocky  
Maury Povich need to swab me  
These dudes used to be my sons like Charles Barclay  
You think you Scarface? I bet the shower to you  
Get rid of Tony like mellow in a maldy  
Man, that's word to Gadhafi  
Your war stories put me to sleep, I need some coffee  
Bragging bout old work, that's beyond me  
You ain't put in no work since a tardy  
Man, you washed like the laundry  
You a ex murderer like Ashanti  
The back of the club, that's where the gods be  
Being all that we could be, me and my army  
They said I can't rock a party  
Give me the mike, I'm a rocket, they better launch me  
My music is judged harshly  
Everybody making comments, they wanna blog me  
Knowledge of the game they posses hardly  
I call em a bunch of meatheads like Archie  
Haters say they wanna stomp me  
I know how to weave and bob, no Marley  
Dig my way up out of a grave if I get bodied  
Dug er, dug er, they better bury me under concrete

Yea, king of New York  
Yea yea, I'm the king of New York  
Yea yea, king of New York  
Yea nigga, I'm the king of New York