

# King Of New York

O.C.

Wake up to the mathematics, rhyme fanatic, lyrical acrobatic, fantastic  
Master mind, shine thoughts, hell of a force  
I come through, niggas take a deep breath and pause  
O.C. I, recognize me, I'm V.I.P. Stats

Feared like vampire bats  
Suck blood out of beats that bang  
Make it sharp, drain every main vein  
Takin' fluid out the brain

Verbal autops, when I perform, voice box locked like lock jaw  
Wide open like a sore  
I'm the cure, the medicine, the anesthetic  
Scientist in for walks of rhyme then esoteric

Let It be known, Who bad to the bone marrow?  
I pierce ears like the target in a bow and arrow  
Phenomenon speak with grace  
Smackin' niggas in the face like a 808 with deep bass

[Chorus]

I come through with mad force, y'all ain't ready for war  
I'm your worst nightmare behind the closed door  
I whirlwind through the city like a blizzard with force  
Recognize I'm the king of New York, motherfucker

I take it straight, no chase to the head  
Like Baldwin and Fishburne in Fled, full of bloodshed  
Theories of Einstein, perfectin' ideas take a lifetime  
Must say I'm reachin' my prime

Poetic like Langston Hughes, masterpieces  
When I write rhymes they form into a thesis  
Degrees of emceein'  
Lesson number one, perfect the breathin, say rhymes without screamin

Keep your toes even  
Hot as the Serengeti gets, equipped with the steady shit  
Always on point and my middle name's readiness  
My Niche is, sound pitches, when it switches

Like pimps with hoes, on the stroll trickin' them bitches  
Lyrics stay tight like a virgin in white  
If I was handicapped I'd still be determined to write  
Fuck around with the Shogun that's holdin' the mic  
Get sliced like swiss, cause your shit ain't tight

[Chorus]

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I spit lyrics like venom, get em' in my zone  
Make it known that my lake got reptiles in em'  
When I strike it's lightnin' fast  
A lot of y'all ain't ready for O.C., y'all to light in the ass

I'm like see-4, ready to blast  
If I explode in this, best believe I'm holdin' more than stash  
Legendary and I'm not even dead yet  
I've been fightin' this war long enough, so I'm considered a vet

I was chose to attend the round table with gods  
I was here in the past life as L. Malik Shabazz  
Check my birthdate, Malcolm X was born in May  
We coincide, same month, same year, same day

Before being born I was destined for greatness  
When I was just floatin' in my Mom's stomach weightless  
Slapped on the ass by this nurse in operation  
My nuts swingin' upside down, the world I'm facin

It's Nine months later, job well done  
Motherfuckers make way, cause here I come

[Chorus]

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