

I believe
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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