

King of Nys

Shyne

I run the city and the block, they running from the cops
Oh, I forgot, they are the cops
Don't ask me to stop, blood, these lil' busters owe me publishing
Exploiting all the rights to my pain and my suffering
See before, Alice in Wonderland
Son, I'm surprised you run with them, I gotta punish them!
For every night I spend in a cell without no
No commissary, all the bastards that I buried
The wars that I fought, all the caskets that I carried
Anthony Wolf Jones visit in the cemetery
There's Too much blood on this life
Too much pain, too much scars for these creeps come along
Rap about it in they song, all the pain, all the loss
Don't talk about it if you ain't one of us
Yeah, I'm the real Larry Hoover
These lil' busters is J. Edgar Hoover
Nobody loves me, I don't give a
All I got is this money, and it's enough!
(I'm run the city and the block!)
It's a cold war, blood, things is rough
Light a match, let the money burn, heat it up!
(I'm run the city and the block!)
Nobody loves me, I don't give a
All I got is this money, and it's enough!
It's a cold world, blood, things is rough
Light a match, let the money burn, heat it up!
(I run the city and the block!)
I'm Kenneth Supreme, I'm Larry Davis, Michael Concepcion
Blood, I'm the greatest, these rap dudes need to stop posting up these discl
aimers
Listen to they raps, man, that's my life, man that plagued
Young and dangerous, out the cages
Harley David, my name is in gossip pages
So, Fonze, you think I play for the patriots, six foot brazilian broad screa
ming in my arraignment
All the bloods got the sports, drugs and entertainment
Against the all wall while the hellfire burns adjacent
Between a rock and a hard place, so I sold rocks to the fiends, when they se
e me, they see God face
Far away, momma where I need to be
But I promise I'mma change, momma, please believe in me!
Shyne MF Po, the real Larry Hoover, they Larry and Moe
Nobody loves me, I don't give a
All I got is this money, and it's enough!
It's a cold war, blood, things is rough
Light a match, let the money burn, heat it up!
Nobody loves me, I don't give a
All I got is this money, and it's enough!
It's a cold world, blood, things is rough
Light a match, let the money burn, heat it up!
I'm Bobby Seale, I'm young Malcolm
Martin Luther with ruger, tell me where they found him!
This ain't a album, this thing a thousand
For the people in the section 8 and big housing
I'm in a class by myself, federal detention, trying to beat a double life se
ntence
This is not a preference, I was young and reckless

Never had an option, it's the only choice I'm left with
If you got a death wish, I'll be sure to answer it
On that Huey P EP Fred Hampton shit
You're just a candle stick, the sun is shining
You think this is a joke, you're the only one you're smiling
Blow his brains on the sidewalk, just so I remind him
I run New York, even from an island
Flex got the bomb and New York is mine, lil busters, fall back!