

# Fun Lovin' Criminals, King Of New York

Franky was a mook from the block we used to live on  
The wanna be gangster;  
The wanna be dapper Don, Don John on  
the wall, I'm your biggest fan  
next to my little brother Paul.  
Losing his grip, like Pesci, he'd flip  
if you talk to his brother he says they  
always planned this trip  
he wasn't oky-dokie running around like  
Don Quixote, trying to free a man he  
didn't even know B.  
He had the roots he bought the suits  
but the boys didn't like him mto tell you the truth  
he had "J.G." on his pinky ring and he  
lied about doin' some time up in sing-sing  
he flipped one fine summer afternoon  
he told his brother Paulie, something had to be done soon.  
He took Paulie and a couple of boys and jacked the  
Coup de Ville to Illinois.

La-di da-di, free John Gotti, "The King of New York"

He got a clipper from a stripper, he met at a club  
two sticks of dynamite and a .38 Snub  
he tried to see the Don, without an invitation  
stood outside the gate with his three man demonstartion  
waving picket signs, the C.O. saw a nine;  
and only Paulie go away with the skin on his behind.  
Back in the borough the cops are acting  
thorough; they raided Franky's room  
and then they saw his bureau; upon it was a note,  
with a rhyme that was dope, about  
how he was breaking John out and how he couldn't cope.  
It sait, "I don't fly coach, never save the roach,  
The King of New York".

La-di da-di, free John Gotti, "The King of New York"