

N.Y. State of Mind

Nas

Yeah yeah, ayyo black it's time (word?)
(Word, it's time nigga?)
Yeah, it's time man (aight nigga, begin)
Straight out the fucking dungeons of rap
Where fake niggas don't make it back
I don't know how to start this shit, yoRappers, I monkey flip 'em with the funky rhythm
I be kicking, musician, inflictin' composition
Of pain, I'm like Scarface sniffin cocaine
Holding an M-16, see with the pen I'm extreme, now
Bullet holes left in my peepholes, I'm suited up in street clothes
Hand me a nine and I'll defeat foes
Y'all know my steelo with or without the airplay
I keep some E&J, sitting bent up in the stairway
Or either on the corner betting Grants with the cee-lo champs
Laughing at baseheads trying to sell some broken amps
G-packs get off quick, forever niggas talk shit
Reminiscing about the last time the Task Force flipped
Niggas be running through the block shootin'
Time to start the revolution, catch a body, head for Houston
Once they caught us off-guard, the Mac-10 was in the grass and
I ran like a cheetah with thoughts of an assassin
Pick the Mac up, told brothers, "Back up," the Mac spit
Lead was hitting niggas, one ran, I made him backflip
Heard a few chicks scream, my arm shook, couldn't look
Gave another squeeze, heard it click, "yo, my shit is stuck"
Try to cock it, it wouldn't shoot, now I'm in danger
Finally pulled it back and saw 3 bullets caught up in the chamber
So now I'm jetting to the building lobby
And it was full of children probably couldn't see as high as I be
(So what you saying?) It's like the game ain't the same
Got younger niggas pulling the triggers, bringing fame to their name
And claim some corners, crews without guns are goners
In broad daylight, stickup kids: they run up on us
4-5's and gauges, Macs, in fact
Same niggas will catch a back-to-back, snatching your cracks in black
There was a snitch on the block getting niggas knocked
So hold your stash 'til the coke price drop
I know this crackhead who said she's got to smoke nice rock
And if it's good, she'll bring you customers in measuring pots
But yo, you gotta slide on a vacation, inside information
Keeps large niggas erasin' and their wives basin'
It drops deep as it does in my breath

I never sleep, cause sleep is the cousin of death
 Beyond the walls of intelligence, life is defined
 I think of crime when I'm in a New York state of mind
 New York state of mind
 New York state of mind
 New York state of mind
 New York state of mind
 New York state of mind Be having dreams that I'm a gangsta; drinking Moets, holding Tec
 Making sure the cash came correct, then I stepped
 Investments in stocks, sewing up the blocks to sell rocks
 Winning gunfights with mega-cops
 But just a nigga walking with his finger on the trigger
 Make enough figures until my pockets get bigger
 I ain't the type of brother made for you to start testin'
 Give me a Smith & Wesson, I have niggas undressin'
 Thinking of cash flow, buddah and shelter
 Whenever frustrated, I'm a hijack Delta
 In the P.J.'s, my blend tape plays, bullets are strays
 Young bitches is grazed, each block is like a maze
 Full of black rats trapped, plus the Island is packed
 From what I hear in all the stories when my peoples come back, black
 I'm living where the nights is jet-black
 The fiends fight to get crack I just max, I dream I can sit back
 And lamp like Capone, with drug scripts sewn
 Or the legal luxury life, rings flooded with stones, homes
 I got so many rhymes I don't think I'm too sane
 Life is parallel to Hell but I must maintain
 And be prosperous, though we live dangerous, cops could just
 Arrest me, blaming us, we're held like hostages
 It's only right that I was born to use mics
 And the stuff that I write is even tougher than dykes
 I'm taking rappers to a new plateau, through rap slow
 My rhyming is a vitamin held without a capsule
 The smooth criminal on beat breaks
 Never put me in your box if your shit eats tapes
 The city never sleeps, full of villains and creeps
 That's where I learned to do my hustle had to scuffle with freaks
 I'm an addict for sneakers, 20s of buddah and bitches with beepers
 In the streets I can greet ya, about blunts I teach ya
 Inhale deep like the words of my breath
 I never sleep, cause sleep is the cousin of death
 I lay puzzle as I backtrack to earlier times
 Nothing's equivalent to the New York state of mind
 New York state of mind
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 New York state of mind Nasty Nas
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Nasty Nas...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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