

# Nas, N.Y. State Of Mind, Pt. 2

[Nas]

Uhh

Yo, yo-yo, y'all

Whattup? Whattup

It's time man (Word, it's time?)

Straight up, it's time man

Aight, set that shit off

(Set it off then nigga, set it off)

Broken glass in the hallway, bloodstained floors

Neighbors, look at every bag you bring through your doors

Lock the top lock, momma shoulda cuffed me to the radiator

Why not? It might've saved later from my block

N.Y. cops, hookers crawlin off the stroll, coughin

stitches in they head, stinkin and I dread thinkin they be snitchin

But who else, could it be, shook at these, unmarked vans

Parked in the dark -- NARC's, where's your heart?

Hustlers starve; they bust a U-e I jog

to my building -- come out later wearin camouflage

See the sergeant and the captain -- strangle men

Niggaz gaspin for air; til they move no more and just stare

with dead eyes -- tired of riots, shit is quiet

Simple-minded fools infiltrate grimy crews

Overcrowded cribs, uncles home from bids, sister's pregnant

father's on drugs, moms is smokin, beds is piss-infested

Had eight partners growin up, eight turned to seven

Seven turned to six niggaz, got two in heaven

Six of us, holdin it, now it's five rollin thick

The sixth one's parole flipped; five niggaz, went to fo' quick

when he went O.T., college life, converted into gangbangin

Four niggaz still hangin, years passed and slang changin

Three of us now, fourth nigga ain't around

We all thought he was real -- he did the snake shit

Fake shit -- beat his ass down, yo his mouth

could've got us all wasted, what a fuckin clown

All I got left in the end is two of my best friends

And we all goin out, to the death for these ends, WHAT?

New York, New York (&quot;New York state of mind&quot; - Rakim)

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\*repeat while Nas is talking\*

You heard about it, you see about it

You read about it, it's in your papers

It's in your daily news (&quot;Get money!&quot;)

New York chronicles, every day

The crime rate, the murder rate

The money rate, the paper chase, youknowwhatI mean?

New York state of mind baby, check it out

[Nas]

I'm at the, gamblin spot, my hands on a knot

New York Yankee cap cover my eyes, stand in one spot

I take a nigga dough, send him home, to a shoebox

You lost that nigga I put your dollar in the jukebox

Hear my favorite song, all these niggaz sing along

All the cigarette smoke's cloggin my lungs, hoodrats flashin they tongue

Young thugs blastin they gun, we got reputations

Bitches and niggaz both on parole or probation

Shit is sick, niggaz got gats, army fatigues

I got my eyes glued on, whoever walk in the lead

Cause I ain't playin, niggaz'll run up in here and shoot up this shit

Stick yo' ass up, niggaz'll find the loot in your kicks

Bunch of triple-cross niggaz, just New York niggaz

Lift you off your feet when they was just talkin with you

Some of these dudes the Feds be on em, you knew em for years

Be the type when you walk in a pub, they offer you beers

That ain't gangsta, niggaz is up North with tatted tears

Your name's on the affidavit, you ratted kid  
Faggot-ass niggaz that be scared to do they bids  
Fuck you, we run you out of N.Y, you can't live  
Got your quiet niggaz, that relocated down South  
comin back to floss, then you got the jealous loudmouths  
All of a sudden we got Crips and Bloods, D.T.'s  
runnin round quick to split your mug, it's ea-sy to score  
but it's hard to get the shit off  
Niggaz fightin over hundred sales, jump in the car and drive off  
When the fiend come around the block, happy as hell  
Niggaz, mad cause they ain't get a piece of that sale  
Cutthroat connivers, universal, ghetto survivors  
Go to any hood that's live and make it liver  
A lot of niggaz schemin, some real, some niggaz frontin  
But I'm a big dreamer, so watch me come up with somethin  
New York, New York  
New York, New York