

Nas, N.Y. State Of Mind(Ft.Rakim)

Intro: Nas

Yeah yeah, ayyo black it's time (word?)

(Word, it's time nigga?)

Yeah, it's time man (aight nigga, begin)

Yeah, straight out the fuckin dungeons of rap

Where fake niggaz don't make it back

I don't know how to start this shit, yo, now

Verse One: Nas

Rappers I monkey flip em with the funky rhythm I be kickin

Musician, inflictin composition

of pain I'm like Scarface sniffin cocaine

Holdin a M-16, see with the pen I'm extreme, now

Bulletholes 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, sittin bent up in the stairway

Or either on the corner bettin Grants with the celo champs

Laughin at baseheads, tryin to sell some broken amps

G-Packs get off quick, forever niggaz talk shit

Remeniscing about the last time the Task Force flipped

Niggaz be runnin 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 hittin niggaz 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 three bullets caught up in the chamber

So now I'm jetting to the building lobby

and it was filled with children probably couldn't see as high as I be

(So whatchu sayin?) It's like the game ain't the same

Got younger niggaz pullin the triggers bringing fame to they name

and claim some corners, crews without guns are goners

In broad daylight, stickup kids, they run up on us

Fo'-fives and gauges, Macs in fact

Same niggaz'll catch a back to back, snatchin yo' cracks in black

There was a snitch on the block gettin niggaz knocked

So hold your stash until the coke price drop

I know this crackhead, who said she gotta smoke nice rock

And if it's good she'll bring ya customers in measuring pots, but yo

You gotta slide on a vacation

Inside information keeps large niggaz erasin and they 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 mine" --] Rakim *repeat 4X*)

Verse Two: Nas

Be havin dreams that I'ma gangster -- drinkin Moets, holdin Tec

Makin sure the cash came correct then I stepped

Investments in stocks, sewein up the blocks

to sell rocks, winnin 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 and Wesson I'll have niggaz undressin

Thinkin of cash flow, buddah and shelter

Whenever frustrated I'ma 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 livin 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, blamin 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 dice
I'm takin rappers to a new plateau, through rap slow
My rhymin is a vitamin, Hell 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 villians and creeps
That's where I learned to do my hustle had to scuffle with freaks
I'ma addict for sneakers, twenties 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" --] Rakim *repeat 4X*)
("Nasty Nas" --] cut and scratched 8X)