

Nas, N.Y. State Of Mind, Part 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 ([*Rakim*] New York state of mind)

New York, New York ([*Rakim*] New York state of mind)

I'm at the gambling spot, my hand on the knot
New York Yankee cap cover my eye, stand in one spot
I take a nigga's dough, send him home to his shoe box
You lost that nigga, I'll put that dollar in the jukebox
Hear my favorite song, all these niggas sing along
All these cigarette smoke clogging my lungs
Hood rats flashing their tongues
Young thugs blasting their gun, we got reputations
Bitches and niggaz both on probation
See the sick, niggaz got gats, army fatigues
I got my eyes glued on whoever walk in the lead
Cause I ain't playing, niggaz will walk up in here, shoot up this shit
Stick yo' ass up, niggaz will find a loot in your kicks
Bunch of triple cross niggaz, just New York niggaz
Lift you off your feet when they were just talking with you
Some of these dudes the feds be on them, you know them for years
Be the type when you walk in the pub they offer you beers
That ain't gangster, niggaz up north with tatted tears
Your names on the affadavid, 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 scheamin, 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