N.Y. State of Mind

Nas

Yeah yeah, aiyyo 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 mindBe having dreams that I'm a gangsta; drinking Moets, holding Tecs 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 rhymin' 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 mindNasty Nas

Nasty Nas

Nasty Nas...

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