

# 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  
     New York state of mind  
     New York state of mind  
     New York state of mind  
 New York state of mind Nasty Nas  
     Nasty Nas

Nasty Nas...

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