

# 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 schemin, some real, some niggaz frontin  
But I'm a big dreamer, so watch me come up with somethin

New York, New York  
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