

**XTC****"N.Y. State of Mind Pt. II"**

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[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 ("New York state of mind" ->  
Rakim)  
New York, New York ("New York state of mind" ->  
Rakim)  
\*repeat while Nas is talking\*

You heard about it, you see about it  
You read about it, it's in your papers  
It's in your daily news ("Get money!")  
New York chronicles, every day  
The crime rate, the murder rate  
The money rate, the paper chase, youknowwhatlmean?  
New York state of mind baby, check it out

[Nas]  
I'm at the, gamblin spot, my hands on a knot  
New York Yankee cap cover my eyes, stand in one spot  
I take a nigga dough, send him home, to a shoebox  
You lost that nigga I put your dollar in the jukebox  
Hear my favorite song, all these niggaz sing along  
All the ciggarette smoke's cloggin my lungs, hoodrats  
flashin they tongue  
Young thugs blastin they gun, we got reputations  
Bitches and niggaz both on parole or probation  
Shit is sick, niggaz got gats, army fatigues  
I got my eyes glued on, whoever walk in the lead  
Cause I ain't playin, niggaz'll run up in here and shoot  
up this shit  
Stick yo' ass up, niggaz'll find the loot in your kicks  
Bunch of triple-cross niggaz, just New York niggaz  
Lift you off your feet when they was just talkin with you  
Some of these dudes the Feds be on em, you knew em  
for years  
Be the type when you walk in a pub, they offer you  
beers  
That ain't gangsta, niggaz is up North with tatted tears  
Your name's on the affadavit, 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

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