

Joshua Kadison

"Streets of New York"

Visit "[Streets of New York](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Nas] (Alicia Keys)
Nasty, yeah, yeah (New York, New York)
Hey yo black it's time again, yeah, yeah
(New York, New York)
Come here, yeah, yeah
(New York, New York)
Hey yo black it's time

(*"yeah, yeah, hey yo black it's time" - continues throughout song*)

[Nas]
If you knew my streets
You would know all everybody talk about is who got
beef
Who snitchin, who told police
Who came home, who still gone, who restin in peace
Now they killin over music money, not drugs, rap
replaced it
Cause thugs with no brains got no patience
New jacks I pistol whip 'em with the funky rhythm I be
kickin
Musician and flatten composition
Of pain, I'm like Saddam Hussein
Still alive lookin at his dead children's burnt remains
I burnt the game, learnt you lames a new lesson
Your crew's soft man, ya'll need some new weapons
The P's breed Warriorz in skullies and timmies
Around micks, spics, niggas and guineas
For my ghetto kings in deep thought we don't blink
But don't think we wastin our time
It's a New York state of mind

[Chorus #1 - Alicia Keys]
New York, New York, New York, New York City, whoa
ohh
New York, New York, New York, New York City, gritty

[Alicia Keys]
It's like a jungle out here
So much struggle out here

And my dreams steal my rest
Sleep's still the cousin of death
Always feels like a race against father time
In the Streets of New York
(New York state of mind, New York state of mind)

[Alicia Keys]

All I see is street hoes
And bullet holes in our people
Only crime fills the brain
Feels like I'm going insane
The revolution has to start, don't waste no time
In the Streets of New York
New York state of mind
(New York state of mind)
C'mon

[Chorus #2 - Alicia Keys]

New York, New York, New York, New York ohh
State of mind (New York City)
New York, New York, New York, New York ohh
State of crime (New York City)
New York, New York, New York, New York ohh
Big dreams (New York City)
New York, New York, New York, New York ohh
Big schemes

[Alicia Keys]

Oh, it's like the game
Just ain't the same
Baby thugs and girls with no shame
Can't get away (get away), epidemic plague
Every hood in every state
Don't have no reasons cause believin's hard to find

[Break - Alicia Keys]

In the streets of New York (New York state of mind) - 4X
(* "New York state of mind" is also repeated in
background*)

[Rakim]

I'm from the home of a million legends and trend settin
A lot of footsteps to follow, I've been steppin
Mind stressin tryin to find direction, crime shreddin
Time precious, I ain't have rest since 9/11
I live fast, hustle like today's my last
I get cash, the struggle's like a day on the Ave.
Crack, D and raw, gats squeezin off
Manhattan streets in awe from casualties of war
The eve of the Apocalypse, evil people in politics
Every block is at risk, the metropolitan metropolis

The opposite of Liza Minelli and Frank Sinatra
Alicia Keys, Nas and Ra the gangsta's opera
So New York City walk with me, talk gritty
It's up to us New York it's our city
Here the man come with the anthem, hands up
It's time the thrill is back New York, let's stand up

[Chorus] - w/ ad libs

[Rakim - talking behind Chorus]

Oh yeah, crucial Keys
And your God Rakim Allah
New York City, Nasty Nas
A. Keys, yeah, c'mon

Visit [Joshua Kadison](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.