

## Nas

# "N.Y. State Of Mind"

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Yeah yeah, aiyyo black it's time word  
Word, it's time nigga?  
Yeah, it's time man alright nigga, begin  
Yeah, straight out the fuckin' dungeons of rap  
Where fake niggaz don't make it back  
I don't know how to start this shit, yo, now

Rappers I monkey flip them with the funky rhythm  
I be kickin' musician, inflictin' composition  
Of pain I'm like Scarface sniffin' cocaine  
Holdin' a M-16, see with the pen I'm extreme, now  
Bulletholes 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, sittin' bent up in the stairway  
Or either on the corner bettin' Grants with the  
CeloChamps  
Laughin' at baseheads, tryin to sell some broken amps  
G-Packs get off quick, forever niggaz talk shit  
Remeniscin' about the last time the Task Force flipped  
Niggaz be runnin' 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 hittin' niggaz 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 three bullets caught up in  
the chamber  
So now I'm jettin' to the building lobby  
And it was filled with children probably couldn't see as  
high as I be  
So whatchu sayin'? It's like the game ain't the same

Got younger niggaz pullin' the triggers bringing fame  
to they name  
And claim some corners, crews without guns are  
goners  
In broad daylight, stickup kids, they run up on us  
Fo'-fives and gauges, Macs in fact  
Same niggaz'll catch a back to back, snatchin' yo'  
cracks in black  
There was a snitch on the block gettin' niggaz knocked  
So hold your stash until the coke price drop  
I know this crackhead, who said she gotta smoke nice  
rock

And if it's good she'll bring ya customers in measuring  
pots  
But yo you gotta slide on a vacation  
Inside information keeps large niggaz erasin' and they  
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  
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Be havin' dreams that I'ma gangster, drinkin Moets,  
holdin' Tec's  
Makin' sure the cash came correct then I stepped  
Investments in stocks, sewein' up the blocks  
To sell rocks, winnin' gunfights with mega cops  
But just a nigga, walkin' 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 and Wesson I'll have niggaz  
undressin'  
Thinkin' of cash flow, Buddah and shelter

Whenever frustrated I'm a hijack Delta  
In the PJ'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 livin' 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, blamin' 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 dice  
I'm takin' rappers to a new plateau, through rap slow  
My rhymin' is a vitamin, Hell 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 villians and creeps  
That's where I learned to do my hustle had to scuffle  
with freaks  
I'm a addict for sneakers, twenties 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  
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Nasty Nas  
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